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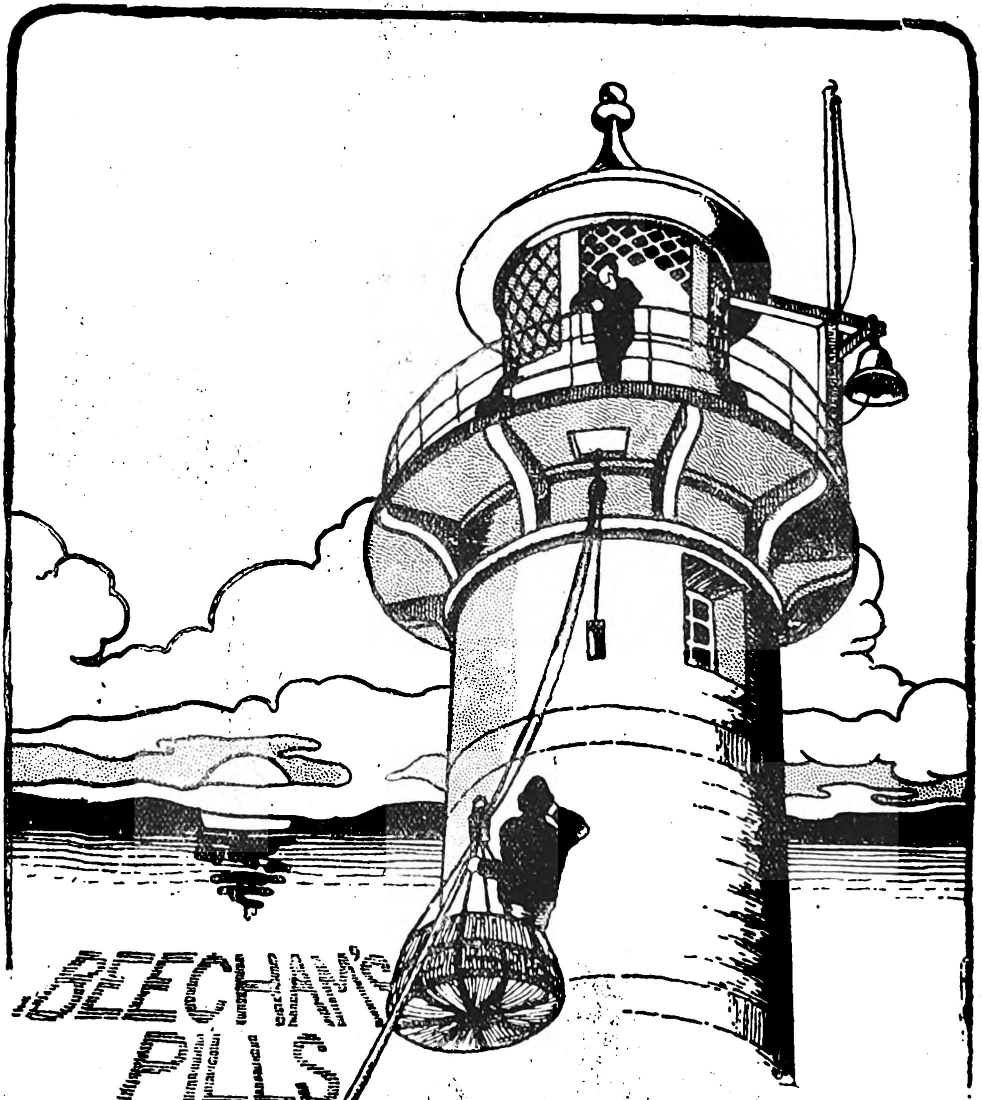
THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

Per. 2705 d. 88



are to the disordered System as Oil to the
Troubled Waters. So keep a good look out
and steer clear of danger to health by making
Beecham's Pills your Guiding light on the
first appearance of depression, a sure signal
of distress which if unheeded may lead on to
Wreck!

ODLEIAN
1898
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‘THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.’

—GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*‘Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.’*—Lord Lytton.

‘Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.’
—Bishop Hall.

‘THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.’

SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT,’ an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by NATURAL MEANS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—“After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT,’ and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am RESTORED to MY USUAL HEALTH; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours most truly—Veritas.”

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT’ on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule is marked ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

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6d. each, post free, 8d. **6d. each, post free, 8d.**

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NOW ISSUED IN COLOURED COVERS.

The following is a list of this Famous Author's Novels:—

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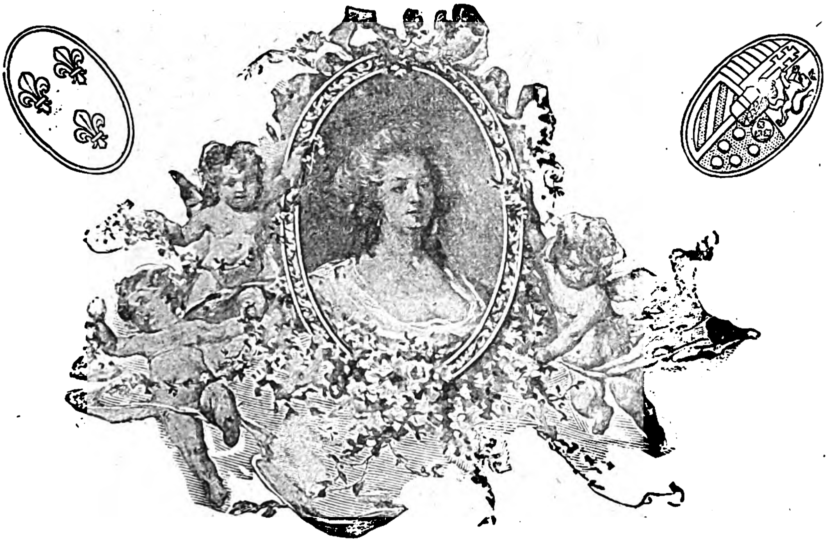
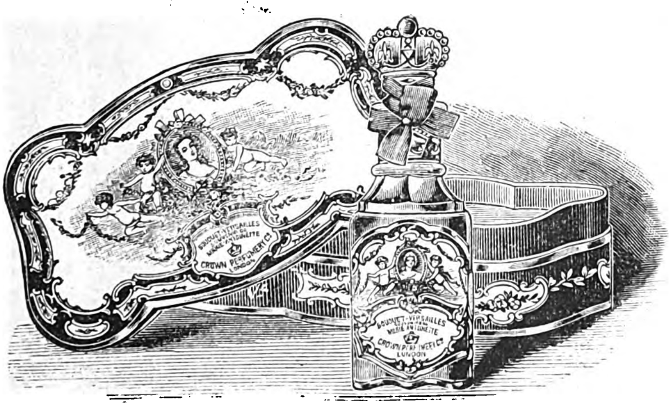


Souvenir of Marie Antoinette

A Charming Present.



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CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS

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In Crown-Stoppered Bottles only.

Price of the Bouquet Versailles, in an exquisite Carton, 4/-

Customers who have any difficulty in procuring it will, by sending us the name and address of their local chemist or perfumer, be promptly supplied through him

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Crab-Apple
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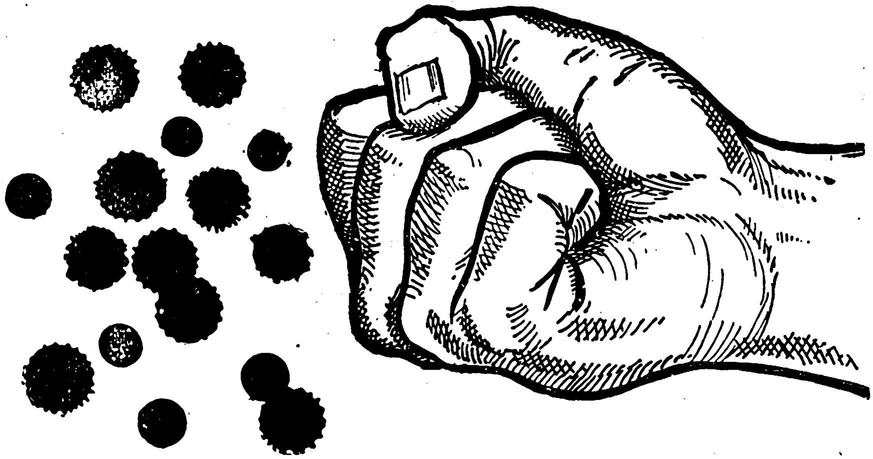

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"GUINEA-GOLD"

CIGARETTES

Knock Spots

OUT OF ALL COMPETITORS, BECAUSE THEY ARE

The Purest and Best Value in
the Market.

MACONOCHIE'S
Dainty Foods
ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

MANUFACTURERS of Every Description of Dainty Foods.

PÂTÉS AND CAMP PIES.
In Tins, from 1/- to 2/6 each.
Make most DELICIOUS SANDWICHES.
"SCIENCE SIFTINGS" AWARD OF MERIT for Excellence of Preparation.

SOUPS - -
A TUREEN OF RICH SOUP in a few minutes!
Small cost! No trouble! In Tins & Glass Bottles.

High-Class POTTED MEATS & GAME BLOATER PASTE.
In White China Jars, Pots, 4-oz. Flat Tins, &c.
DAINTY RELISHES FOR BREAKFAST OR TEA!

JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE
Prepared from the very FINEST FRUIT ONLY.

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MACONOCHIE'S "SUFFOLK" BRAND.
Very finest Vegetables—most Carefully Packed.
Every Single Bottle goes through the hands of our Expert before Sealing!

MACONOCHIE'S CHUTNEY RELISH.
A really SUPERIOR SAUCE at a reasonable price.
A VALUABLE DIGESTIVE AID!

MACONOCHIE'S SILVOCEA FRESH HERRINGS.
TASTY COURSES FOR BREAKFAST.
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NO TROUBLE WITH THE BONES!

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from the Great Exhibitions of the World.
PURVEYORS TO H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
MACONOCHIE BROTHERS, LONDON.
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Like the Sun

Fry's

Pure Concentrated

Cocoa

Spreads its beneficent influence
all over the World;
but, unlike the light-giving
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Never Eclipsed.

"My Ideal of Perfection.
No better Food."
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275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

"The Nimble 9d."

GREAT REDUCTION

In price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

TESTIMONIAL.

2, Admirals Hard,
East Stonehouse, Devon,
May 18.

DEAR SIRS.—I and my wife return you our thanks for your prompt attention to our order of bed which we received to-day, well packed, clean and new. Also pleased with the quality of the tick and feathers, and business-like manner in the execution of our order. I also wish to let you know that I am the verger of St. George's Church, the Parish Church of East Stonehouse, Devon, being well known. I will recommend your goods to all who are going to be married as soon as I know of their banns.

Sirs,
I remain, yours faithfully,
F. BLOWEY.

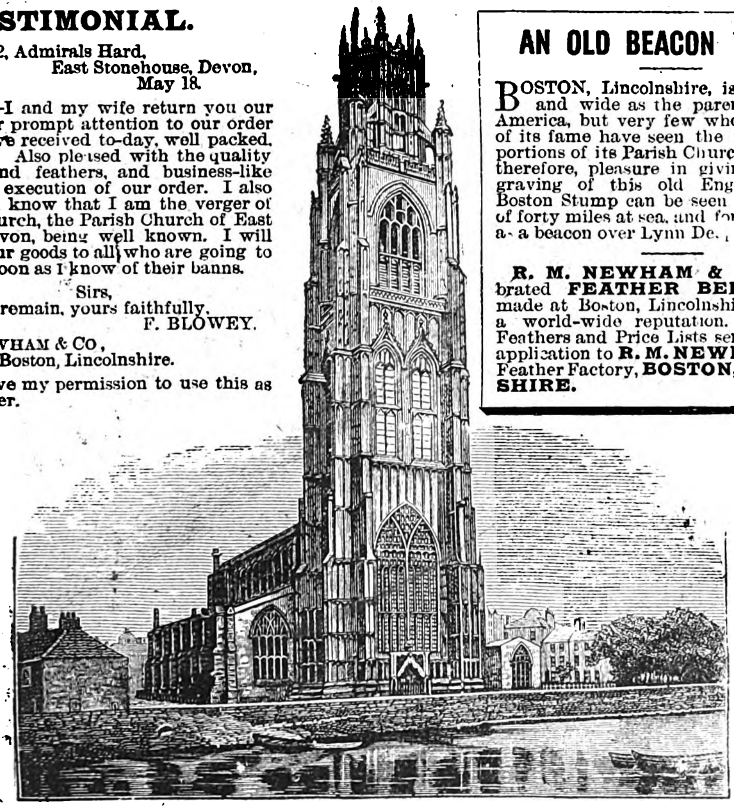
To Messrs. NEWHAM & CO.,
Boston, Lincolnshire.

P.S.—You have my permission to use this as you think proper.

AN OLD BEACON TOWER.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, is known far and wide as the parent of Boston, America, but very few who have heard of its fame have seen the massive proportions of its Parish Church. We have therefore, pleasure in giving a fine engraving of this old English Church. Boston Stump can be seen at a distance of forty miles at sea, and formerly served as a beacon over Lynn Deeps.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO.'S Celebrated **FEATHER BEDS,** too, are made at Boston, Lincolnshire, and have a world-wide reputation. Samples of Feathers and Price Lists sent **FREE** on application to **R. M. NEWHAM & CO.,** Feather Factory, **BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.**



Trade Mark—"BOSTON STUMP."

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted, and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincolnshire, made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are*

25 per cent. less than our recently advertised Prices.

No. 1.—SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 ins. by 3 ft. 6 ins., weighing 40 lbs.	**30/-**
No. 2.—DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 ins. by 4 ft. 6 ins., weighing 50 lbs. ...	**37/6**
No. 3.—DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 ins. by 4 ft. 6 ins., weighing 55 lbs. ...	**41/3**
No. 4.—EXTRA SIZE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 ins. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lbs.	**48/9**

Any sized bed only 9d. per lb. *Carriage paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. **Feathers only 9d. per lb.** The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for Samples of Feathers and Tick, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *post free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more beds. *Please mention this Magazine.*

R. M. NEWHAM & CO., BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE *John Noble* Tailor-Made COSTUMES

CANNOT BE BOUGHT IN A SHOP,

but are promptly sent by Parcel Post, safely packed, direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World.

All supplied in two good durable fabrics.

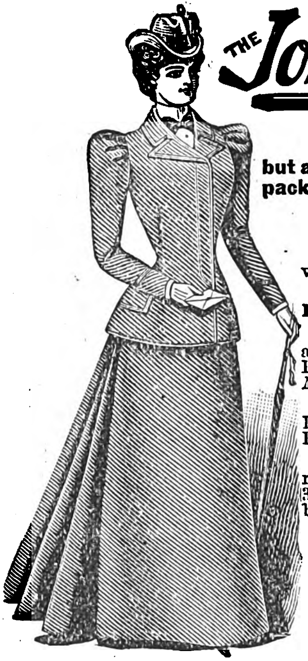
1. JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, weather-resisting and weighty.

2. JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING, smooth-surfaced, and of lighter weight.

PATTERNS and New Illustrated Autumn and Winter Dress and Drapery List, sent POST FREE to all who name the *Royal Magazine*.

COLOURS of all these Costumes: Black, Brown, Sage, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Electric, Purple, Grey, and Electric Blue.

The three **STOCK SIZES** are 34, 36, 38 in. round the bust (under arms); Skirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size can be made to measure for 1/6 extra.



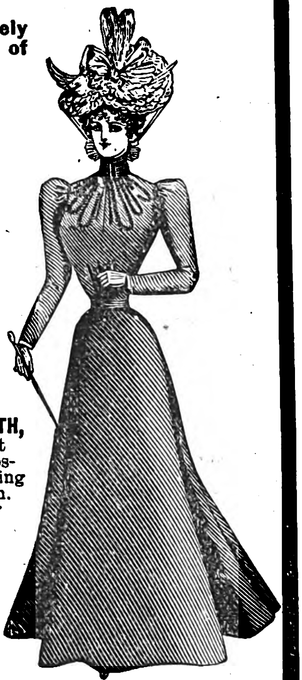
Model 984.

A very smart, well-made Chesterfield Coat and full-wide Tailor Skirt. Price, complete Costume, **10/6**; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone for 5/6; carriage, 5d. Made up in Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH, of Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds. 52 in. wide), for

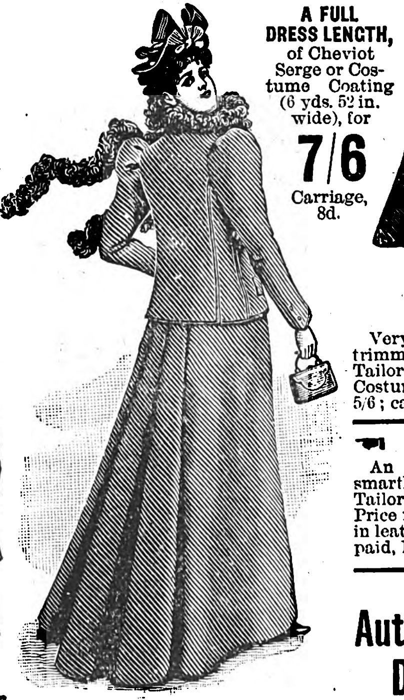
7/6

Carriage, 8d.



Model 978.

Very well-made Bodice, prettily trimmed Braid, and full-wide Tailor-Skirt. Price **10/6** complete Costume; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.



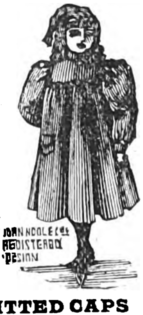
Model 976.

An exceedingly well-made and smartly finished Sacque Coat and Tailor-Skirt in the latest design. Price **15/-** complete Suit. Packed in leather board box and carriage paid, 1/- extra.

THE FAMOUS JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCK.

Made in Strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket.

21	24	27	30 ins.
1/6	**2/-**	**2/6**	**3/-** ea.
33	36	39	42 ins.
3/6	**4/-**	**4/6**	**5/-** ea.



Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

WOOLLEN KNITTED CAPS (as Sketch), **1/-** each. All shades.

"IT speaks volumes for the excellence of The John Noble productions, that although, during the past quarter of a century, many firms have striven to imitate them, none have succeeded in making garments at anything near the same price—at all worthy to rank in the same class as The Famous John Noble Costumes, which are all made in the Firm's own sanitary workrooms by well paid dressmakers."

NEW Autumn and Winter Dress Fabrics.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns LENT to select from and sent Carriage Paid.

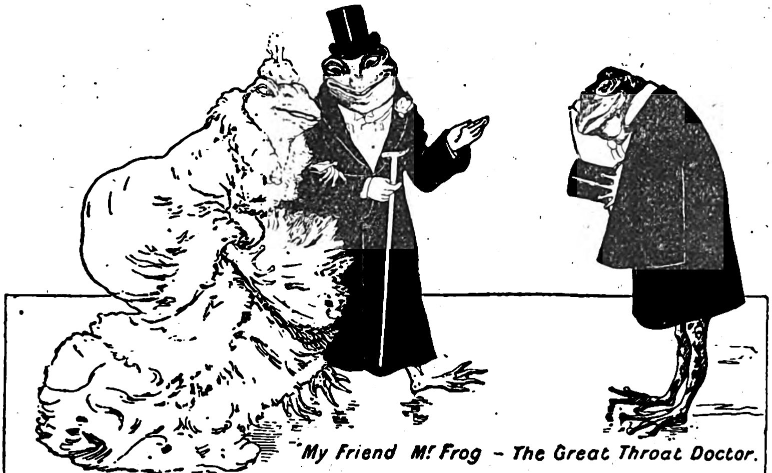
Bankers: "London and Midland" Bank, Limited.

Kindly name ROYAL MAGAZINE *when ordering, and also state Model, colour, and size required.*

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

Brook Street Mills, MANCHESTER.

Frog in your Throat


"My Friend Mr Frog – The Great Throat Doctor.

FROG IN YOUR THROAT
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGE

FOR
SINGERS
SPEAKERS
TEACHERS
PREACHERS
AND
ALL VOICE
WORKERS

What is "Frog in your Throat?"

In the U.S.A. if a person coughs, or shows any hoarseness, huskiness, or loss of voice, the question is at once asked: "*What's the matter, got 'Frog in your Throat?'*"

FOR
COUGHS
COLDS
HOARSENESS
SORE THROAT
AND
ALL THROAT
TROUBLES

$7\tfrac{1}{2}^{d}$. & $1/1\tfrac{1}{2}^{d}$. per Box

This is "Frog's" introduction to Magazine and Newspaper Advertising. Some people think that extensive advertisement will sell worthless goods; certain it is that an article must be very good indeed to sell without it. Hitherto "Frog's" unique merits alone have sold it—without the usual advertising, to the enormous extent of

520,000 BOXES SOLD IN ONE MONTH.

If you could find out

THE MEDICINE CHEMISTS TAKE THEMSELVES,

that would be a pretty safe guide. Chemists probably as seldom take, as praise, Proprietary Medicines. Hear though

THESE CHEMISTS ABOUT "FROG."

Messrs. J. PHILLIPS & SON, Chemists, NEWPORT, MON.:—"'Frog' sales perfectly astonish us. At first customers bought single boxes to try it, then, finding how good the 'Frog' is, frequently returned for three or four more boxes at a time. We are constantly receiving most gratifying testimonials about it from all classes. . . . The writer, having a bad throat last week, *found the 'Frog' excellent, and as he used them, freely distributed them amongst friends and customers who came in.*"

AND THESE IRISH CHEMISTS.

Mr. W HAYES (HAYES, CONYNGHAM & ROBINSON), 12, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN, *writes*:—"We are selling 'Frog' all through the summer, and I have many good accounts of it"

ALSO THIS CHEMIST ON HIS SALES.

Mr. THOMAS, HIGH STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.:—"'Frog' has permanently established itself as one of the leading cough cures. I can safely say that with me the sale of 'Frog' even now equals that of all other cough specialities put together."

AND THIS IRISH LADY.

Miss SMYTHE, TULLY HOUSE, CAVAN, IRELAND, *writes*:—"A friend in England sent some ['Frog' lozenges] to Miss Smythe, who was suffering from Bronchitis. They gave instant relief. She is recommending them to all her friends."

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Teachers, Actors, and all Voice Workers find

"Frog" is a "speaking trumpet" for weak voices. No lozenge in the world like it for giving clearness, timbre, and staying power to the singing and speaking voice. After work it gives what is most wanted—ease and rest.

HEAR THIS EXPERT.

Prof. WELLS, Guildhall School of Music, London, E.C. writes:

"The 'Frog in your Throat' Tablets work wonders in clearing the voice, and are a splendid aid to singers and voice workers generally. They are the best Throat relievers that I have come across in all my experience. Their harmlessness is a strong point in their favour, and their usefulness in this trying climate can hardly be over-rated."—WALLACE WELLS, Professor of Singing.

We could print hundreds of Testimonials, but think the above sufficient.

Much cheaper than sleepless nights, ruined throats and lungs, consumption, doctor's and undertaker's bills.
Get a box to-day, and keep it handy.

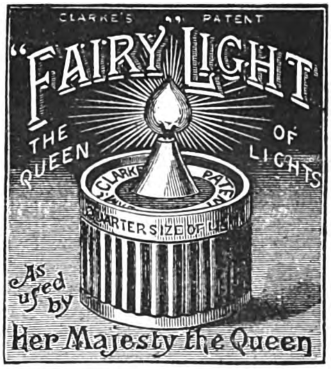
At all Chemists and Stores in British Isles, America, Australasia, South Africa, &c., or Post Free from

THE BRITISH DEPOT, $120\tfrac{1}{2}$, Southwark St., London, S.E.

FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS

CLARKE'S
"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp
FOOD WARMER.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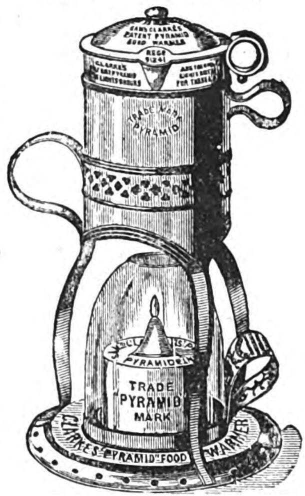
"FAIRY LIGHT"
THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS
CLARKE'S PATENT
QUARTER SIZE OF LIGHT
As used by Her Majesty the Queen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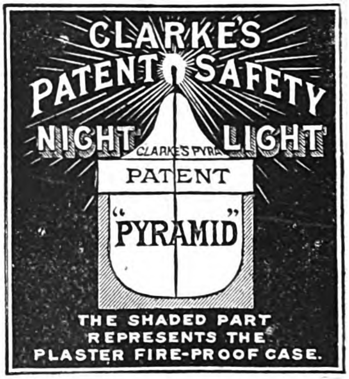
PYRAMID
TRADE PYRAMID MARK
CLARKE'S PYRAMID FOOD WARMER


CLARKE'S PATENT SAFETY NIGHT LIGHT
CLARKE'S PYRAMID
PATENT
"PYRAMID"
THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

In Patent Fireproof Plaster Casing.

"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours, 12 Lights in Box.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

N.B.- There is no paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of the above Lights, which are the only Lights which can safely be burnt in Lamps.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

GOOD! ITS MASON'S

SAMPLE BOTTLE 9 STAMPS.
MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE.
A Sixpenny Bottle will, in six minutes, make sixty glasses of Delicious, Non-Alcoholic Wine. Agents Wanted.
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.
MASON'S (Nottingham) COFFEE ESSENCE
(THE BEST MADE).

KEATING'S LOZENGES

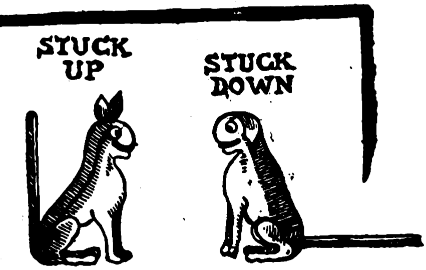
THERE IS NO BETTER REMEDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL COUGH AND THROAT TROUBLES THAN KEATING'S LOZENGES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. THEY WILL CURE, AND THEY WILL NOT INJURE YOUR HEALTH. THEY CONTAIN ONLY THE PUREST DRUGS.

Sold everywhere in 1/1½ Tins.

For

FREE SAMPLE

including Strong Useful Brush (not a toy), send Two Penny Stamps to cover Cost of Postage.


STUCK UP
STUCK DOWN

WITH
STICKPHAST PASTE
FOR JOINING PAPERS AND STICKING IN SCRAPS
6d. & 1/- with strong, useful Brush

Factory—
Sugar Loaf Court, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.
OF ALL STATIONERS.

Brain-Working Made Easy

A CLEAR head and active brain is an absolute necessity in these days. Now, reader, we want to impress upon you the important fact that no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if, as is too often the case in these days of fierce struggle for existence, an excess of either has to be accomplished, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will prove of inestimable service. The jadedness and tiredness which characterises thousands of young men and women of the present day, too often resolves itself into a question of diet. A partially digested Food-beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the tissues. The disinclination for further effort and exertion so often experienced will become a thing of the past; and heat in summer, and cold in winter, and all the bleak uncertainties of our trying climate can be faced with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which has contentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Vi-Cocoa is a very palatable beverage of great stimulating and sustaining properties." The *Lancet* says: "Vi-Cocoa is in the front rank of really valuable foods." We say that

For
BREAKFAST
and
SUPPER
there is Nothing
to equal . . .

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, free and post paid.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d. Can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

FOR INDIGESTION

"Bermaline" BREAD.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

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Dr. MACKENZIE'S
Catarrh-Cure
SMELLING BOTTLE

Will immediately Cure it. INFLUENZA, CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, NERVOUS HEADACHE, HAY FEVER and NEURALGIA in the Head are at once relieved and effectually cured by it. Is the best remedy for FAINTNESS and DIZZINESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

PRICE ONE SHILLING,
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21s DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARR. PAID 21s
POPULAR PARCEL

LOT **825** contains one pair superb **Drawing-room Curtains,** choice rich lace, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 pairs (alike) handsome **Dining-room Curtains,** 3½yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair neat fancy floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 3yds. long; length fine quality **Sash Curtaining,** to make 1 pair; 1 Guipure **Sideboard Cover,** 60in. long, fringed. All Curtains taped. Ecru if desired. Sent carriage paid for **21/-.**

GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 **Lace Covers,** fringed, for dressing-table, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

"The Young Ladies' Journal," May, 1897, says: "We can confidently recommend Peach's Curtains, having proved their wear for many years.'

ESTABLISHED 1857. Prize Medals, Chicago, Toronto. 1898 Price List post free. **300** Illustrations of Lace, Frilled Edge, and Swiss Curtains, from 2/- to 60/- per pair. Madras Muslin Laces, &c. Lace Capes, Fichus, &c. Also Hosiery List "Stand-Hard Wear," factory prices. *Lace Edged Roller Blinds, any size, half usual cost. Estimates and Patterns sent.*—**S. PEACH & SONS,** Lister Gate, **Nottingham.**

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WORLD RENOWNED
"GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY"
For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c.

It softens and Improves the HANDS, FACE and SKIN generally. Still growing in popular favour after 30 years' use. Beware of Spurious Imitations. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Metallic Tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample post free for 6 or 12 stamps from Proprietors.

"BABY'S SOAP" (The Original).

Specially prepared for the INFANT'S FIRST SKIN. Delicately perfumed. Recommended for Children and Adults with TENDER SKIN. Price **6d.**, *post free 6 stamps.*
Sold by Chemists and Stores, or postage free from

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN.
PERFUMERS TO THE QUEEN.
19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT, ST LONDON W.

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Bunions, or Enlarged Toe Joints, when a packet of **THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER** will cure you. It is thin as silk, and removes the pain at once. Post free, 14 stamps. Beware of imitations.

LADIES Should take **Dr. SIMPSON'S ARSENICAL PEARLS.** They secure a beautiful Clear Complexion free from Blotch, Pimples and Roughness. Post free 2/9 and 4/6, only from—

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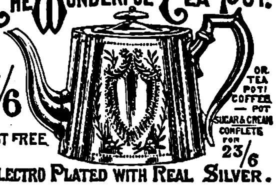
Ask for M. F. Thompson's Pamphlet "The Woman Beautiful." Gratis.



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Any quantity Supplied Post Free.

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TABLE SPOONS OR FORKS 6/6 PER DOZ.
DESSERT DITTO 5/6 PER DOZ.
TEA SPOONS 2/3 PER DOZ.
WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE THROUGHOUT.

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ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

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ALSO IN HAND FORGED
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ALL POST FREE.

Half-dozen Supplied Post Paid.

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The *Christian Commonwealth*, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost The table knives (6/- doz.) are both strong and handsome, and would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver."

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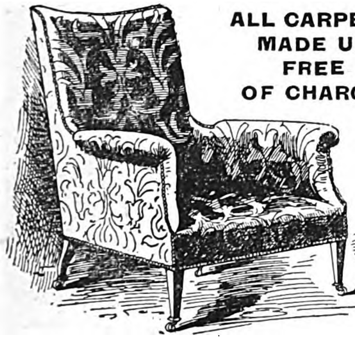

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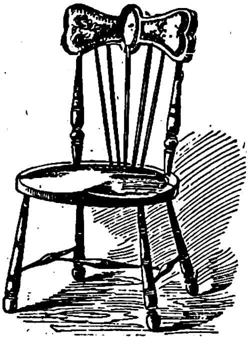

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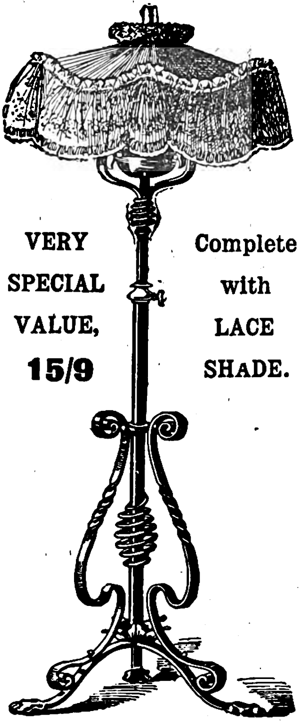

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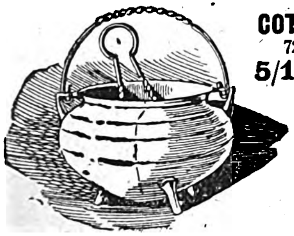

"Witch's" Coal Cauldron, all Black, with Wrought-iron handle complete.

Medium size ...	3/11
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Do., with Twisted Polished Brass handle, 2/- each extra.
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Coal Tongs to match, all Black, 1/6 per pair.

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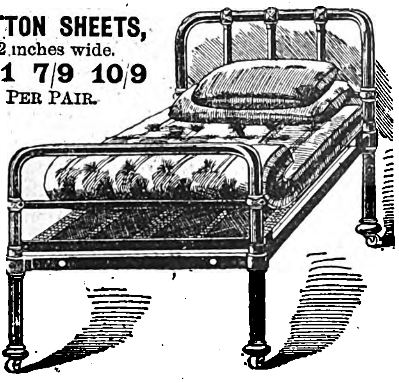

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A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

CAUTION:— *SEE THAT YOU GET*
JOHN BOND'S
CRYSTAL PALACE
GOLD MEDAL
44 GOLD MEDALS
AND ROYAL APPOINTMENTS

Marking Ink
AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS
THE ONLY ORIGINAL & GENUINE, BEARS THE TRADE MARK **CRYSTAL PALACE** REFUSE ALL OTHERS.
GIVEN AWAY & ENCLOSED WITH EVERY 6d. & 1s. BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASER TO THEIR RUBBER STAMP.
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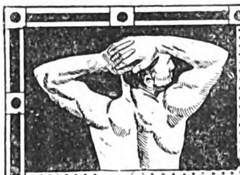

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USE
PROF. J. SZALAY'S QUICK AND CERTAIN METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.
Takes less time, and gives better results than any other. All the Champions use our
HOME TRAINERS
Weak, 8/6 Medium, 10/6 Strong, 12/6
Send Stamped Wrapper for Pamphlet and Testimonials to
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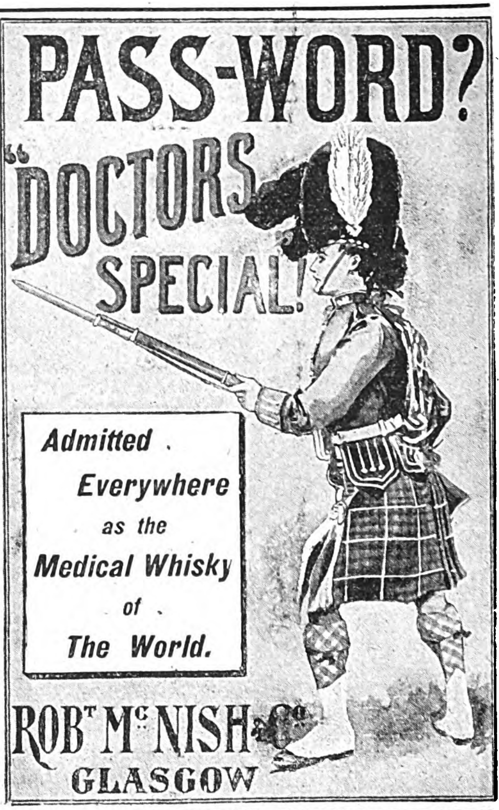
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Admitted Everywhere as the Medical Whisky of The World.
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NEW FACTORY. We beg to announce that we are building a new factory to keep pace with orders for Engineer's Tools & Petroleum Engines. We are appointing agents. Write for terms. BRITANNIA Co. COLCHESTER.

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We have now completed our Factory, and can make Tools and Machinery up to 20 Tons.

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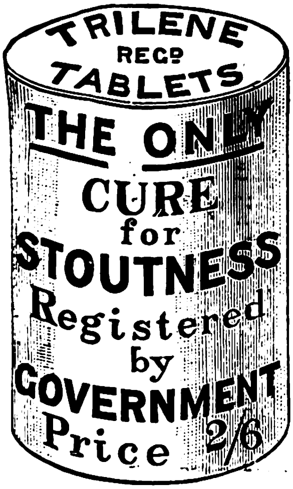
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(*Regd.*)

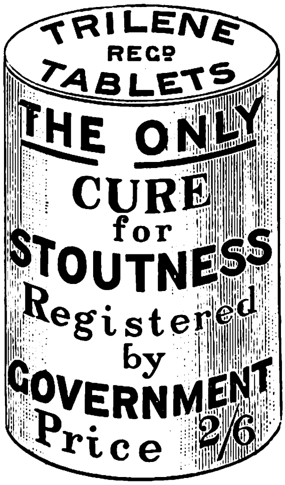


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

AN ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to ***Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Company,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An interesting book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing too stout, but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.—Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

Extract from *The Lady*, 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN OF LANDSBERG, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

COUNTESS FURSTENBERG writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

MRS. DARNLEY SMITH, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "The Tablets have reduced my weight very considerably and benefited my health in every way. You may use this as you like."

MISS B. MCKENZIE of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Completely cured, being reduced 2 st."

Jhansi, India, Sept. 14, 1897.

SURGEON-COLONEL E. S. BRANDER, M.D., writes: "As far as my experience goes, your Tablets form an excellent preparation for reducing weight."

MISS DUGGLEBY, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

MRS. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "My weight is greatly diminished. I am delighted, and cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

MRS. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "I was 46 in. round waist before taking Tablets. I am 32 in. now, and hope soon to be my proper size. I could not get my garments on before sending to you, nor could I get about in comfort; but I have been up and about ever since, and am greatly reduced."

MARIAN TAYLOR, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

MRS. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "Have been reduced from 13 st. 8 lb. to 11 st., and you may make any use of this statement. I can highly recommend them."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

MR. WILLIAM USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have not quite finished the box of Tablets, and am 21 lb. lighter. The change is great, and several friends are beginning the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—such has been the case with me.

"Yours sincerely, M. A. HEYWOOD."

COLOUR-SERGEANT WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

MR. BUTLER, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1 st. in weight whilst taking your Tablets."

MRS. JAMES SMITH, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12 lb."

FATHER T. M. BYRNE, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12 st. 5 lb.; I now scale at 10 st. 11 lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

MRS. WHITEHOUSE, of Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, writes: "My husband is in splendid health, and has lost 15 lb. since taking the Tablets. I thank you on his account."

MISS S. J. GOWLETT, of Rufforth, York, says: "The girl who took your Tablets has lost about 28 lb., and is 7 in. less in waist."

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THE MOST VALUABLE TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.

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In QUARTS, PINTS, NIPS (¼ Bottle) and SYPHONS
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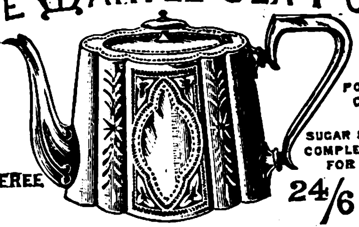

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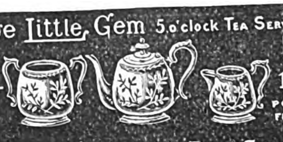
OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR 24/6

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives. **6/-** doz. Dessert 5/6 doz. Carvers, 3/- pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, **2/6** doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, **5/6** doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, **6/6** doz.

The Little Gem 5 o'clock TEA SERVICE



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ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER
THE SUGAR AND CREAM ARE GILT INSIDE.

Samples for inspection post free.

Write for our new Catalogue, with hundreds of illustrations.

Post free to any address.

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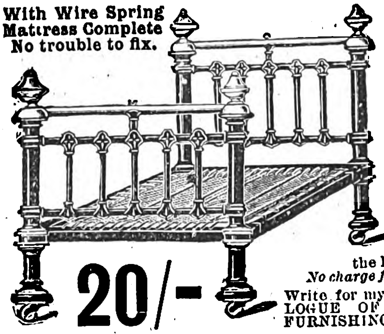

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Cheapest and Best Bedstead ever offered

20/-

With Wool Overlay Mattress, Bolster and Pillow, the lot for **30/-**

No charge for Packing.

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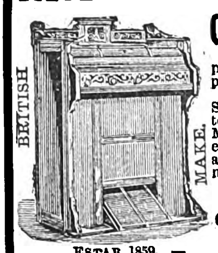

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Cleanly! Strong! Cheap!

NO HEATING REQUIRED.

Will mend equally well a broken fan or a broken chair; will stick textiles and save sewing.

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GRIPS FIRMLY! DRIES QUICKLY! ALWAYS READY!

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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LONDON: 29, Cannon Street, E.C.
GLASGOW: 12, Renfield Street.

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Cocoatina

if you please!”

It has long been claimed for this article that it is absolutely the finest and most nourishing Cocoa in the world, and the above sentence is quoted to show how strong scientific evidence is in favour of that plea. These words were used by the late Sir Andrew Clark during the course of one of his last inaugural addresses to students, in describing a typical case of malnutrition, with its attendant evils, and whilst indicating the proper course of treatment to be pursued, urged his hearers to insist on the use of this wonderfully strengthening and recuperative beverage.

“As food to life, or as sweet season’s showers are to the ground.”
Shakespeare
In praise of Schweitzer’s Cocoatina.

The eminent practitioner also invariably recommended SCHWEITZER’S COCOATINA to sufferers from digestive troubles who consulted him, and gave it a prominent place in his famous diet rules. The reasons for the great and ever growing popularity amongst medical men and the general public of this

TRULY GREAT COCOA

are not far to seek, and may thus be briefly summarised :—

I.—SCHWEITZER’S COCOATINA is a Pure Cocoa, made from the finest beans obtainable, and the choicest of the world’s markets. Before the initial stages of manufacturing are commenced these are carefully inspected, and ONLY THOSE in sound condition are used. Much has been said about Cocoa of late, but there is one point we should like to impress upon our readers. In manufacturing Cocoatina we use ripe beans. It is of the utmost importance that the public should avoid Cocoa made from the unripe article, as nothing deranges the system so quickly.

II.—In the process of manufacture all the valuable properties natural to Cocoa are preserved intact, thus rendering Cocoatina absolutely full of nourishing and strengthening properties, and any so-called beneficial admixture would only lessen its value.

III.—By an unique process of manufacture, the valuable PHOSPHATES—of vital importance to children—are rendered perfectly soluble and assimilative to the weakest digestive organs, so much so that children using it regularly become perfectly supplied with RED BLOOD corpuscles, and are independent of unpalatable and digestive-disturbing chemical tonics.

Do you give YOUR children
Cocoatina ???

THE ROYAL COCOA.—“THE QUEEN has a cup of Schweitzer’s Cocoatina brought to her at 7.30 a.m., and two hours later uses the same beverage at the breakfast table.”—*Society*.

THE TSAR’S MESSAGE.—“Send immediately to office of Marshal, Imperial Court, Petersburg Winter Palace, 20 half-pound tins Schweitzer’s Cocoatina.—Colonel ANITSCHKOFF.”—*Telegram from St. Petersburg.*

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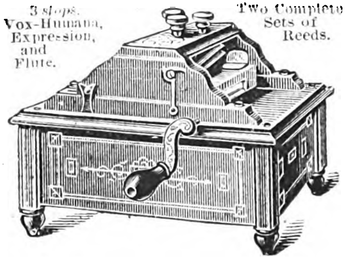

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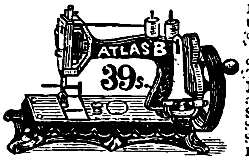

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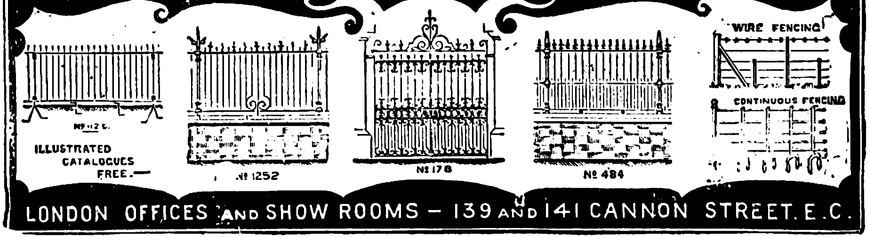

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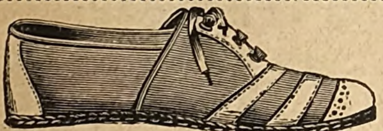

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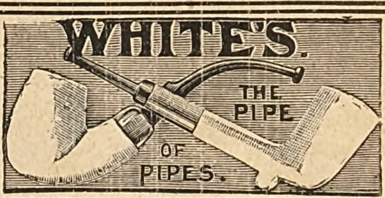

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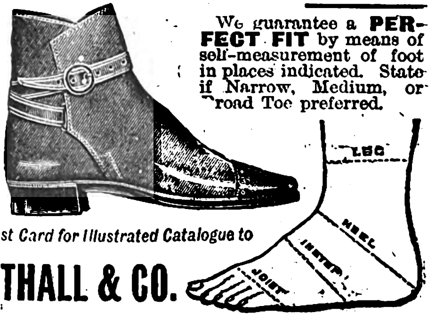

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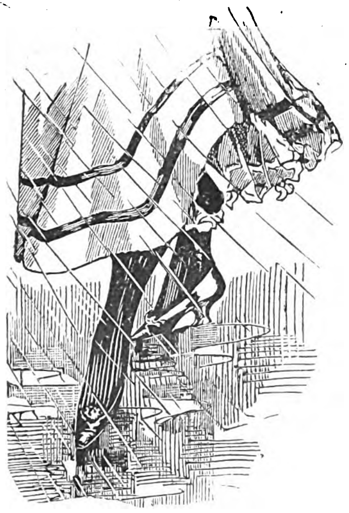

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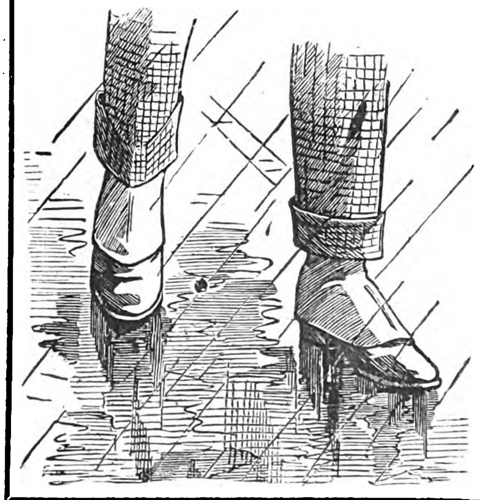

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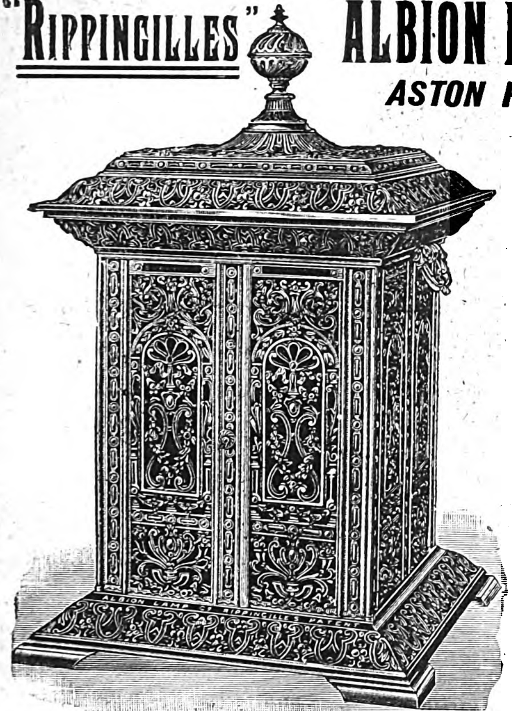

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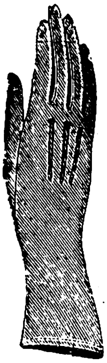

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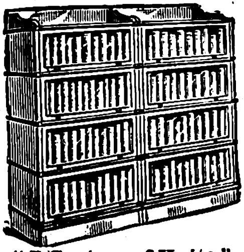

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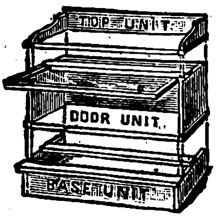

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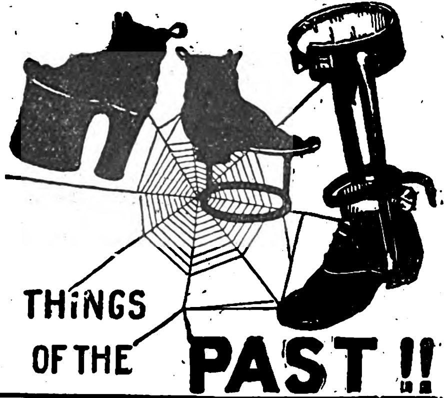

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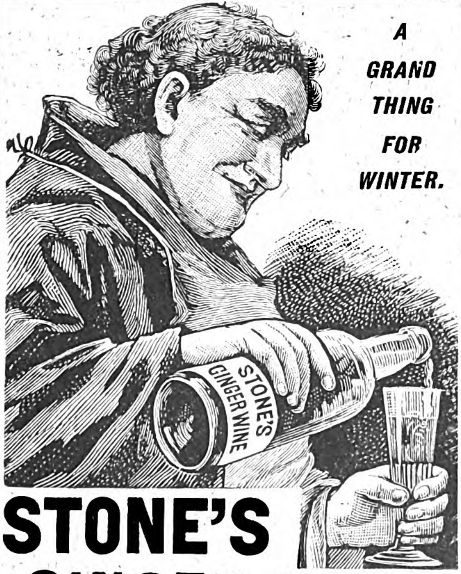

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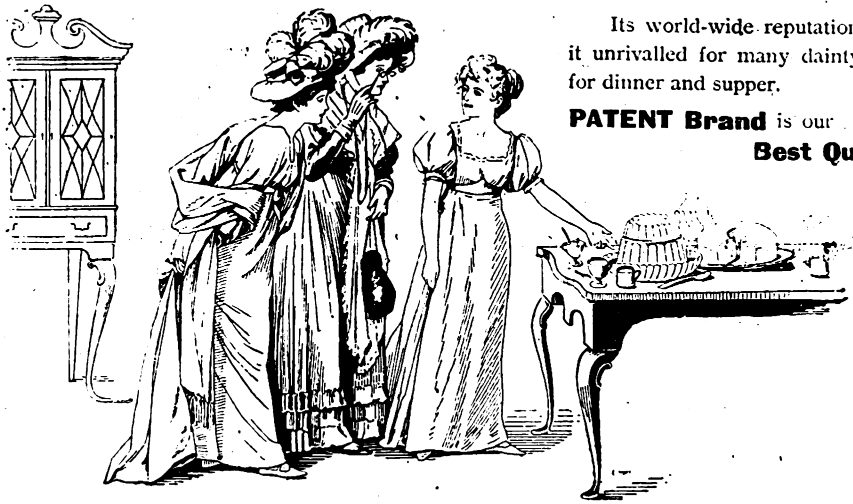

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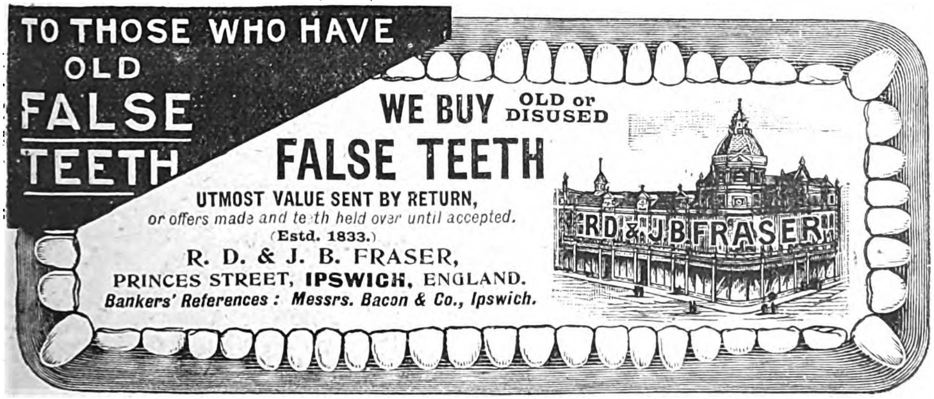

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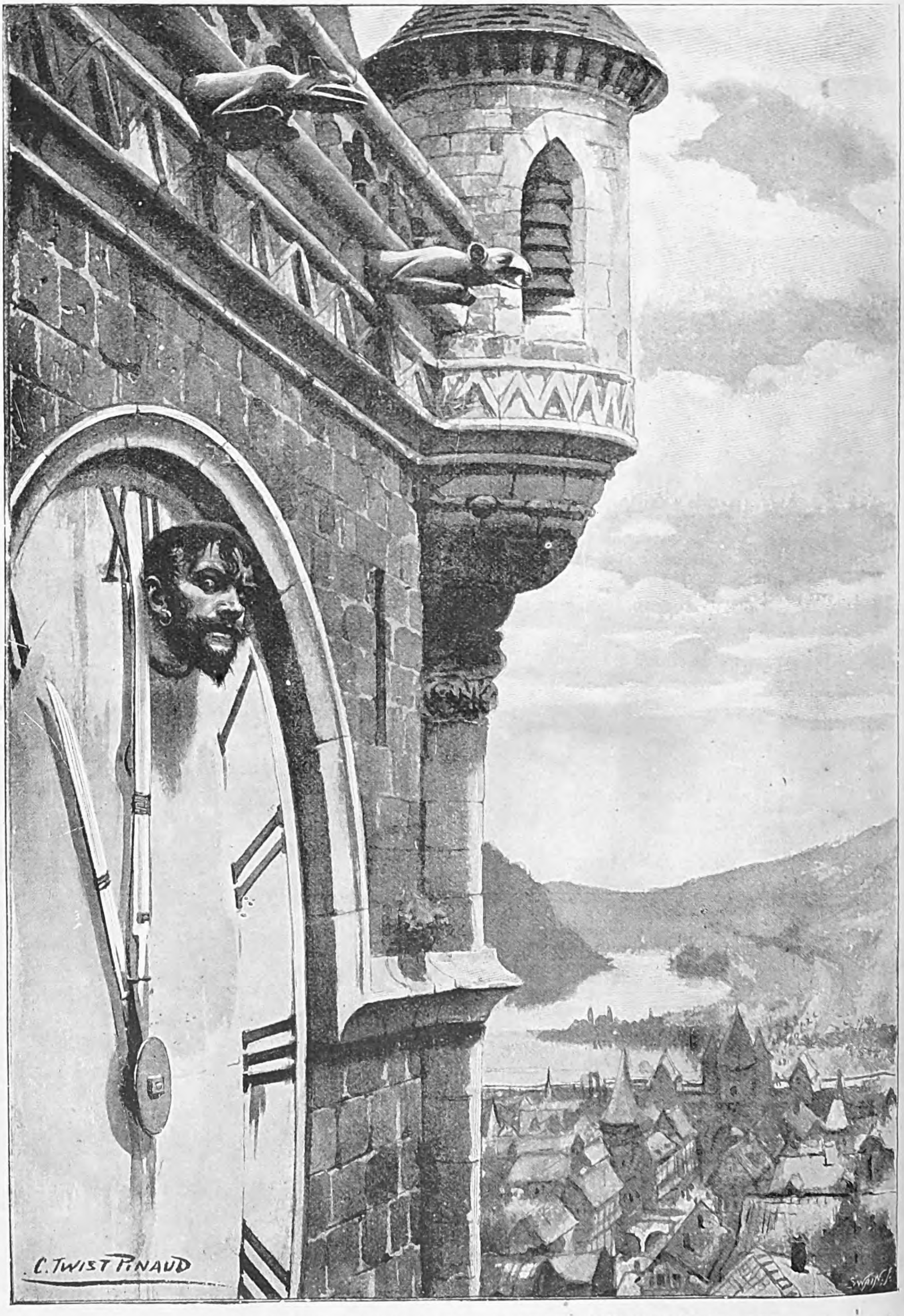
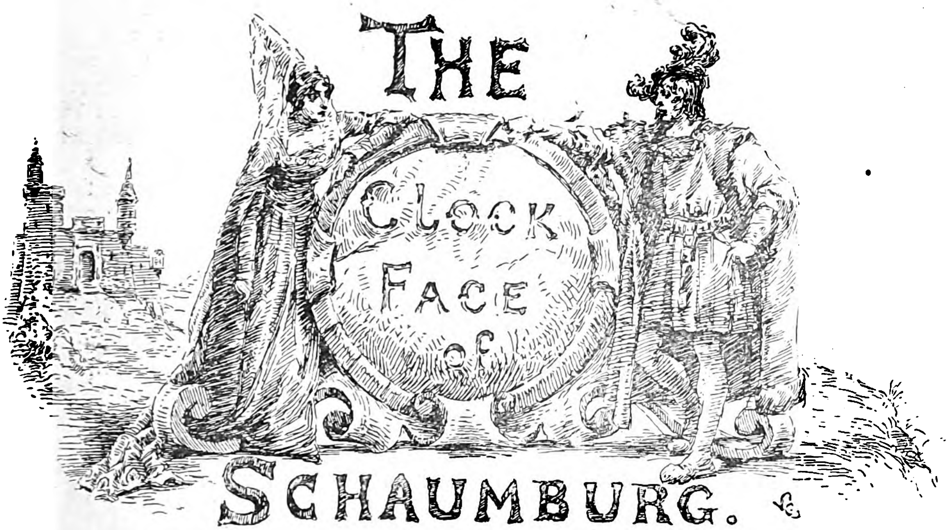

C. TWIST PINAUD
SWAIN Sc

BUT STILL THE CLOCK TICKED ON AND BROUGHT THE BLADE NEARER. (See page 9).



By Kirby Draycott.

On an outlying spur of the Buckkeberg, overlooking the pleasant Valley of the Weser, looking south-eastward towards Hameln, the city of the Pied Piper, you may see to this day the ruins of the once proud stronghold of Schaumburg, and of these ruins there is a portion which still rears itself high above the low, crumbling walls, and the grass mounds which cover other walls that once lay about it.

Wherever you find a ruined castle—and there are many of them in this region of Germany—and you ask how it came to be such, it is twenty chances to one that they will tell you "it was in the Peasants' War," and this, as you will see, was the case with the Schaumburg.

This war was really the revolt of the serfs of Germany, and chief among their leaders was one Goetz of the Iron Hand, a captain of Freelances, as stark and cunning a scoundrel as ever disgraced gentle blood by lawless deeds. Five years before, when he was the heir of Ostenland by the Ems, he had sought the hand of Brunhild with great ardour; but her heart was already given to Conrad of Schaumburg, and, moreover, he was a man of small substance; and so Graf Moritz, weary at length of his importunities, had told him shortly to go and seek a more fitting mate among the daughters of the traders of Hameln.

He went away after this rebuff half mad with rage and disappointed love, and a few weeks later he hired a score of men belonging to a band of outlaws, and at their head made an attempt to carry off the heiress of Detmold by force. For this he was outlawed, and so in time he had become the Chief of the Freelances, whose former captain he had slain in a duel; and now, professing great love and pity for the serfs and their sufferings, he had put himself and his men at the head of their bands in the Weser Valley, and so led them to the siege of the stronghold of Schaumburg.

This siege had lasted over eleven weeks, and there was no hope of help from the cities or from the other castles along the river. The food was almost exhausted, and the wells were low after the long dry summer. There was wine still in the cellar in plenty, but when Count Conrad thought of that, he thought also of the evil passions that it would inflame when once the castle lay open to its besiegers.

Something must be done, and that quickly, if those in Schaumburg would live, for soon, and indeed not many hours hence, they must do one of three things. They must fight their way with all their women and children through the beseiging hosts to Hameln; they must starve behind their walls; or they must surrender—and surrender meant only

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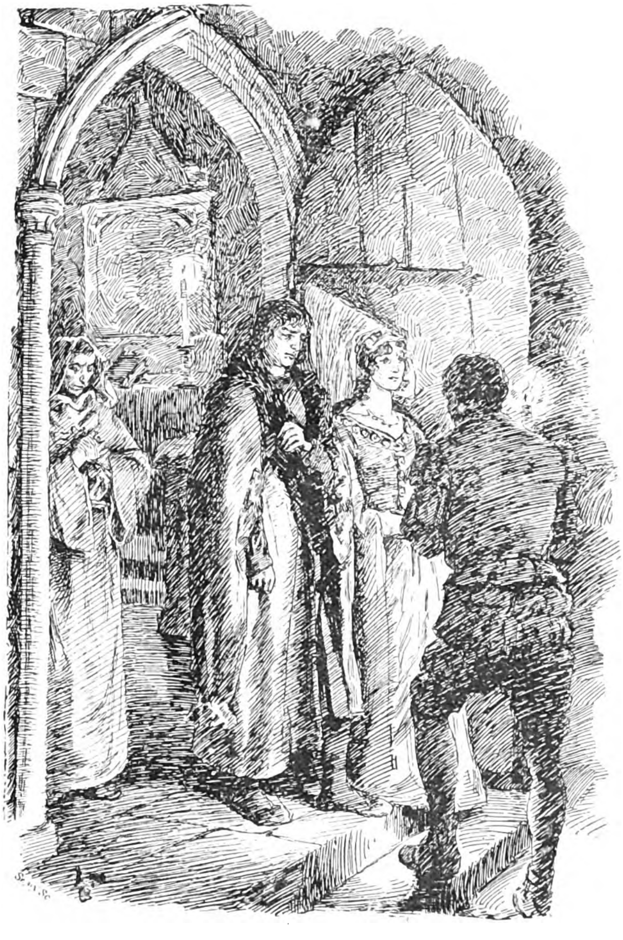


After evening service had been held in the chapel.

torture and death for all—man, woman, and child alike.

It was late in the evening of the eleventh Sunday, after evening service had been held in the chapel and the last prayers for deliverance had been offered up, that Count Conrad went into his wife's chamber to tell her the result of a Council of War that had just been held, and this was the decision: that within four days they must either surrender or sally out and fight their way to Hameln.

"But, Conrad, both are impossible. You know there are half as many women and children in Schaumburg as there are men-at-arms. You would not leave them here, nor could you take them with you and defend them as well as fight your own way through the rebels. All would be slain before you had marched two leagues, even if you broke through the lines they have drawn round the castle. As for surrender, you know what they did at Weinsberg; you know how they made the soldiers jump from the towers and battlements on to the pikes and pitchforks below; how they made Lord Louis of Helfenstein run between two lines of armed men till he was beaten bleeding to the earth."

"And no more than either can we stop here and starve. Surely a quick death would be better than that, and if not that, what else that is not worse? We have only three days of the scantiest rations left; the water is only mud; and good wine, though we have plenty of it, only makes starving men mad. What else, then, are we to do, sweet one? If thou knowest tell me, and I will do it most gladly."

The Countess Brunhild folded her hands, and let them fall on her knees, and sat looking down at the rush-strewn floor in silence for some moments; and her husband meanwhile strode to a latticed window, and threw it open, and looked out over the moonlit plain that lay five hundred feet below, with the broad silver band of the river winding through it.

He stood there busy with many thoughts, till Brunhild rose from her seat and came and laid her hands softly on his shoulders.

"Conrad," she said, turning her soft blue eyes shyly up to his, "I have thought of another way, which is neither a hopeless fight nor a yet more hopeless surrender."

"Thou hast?" he cried, taking her sweet, up-turned face between his hands. "Thou hast? Well, then, let me know it. If thou canst save us, it will not be the first time that a woman's wit has won what man's strength and valour would have lost. What is it?"

"What if we were to take a hostage, and hold his safety against ours."

"A hostage? How are we to take one, and who shall it be?"

"What if it were Goetz himself?"

"Goetz—here a hostage in the Castle? Nay, dearest, surely thou art dreaming a thing that is impossible, though I would give ten thousand crowns to have him here before morning, for without him the Freelances would go away plundering some richer place than this, and the serfs, without a leader, would scatter before us like sheep. It would be the saving of us all. But how? How? Nay, I fear that is impossible, dearest."

"Not impossible," she said, "though not to be done lightly or without risk."

"But how—how?" he asked again, somewhat impatiently.

"By me, and this way," she said, smiling and raising her finger to stop the protest that she saw rising to his lips. "Now, listen and be patient, for I will not be long.

"Thou knowest why Goetz is here laying siege to poor Schaumburg instead of leading his men against the rich towns where they could gorge themselves with plunder. It is because I am here, because he would revenge himself upon thee, and force me to watch thy death as Jacklein Rohsbacker made Count Louis's wife look on while he was hewn to pieces. That is why he has wasted all these weeks before our walls, for I have it on certain information that he has sworn that he will either take me from thee alive or give my dead body and thine to the wolves."

"By the Mass, I would not leave much of him for the wolves if I had him once within these walls," Count Conrad growled between his clenched teeth. "But how? But how?"

"Why should not the bait that has brought him thus far bring him farther?" she whispered, dropping her eyes again.

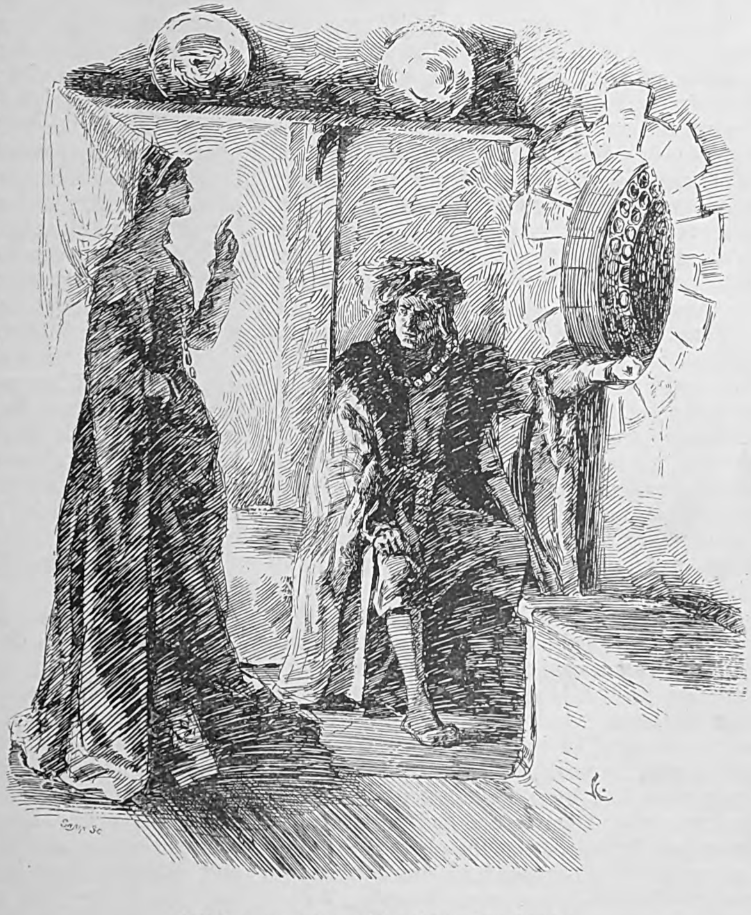
"What!" he said, taking her by the arms and putting her a little away from him, "wouldst thou, my Countess and my wife, give thyself as bait, as thou sayest, to entice this knave into the trap? Wouldst thou, Brunhild, stoop to such a deed?"

"I may stoop, and I may fall," she replied, looking up at him bravely, "but I am only one, and there are many here to be saved, and among them thou and our little Moritz. The risk is great, but so is the gain, and by any other way there is not even risk or chance, only certainty of death and ruin for all of us."

"But in this, even if it were possible, there is the greater chance of sacrifice for thee."

"Nay, not greater, Conrad, for no chance can equal that which is certain. We cannot stay here to starve, we cannot escape, and to surrender without a hostage is as certain sacrifice for me as it is for thee and all the others."

So Conrad and his wife talked far into the night—she pleading for permission to do the



"This way,' she said, raising her finger.

daring deed that might save all in Schaumburg, and he seeking, as he thought for her own sake, to find reasons why she should not do it. But in the end she conquered, as woman ever does in such matters, and by the time the sentries on the walls called the hour of sunrise her scheme was ready to pass from thought into action.

II.

All the next day the Countess was maturing her plans, and her lord, the Count, was shaping his, for, now that he had consented to the attempt being made, he was determined that if it succeeded he would give Goetz of the Iron Hand such a lesson as he and those like him would remember for some time to come. To this end he consulted for several hours, not only with his captains and lieutenants of the garrison, but also with old Max Schieferl, his major-domo, and Rolf Goberl, the armourer, with results that shall be set out shortly.

That evening, soon after dusk, an arrow was shot from the angle of the walls which approached most nearly to the camp of the Freelances, and so strongly was the bow drawn, and so well was the arrow aimed, that it fell only a few yards in front of the tent of bullock hides above which flew the standard of Goetz of the Iron Hand. There was a sheet of rice paper wrapped tightly round the shaft, and as there was writing on the outside of this, the man who found it took it to his Captain's tent.

There Goetz of the Iron Hand, a tall, stalwart man, yet well under forty, black of hair, and brown and ruddy, and strong of face as well as of figure, unbound it and read it. At first he could not believe his eyes, for it seemed impossible that she, who had scorned him five years ago for love of another man, and who since then had been Countess of Schaumburg, and had ruled the country-side like a queen, should now write such words to him.

She had ceased to love her husband; that was possible considering the years that had passed. He was starving her in Schaumburg; that was probable, since it was most likely that all were starving. She wished to be taken away and be in safety before the wrath of the revolted serfs was let loose on Schaumburg, as it had been on other places; that, too, was only natural. She had heard of the fame that he had won as the champion of the oppressed, and repented of the choice she had made; that, too, was natural. But—well, after all, what did "buts" matter. Did he not love her still, not only with the old love, but with an added fierceness and passion born of the desire for revenge? What would he not risk? What would he not give to have her completely in his power if only for a day, and to know that Conrad, his successful rival, was powerless to help her?

Yet there were risks. There might be treachery. She told him in as shameless a letter as ever was written by an honest hand or brought blushes to a pure cheek, that for an hour after dark for three nights she would wait for him at a certain clump of trees some hundred paces from the little tower at the end of the wall running up the mountain on the western side. But, if he would show his trust in her, he must come alone with two horses. If he brought any of his men the sentries would be alarmed, for, saving the clump of trees, the ground was open and they would be seen.

The first night he went within a short bowshot of the trees. A white figure appeared among them and seemed to beckon to him. The next night he went nearer, but took a dozen of his men with him, and crawled over the open ground, lying as close to it as they might. Again the white figure appeared, but when they surrounded the trees to search it had gone, and Goetz found a piece of paper pinned to a tree, and on it were the words:

"If thou wouldst have what thou comest to seek thou must come alone. I cannot trust him who does not trust me."

So the next night Goetz, his passion raised to fever heat by this tantalising, took his fate in his hands and went alone. His horses he left with one of his troopers on the edge of the wood beyond the clear ground. He entered the little copse with high-beating heart, for in the dimness of the starlight he saw the white figure standing in the shadows. He sprang towards it with a low cry of hungry longing.

"Brunhild! Brunhild! At last I have thee!"

The figure opened its arms to receive him. He opened his to clasp it to him, and the next moment a grip of iron closed round his neck, something rose from the earth and clasped his knees, the grip on his throat choked back his cry for help, ropes wound round his limbs like living snakes, a gag was thrust into his mouth, and a bandage bound round his eyes. He struggled wildly for a moment or so, and then he heard an oath, and with that there fell a blow on his head, and for a time the rest was darkness and silence. He had a dim idea of being carried down into the earth and along a passage, and then up again, and then his senses left him.

When he came to himself, he was lying bound on a straw-covered pallet in a dark room, whose air he had to breathe but once to know that it was a dungeon. In the morning, when the grated window was just showing grey in the darkness, four men at-arms came and took him up without a word, and carried him to the great hall where Count Conrad and his countess were sitting on the daïs. He looked upon her beauty as a shackled tiger might look upon a fawn, but he said nothing, for his heart was too full of rage for speech. Then Count Conrad said good humouredly:

"Friend Goetz, look not so fiercely. Thou art not the first of thy kind that has fallen into a woman's lure. That thou art here is only punishment for thinking that the wife of Conrad of Schaumburg could have been what it would seem thou has taken her for, but more than this no harm is meant thee, save what may come from thine own people. Now, tell me, what is the name of thy second in command, for it is necessary that I should send a message to him."

"He is Diedrich of Altenau," replied Goetz of the Iron Hand with a growl, thinking, and in some measure rightly, that it was a question of ransom, which was not unwelcome to him, for he had no fancy for having the flesh torn off his bones with hot pincers or being skinned alive on the battlements in front of his men, as he himself had done to other poor wretches many a time before this.

"That is enough," said Count Conrad shortly. "Now take him away, and give him meat and drink, for he hath a somewhat long fast before him, and when he hath had enough take him to the clock tower and do what is needful." So Goetz was carried away, wondering at his treatment, and trying to think what might befall him in the clock tower; yet never were a man's thoughts further from the reality than his were.

When he had gone, Count Conrad said to his wife:

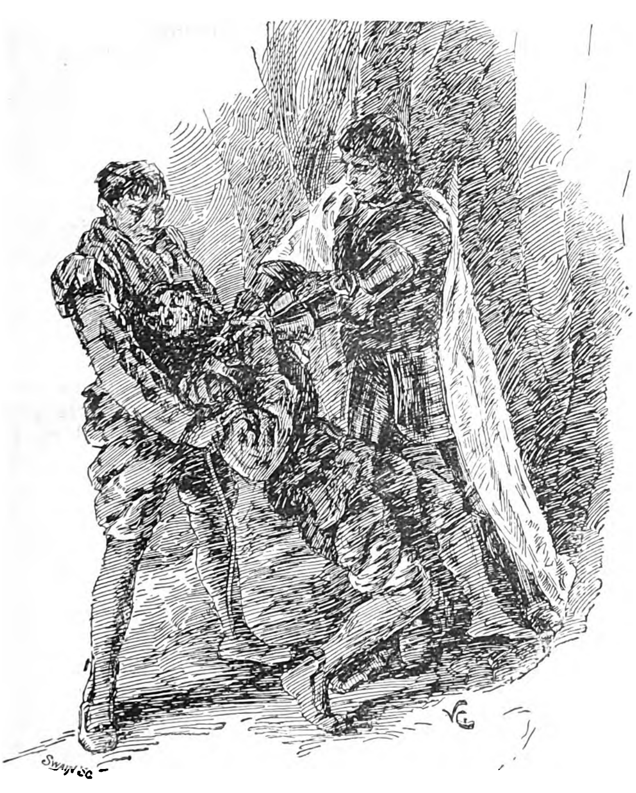
"Now everything is ready save one thing. Is there any within the Castle who will give himself for the rest, and stand in the clock chamber to strike off the fan should the rebels not keep the terms, if they accept them?"

Then old Max Schieferl came forward bowing, and said:

"Lord, let it be me. I have lived under the protection of thy house in ease and comfort, I have neither wife nor child, and not many more ears to live, let me do this small service in payment for all that I have had from thee and thy father."

After this many others came forward begging for the honour of taking so glorious a post, and, if needs be, dying at it; but old Max stood firm, and, in the end, after many tears from the Countess and her women, and some from Count Conrad himself, he had his way.

When the sun rose, and his first beams fell on the great clock face in the tower that rose high above the eastern wall of the burg, the



A grip of iron closed round his throat.

Freelances and the rebels below saw a strange sight. Some of Goetz's men had been anxiously seeking their leader all night, and now they had found him, for his head with its long black hair cropped short about the neck, its brown face, seeming now to turn grey, and its black eyes staring out as though a rope were tightening round his neck, had been thrust through a hole in the clock face at the lower edge of the figure twelve.

The hands of the clock had gone, and in their place there had been bolted two bright blades, which gleamed and glittered in the sunbeams, but the order of them was reversed, for the longer was now the hour, and the shorter the minute-hand, and it was plain to see that this latter at each hourly revolution would just scratch the throat of Goetz with its point. But the long hour-hand, which was now pointing to the five, would, after seven hours, strike his neck, and be driven by the engine within the clock through flesh and bone until the head dropped into the moat beneath.

As the great bell boomed out five strokes, a mounted man-at-arms rode over the quickly-lowered drawbridge and under the raised portcullis, bearing a letter to Diedrich of Altenau, and in this letter Count Conrad said briefly:

> Ye have seen how your leader looks down on you from his high place. We here will march out in an hour's time on the way to Hameln, taking only our arms with us. The rest we will leave for you till we come again to take account for it. But one of us remains behind. If none of you enter the castle till the last stroke of twelve, the clock will stop at that moment, and you can go in and release your leader and do what you will with the castle and all that there is in it; but if one man crosses the drawbridge before then, or if any seek to hinder us on our way, he who remains behind will break the governing fan of the clock, and then you shall see the blades fly round swiftly, and the head of Goetz shall be in the moat before you can save him; and even if that should fail, he who is left will drive a dagger into his heart. Let your answer come back within an hour. CONRAD OF SCHAUMBURG.

Under this was written in Goetz's own hand:

> Let the people go, and save me. The plunder of the castle will be rich enough for us. What do we want with their lives? See that the serfs do not kill any, for if they do I shall surely die, and you will be—as I shall—a body without a head.

Diedrich called some of his fellows about him, and explained this letter to them, and as the Freelances, unlike the serfs, fought for plunder rather than revenge, it was agreed that the terms should be granted. So the messenger took back the answer, and half an hour later the drawbridge fell, and the portcullis went up, and the garrison of Schaumburg, with Count Conrad at its head, and with his Countess by his side, came forth in two lines of horse and foot, with the women and children between them.

When the serfs saw them they raised loud cries of rage, and were for falling upon them and making an end of them at once. But the Freelances rode along their front, and beat them back; and the men of the garrison, horse and foot, laughed as they saw this, for they knew that without the Freelances the half-armed peasants could do nothing against them.

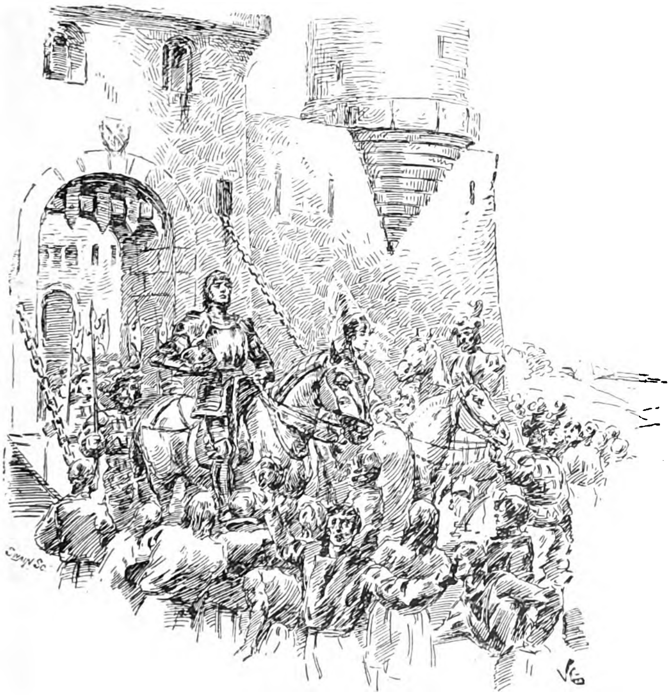
The road to Hameln lay along the river bank to the eastward, and from his window in the clock-face Goetz of the Iron Hand could watch the long procession winding slowly round the hill-spurs and in and out of the forest patches, on its slow way towards the distant towers of Hameln. He could also look down, and see his own men and the serf bands gradually drawing in closer, waiting for the hour of plunder to strike. He could see that there was constant strife among them, and that his own men were beating the serfs back, and being in turn thrust forward by them.

Meanwhile the great clock ticked on with its iron monotony. He saw the short hand on the great face climb up towards him, then he lost sight of the end, and then he felt its point cutting slowly into the skin of his neck over his windpipe. Then, just above him, seven strokes on the great bell boomed out, striking his deafened ears like the very notes of doom.

The sun rose higher, and fell hotter and hotter on his face and head. He struggled with the bonds that held him tight between the machinery and the clock-face, but in vain. He screamed hoarsely for water, but old Max stood, hammer in hand, immovable as a figure of stone. Sixty more eternities passed, and again the blade-point scored his throat, and again the deep strokes crashed upon his ears, and the long blade crept upwards a few inches nearer to his neck. Another hour passed, and another, and each time the cut of the blade point and the crash of the bell roused him from the stupor into which he was falling. The long blade, creeping on like the finger of Fate, was very near now, and the fear of death overcame his weariness and even the agony in his head, and he began to think again.

Would his men be able to keep the serfs back till the appointed time? He could hear them shouting and cursing below him still. If they couldn't, the old man, whom he could not see, but who he knew was standing so near to him, would break the governing fan, the wheels of the clock would fly round, and a few minutes later the razor-edged blade would be buried in his neck.

Or would Diedrich keep faith with him? What if he should delay the entry into the castle? What if he should kill Max and let the clock go on? The clock struck eleven, and it seemed as though he had been standing there as many years as there had been strokes on the bell. Every act of his life had passed before him again and again. He had lived twenty lifetimes since the clock had struck six. He was nearly blind now, and the long line of the garrison on its way had passed beyond his vision. By this time it would be safe under the walls of Hameln, perhaps even now Count Conrad and Brunhild were feasting in the castle with the Lord and Lady of Hameln. What were Diedrich and his men doing? Had they kept the serfs back? Would twelve o'clock never come and end the hellish torture of this suspense one way or the other?



The garrison, with Count Conrad at its head, came forth.

Yes, the long blade was getting very near now, and his instinct made him bend his head and neck away as far as the hole would let him. But still the clock ticked on, and he could hear the creak of the centre shaft as it turned and brought the blade nearer still.

Old Max stood steadfast at his post, waiting for the last stroke of twelve to stop the clock, as his master had bidden him, and then to meet such fate as might await him. He watched the striking lever rise, and knew that the first stroke of twelve was about to sound. He saw the body of Goetz writhe feebly in its bonds.

One—two—three—four—five—six—. He put down his hammer and took up the iron bar that he was to thrust into the wheel at the twelfth stroke.

Seven—eight—nine—ten—. A head appeared at the top of the ladder leading to the belfry, and then a hand with a pistol in it. It was the hand of Diedrich of Altenau—. Eleven—. There was a flash, a bang, and a cloud of smoke, and old Max dropped the bar and pitched forward and fell in a heap just as the twelfth stroke sounded. There was a hoarse scream, hardly human in sound, from the outside, and the wheels of the clock ground on, ticking out the last seconds of the life of Goetz of the Iron Hand.

Photo by Hana.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Geo. M. Walker.

It is not everyone that is gifted with the power of translating into monochrome or colour, by the aid of the pencil or brush, either in a faithful or pleasing manner, any particular object or scene, but there are few that cannot by the aid of the camera obtain records more or less successful, and in many cases far surpassing the crude productions which too often are perpetrated by the would-be artist, who, to quote a well-known American writer, has been spoilt by "ill-advised patting on the back by well-intentioned friends."

And it is this very facility of production which has not only made photography one of the leading hobbies at the present time—has also led to its use by many as a means of artistic expression—but has begotten a crowd of productions which are neither art nor good photographs.

Many deny that a photograph can be artistic, and heap obloquy not only on the man who employs the camera, but also on his pictures, advancing as a proof of their statement that the camera is a machine, and that no mechanically produced picture can be a work of art; that it cannot present individuality, creation, or suggestion. It is, possibly, somewhat too harsh to say that those who advance such arguments are afraid of the photograph, but in many cases it is correct to say that they are ignorant of what "a machine" and "a mechanical process" can do in the hands of one who has true artistic feeling.

Looking back, as we now can in photography, over a period of sixty years since the first sun pictures were taken, it is possible to distinctly trace an ever-growing upward tendency.

In the early days, particularly those known as the decade of the carte-de-visite, it was only too true that the majority of productions were as mechanical, as stiff, and as far from

artistic worker is to boast of his ignorance of technique. He cares naught—or at least says that he cares naught—about the processes by which his pictorial effects are obtained, he wants merely to use the tools, and that is sufficient for him.

This is pretty in theory, but when you come to know these men, know how they work, how eager they are to take advantage of the last advance in any department, one feels how hollow is their prating, how they strive for effect, or as it has been not inaptly put by one of themselves: "Whatever may be said, we do our work well from the business point of view, and every year we produce some sensation to tickle the public palate and act as an appetiser."

On the other hand, there is a big danger, and one that cannot be ignored by those who have the welfare of photography at heart, that he who, totally ignoring the artistic side, spends his life in frittering experiments, too often founded on a basis of empiricism, will eventually do little, if aught, to advance the craft.

It must be remembered that the artist, or possibly, I ought to say, the man who wields the brush or pencil, has to undergo a long and, in some cases, a severe training—severe because it is one that brings in but little grist, and entails an enormous amount of work and disappointment—ere he can hope to show publicly, work which will be admitted as worthy of recognition by the world generally.

He is always studying Nature in her varying moods, the different effects of lighting, and the differentiation of colours under varying illumination; and no matter how advanced his work may be he is always ready to learn a lesson, even from the commonplace, or from his humbler brethren. One cannot but feel that when the photographer takes as much pains, when he recognises how little he knows, how little he can do, we may hope for better things still.

It is true that the artist neither knows nor cares whether his pigments are oxides, carbonates, or any particular compound of any particular metal. He knows them rather from the effects they produce, yet because of his ignorance he does not despise those who do know these facts. It is not essential for the artist to know aught of the chemistry of his colours, because he has merely to deal with results which are not obtained by any chemical process whatever. But in the case of the photographer there is a totally different state of things. Photography is purely and simply the application of certain fixed laws of chemistry and optics; and surely we may argue that the man who knows the same can intelligently apply and obtain better results, than he who is utterly ignorant of the said laws.

When we have in photography a training as strict as is at the present time insisted upon for artists, when photographers are taught the principles of art as rigidly as the budding artist of the present day, we shall have not only better work, but a class of men who, recognising the limitations of the process they employ, will be less arrogant, less self-seeking, and more tolerant of the criticism of those who know better than themselves.

In the old days, conscious of the inherent shortcomings, the operator strained every nerve to obtain a microscopic delineation which is utterly unknown in the world of painting, if possibly we except Messionier. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and we have so-called impressionistic photographs, which leave much to the imagination of the observer.

The story is told of a well known art critic going the round of a recent photographic exhibition with a prominent exhibitor, and warmly congratulating him on the fine composition of his picture, on the correct drawing of his clouds. "Ah!" says the critic, "see how well that light road leads the eye into the middle distance where the horizon is so charmingly broken by that cluster of farm buildings, and to break what might be monotonous note those dark bushes on the right of the road. I congratulate you, sir, on your picture."

The photographer, and those who heard him, are not quite sure even at the present time whether the art critic was serious or merely chaffing, for the dusty road was supposed to be a stream, the farmhouses were rocks, and the dark bushes cattle.

The great simplicity and absence of messy operations in photography of the present day has brought an enormous accession to the ranks of the dilettanti who, roaming all over the world with a camera, which sometimes takes the form of a pair of field glasses, at others the well known black box, which can be carried for miles, with sufficient sensitive material for a hundred exposures, without the slightest strain on the muscles, return home with probably not ten per cent. of good photographs and not two per cent. of pictures. It is this class that presses the button and leaves others to do the rest; that soon tires of photography because the results are so unsatisfactory. It is the fatal tempta-

Photo by Lascelles.

A VILLAGE BELLE.

tion of having a very large number of films or plates for exposure, which leads the user to photograph anything and everything, irrespective of the pictorial possibilities of the subject.

Few amateurs of the present day have the slightest conception of the amount of work which, in the old times, a day's outing entailed, or the care, the worry, and the precautions that had to be taken to avoid failures. We used to work in a room with the floor flooded with water, the shelves all freshly wiped with a wet cloth, and with as little superfluous clothing on as possible in order to avoid dust on the plates. The impedimenta that we had to take about was more than one man could carry, and the use of the wet collodion process necessitated the wheeling about of a portable dark tent, such as is often seen now used by the peripatetic or beach photographer.

One very great advantage which the present day photography possesses is the enormously increased power which perfection of the apparatus and materials employed has placed in the hands of the operator. Let us take, for example, the illustration of the dancing girl, or even the group of figures which we might entitle "The Morning's Catch" or "Selling the Catch." I do not say that such would not have been possible in the past, but they were the exceptions. Now they are within the reach of anyone who cares to do them.

Old photographers will well remember that it was even possible to take instantaneous photographs on the daguerreotype plate, that with the introduction of the wet, the dry, and the collodion emulsion processes excellent work, with comparatively short exposures, was done. But this work was done by the very few. The men who attained eminence in those days stood forth as giants, but now the giants are few, if any, and those who would claim this distinction, attain it rather by meretricious and claptrap advertisement than by solid honest work. It is the fatal facility of the present-day photography, when everything is prepared for the worker, that has increased the class of worker who by a fluke, makes a happy shot and then poses as a "Sir Oracle." Moreover, materials are wonderfully cheap, and instruction easy to obtain.

Were photography as difficult as many of

Photo by Sutcliff.

King Winter.

HOTEL
E.TURNER FISH

Photo by Sutcliffe.

Selling the Catch.

the other graphic arts we should hear less of it, but we should have more original work and more work that would live in the future. Want of originality is not unknown in the world of painters. One finds certain schools, the members of which are practically more or less parrot-like in their ways, in that they copy the style, the tricks, the schemes of their master or masters; but this is painfully apparent in photography, and it is no unusual thing to find that because one man happens to have made a hit with one particular class of subject, there are scores that will follow him. I will venture to take a familiar example—Conway Castle. A few years back someone, whose name is, fortunately for him, lost in oblivion, showed an extremely successful print of this place from one particular point of view, and so common did this particular picture become, that it has actually been jeered out of the photographic world, and at the present time the man who dares to show a similar print is a *rara avis*.

Now we have not Conway, the Fairy Glen, or other well-known spot, but we have a school, that following in the footsteps of a man who has long since seen the hollowness of photography in this respect, treats us to impossible skies, obtrusive foregrounds, and bizarre effects that no artist would ever paint, and no man ever saw. One of their leading workers himself showed, some two years ago, the composite print and its constituent parts—the latter as the camera saw them, and fairly true to Nature. But the final print was neither the one thing nor the other—it was not Nature, it was not Art.

The want of originality in some who dabble in photography is well proved by a story which I once heard told of a certain well-known medallist. The scene of the tale is laid in the smoking-room of a certain club. On the walls were hanging a large number of pictures by one man. In front of the fire sat three men—one, the photographer who was exhibiting all the prints in the room; another the well known medallist aforesaid; the third, my informant. Well Known Medallist *(loquitur)*: "By-the-bye, Smith, I know where you took your famous picture of 'Chalk Heaps' that's hanging there; here's one I took at the same place." "Ah!" said Smith, "how did you find it out?" "Well, I knew you had been down in Somerset, so I made enquiries where there were chalk heaps in the district, and went down there," said the

W. K. M. "Quite so," said Smith, "but, unfortunately for you, my picture was taken 300 miles from Somerset."

Take up any photographic journal you like almost, and you will find the most explicit instructions where to go, what to photograph, and the particular hour of the day, and the particular spot, in some cases, where to plant the camera. This being the case, can you expect originality?

A personal experience which befell me this summer on my wanderings on the South Coast is not without point anent this subject. I had drifted into a sleepy, old world, cathedral town rather by accident than choice, for I had desired a holiday, and chose the, if not quieter, at least less thickly-populated places where one can get fresh air unadulterated by coal smoke. However, finding myself in the town, through the misreading of the local time-table, I thought I ought to see the cathedral and possibly take one photograph of it. Armed, therefore, with a camera I "did" the cathedral in the ordinary sense; I heard how this part was built by someone, that somebody else was buried here, that there the spire had fallen in and killed a workman, and that somewhere else was some fourteenth century glass; interesting, no doubt, all of it to the tripper, but I knew the dates of the architecture as well as the courteous, though somewhat parrot-like garrulous custodian or verger; as to the rest it was verbiage that had little or no interest. But I did discover one choice bit that I particularly wanted to photograph, and, having gained permission from the Bishop returned to my find, and having set up my camera proceeded to work. But alas, here too, I found that "what everybody else did" was prevalent, for an officious verger gravely and noiselessly stole up to me in his black gown and gravely and solemnly informed me that everyone photographed the south-west corner of the south side aisle because the style of architecture was unique. That it was unique I did not know, that everybody photographed it I did know, for I had seen numerous prints of just that particular corner—it is a pet subject, and now utterly hackneyed. Here we have a case of even the outsider, totally ignorant of photography, trying to enforce the hateful precept that what others have done you must do.

Photo by J. B. Pettigrew.

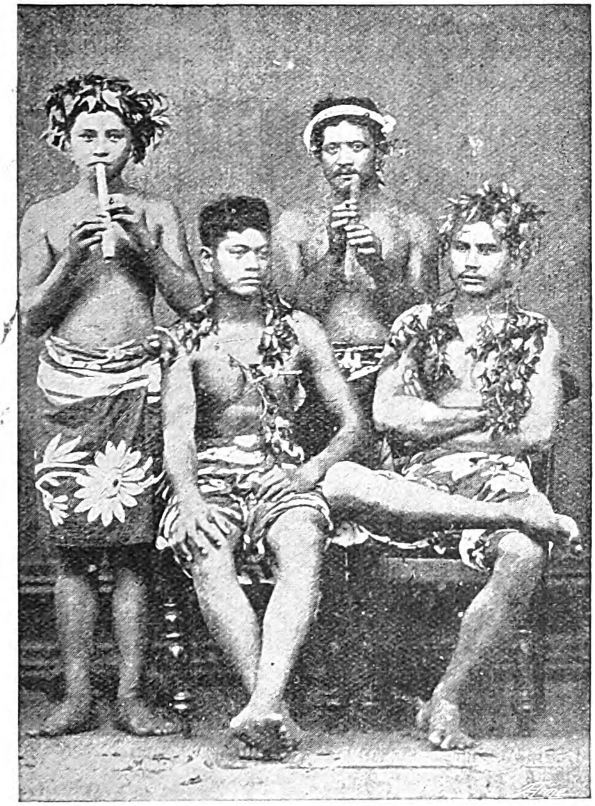
Go!

There is hardly a field that is open to the photographer that is so rich in results as the study of human life in the streets. It requires, however, some discrimination, a cool nerve, and, above all, avoidance of the vulgar.

In the early days of the hand, or, as it was then called, the detective camera, too many strove merely to obtain the unusual and the vulgar, so that the hand camera gradually fell into a disrepute it has not even yet outgrown.

There is, however, a very strong reaction amongst photographers against such work, and the hand camera is now utilised for the making of pictures rather than for the pure snapshotting of everything and anything. The hand camera has become the useful servant of the globe trotter, the explorer, and the war correspondent, and there is undoubtedly a growing preference for the use of small cameras, and subsequent enlargement of the resulting negative.

The value of photography to the artist cannot be denied, and those who make use of it intelligently have a good servant. Some few years ago I was the constant companion of one of our leading artists, an R.A., who is now unfortunately dead, and many a jaunt we had in search of studies—old barges, rusty anchors and chains. Such was my work, whilst with a few touches he himself made a record of the colour. The slavish copying of a photograph was as far from his mind as it was possible, but he fully recognised the value of photography as a means of rapidly and accurately recording a subject which might be useful for his work at some future time.

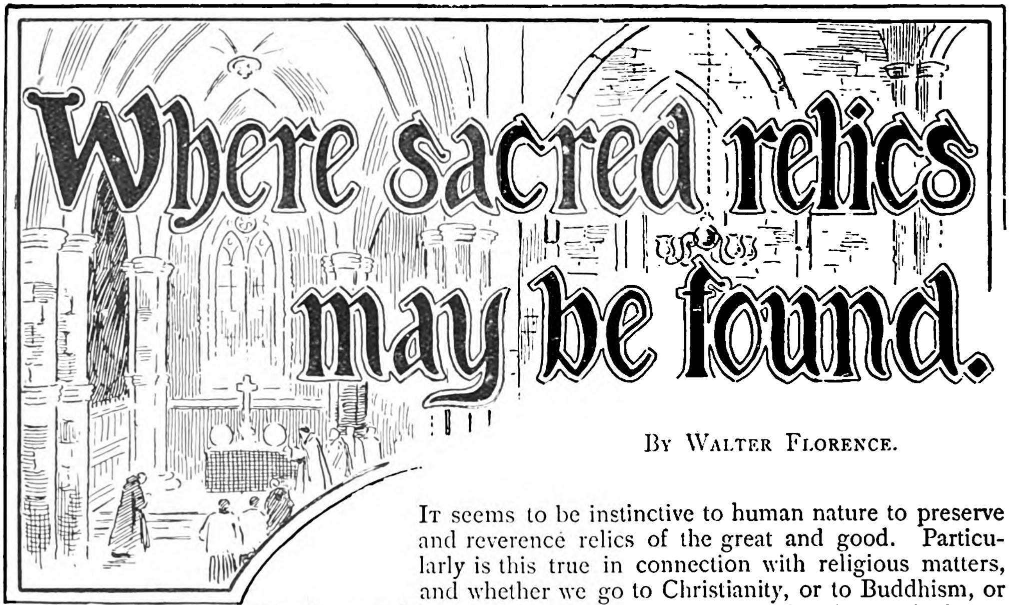


Tahitian Musicians and Dancers.

Their chief musical instruments are the flute and the drum. The latter has the upper end covered with shark skin.

The work of the painter, the etcher, or engraver, is totally distinct from that of the photographer; yet both should lead to the same end, namely, a cultivation of the love of the beautiful, increased powers of observation, and a closer acquaintance with the too often ignored beauties of nature. They need not be antagonistic to one another, and that there can be pictorial feeling, individuality and sentiment in photographs will be seen by the numerous examples which will from time to time appear in these pages.

The faculty is not vouchsafed to every artist to remember accurately the various scraps of lovely scenery he may chance upon. At the moment he recognises that he has met that of which he was in search or that which will probably prove invaluable as a setting to a picture he is in process of creating. The snapshot becomes a shorthand note, a memorandum, as it were, and apart altogether from any artistic merit in itself will prove at all times a reminder to the artist of the outline of the scene. Its loveliness of colour, of light, and of shade are not there, but it is at that very point that the art of the artist steps in.



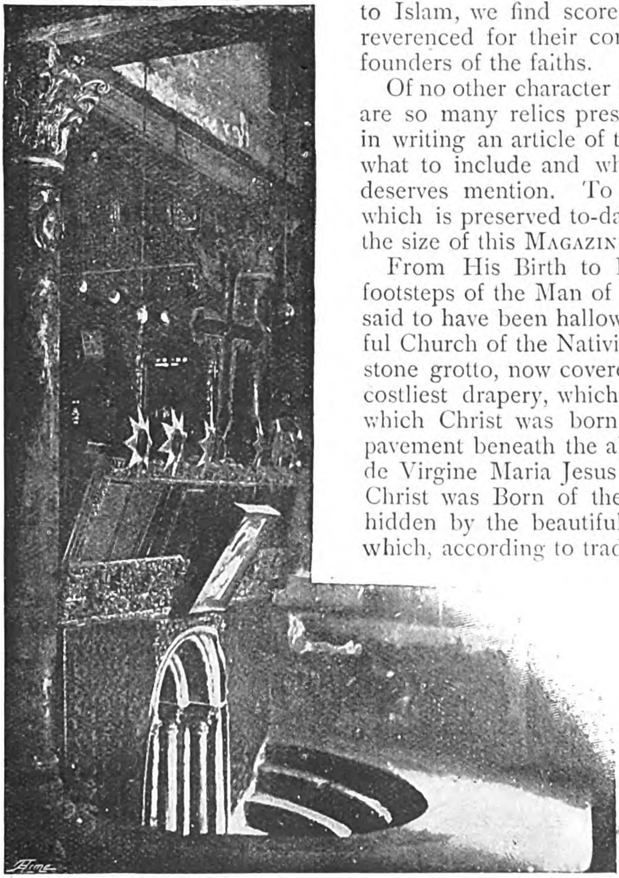
Where sacred relics may be found.

By Walter Florence.

It seems to be instinctive to human nature to preserve and reverence relics of the great and good. Particularly is this true in connection with religious matters, and whether we go to Christianity, or to Buddhism, or to Islam, we find scores and scores of objects, which are reverenced for their connection, supposed or real, with the founders of the faiths.

Of no other character in history, whether sacred or secular, are so many relics preserved as of our Lord Himself, and in writing an article of this kind it is really difficult to know what to include and what to omit, so much is there that deserves mention. To describe every relic of the Saviour which is preserved to-day would need a volume ten times the size of this Magazine.

From His Birth to His Ascension we may follow the footsteps of the Man of Galilee by visiting the many places said to have been hallowed by His presence. In the beautiful Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is shown a curious stone grotto, now covered with the choicest marbles and the costliest drapery, which is claimed to be the very spot upon which Christ was born. A large silver star let into the pavement beneath the altar bears the Latin inscription "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est"—"Here Jesus Christ was Born of the Virgin Mary." In the grotto, but hidden by the beautiful marble coverings, is the manger in which, according to tradition, the Infant Saviour was laid by His mother when no room could be found for them in the inn.



The Manger in which Christ was Laid.

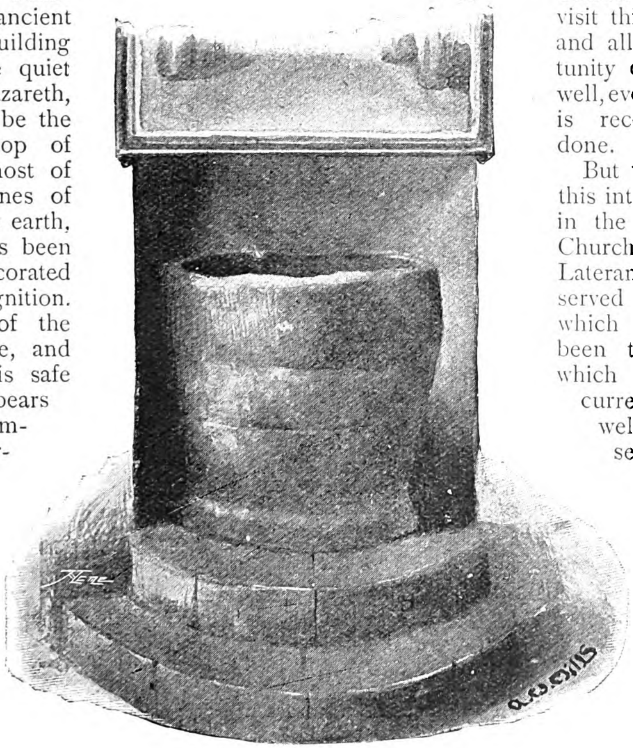
It is kept in a grotto, which is the very place where Christ was born.

Our illustration of the manger is from a photograph which has, we believe, never before been published.

Another relic, which is said to have been associated with the infant life of our Lord, is jealously treasured in a church of Southern Italy. It is nothing less than the pap-spoon and dish used by the Virgin Mary in feeding her holy Babe. The spoon and dish are never shown to the public, and it is, therefore, impossible to give any idea of their appearance.

Very little is said in the Bible about the boyhood of Christ, and the few traditions found in other records are so vague as to be received as accurate by nobody. One fact, however, stands out prominently, and that is that the Divine Boy was "subject" to His parents. He obeyed them in every detail as no son ever obeyed his parents before or since, and, we may believe that He took a large share of the labours in His father's workshop. A very ancient and interesting building is shown in the quiet little town of Nazareth, which is said to be the identical workshop of Joseph. Like most of the different scenes of our Lord's life on earth, the workshop has been restored and decorated out of all recognition. The old form of the building is gone, and as it stands it is safe to say that it bears little, if any, resemblance to its former self.

One of the earliest incidents, which we have recorded of our Lord's ministry, is the turning of the water into wine at Cana in Galilee. On the site of the house, where the marriage is said to have taken place, stands a Greek Church, and its greatest treasure is an old earthenware pot, which, it is claimed, is one of the vessels used by our Lord for His first miracle. Above the jar is a beautiful painting of the incident referred to, and a golden lamp, which hangs near the spot, throws a perpetual light upon the earthenware vessel.



The Water Pot of Cana.

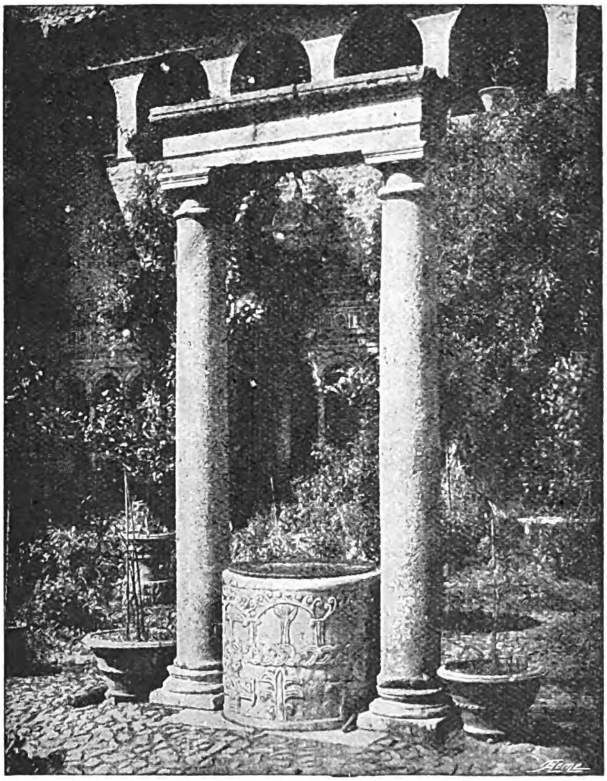
This jar held some of the water that Christ turned to wine at the marriage at Cana.

Another well-known incident in the life of Christ was His encounter with the woman of Samaria. It will be remembered that being weary, He sat upon the well, to which, a few moments later, a woman came from the adjacent city of Sychar. A long conversation followed, which finally resulted in the conversion, not only of the woman, but of many of the Samaritans. A watering place near the site of ancient Sychem or Shechem is pointed out as the well referred to in the Bible. It has a rugged stone approach, and is in a very dilapidated condition. The actual cistern is about 80ft. deep, but although in the rainy season it fills rapidly, the well often runs dry in the summer. Thousands of pilgrims visit this spot annually, and all take the opportunity of sitting by the well, even as our Saviour is recorded to have done.

But there is a rival to this interesting relic, for in the cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is preserved another well, which is said to have been the one around which the incident occurred. It is a stone well in splendid preservation, and of a very different character to that which is seen to day near Sychem.

The well of St. John Lateran is said to have been brought from the Holy Land by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. There is no doubt about its antiquity, but much difference of opinion exists as to its identity with the Well of Samaria. Its form is hardly that of an Eastern city's watering place.

A number of other relics of our Lord's ministry are preserved in different churches of Europe. In one place is said to be a piece of the hem of the garment which was touched with healing effect by the suffering woman at Bethsaida. In another church is a lock of woman's hair, said to have belonged



The Well of Samaria.

It stands in the cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, and was brought from Jerusalem by the Empress Helena.

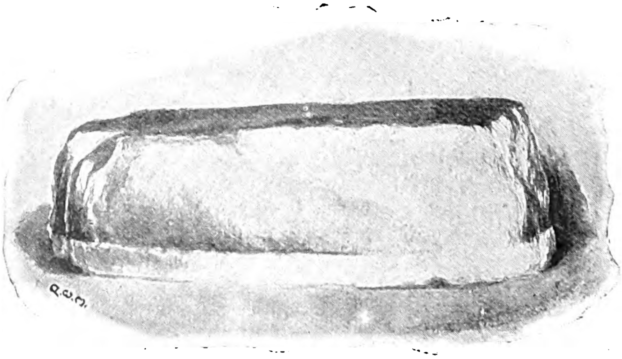
to Mary Magdalen, and with which she wiped our Lord's feet, as recorded in the Gospels. In other churches may be found a tooth of the Saviour, a piece of His beard, and a small phial containing one of the tears which He shed upon hearing of the death of Lazarus. Another curious relic is a leg of the ass upon which Jesus rode in triumph to Jerusalem.

In the Church of Salvator, connected with the old Benedictine Abbey at Trèves, are preserved a pair of leather sandals which are said to have been worn by our Lord. They are greatly treasured, as being the only relics of their kind in the world. The sandals, which consist of fine, soft leather, of a brownish-yellow colour, are kept in a magnificently be-jewelled casket of priceless worth. The sandals themselves bear no resemblance to their former appearance, for they have been gilded and adorned with precious stones till they are themselves beyond value, even intrinsically.

But it is in connection with the Passion of our Lord that so many relics are preserved to-day. The Chapel of the Table, as its name partly indicates, is a building in which is preserved what claims to be the table of the Last Supper. The tradition which associates the large block of hard chalk in the chapel with the most noted meal of history dates back only to the seventeenth century; but although its authenticity rests only upon such slender ground, large numbers of pilgrims visit the Table annually and pray before it. The Chapel of the Table, which belongs to the Latins, was erected in 1861.

The chalice used at the Last Supper, which is sometimes identified with the Holy Graal of mediæval poets is claimed to be in the possession of the Cathedral of Valencia, in Spain. Another cup, said to have been the famous relic, was formerly treasured by the Genoese. But it was taken to Paris in 1816, and was broken during its removal. It was of green glass, hexagonal in form, and had two handles.

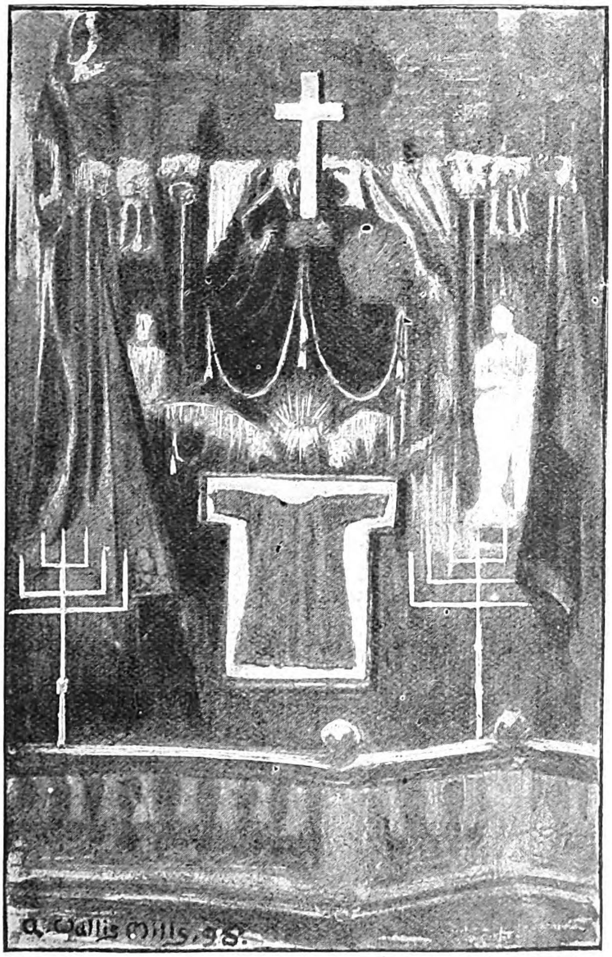
The mocking of the Saviour by the Roman soldiers, which is so fully described in the Sacred Writings, has given occasion for a large number of relics. The Crown of Thorns no longer exists as a whole, but



The Table of the Last Supper.

It is a large block of hard chalk.

many churches and individuals claim to have fragments of this Crown. In the Hotel de Cluny, Paris, is a ring containing a small part of one of the thorns, and a complete thorn, which is said to have formed part of the Saviour's Crown, was recently on exhibition at the British Museum, where it was placed on loan by the owner for a short period. It is hardly necessary to mention that the thorn is magnificently mounted. It reposes in a locket, consisting of the two halves of an amethyst opening upon a hinge of gold. On the interior of one lid of the locket are two pictures of the Crucifixion enamelled in gold. A tiny golden crown surmounts the thorn. In addition to the two thorns already mentioned, no fewer than one hundred and three churches claim to possess parts of the true Crown.


A. Wallis Mills. 98.

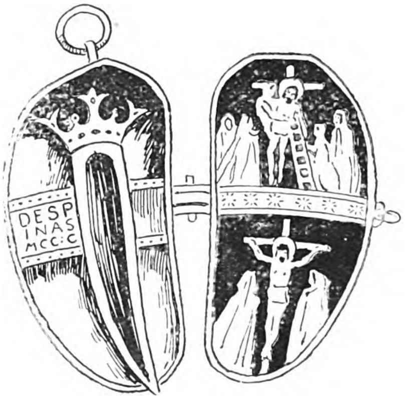
The Holy Coat of Trèves.

It is made of a brown material, and has been lined with silk to hold it together.

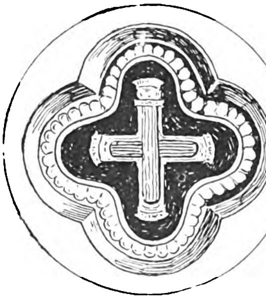
The reed put into Christ's hand as a mock sceptre is also said to exist to-day, but not as a whole. Portions of the reed are shown in Florence; in the Church of St. Julian, at Lungarde; in the Convent of Andeschs, in Bavaria; and in the Convent of Watoped, on Mount Athos. Curiously enough, no church or religious establishment claims to possess any portion of the reed upon which the sponge was raised to the dying Saviour's lips. This is strange, in view of the fact that fragments of the sponge are shown at St. Jacques de Compiege, St. Sylvester, St. John de Lateran, St. Maris Maggiore, St. Mary in Transtevere, St. Mark and St. Mary in Compitelli, all in Rome. Then again, the purple robe with which Christ was arrayed is said to be in Moscow, and this brings us to what is perhaps the most famous of all the various relics of Christ, the Holy Coat of Trèves.

It was last on exhibition in 1891, and then created much discussion and controversy all over the world. Forty-six years had elapsed since the coat was previously exposed to popular gaze, and naturally the occasion became one of great importance to the whole of Catholic Europe. To give its history from the time when it was said to have been discovered by St. Helena would fill a volume, and, indeed, a volume has been written, dealing with the history of the coat. It is about four feet six inches in length, the back being a trifle longer than the front; the width at the chest is twenty-seven inches, whilst at the bottom it is about three feet and a half.

The material, which is dull brown in colour, is very ancient, and is utterly unlike anything manufactured nowadays; some have compared it to fine wool, others to silk, and others again to crêpe. The exterior has at some time or other been covered with a rich Oriental damask, but this is long since worn away and nothing but an indication of its former presence remains. Inside there is a lining of light brown silk, added to preserve the relic from dropping to pieces through old age. On the rare occasions when the coat is exposed to view, it is hung upon a rod passed through the two sleeves, and is suspended immediately above the high altar. The relic is kept in an air-tight case with a thick plate glass front, and from this it is never removed.



A Thorn from the Crown of Thorns, set in an amethyst and mounted in gold.

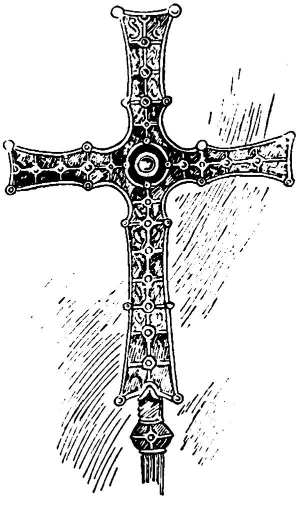


One of the few pieces of the Cross which are mounted so as to be seen.

Only three expositions of this coat have taken place in the present century; the first was in 1810, when a hundred thousand people passed through the cathedral; the second was in 1844, when the number of pilgrims exceeded a million; and in 1890, the first exhibition after railway travelling had become anything like general, when the numbers exceeded all that had formerly been known.

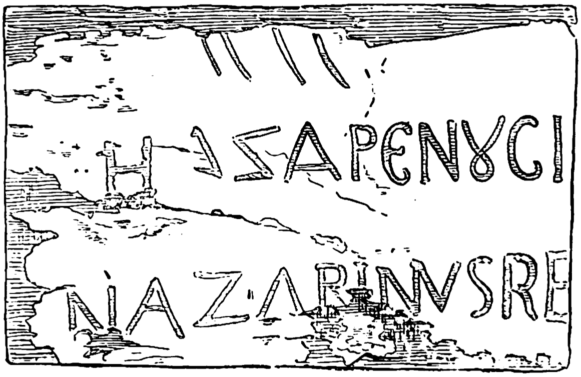
The Holy Robe of Argenteuil is said to have been bought from the soldier to whose lot it fell, and carried by a disciple to a town in Galatia, where it was carefully packed in a wooden box. After a series of vicissitudes, in which it was taken in turn to Jaffa, Persia, Jerusalem and Constantinople, it finally found a resting-place in Argenteuil, the Emperor Charlemagne having presented it to the church after receiving it as a present from the Empress Irene of Constantinople. The coat is of goat's hair or camel's hair, and is very finely woven, so as to look almost like fine canvas.

Of the cross, which is said to have been discovered by St. Helena in A.D. 326, there are fragments in all parts of the world. It is the most sacred relic which the Catholic Church treasures. But usually these fragments are encased in golden shrines, and are quite invisible to the ordinary man. One cross relic, however, that in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, is so arranged, that the wood which claims to be a portion of the true cross can be plainly seen.

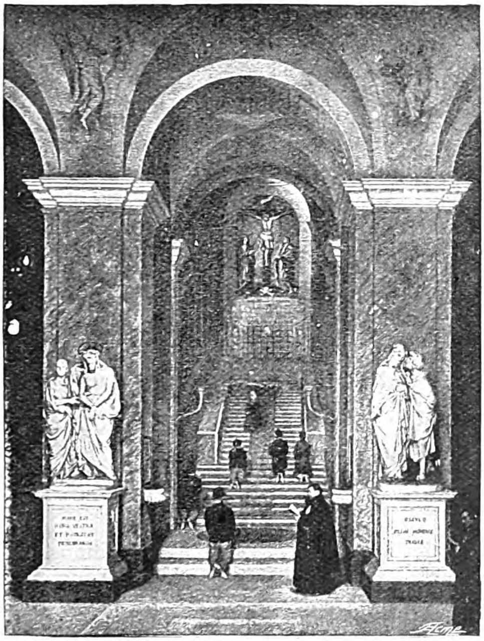


A crucifix containing a fragment of the Cross.

Another piece of the true cross is said to be encased in an ancient cross in one of the Dublin Museums. The story of the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena is too well-known to need recapitulation. It is said that with the cross she found a thin tablet 3½ft. long by 1ft. wide, bearing the inscription composed by Pilate. The letters were cut into the wood and painted red.



The Tablet at the top of the Cross. It was accidentally found at Rome in a leaden case, after having been lost.



The Staircase from the House of Pontius Pilate.

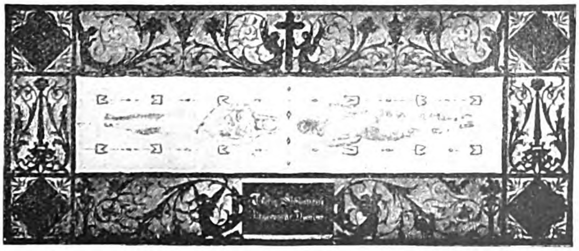
Christ was led up it to the Judgment Hall.

This relic, an illustration of which is given on this page, is preserved at the Church of Santa Croce, at Rome.

At Rome, also, is to be seen the *Sancta Scala*, or Holy Staircase, up which our Lord is recorded to have been led to Pilate's Judgment Hall. This is another of the relics brought to Europe by the Empress Helena in A.D. 326, when it was deposited in the Church of St. John Lateran. The well-known practice of mounting these stairs on one's knees was instituted in the ninth century by Pope Leo IV., but after a time the stairs became so worn that they were encased in wood, and have remained so ever since.

Another very famous relic, which has created a good deal of discussion lately, is the Holy Winding Sheet at Turin. It was in this sheet that our Lord was wrapped immediately before his burial. It is an oblong piece of soft white material, and is stretched in a huge frame of gilt, elaborately decorated. The narrative runs that Nicodemus, a secret disciple of our Lord, possessed himself of the sheet, and gave it to his uncle Gamaliel, from whom it afterwards passed to the Christians, and finally found a resting place in Turin.

A remarkable fact about this sheet is that it was recently photographed, and when the negative was developed the form of a man was faintly outlined upon the sheet. This feature was quite new to the ecclesiastical authorities, for, although the sheet always bore some faint, reddish-brown stains, no resemblance to the human form had ever been traced in them. We are able to publish a photograph of the Holy Winding Sheet, and the figure upon it can be seen distinctly.



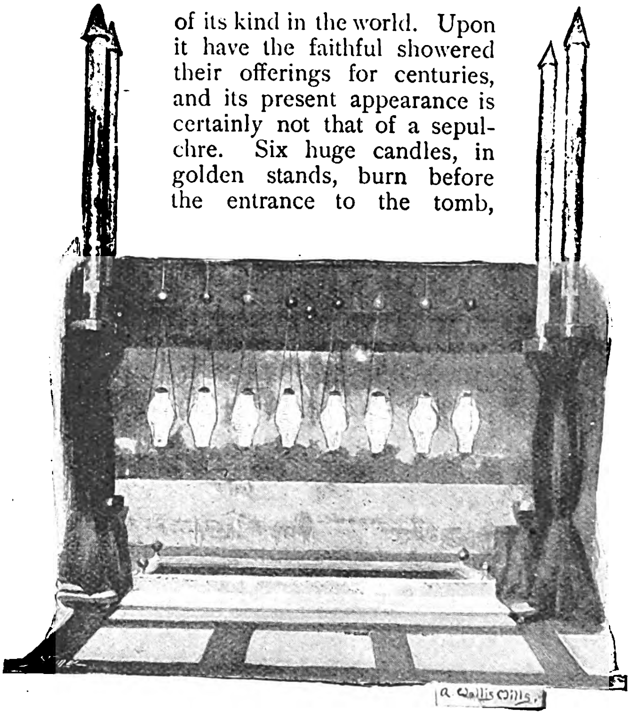
Christ's Winding Sheet.

When it was recently photographed the form of a man was found to be outlined on it.

Many churches claim to possess some of the grave clothes of our Lord, and also the nails which pierced His hands and His feet. Then, again, the spear which pierced His side is said to be preserved in the Basilica of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is simply a shaft, the head, which was at Paris, having been lost during the troublous times of the great Revolution.

An interesting relic connected with the death and burial of our Lord is the Stone of Anointment, preserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is said that upon this stone the body of Jesus was laid for its anointment prior to burial. The stone is a red marble slab, about 9ft. long and 4ft. wide. One of the most curious facts in connection with this relic, is that many of the millions of pilgrims, who annually visit and kiss it, measure the stone, so that they may have their own winding sheets made the same length as the Saviour's.

The last great relic which we shall refer to is, perhaps, regarded as the most interesting of all. It is the Tomb of our Lord; but here, again, we are confronted with serious differences of opinion. The most famous site of the Sepulchre is that in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which tradition has pointed for centuries. Little of the rocky cavern can now be seen, for the whole has been surmounted by a gorgeous chapel, probably the richest building



The Stone of Anointment.
Pilgrims have their winding sheets made the same length.

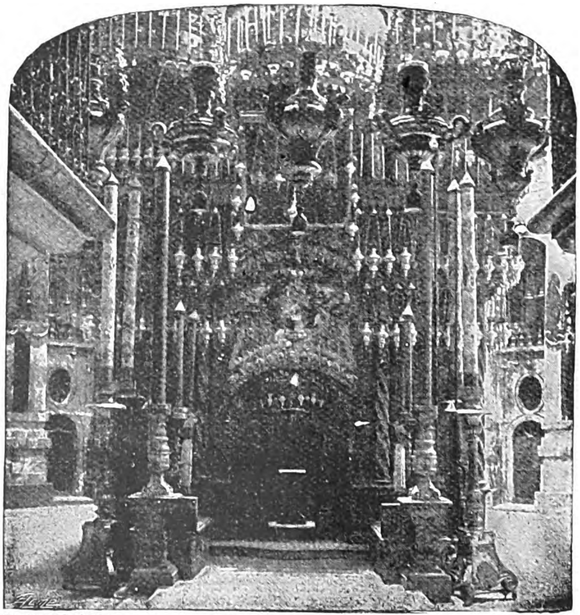
of its kind in the world. Upon it have the faithful showered their offerings for centuries, and its present appearance is certainly not that of a sepulchre. Six huge candles, in golden stands, burn before the entrance to the tomb, beside a number of smaller ones; and myriads of golden lamps, studded with rare jewels, burn above and all round the Chapel of the Sepulchre.

Until some twenty years ago this was the only spot which laid any claim to be the Sepulchre of our Lord; but during his travels in the Holy Land the late General Gordon made a discovery. By reading the accounts of our Lord's burial in the Scriptures, and comparing the facts there stated with local topography, he came to the conclusion that another sepulchre which he had unearthed was the true tomb of our Lord. It corresponded in every way, as he declared, with the description in the Bible. It was in a garden, and was evidently a "new tomb," from the fact that there were others on either side which were in course of construction, and had never been completed.

This tomb, discovered by General Gordon, is regarded as the actual scene of our Lord's burial by Protestants, who gather in large numbers from time to time, and hold religious services. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, on the other hand, look upon the shrine in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as the true tomb, and they worship there.

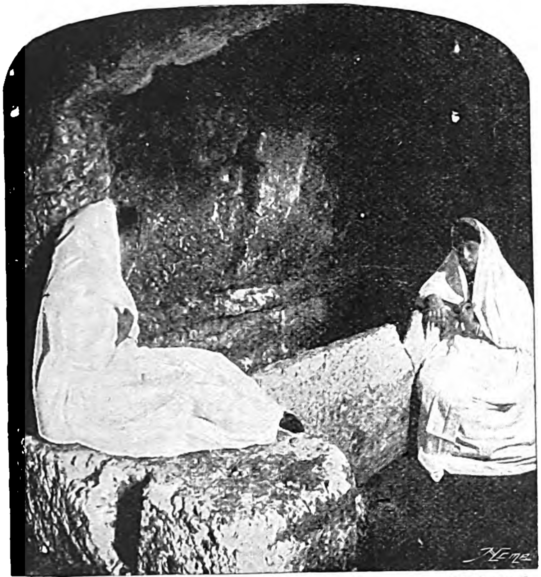
In the Chapel of the Angels, one of the buildings within the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is a square slab of stone standing upon a pedestal, and bearing an inscription. This is said to be a portion of the stone which "was rolled away from the Sepulchre" when the women came to visit the grave of our dead Lord.

The veneration of sacred relics affords scope for interesting reflection. There can be no question but that the human mind is readily influenced by the sight of that which was actually used or handled by any historic individual. Vividly as the mind may fashion an image of, say, the Great Redeemer Himself, the sight of some portion of His wearing apparel affects the mind, by the mere power of association, more effectually than an abundance of reading or oral teaching. The priesthood of practically



Stereo photo by Underwood.

The Holy Sepulchre.
It is a rocky cavern hidden by the wonderful chapel above it.



Stereo-photo by Underwood.

"Gordon's" Holy Sepulchre.

This Sepulchre was discovered by General Gordon, and believed by him to be the real burial-place of Christ.

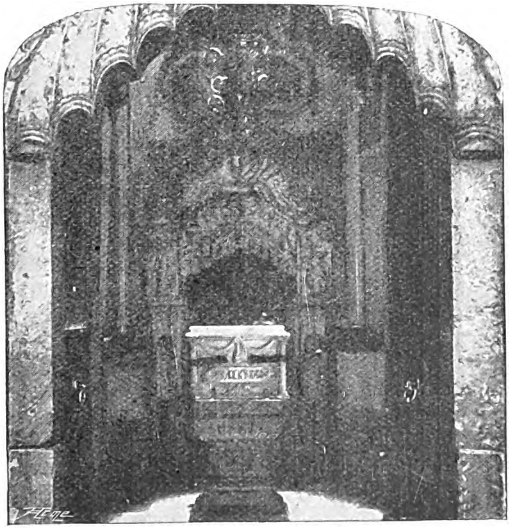
every religion in the world has fully appreciated this, and consequently we find in most creeds the veneration of relics, whether it is the Tooth of Buddha preserved with the utmost reverence and care in Ceylon, or such Christian relics as those to which we have referred.

Glancing at the historic aspect of the veneration of sacred relics we realise that it was from the fourth to the sixteenth century that they exercised the supremest influence on the Christian communities of the world. All that was great, chivalrous and noble in mankind was at times called forth to the end of preserving and protecting sacred relics from desecration by barbarians and infidels.

So much so was this that the history of some relics may almost be said to be the history of more than one war. One instance may be given in that of the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians in 614 and the carrying away of the true Cross. Fourteen years later the Emperor Heraclius, after a series of brilliant campaigns, regained possession of the sacred relic, and in 629 it was solemnly restored to the Christian world, and once more set up in Jerusalem. It may be added, as a curious fact, that the Persians, during their possession of the Cross, kept it unharmed, not even breaking the seals of the case in which it was enclosed.

Sadly enough whilst the veneration of sacred relics begot much that was best in men, it nevertheless was responsible for much that was evil. The desire of communities and monasteries to possess relics soon grew beyond even an appreciation of what was honest. That which could not be bought, and the traffic in spurious relics attained vast proportions, was as often as not stolen, and it was by no means uncommon for one monastery to wage a marauding campaign on a neighbouring one for the sake of some coveted relic.

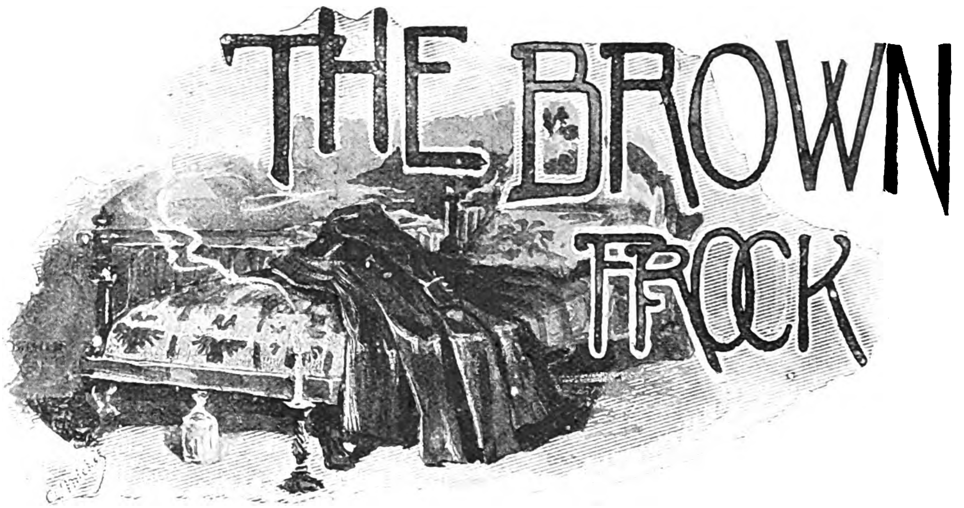
With the Reformation there came a huge reaction, and, whilst the veneration of sacred relics forms a prominent feature of the Catholic Church of to-day, the abuses of the Middle Ages have vanished for ever. How far such relics may be genuine is not, of course, a matter that comes within our province to discuss.



Stereo-photo by Underwood.

In the Chapel of the Angels.

A portion of the stone which was rolled away from the Sepulchre.



THE BROWN FROCK

By Percy Rudd.

At the period of which I write I was a lieutenant attached to the Court of Alexander Nikolaiovitch, Emperor of all the Russias, who was subsequently foully done to death on the very threshold of his brother's palace. All the world is acquainted with the story of this assassination, and of others that had been previously attempted upon the life of a ruler whose only fault was an ill-advised generosity; but it has been left for me, Stepan Kerdrof, an exile from my country and forgotten of my friends, to tell of a plot that surpassed all these in the ingenuity and daring of its conception.

* * * *

My first meeting with the Princess Lidi Briansky was the beginning of a great many things that came upon us all with bewildering swiftness. The Princess was an orphan, and lived at a large house on the Nevsky Prospect. She numbered among her friends many Court dignitaries, but it was said that I surpassed them all in the regularity of my visits. I will pass over the details of these visits, for who am I, that I should attempt to tell of what experience alone can teach? Let it suffice that I learned to love, and not without success.

It was shortly after the announcement of my engagement to the Princess that the green-eyed monster, as your Shakespeare calls him, drew me into his grip. Lidi had, on several nights, forbidden me to go and see her, saying that she was engaged in other business. The nature of this business she obstinately refused to reveal, so I set myself to find out what my conscience told me I ought not to know.

From the servants I learned that, when I was forbidden the house, their mistress went out always alone. There their knowledge ended. I had to fill in the blanks as best I could. Disguised as a *muzhik*, I followed her one night from the glare of the Nevsky into the dim seclusion of the Bolshia Sadovae, and thence, by a succession of byeways, to the squalid Nicholisky Pereulock. Here she turned off down a dark and narrow passage, with me still stepping silently in her footsteps. We came to a door upon which she rapped three times, swiftly and clearly. In a second the door had opened, and, acting on a sudden resolution, I boldly crossed the threshold. She started when she heard me, and bowed stiffly.

"Monsieur has silent feet," she said.

"And strange features," added the old hag who had let us in, peering savagely up into my face. "Perhaps he will give us the sign?"

A new light dawned upon me, and with it an inkling of the truth. I began to understand the danger of my position.

"To you I will give nothing," I said, with a fine air of contempt, "the Princess Briansky will have the sign from my lips, and shall be satisfied."

Lidi had started at the sound of my voice, which was purposely ill-concealed.

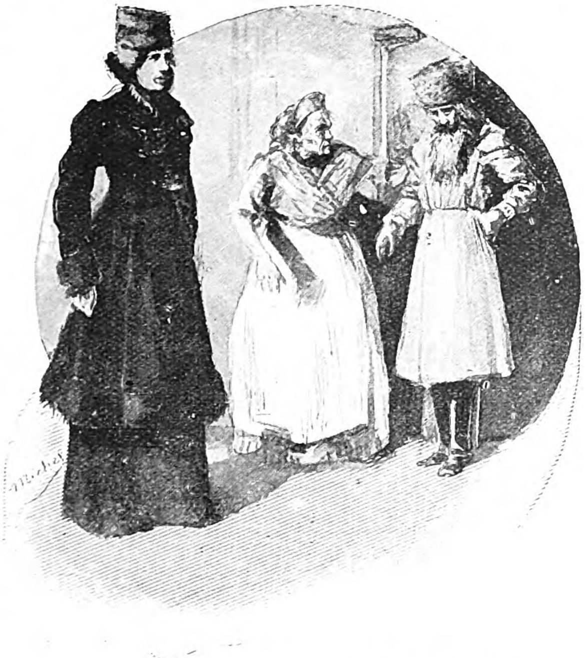
"You know me?" she queried.

"How well I can satisfy you," I answered, "if there are no other ears."

She signed to the woman to withdraw. I noted that we stood in a spacious hall, with no other inlet for daylight than a couple of unhandsome skylights, and devoid of any kind of furniture. On the left was a small door, by which the hag had departed, and which I presumed led to her apartments; on the right was a short corridor terminated by another door.

"Perhaps you will explain your presence in this place?" I said to her, forgetfully, when we were alone.

"By what right do you presume to question me, sir?" she asked, indignantly.



"Perhaps Monsieur will give us the sign?"

"Who has more right than he who will call himself your husband?"

Then it was she remembered where she had heard that voice before, and the awakening came on her with such suddenness that she staggered back, and her face went red and white by turns. For a second there was a struggle within herself; then love had conquered, for her arms were around my neck, her head upon my shoulder.

"Oh! Stepan," she sobbed, "why have you done this thing? Why have you followed me here?"

I remembered the object of my quest, and spoke sternly. "I have come to kill your lover."

She looked up smilingly through her tears. "*Nu*, Stepan, you are too young to die. I have no lover, no king but you. You would not kill yourself?" Then, becoming more serious, she went on: "But you are in danger here. You must go. Come, I will let you out."

"I do not go alone," I said.

"*Nu*, I cannot, must not go with you. I have work, hateful work to do. Why will you not trust me? Why do you not believe? See," she said, impulsively, pointing down the corridor, "there are men in there—men who hold their lives in their own hands. They would kill you just as they might crush a fly on the window-pane. Now will you go?"

The truth had come upon me by degrees, and I showed no emotion of surprise. I realised my danger, but love for the woman who stood by my side held me, so that I hesitated.

There were three sharp raps on the outer door, and, on the left, I could hear the returning hobble of the old woman.

"You see," I said, with affected carelessness, "I have gone too far in this to retreat now."

Lidi shook herself free from my embrace, and I saw the muscles of her features tighten. She surveyed me rapidly, and then motioned me to follow. Her hand was on the door-knob at the end of the corridor when she spoke.

"You go in here as one of us. The issue of this adventure will depend upon your own good sense."

I bowed an assent, and we entered.

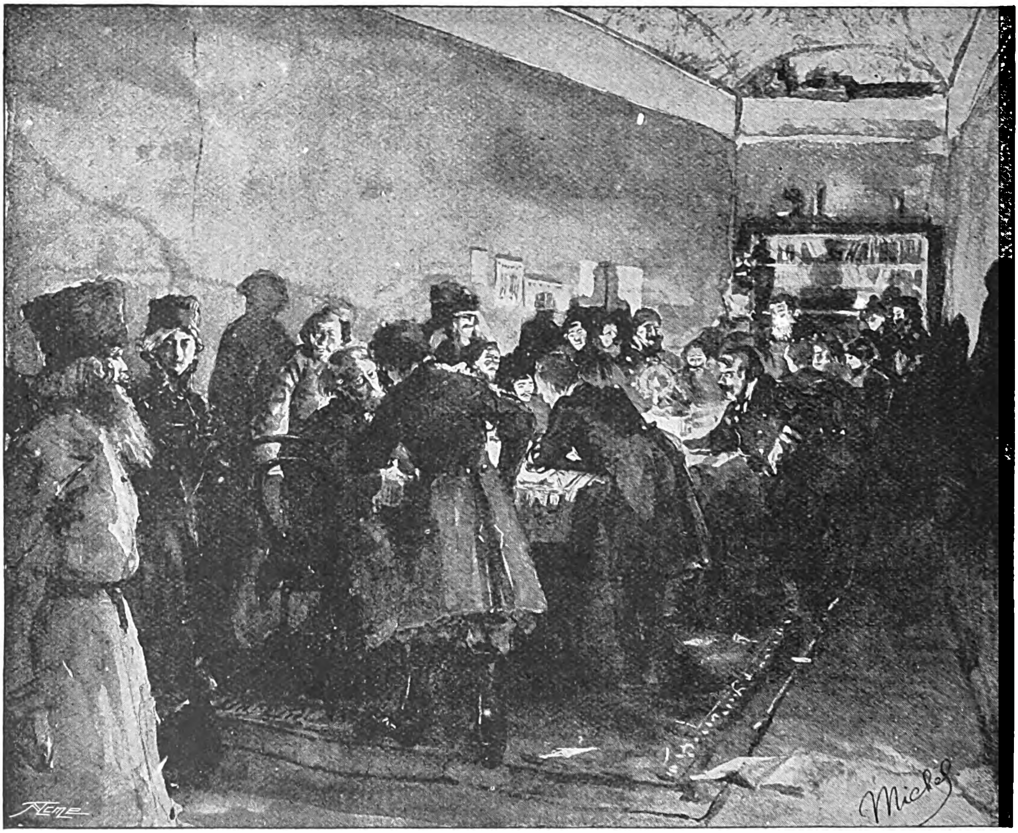
It was a long, narrow room, furnished in a profusion of luxuriance contrasting strangely with the bareness without. A table covered with dark-blue cloth, on which were spread a number of documents and plans, ran nearly the whole length of it; around it were seated some twenty people, talking in agitated whispers. Many of the faces were new to me, but I recognised the Countess Bonina, General Winowski, and a German count, well known at Court, whom I had also met at the Princess Briansky's house. As I looked round this strange company I saw revealed many things that had hitherto been mysteries. In my dilemma I even drew consolation from the fact that there were others of rank and power who shared the misguided opinions of her who was to be my wife—for I told myself that nothing in the world should take her from me.

The Princess introduced me as an Englishman who was "wanted" by the secret police, and upon whom necessity had thus forced a disguise. We had hardly taken our places with the rest, when the door again opened, and the man, whose knock had forced me to this extremity, entered. I was surprised to find that it was Lukitch, my immediately superior officer in the service of the Emperor. Assuredly the plot was thickening.

A silence fell upon the group when Lukitch shouted a boisterous good evening and threw off his heavy cloak. It was evident that some important news was expected. He sat down at the head of the table, remained a second or two as if in thought, and then his rich, melodious voice deposed the stillness that had reigned before.

"Sisters and brothers," he said, "the time draws near. To-morrow night the Emperor will play at cards. Winowski, Levin, and Kerdrof will play with him. I have here that which will enable me to play a different game in his room close by. It will be a game of life and death."

An audible murmur ran round the room, and, though I dared not look, I instinctively felt that Lidi shuddered. The Captain was holding a large bottle of chloroform in his hand, and of a sudden it came to my mind that he had the reputation of a clever scientist. His next words were quite in accordance with such a view.

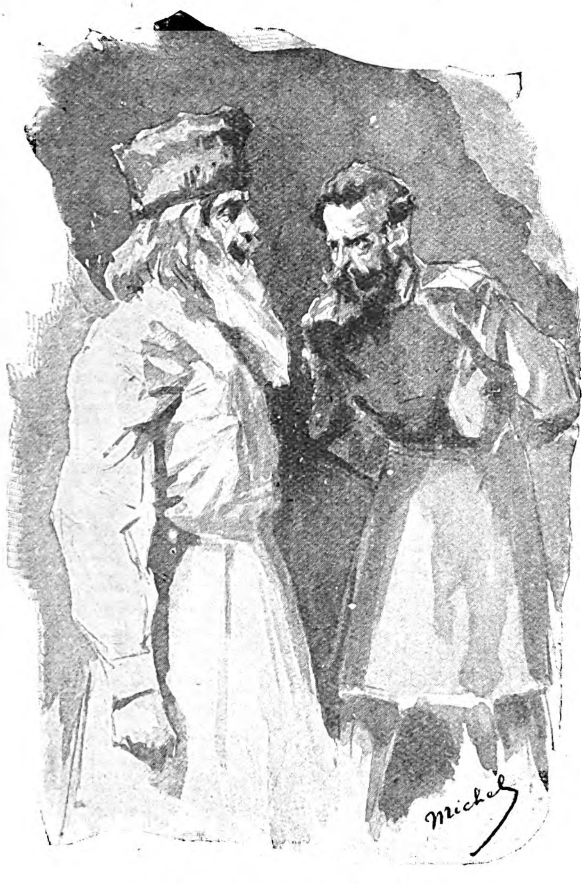


It was a long, narrow room.

"This is a drug," he said, showing us a small white packet, "of which I dare not even tell you the name. It is sufficient that it is cunningly compounded, so as to destroy the sense of smell. I have already told you that the Emperor will play cards to-morrow night, and that our friend Winowski will be amongst those who play with him. During the game the Emperor will drink wine—the drug is soluble in wine—and when it is over he must not smell so much as a flower's scent. My General, I commit this packet to your care. You understand?"

Winowski's face was set and hard. He bowed without sign of emotion.

Lukitch continued: "The Emperor will go to his room, where, you will remember, I shall have preceded him. He will take up the little brown frock he loves so well, and with which I and this bottle shall have had previous acquaintance. In the morning he will be found dead. The doctors will call it cardiac failure."



He peered keenly into my face

He looked round the room as if to seek for signs of approval. His eyes fell upon me.

"*Bozhe moï!*" he cried, jumping to his feet, and walking quickly towards me. "Whom have we here?"

Lidi told him, as she had told the others.

He peered keenly into my face, and I thought I saw him start.

"It is well!" he said, going back to his seat. "He may be of use."

I breathed more freely. But Lukitch had strode past his chair, and swung round on his heel, with his back to the door.

"Friends," he said, "we are honoured. I am not the only attaché of the Emperor's household who is here to-night. There is one who is a spy amongst us."

A sharp little cry broke from the Princess, and she fell back in a faint. I saw that the game was going against me. Lukitch held the trumps.

"Just as you are a spy in the Emperor's household!" I retaliated.

The dart pierced home, and he scowled fiercely.

"Perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself," and I threw off my wig and beard.

"Stepan Kerdrof!" broke from a dozen pair of lips.

"In the Emperor's service," I said, proudly, "and at yours."

Lukitch signed to them to seize me. I played my last card.

"I have here a whistle. Outside are forty of the Imperial Guard. The one will bring the other inside of a minute."

They wavered, but Lukitch, still standing with his back to the door, laughed a scornful laugh, and told them that I lied. Then I gave up the ghost, and five minutes later was lying caged like a wild beast, save that my hands and feet were bound.

II.

There is no torture like that of unwilling inactivity, when the soul would have what the body cannot give. God knows I tasted to the fullest all its pangs during those long hours when I lay, trussed like a fowl, in the room where they had locked me. From what I knew of Lukitch, I was certain that he would not have devised such a plot without first being assured of its possibility of success. I could picture to myself the scene in which the closing act of the drama was to take place: the long room, adorned with all the elegance of a simple taste; the table and the cards; the Emperor himself, magnificent and sad, seated opposite the portrait of his dead mother, and taking from it his inspirations. Then the drop-curtain fell, and rose again upon the Imperial bedroom. He, who owned it, sat upon a low sofa at the foot of the bed, holding a child's frock in his arms. It was a plain, brown frock, such as a workman's child might well have worn, but he held it with a clasp of reverence and love. And it was this—this pathetic weakness in the character of the man, this homely picture, worthy of the painter's brush—that had been the inspiration of Lukitch's plot. He knew, as I did, that Alexander would sit for hours together with this one relic of his little daughter, whom death had torn from him all too soon; he knew how he loved and revered that plain, brown frock, how he fondled and caressed it! He knew, also, how the Emperor grew depressed at the recollection of his mother, and flew to his child's memory as the only means of relief, and how, in the Emperor's eyes, his mother's protest against gambling was unalterably associated with cards. The whole scheme, I could see, had been worked out like a higher mathematical calculation, and I told myself they were devils, not men, who had done it. There, in that empty room, I cursed them, one and all—Lukitch, Winowski, Bonina, and the rest—yes, even she whom I had said was to be my wife. Then the fit changed, and I found myself offering excuses that she might not suffer. They had deceived her; they must not, they could not have her sympathy.

"Stepan!"

The word fell on my ear like unto oil on troubled waters, for it was formed by the lips I had loved to kiss. In the torment of my thoughts I had heard neither the loosening of the bolts nor the sneck of the door as it closed behind her. My mind reverted to the gap that lay between us.

"Have you come here to taunt me?" I said.

She smiled indulgently, and I saw her face was calm and sad. Then she spoke.

"My poor Stepan! I have come to set you free."

Free! A thrill of fierce delight ran through me. I might save him yet. I spoke to her roughly, so that she stooped and cut the bonds that held my stiffened limbs. All night and all day I had lain on those bare boards, and it was glorious to stand upright, to walk about, to feel something firm under my feet. I thought of her who had given me this pleasure, and of a sudden it came upon me what my freedom meant to her. The motive that had impelled her to come to me thus? Generosity? The word seemed weak and meaningless. It was sacrifice, I told myself—sacrifice on the altar of Love. I would not play the Abraham to her Isaac.

"My love," and I kissed her tenderly on the cheek, "give me back to my bonds. It were better that I should not go."

She spoke quickly. "*Da*, but you must, you shall go. The life of a good man depends upon your liberty."

"And the life of an infinitely better woman hangs on the other side of the scales. No, I have chosen. When I am free, these Nihilists will kill you."

"Why not?" she queried sadly. "Better that than the living death amid the darkness of earthy prisons."

I shuddered. A chain of inaccessible mountains seemed to be hemming us in on every side. There was no hope of egress, no vision but captivity—or death. Then, as I looked ahead, I saw a path, narrow and tortuous it is true, but which I said should lead us from the shadow into the sunlight.

"You are right," I told her gaily, "I will take my liberty. The Emperor shall neither know of this plot nor feel its sting. And you? You will leave these people?"

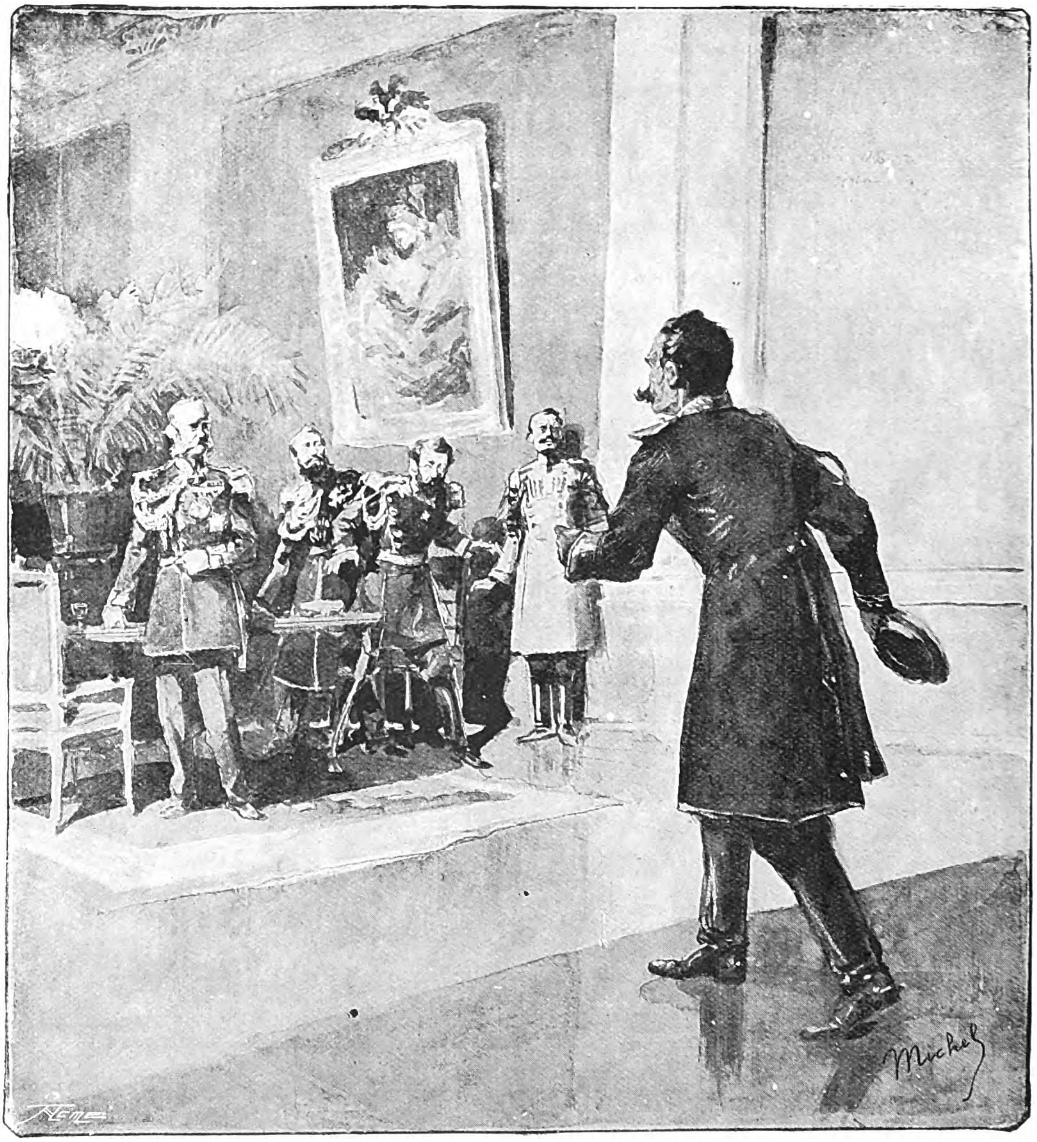
"I have left them in spirit ever since I have known you. I was young and wilful, and it amused me to skate on thin ice. When I met you I learned to see myself as I really was, but the revelation came too late to set me free. I deceived you because I feared your honour was stronger than your love, and I could not bear to lose you. The lesson has cost me dear, but it has been well taught."

I thanked her with my lips. The chiming of the hour reminded me of the necessity for action.

"Eight o'clock!" I said to myself. "I shall be in time for the final deal. *Nu*, friend Lukitch, the trumps are against you now."

* * * * *

An hour later I entered the long room of the Winter Palace. The peasant had then given way to the soldier. A single candelabra shed a glitter of light, which illuminated the far end of the room. As I stood in the shade of the door I discovered myself analysing the thoughts of the men who sat within its circle. The Emperor, silent and sad, just as I had pictured him, Winowski, Levin, and—Lukitch. My heart leapt within me. They had called Lukitch in to take my



I saw my opportunity and walked down the room.

story may be told as well in one apartment as in the other."

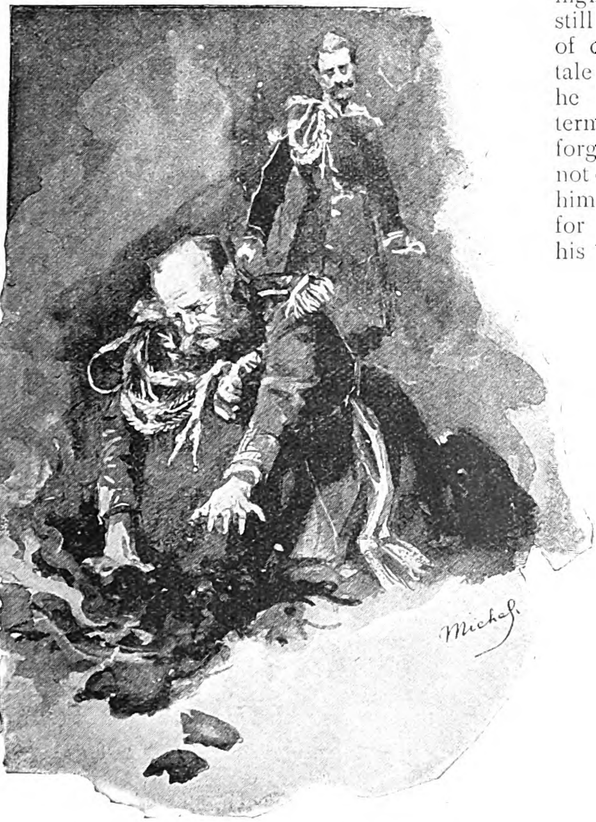
"*Ach!* you are bold, monsieur. Have a care that you find not some precipice too wide to leap."

I felt myself on the brink now, and my breath came and went with the expectation of what was to be my fate. When he spoke again it was to tell me that I had conquered. A natural elation of triumph came over me. I longed to tell these men that they had lost the rubber, that the ace was up my sleeve.

I followed the Emperor down the lighted corridor, and so into the apartment in which he slept. My sense of smell at once furnished me with the clue. Lukitch had done his devilish work; the burden of the undoing was upon me, though I counted it but slight. The air was full of vapour that appeared to grip one by the throat, and tempt one to the sweetness of repose. I saw that I must act quickly, and, before I could move a finger, Fate was at my elbow making my task the easier.

"Kerdrof," the Emperor said quickly, "there is too much light for a tale of mystery. Besides, the glare of it hurts my eyes, and I have grown to love the shadows."

It was as though he had placed a weapon in my hands. The room was brilliantly lit, and its many chandeliers flooded it with radiance. I sprang upon the sofa, on which the brown frock lay, to extinguish some candles that burned above; my foot slipped, and down I came, two of the lighted candles with me. In a flash the little brown frock was a mass of flames. It was all done with incredible swiftness, and I had found it easier to do than I had thought. By the cruel tongues of flame that shot up and scorched me, I saw at once that I must limit the results of my action to the execution of its purpose. I threw the burning stuff upon the floor, and stamped on it with a frenzied energy, so that soon the light was gone and the blackness of cinders was all that met the eye. The Emperor had watched through it all as in a trance; a faint cry, when the flames first broke forth, was the only sign of life he gave. Suddenly he realised it. Shall I ever forget that awakening? He threw himself on the ashes of the frock that he had come to regard almost as a part of himself, and sobbed as might the child who had worn it. Though my heart bled for the man, I was not insensible to the requirements of the situation, and, unordered, I opened the doors at both ends of the apartment. Quickly the smoke began to clear, and with it vanished the vapour of death that I had risked so much to rout. The cold, pure air poured in. Then the Emperor rose from his homage, and remembered my presence. As his eyes met mine he fell into an uncontrollable fury, and cursed me savagely, in the madness of his grief. His words seemed to fall on me like spent bullets; they stunned me, but they had no hurt, they left no wound. I realised that they meant dismissal, that my Court career must end with that night of danger; and still I felt no qualms of conscience. My tale of mystery, as he had pleased to term it, was a thing forgotten; he did not even think to ask himself the reason for my presence in his room. I had meant to tell him only a part of the truth, for I could reveal certain things without endangering the life of her whom I loved. Even this was to be spared me now, and I thanked God the danger was so much the less. I was about to retreat from that torrent of abuse the Emperor was pouring on my unprotected head when there came a sudden calm—more agonising than the fury of the storm of words, it was so deadly. He took me simply by the hand, and his voice was filled with emotion.

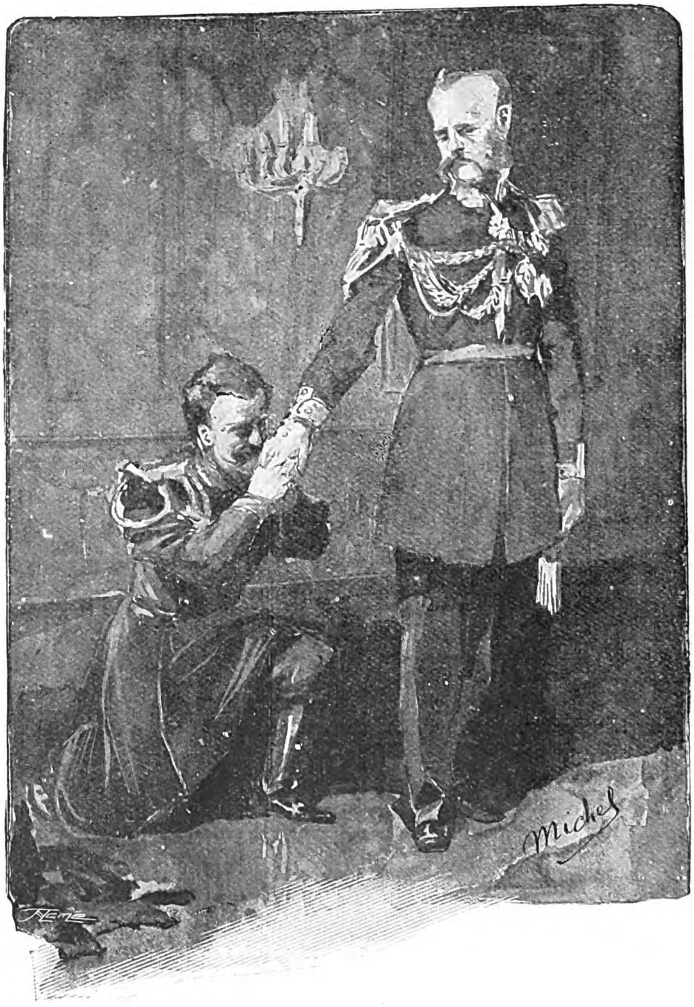


He threw himself on the ashes of the frock.

"Kerdrof," he said, "you must forget the words I have spoken. Your carelessness, despite its results, did not deserve them, and they could have no other justification. But it is better that you should go from among us—for my sake and for your own. I could not see you without recalling this night's work, and the remembrance might bring about the death of either of us. Good-bye, and may God rest with you."

I felt that he was right, and yet the knowledge overwhelmed me. I could not find tongue to thank him. I could only press my lips to the hand he held out to me, and walk like a man dazed from the room. It was in this state that I threaded the corridors of the palace, and passed through its doors for the last time. In the courtyard I had run into my friend, Petritsky, before I was aware of anyone near me.

"*Diable!*" he cried, "one would think there was an object in Time. The clock is running fast to-night, if one must judge by people's haste. When I came up to the palace Winowski drove away in a *drozhky*, as if he were late for a train, and, a few minutes after, Lukitch followed suit, swearing at the slowness of his horses. Now there's you. What's the trouble, Kerdrof?"



I pressed my lips to his hand.

How I scorned them when he told me that the birds had flown! They had thought I came to betray their plot—fools, doubly fools, that they were! How little they knew of the mystery of love—of its power, its possibilities?

"The trouble, Petritsky?" I repeated, gaily. "There is no trouble. My life is an unruffled stream of happiness. I leave for England to-morrow night, and I shall not go alone. My wife will go with me. Perhaps you will come, and see us off?"

I left him standing there in the helplessness of his amazement and strode off into the night, towards the haven that sheltered my love.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The Emperor Alexander II. was passionately fond of his children. He lost his first daughter (the younger is now the Duchess of Edinburgh) when she was but a child, and, after her death, a plain cashmere frock that she had worn was always hung over the end of his bed. Whenever he played at cards—which was seldom—he invariably sat opposite a life-size portrait of his mother, who had instilled in him from childhood an inherent dread of gambling.

His father.

Sir George Newnes, Bart.

His mother.

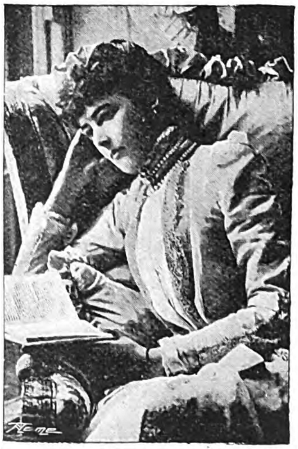
Her father.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

Her mother.

His father.

Earl of Dudley.



His mother.

The Strange Fates of some Noted Buildings

By Charles Ray.

When Shakespeare wrote "To what base uses we may return," it is quite probable that he had in mind not only the dust of Alexander, but the many noble English buildings which had, even in his day, been put to menial uses. In all parts of the country are to be seen castles, and monasteries, and churches which no longer shelter the heads of noblemen and worshippers, but are given over to more prosaic, if not more practical uses than heretofore.

For instance, not far from the town of Ilminster, in Somerset, is to be seen a very fine abbey which dates back almost to the days of the Conqueror. It was built in 1091 by Robert, Earl of Montaigne, a warrior of noble blood who came from Normandy, and was rewarded with a large and fertile estate for his valour and prowess. The picturesque old Abbey of Montacute stands at the top of a high hill, and its battlemented tower is a landmark for miles round. But no longer is Earl Robert's generous foundation an abbey; it has long since lost its ancient glory, and after a series of lamentable vicissitudes it is now put to no more dignified a use than that of a farm-house. The grand old dining hall, one of the features of the Abbey, is still used for its original purpose.

Another picturesque old sanctuary which has been used as a farmhouse is Beeleigh Abbey, near Maldon, in Essex. It is almost as old as Montacute Abbey, having been erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. Additions were made to the building from time to time, the monks' refectory, for instance, being erected in the time of King John, and the chapter-house during the reign of Edward III. These latter apartments, together with the monks' dormitory, remain almost in their original condition, although several other parts of the building have decayed away. On the west side of the refectory is a splendid stone mantelpiece of the Tudor period. It originally formed the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Ell,

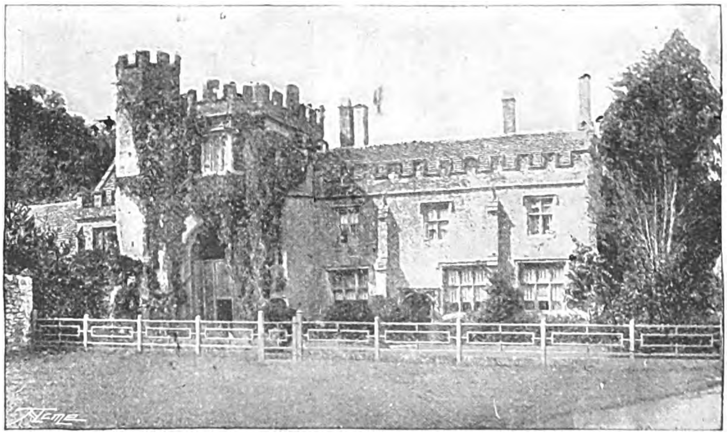


Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Montacute Abbey, now a Farmhouse.

It was built in 1091 by one of William the Conqueror's nobles.

From a Photo.

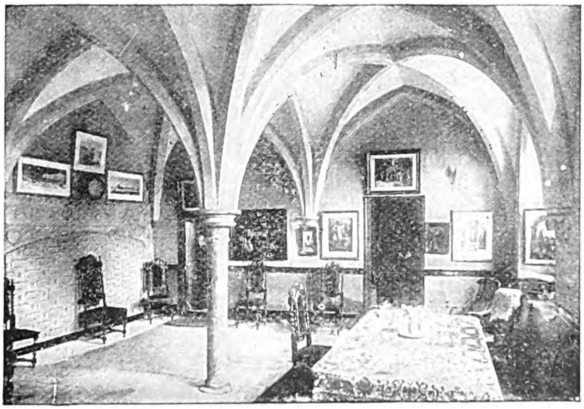
Beeleigh Abbey, which became a Farmhouse.

It was erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. The monks' refectory, erected in the time of King John, the chapter house, and the monks' dormitory, remain in their original condition.

in Normandy, who, with his wife, lies buried somewhere beneath the abbey. To-day the abbey is occupied as a private residence by Mr. John Field, who, to his credit be it said, is doing all he can to preserve the historic old building.

A curious fate has befallen the old abbey of St. Benet, on the banks of the river Ant, in Norfolk. The abbey, which is now in a state of great ruin, was founded before the Norman Conquest, and was for centuries a centre of great importance in the Eastern Counties. The story of how the abbey was captured by the Normans is interesting. The building was strongly fortified, and was besieged for a long time. In all probability it would have been strong enough to resist the attack of the besiegers had not one of the inmates turned traitor and opened the doors to the Normans. This treachery he performed on the understanding that he should be made abbot, but it is, perhaps, satisfactory to learn that the Normans had no sooner gained possession of the abbey than they put to death the man who had betrayed his friends. Within the few remaining walls of the abbey of St. Benet a disused windmill now stands, built almost entirely of material from the abbey itself. One of the most interesting facts in connection with this abbey is that it is the only one in England which can now boast an abbot. It has long since lost its sails, and is fast falling into ruin.

But it is not only abbeys that have fallen from their high state. Churches, and even chapels, of comparatively modern date, are to be found in many parts of the country put to a very different use to that which was originally intended by their founders. St. Andrew's Church, Tavistock Place, London, is a building of somewhat imposing appearance. It stands in a fairly fashionable part of the great metropolis, and was at one time famous as being the scene of the ministry of the eloquent Archdeacon Dunbar. But it has long since ceased to be used for the worship of God, and its many changes seem all to



From a Photo.

Drawing-Room, Beeleigh Abbey.

This was originally the monks' refectory. On the west side of the room is a splendid stone mantelpiece of the Tudor period, which originally formed, in Normandy, the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Eli.

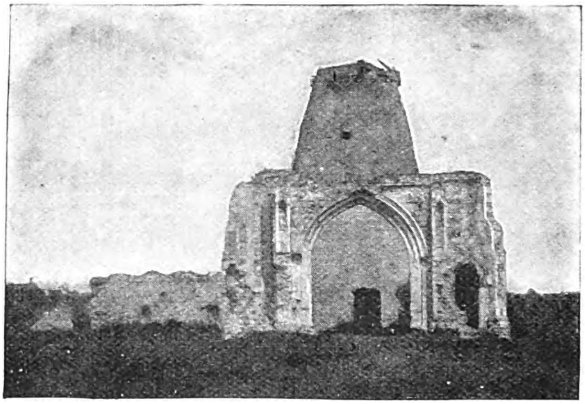


Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Windmill in an Abbey.

This is St. Benet's Abbey, founded before the Conquest, and once of great importance. It is the only abbey in England that has an abbot. The Bishop of Norwich sits in the House of Lords as Abbot of St. Benet's.

have had a downward tendency. After being closed as a sanctuary, it was for some time opened by a dealer in furniture, and later on became a cycle school. But a really unfortunate use has been made of a certain portion of the church; it was opened as a club; but the Metrpoolitan Police one day made a raid upon that portion of the building, and the proprietor was fined £230 for having illicitly sold exciseable liquors.

Another place of worship which has been sold for other purposes, after a prosperous religious career of thirty years, is to be seen at Handsworth. It was built in 1812, and is in a very good condition. It is now occupied by a well-known cycle-manufacturing company.

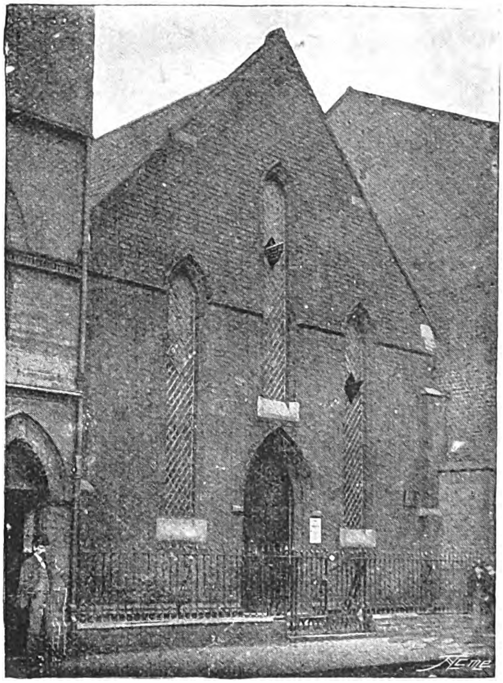


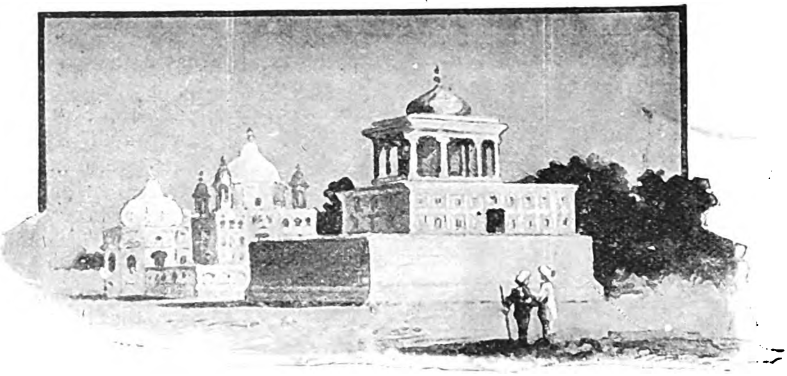
Photo by J. H. Burridge.

Branston Street Chapel, used as a Butcher's Shop.

At the last service held here only three people were present, and the poor-box contained three farthings.

For a building which was once used for the service of God to become a cowshed seems very much opposed to one's idea of the fitness of things. Such, however, is the case with Padley Chapel. It is several centuries old, and was in the days of Queen Elizabeth a sanctuary of some importance. Now, however, the building is rented by a farmer, who houses his cattle in one part, and stores hay in the other. Not far from the little town of Braintree, in Essex, a similar case of desecration is to be witnessed. The church of St. Peter's-on-the-Wall, at Bradwell, was for hundreds of years used as a place of worship, but it is now put to no better purpose than that of a barn.

Not only as farmhouses, however, are some of these old churches used to-day. The Lamorna Church, well known to tourists between Penzance and Land's End, is now used as a refreshment establish ment, and during the summer months it does quite a large business. The church was built for the use of quarrymen at the Lamorna works close by, but the opening of new quarries nearer to Penzance resulted in the closing of the Lamorna works and the consequent migration of the bulk of the population. It was from the Lamorna quarries that most of the stone was taken for the building of the Thames Embankment. For some time after it ceased to be a place of worship, the little church was used as a dwelling-house. Over the porch is still to be seen an open Bible carved in granite, with certain texts inscribed upon the open pages. Another church used as a dwelling place is that which stands in Chapel Lane, West Wycombe, Bucks. For more than a century the



A Mausoleum at Allahabad.

It was erected to the memory of a young prince by his father who murdered him. It is now luxuriously fitted as a billiard saloon, and being without windows is lit by electric light.

days. Over the main doorway are to be seen the arms of the See of Llandaff, with mitres and pastoral staves.

Another place which has fallen from its high estate is the famous Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, well known to all those who have visited the City of London. It was built about 1460 by Sir John Crosby, and afterwards came into the hands of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It was here that the wily "Crookback" awaited news of the murder of the little princes in the tower. Princess Catherine of Aragon, afterwards the unfortunate wife of Henry VIII., was entertained here, and Queen Elizabeth once honoured Crosby Hall with her presence when she witnessed a masque performance of the law students of Gray's Inn and the Temple, arranged for her special benefit by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer. The great Sir Thomas More once dwelt at Crosby Hall, and in his time the quaint old building became the centre of learning and philosophy in London. But, "Ichabod," its glory has departed, and now Crosby Hall is a restaurant, where stockbrokers and other City men may eat their midday meal in company with the ghosts of princes, and talk over such inglorious subjects as "bears and bulls."

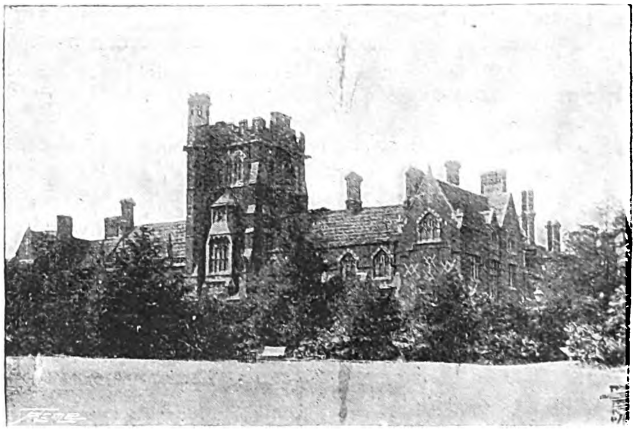


Photo by A. Wells.

Spring Hill College.

It was once a theological college, but is now used for concerts and popular entertainments.

From theological college to music-hall is a far cry, but such is the change which has come over the Spring Hill College, Birmingham. It was built in 1857 as a memorial to the Rev. John Angell James, the famous pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel. The College contains accommodation for about eighty students, and quite a number of well-known Nonconformist preachers have received their theological education here, but the building was not sufficiently large for the purposes for which it was required, and ten years ago it was sold to the Moseley Botanical Society for nearly £13,000. The college is now used for popular entertainments, and concert-goers who are not aware of the history of the building are astonished to see over the gateway such mottoes as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not often that a tomb is used for any other purpose than that for which it was originally intended. Respect for the dead is usually sufficient to prevent any sacrilegious use of the last resting place of a man, however unpleasing his character may have been. There is one case, however, where a tomb has been put to an extraordinary use. In the town of Allahabad, in India, is a splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of a prince who met with a particularly terrible death. The young man became the object of jealousy to his father, the reigning king, and this monarch, known as Jehanjir, actually tortured and starved his son to death. But, after the terrible deed, some remorse seems to have seized upon him, and he built this splendid mausoleum to his son's memory, being buried there himself some years later. The descendants of the son, however, are determined not to let their brutal ancestor rest in peace. They have fitted the upper portion of the tomb as a billiard saloon. A firm of English upholsterers, with a branch establishment in Bombay, secured the curious furnishing contract, and no expense has been spared to make the interior of the tomb a thoroughly luxurious apartment. The billiard table is in constant use, and the tomb, which has no windows, is lit by electricity.

Visitors to the quaint old town of Rye, in Sussex, have probably noticed the picturesque barracks of the Salvation Army on top of Conduit Hill, but not many are aware that this was once an influential monastery. The institution was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535, and certain portions of the building were allowed to fall into decay, but the chapel was kept in repair, and it is this which is the barracks. The order of monks at the Rye Monastery was that of the Friar-Eremites of St. Augustine. After the dissolution, the old chapel was put to various uses. It was at one time a malt-house, at another a barn, then a theatre, then a provision store. In 1762 some excavations were being made around the monastery, when several skeletons were discovered in an upright position. A writer of the period says: "If this was to represent that they lived uprightly, and if such custom prevailed nowadays, few, I think, would be eligible for such an interment."

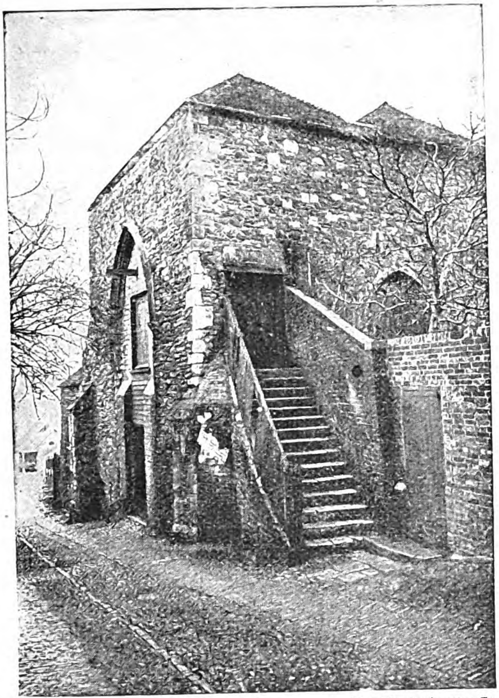
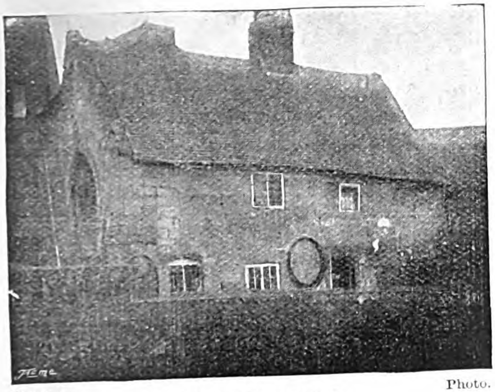


Photo by The Photochrome Co.

Chapel of Rye Monastery.

The monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535. The chapel has been a malthouse, a barn, a theatre, a provision store, and is now a Salvation Army barracks.



From a Photo.

St. Michael's Church.

It is still called that, but it is now a blacksmith's shop.

One of our photographs shows a sanctuary which is now used as a blacksmith's shop. It stands in the old town of Warwick, and still retains its former title "St. Michael's Church," although, instead of the preacher's words and the joyous hymns of praise, the building now resounds with the ring of hammer and anvil. The large church window at one end of the building still remains, but several smaller openings have been made in the wall.

The picturesque old church of Dishley, which is now in a very ruined condition, is no longer used for public worship. The church was built as far back as 1365, and has at different times been the scene of the labours of many famous ecclesiastics. For the last thirty years, however, it has been used as a barn and a rearing place for calves. In the winter the church is occupied as a sheep fold.

Perhaps no more remarkable change in the purposes for which a building is used can be found than that of the old Bath Street Chapel

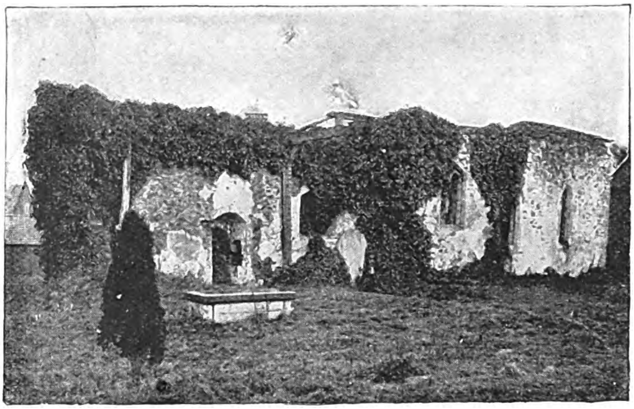


Photo by R. W. Frost.

Dishley Church.

It was built in 1365, and many famous ecclesiastics have laboured there. For the last thirty years it has been used in summer for calf-rearing, and in winter as a sheep-fold.

The church, which is a substantial one of red sandstone, is of mediæval date, but about a quarter of a century ago the then rector, Canon Lason, built a new and more commodious church in another part of the town, The old sanctuary could not be sold for any purpose, and as the inhabitants were chary of pulling down so venerable a local monument, they decided to let it remain. No use is made of the church; the roof and window frames have gradually decayed, and the entire building is now appropriated by the pigeons of the district as a breeding place.

An article of this character would not be complete without a mention of the old Whitefriars monastery at Coventry, which now forms a wing of the workhouse in that town. It was erected in 1342, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

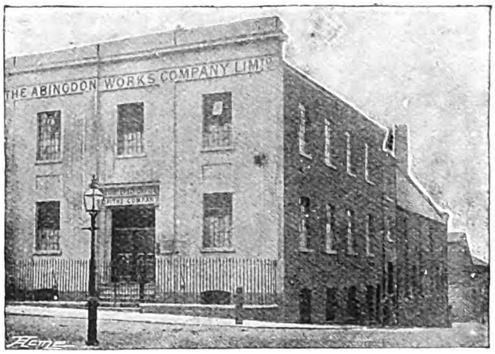


Photo by J. H. Burridge

Bath Street Chapel.

Once a place of worship, it is now used as a gun factory.

at Birmingham. Originally used as a place in which " peace and goodwill towards men " might be preached, it is now a gun factory, and annually turns out a large number of deadly weapons. It is in the occupation of the Abingdon Works Company.

A curious dwelling place is to be seen at Basingstoke. This is nothing less than the tower of a ruined church. The place is known as the Holy Ghost Church, and was built in the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Sandys, whose descendants lie buried in the chancel. The church was destroyed during the troublous times of the Commonwealth, and the tower is the only portion of the ruined sanctuary which is at all in a state of preservation. The present occupier has converted the interior of the ruined church into a beautiful flower garden.

Another building whose curious fate should be recorded in this article is the church at Upton-on-Severn, not far from the town of Malvern.

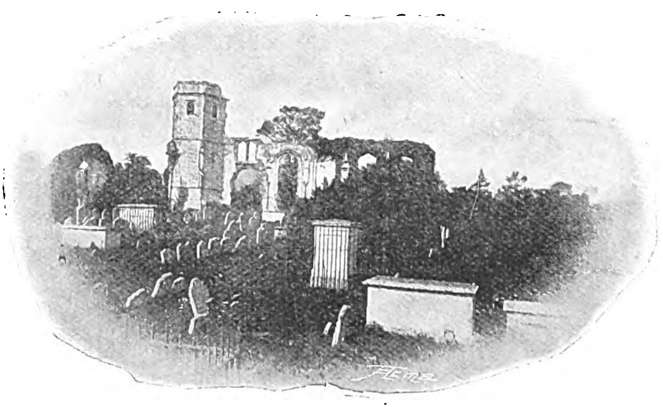
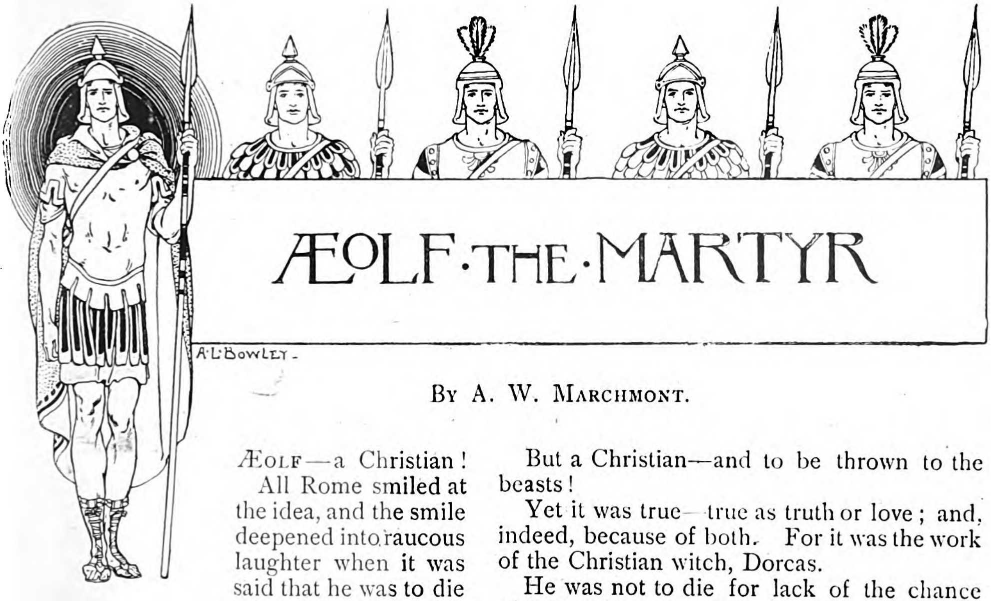


Photo by F. J. Nesbitt.

The Holy Ghost Church.

Built by Lord Sandys in the reign of Henry VIII., it was destroyed during the Commonwealth. To-day the tower is a dwelling-house, and the ruined church a lovely flower garden.



ÆOLF·THE·MARTYR

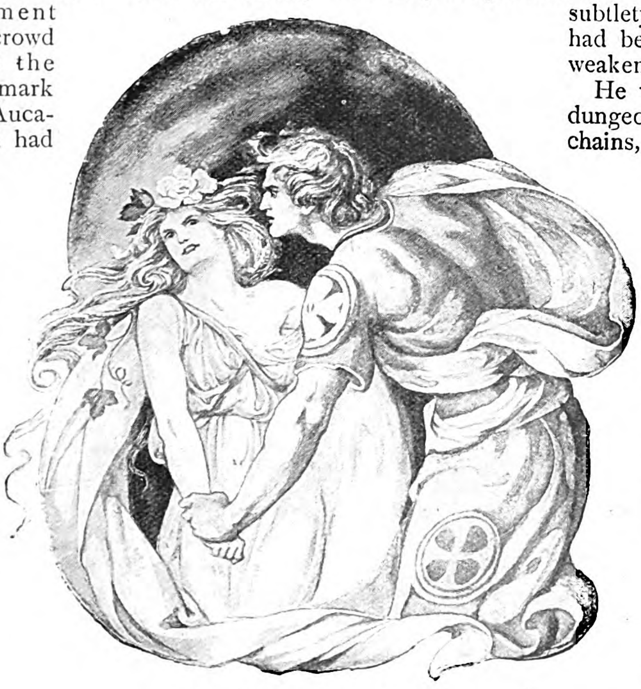
By A. W. Marchmont.

ÆOLF—a Christian!

All Rome smiled at the idea, and the smile deepened into raucous laughter when it was said that he was to die for the faith.

Not that the man feared death. He had faced it, smiling, a hundred times in the arena, from the moment when the gaping crowd had thronged the Appian Way to mark the triumph of Aucanius Mistor, and had greeted with loud-tongued admiration the captive Briton's towering form as he strode along behind the victorious general's car, his mighty limbs wearing, like so many tinkling baubles, the heavy fetters that clanked on his bulging arms and decked his massive legs.

Who could not recall a score of wondrous tales of his strength which no man could withstand, no wild dissipation sap, and no mad riotous excess diminish?



He gripped her by the arm.

But a Christian—and to be thrown to the beasts!

Yet it was true—true as truth or love; and, indeed, because of both. For it was the work of the Christian witch, Dorcas.

He was not to die for lack of the chance of being allowed to live, however.

Even on the very eve of the day he was to die every temptation that a cunning Prefect's subtlety could devise had been tried for his weakening.

He was alone in his dungeon loaded with chains, when soldiers came and struck them off, leading him to a room where all was light, brilliance, and luxury, and his old companions revelled and feasted. Brave comrades thronged around him, pressing him to give up his mad craze and join again in the glorious life ever open to the strong men of Rome.

Of all he was as heedless as of the dead. To love or sneer, caress or jibe, wrath, or entreaty, he held the same attitude of unshakable indifference.

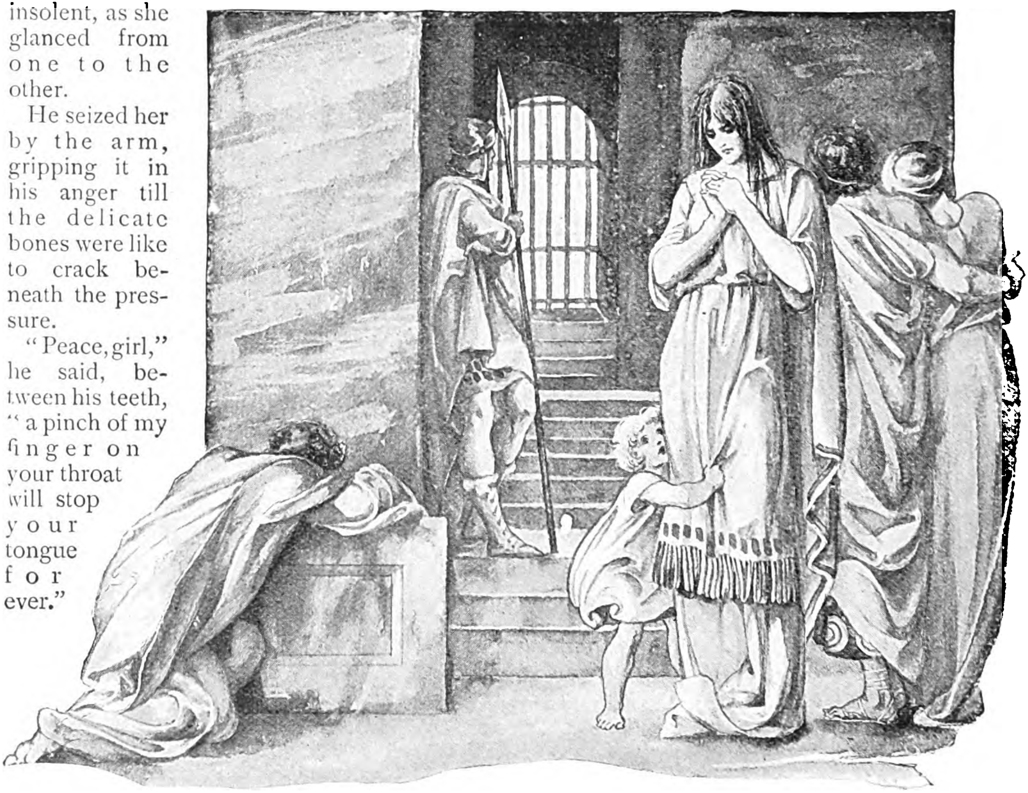
Once only was he moved. They brought in Dorcas, and Vulpia, the most beautiful, the most vicious and the most jealous of all the women present, sneered blasphemously at them both.

Then Æolf saw Dorcas shrink and cower as if struck.

He leapt to his feet, and the flowers were scattered and trodden by the girls who fled, laughing but frightened, from the blaze of rage in his face. All but Vulpia, who stood sneering and insolent, as she glanced from one to the other.

He seized her by the arm, gripping it in his anger till the delicate bones were like to crack beneath the pressure.

"Peace, girl," he said, between his teeth, "a pinch of my finger on your throat will stop your tongue for ever."



Awaiting the signal for the butchery to begin.

She screamed with pain and baffled wrath, for she had loved him in her way.

"Coward," she cried; then to the men around she called, "Is every one of you curred by a woman-beater?"

Two of the brawniest came running forward at the cry.

"Hands off, Æolf," cried one.

The Briton's eyes flashed fire, and, rejoicing to have something on which to vent his rage, he turned on them and smote one with clenched fist with all his force. The man went down and lay senseless as a log. The scent of fight roused the animal in Æolf and he turned to the second.

"Æolf!" a thin white hand was laid on his quivering arm, and the Christian girl's eyes sought his face.

At the touch and the look he changed, and stood like a stricken child.

But the sight of this influence maddened Vulpia, and, going swiftly to Dorcas, she struck the girl twice in the face.

"Bah, thou Christian cat! that makest coward thy burly lover!"

Æolf, mad at the sight of the blow, made as if to thrust or even throw the angry woman aside.

"It is but till to-morrow, Æolf," said the girl, in her sweet, clear, cool voice. "There is no pain in this now that I know thou art steadfast."

"Steadfast!" began Vulpia again, with a loud mocking laugh; but the others closed round her then, and for their old comrade's sake forced her to be silent; and the two were left apart together and the revels were hushed, until Æolf and Dorcas had been taken back to their dungeons.

They did not meet again till the next day, when the victims for the day's carnival of slaughter were huddled together awaiting the signal for the butchery in the arena to begin.

By then, a painful change had been wrought in Dorcas. Fear of the wild beasts had broken her. Their staring eyeballs, gaping blood-flecked jaws, and cruel, gleaming fangs grinned at her from every corner of her cell. She seemed even to feel their hot breath as they crouched in readiness for their spring. Memory brought back the horrors she had been forced to witness when others of the faith had died; and out of the awful blackness came echoes of the gasps and screams of pain and terror which the moment of attack had wrung from even the staunchest.

All through the hanging hours of the terrible vigil her senses were harrowed by these terrors till the nerves, overtaxed, gave way.

Her fear was not of death, but of the manner of compassing it; and as she and Æolf knelt apart from the others in the ante-chamber of slaughter, she faltered out this confession to him.

Just as she finished the recital the noise of the raging beasts was borne in upon their ears, and the girl shrank and shuddered as she clung to her companion to stay her from falling to the ground, and her face was grey and seamed with lines of terror, while the sweat stood in cold beads on her forehead.

"Pray for me, Æolf; pray for me; pray for me to have strength," she cried, though her chattering teeth, as she clutched him, and moved her livid lips in swift, soundless prayer.

"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all," he said.

"It is not death I fear, but the dying, Æolf. The beasts, the beasts," she answered, and cowered close to him, as the roar of the brutes came again. "God, help me to be strong. Christ, help me. Pray for me, Æolf. Pray for me."

"Not death, but the dying," repeated the man to himself, under his breath, and slowly, for the words had started a thought.

Then he set to praying as though fervently; but to save her by human means from the torture she dreaded was more in his thoughts than the idea of any help from Heaven.

Vulpia's scorching scorn had, indeed, gone near the truth.

He was to die for the faith, indeed; but his own faith was shallow enough. His God was the shivering, timorsome, beautiful girl by his side; and his faith the love he bore her. It had pleased her to make him a Christian; and Christian he would be to the death, since to turn back would but grieve her.

That such a fragile thing as the girl at his side should have such horror of the beasts was natural enough; but he would have thought better of the God she worshipped so fervently if He had given her an end more suited to the dainty slightness of her strength. Save her life, he could not. No power in Rome could do that, save the Emperor, and the Emperor was stone. But he had a plan.

"I can save you from the beasts, Dorcas," he said.

"You!" and her face shone for a moment with the light of wistful hope.

"I cannot save you from death, dear."

"It is not death I fear, but the beasts."

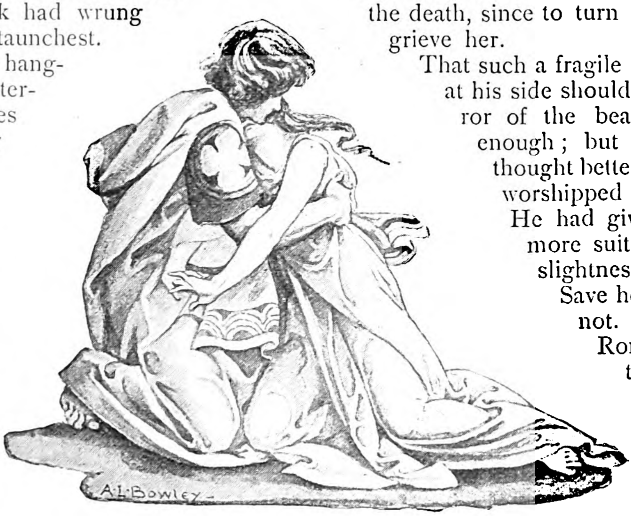
"I can save you from them."

"By what means?"

"I cannot say," he returned; but then, seeing the light of her eyes fade, he thought a moment and—lied.

"I won the right to save one victim each year, when I overthrew the big Greek, Clytos, in the games a year ago."

It did not occur to her to doubt the truth of this, and he rose and crossed to one of the guards, who had been a close comrade, and spoke earnestly. When he returned, his manner showed no hesitancy.



"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all," he said.

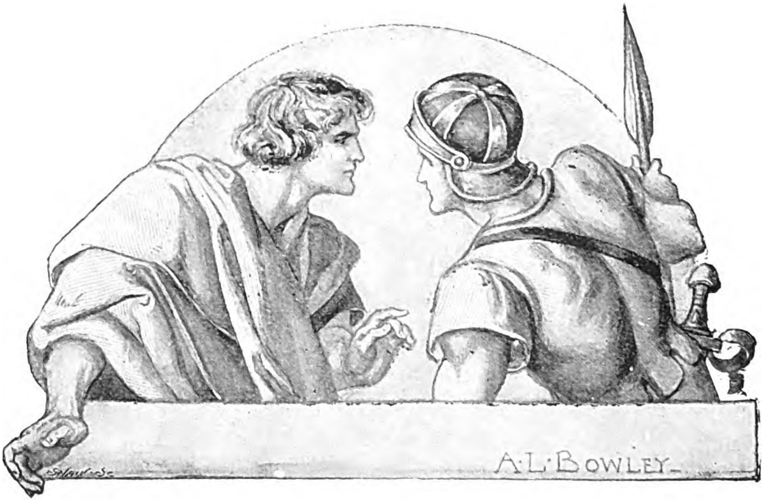
"It is well, Dorcas," he said simply. "You must go with the rest into the arena, but then all will be well."

Under the assurance the girl grew calm, and soon could rise and move about among the rest exhorting them, comforting them, and soothing their fears.

When the signal came that the butchery was to commence, he drew her to his side.

"We two are to go last," he said.

As they passed between the lines of soldiers along the dim corridor, at the end of which, through the narrow gate, she could see a part of the huge sea of eager, expectant faces and hear the hisses and howls of execration which greeted the appearance of the first victims, she trembled for an instant and closed her eyes. But Æolf took her hand.



He rose and crossed to one of the Guards.

"Your death will be easy, love," he whispered; and at the assurance she lifted her lids and smiled, and then went out.

The gate they passed through was fashioned of heavy iron bars, and, standing next to it, and last in the line of guards, was the soldier to whom Æolf had spoken.

As he neared the gate, Æolf lingered a pace or two, letting Dorcas get first into the arena. Then with a swift sudden movement he sprang upon the soldier who made only a faint resistance, wrenched the short sword from him, and, springing through the door, closed it with almost superhuman strength.

A cry of surprise, starting in a shout from the soldiers, spread like a fire all round the vast concourse of people, and the shouts deepened into a roar of wonder and expectation when it was seen that the gladiator whom all Rome had come to see die had armed himself and held the gate against the soldiers. Then the guards at the other side, mistaking the signals, opened the dens and let the beasts into the arena.

Æolf saw this, too, and left the gate.

"Come now, if you dare," he cried to the guard with a bitter smile.

He hurried to Dorcas, who was standing shuddering in dismay and panic, as the beasts with snarling stealth began to close on their victims. Every man and woman of the pent thousands had marked his act and waited in eagerness to see what he would do.

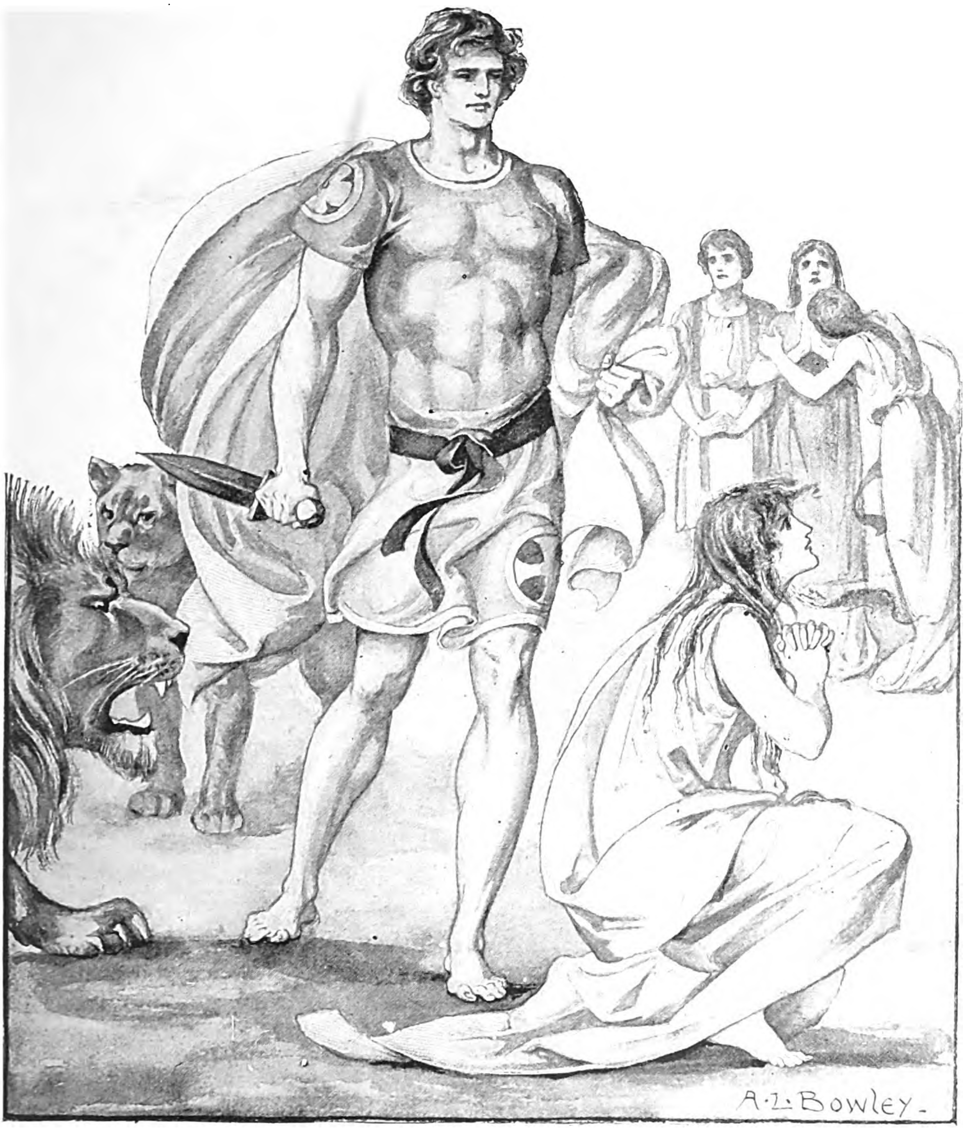
Did he mean to fight the beasts? Were they to have a combat between the strongest gladiator in all Rome and these ravening brutes, already crouching to sate their starvation-spurred hunger on the beggarly Christians? Or had he turned craven when it came to the death?

He was not long in showing what he meant. His one thought was for Dorcas.

"You are not to look at the beasts, Dorcas. I am to guard you from them; but your hour has come, child, though how you die you will not see. It will be painless death. Quick, kiss me once."

She put up her face, and for an instant his towering head bent over her from behind and his lips rested on her's, while all the world and all eternity were alike for that instant and in that only kiss, forgotten.

"Now turn your face to the Emperor and



She lifted her hands in prayer.

pray your last prayer. It must be short. Quick. I am between you and the beasts, love."

She turned her head to the Emperor's seat, sank on her knees, and, closing her eyes, lifted her hands in prayer. Æolf glanced round uneasily and saw the beasts were close upon them.

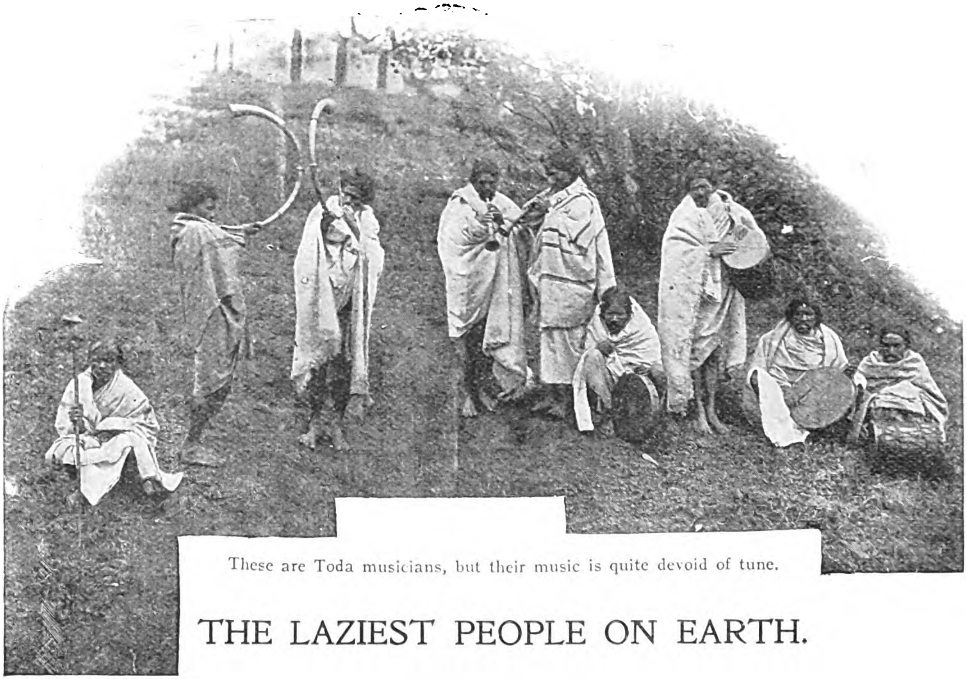
Then he turned again to her and, the next instant, with a swift dexterous stab drove the sword right through her heart with so true an aim that she rolled forward without even a moan, dead.

At the sight of this a terrific shout went up from the multitude, while the scent of the blood drove the beasts to a frenzy.

He had saved the girl from them in his own barbarian fashion.

Then, that not a man should call him craven, he tossed the soldier's sword far from him and stood firm with folded arms till, with a loud roar, a huge lion sprang upon him, giving the signal for the general carnage, and pulled him down.

So died Æolf, the martyr, for the faith that was never in him.



These are Toda musicians, but their music is quite devoid of tune.

THE LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

By Etta Nauen.

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

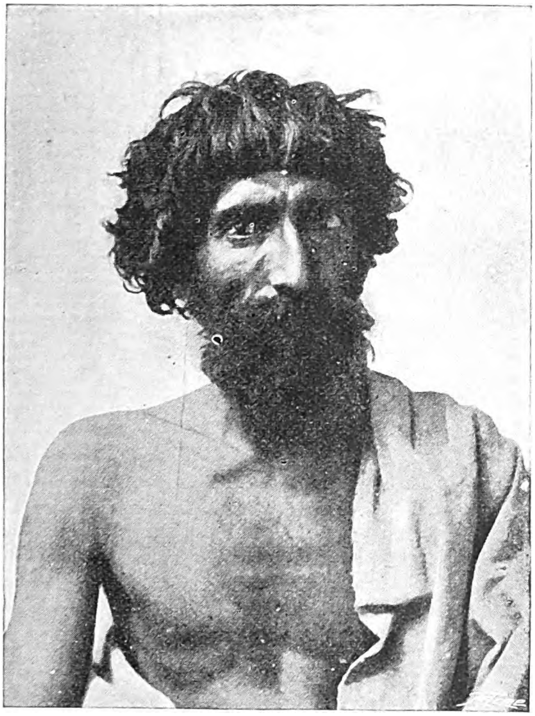
If you would learn how to be busy doing nothing, and how to make a living without earning it, take a trip to Ootacamund and study the ways of the Todas, who have a "mund" or village close to Sylkh's Hotel. You may do so confidently, for "Ooty" is quite a sanatorium for Europeans — the summer headquarters of the Governor of Madras and the rank and fashion of the Presidency. But for those to whom a trip to India is almost as impossible as a journey to the moon, and who cannot, therefore, see the Todas in their own environment, the following description may be interesting, and form a pleasant contrast to all that has been recently written about the warlike tribes of Northern India.

The Todas are essentially a peaceful, pastoral and agricultural people, who spend their lives in a perpetual "dolce far niente" amidst the lovely scenery of the Nilgiri (blue) hills. They make no effort to cultivate the land, but are entitled "lords of the soil," not only on account of their self-assertion and independent bearing, but because of their practice of levying "gúdú," or tribute in kind, on the Bodighars, who regard them with superstitious veneration. The Government has, in a way, countenanced the Todas' claims to lordship over the plateau by paying them quit-rent for certain lands in Ootacamund and Coonoor. Apart from this they depend entirely on their herds of buffaloes for support.

The Todas are most attractive, both as to manner and appearance. They are amiable, laughter-loving and fearless in character; tall, well-proportioned and athletic in person. Their dress consists of a single coarse cloth, which is, at the outset, white with a few bars of colour at either end. The men wear it as a sort of "toga," which, however, leaves the legs bare, and is disposed about the person like a Highlander's plaid. They also wear a waistcloth or "kúvú."

The costume of the women is much the same as that of the men, though not quite so gracefully worn, and covers the entire person from shoulder to ankle. The fair Todas are by no means indifferent to outward appearance, and are as fond of jewellery as their sisters all the world over. They generally wear two brass armlets on one arm, which weigh about five pounds, and are called "túrvago"; necklaces of twisted hair or black thread with silver clasps, and ornamented with beads or bunches of cowrie shells, and sometimes a silver chain besides. Their wrists are encircled by bracelets, and rings bedeck both fingers and thumbs. A silver chain is sometimes worn round the waist, to which is attached a small silver box which opens with a screw and is used as a purse. Might not European ladies take a hint from the Toda women and save themselves that harassing search for their pockets?

Though fond of outward adornment, the Todas have not yet learnt that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and limit their ablutions to the teeth, like many other savage tribes. A luxuriant crop of hair is their chief pride, so that a comb is a valued possession. The dressing of the hair is by far the most elaborate feature in the toilet of Toda beauties, and, according to Mr. Netz, who was well acquainted with their habits, much time is occupied every evening in curling their ringlets on long sticks. The desire of the Toda women to produce artificially the ringlets denied them by nature may perhaps be worth the attention of ethnologists, for the fashion of curling the hair is probably but an imitation of some superior (and curly-haired) race with whom their ancestors were familiar.



This is a Toda man. The Todas live in India, at a place called Ootacamund, which is the summer headquarters of the Governor of Madras.

The Todas practise polyandry, one woman usually marrying all the brothers of a family. Early betrothals are common, and an interchange of buffaloes takes the place of an engagement ring. There is no special marriage ceremony; the woman merely bows down before her husband, who places his foot on her head. She then performs some simple household duty, such as drawing water, or cooking food, and is duly installed as a wedded wife.

There are some curious rites and ceremonies connected with the birth of children, which the Todas can only explain as "mamul" or custom. For instance, when a child is born, a young buffalo calf is brought; the father takes three bamboo measures, and pours water from the third into the other two, holding them close to the hind quarters of the calf on the right side. This may possibly refer to the future supply of milk for the child's sustenance, milk, curds, "ghí," and various cereals forming the staple articles of food among the Todas.

Another quaint custom is as follows:—The father and mother of a new-born child each take a leaf in their hands, water is poured over the leaf held by the father, and from it on to the one in the mother's hand; she drinks, and puts a drop into the child's mouth three times, after which mother and child are removed to a separate hut till the next new moon.

The little Toda, whose advent is thus strangely welcomed, is not troubled upon arriving at years of discretion by the choice of a profession, for cattle-herding and dairy work are the sole occupations of Toda men, whilst the women perform household duties and work at a coarse kind of embroidery. For making articles of clothing they use Nelagora nettle thread and English needles.

Although games are not necessary to prevent the "dulness" supposed to ensue from over-work, they are entered into by the Todas with much energy and enjoyment. "Iláta," a variety of tip-cat, is played with a bat and a cylindrical piece of wood pointed at both ends, while a game called "kárealapim" resembles "puss-in-the-corner."

Their only musical instrument is a kind of flute, called "buguri," made of a hollow bamboo with holes at intervals, and by no means melodious in tone. Their singing is remarkable for an entire absence of tune, and the system of voice production is original. They lean their heads on both hands, close their teeth, and make a droning nasal sound, closely resembling a snore. In fact, one of their songs is known as "Snori" (a most expressive title), or The Wedding Song, though this and every Toda song is without words. They nevertheless enjoy European music, for, at a picnic given last year at Ootacamund, one of the guests sang them some hymns and simple songs. Great was their joy on recognising a tune which had been sung to them by Miss Ling, an English missionary lady, of whom they are very fond.

Miss Ling has for years devoted much of her time to this interesting tribe, has invented an alphabet of their language (there is no trace of any written character having ever been used by the Todas), and is now engaged in compiling a grammar, to enable her to teach them to read, and bring them within the reach of education and Christianity.

This is a group of Todas, or "Lords of the Soil," as they call themselves. They are a pastoral and agricultural people, lazy and peaceful, but quite fearless.

The stately Todas have a peculiar form of salutation for a woman, when she meets a man, lifts his feet, first one and then the other, to her head, as she crouches before him; but in the case of an old woman, the ceremony is reversed, and she places her foot on the head of the man.

A death is the occasion of many strange ceremonies in a Toda mund. When a member of the community is thought to be "sick unto death," he is dressed in all the ornaments and jewellery of his house, and his friends' last office is to give him milk to drink. He is then wrapped in a new mantle, into the pockets of which a supply of grain, sugar, &c., is thoughtfully put for his use on the road to "Amnúr," the other country. A sufficient number of buffaloes are killed at each funeral "to supply the dead with milk in the other district," and the spirits of men and buffaloes are supposed to leap together from Múkarté Peak into Hades.

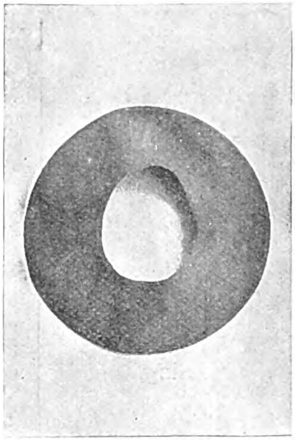
The funeral ceremonies are most elaborate, but space will not permit me to describe them in detail. Suffice it to say that they are known as the "Green Funeral," which includes burial of the body, and takes place as soon as possible after death, and the "Dry Funeral," which is celebrated some months later, and may include all the members of the tribe deceased during the year.

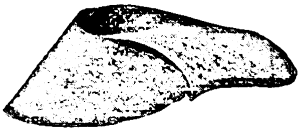
But few problems of right and wrong, good and evil, present themselves during the monotonous course of a Toda's life, and we find no trace of the influence of a guiding or restraining power: Worship is confined to one material object—the sacred buffalo bell, which is hung round the neck of the best buffalo of the sacred herd, and is regarded as the representative of Hiriadéva, the chief god. They have, besides, quite a pantheon of presiding gods—one for each mund, but do not pray to them. Their only prayers are "May all be well," "May the buffaloes be well." They nevertheless have five orders of

A CHAPEAUGRAPHIC ARTIST

OR

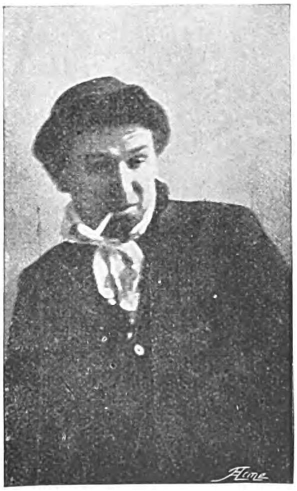
THE WAY TO MAKE A HAT MAKE A MAN.

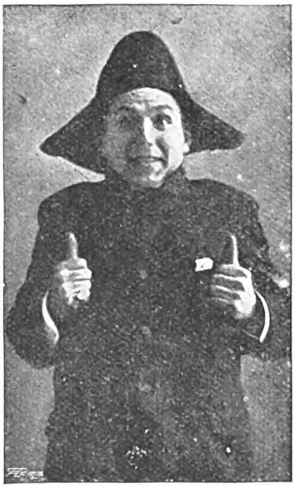

The Chapeau.

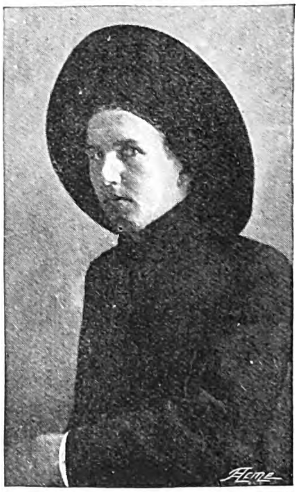

Folded.

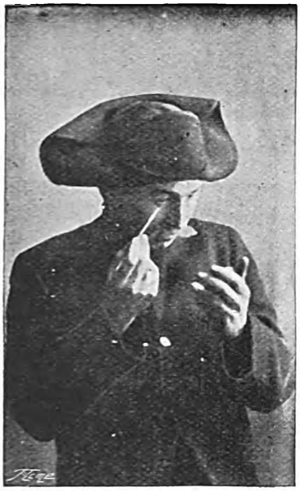
CHAPEAUGRAPHY, or the art of representing individuals and "types" by means of their distinctive headgears, is so simple, so easily learnt, and so capable of affording amusement, that numbers of our readers might well rejoice at

The Artist.

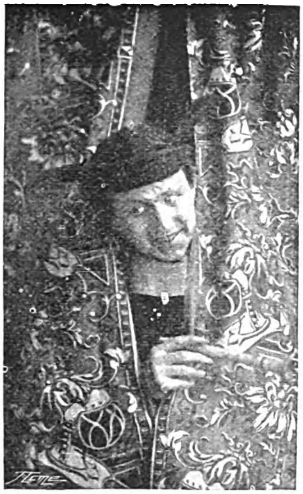

A Coalheaver.


Peter Simple.

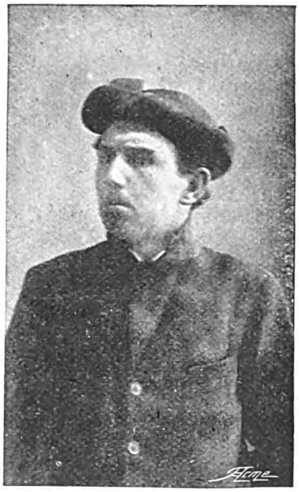

Buffalo Bill.



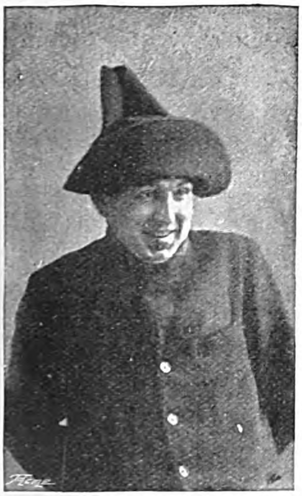
Actor "touching up."



A Jester.

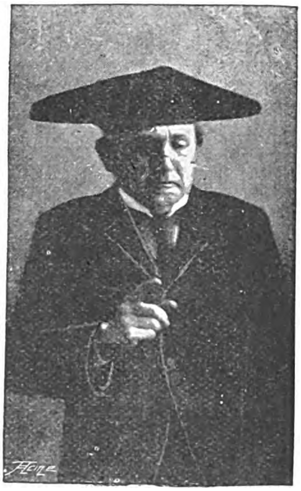


A Toreador.

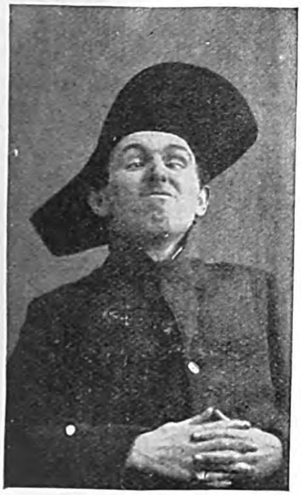


A Laughing Monk.

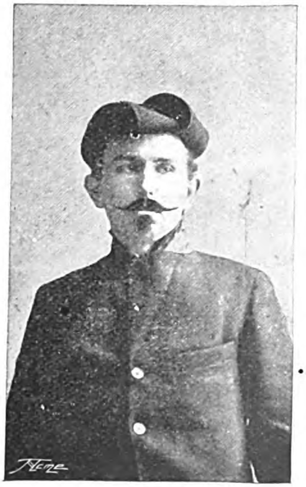
the opportunity which the accompanying illustrations present of studying it. Nothing whatever is required beyond a piece of properly prepared felt, and, perhaps, a stick of black grease-paint. With practice the piece of felt can be twisted and folded with almost limitless variation. The beginner must have a looking-glass in which to see that the hat is correctly folded and



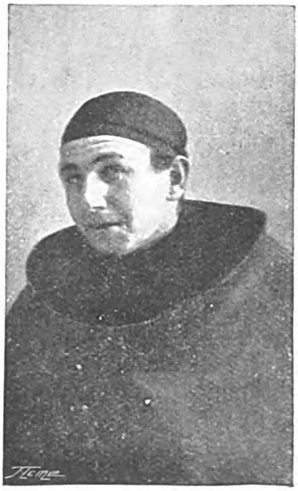
A Pedagogue.



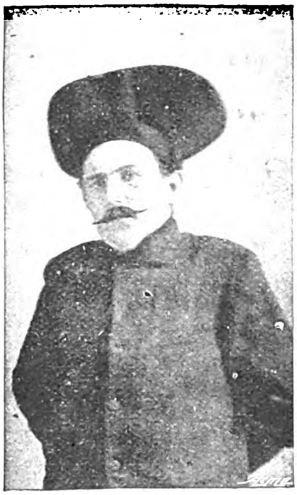
A Monk and a Fly.



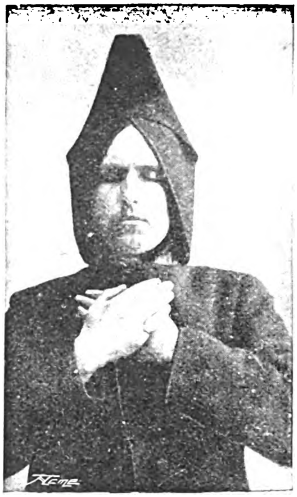
A Spanish General.



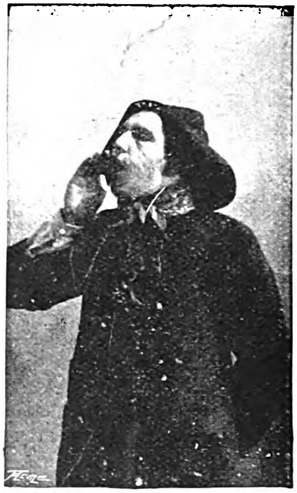
Pierrot



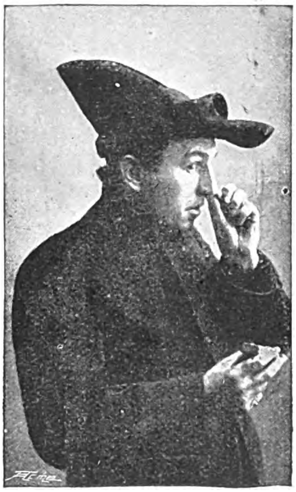
A Gendarme.



An Inquisitor.



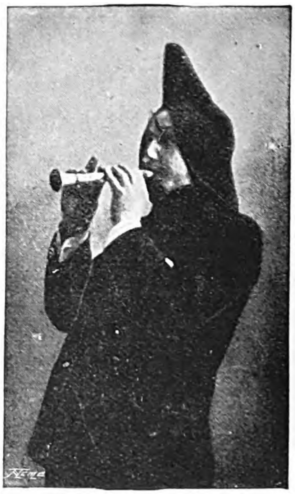
A Dustman.



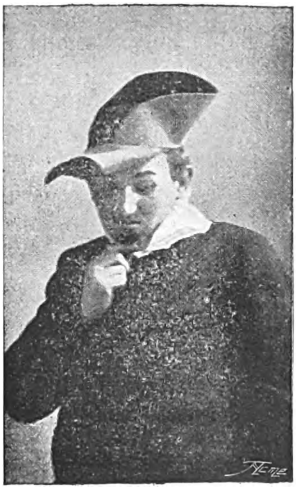
A Snuff-Taker.

adjusted on the head. Very careful attention, too, should be given to the expression of the face, and appropriate attitudes and gestures should be practised. The painstaking "Chapeaugraphist" can play a charade, or even emulate Fregoli in a very little time.

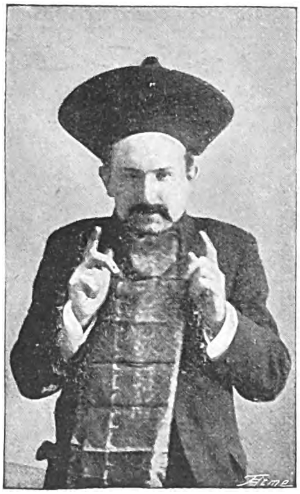
There is also this very great advantage in Chapeaugraphy, that it can be quietly and quickly learnt. Delightful as



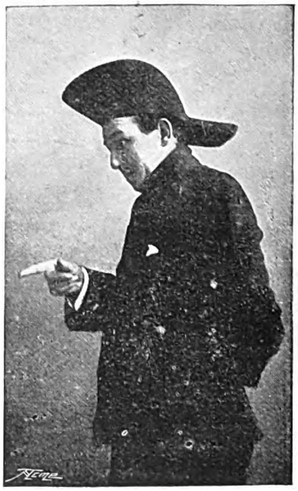
A Piper.



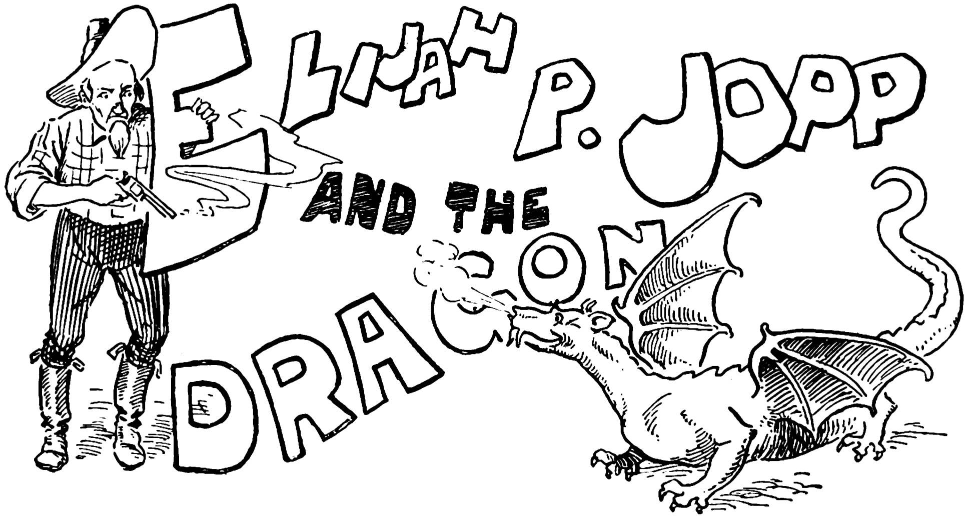
A Welsh Striker.



A Chinaman.



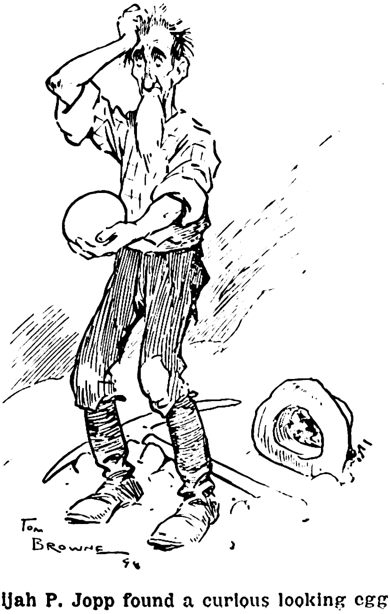
A Monk.



By Archibald Marshall.

I.

Elijah P. Jopp was an American from "way down" somewhere, but exactly where doesn't matter. He was in the show line, and had got hold of a real paying freak. This was nothing less than a dragon; not a crocodile, nor an alligator faked up with green paint and gilding, but a genuine mediæval, fire-breathing, princessivorous dragon, with a voice that could be heard ten miles off when it wasn't muzzled, and an appetite like a Gatling gun.



Elijah P. Jopp found a curious looking egg.

Elijah P. Jopp had found a curious looking egg one morning when he was prospecting for gold in an unknown part of the country. He would have been better pleased if he had found a nugget, but, if he had only known it, that egg was going to prove worth fifty nuggets to him. He was at first minded to throw it away, but his lucky star saved him, and he put it in his pocket. He knew nothing about eggs, or he would not have done what he did next; but here, again, his lucky star stood him in good stead, for, when he returned home a few months later in a very bad temper, owing to his not having found the gold mine for which he had been looking, he put the egg in an incubator.

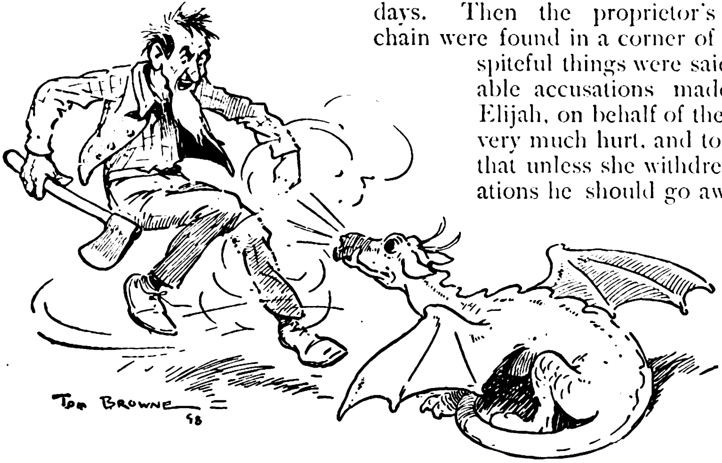
He had carried it in his pocket for four months. For all he knew, it had been lying where he found it for four months before that, though, as a matter of fact, it had been lying there for rather more than a thousand years. The chances were against the incubator making anything of a job of the hatching, but, what with Elijah knowing nothing about incubators, and the incubator being equally ignorant on the subject of dragons' eggs, the experiment was successful, and in due time the egg was hatched.

Its first meal was off its fellow lodgers in the incubator; it then burnt its way through the inflammable part of its foster mother and was free. Elijah was at first inclined to administer capital punishment for these offences, and would have done so if he had known how to set to work. He did make an attempt with a hatchet, but the infant dragon blew its nose and Elijah retired with his trousers singed and his legs scorched. He judged it wiser not to come to close quarters after that, but retired into the house and fetched his revolver. The first bullet flattened itself on the dragon's steely hide, the second glanced off and found a billet in the eye of Elijah's cow. He then decided to forgive the dragon, which bore no offence, and indeed liked its owner none the worse, imagining that Elijah's attempts on its life with his hatchet and revolver were intended simply as an amusement for its unoccupied hours.

It soon became tame and followed him about like a dog. He did not let it eat out of his hand, for it would probably have made a meal off that member in more senses than one, and besides, it always cooked its food by breathing on it before satisfying its appetite, which caused Elijah to become proficient in throwing, as he found it advisable to make a habit of feeding his pet at a range of about fifty yards.

It was fortunate that the dragon attached itself to Elijah, or trouble might have ensued, but it had a soft and engaging disposition, and after a time he could do anything with it, and even punished it by means of a crowbar when the infant mortality of the village began to attract the attention of the Insurance offices. This was in the dragon's early days. By the time that Elijah had got it sufficiently under control to join a travelling circus at a large salary, it had settled down into quite a respectable member of the animal world and was content to accept whatever sustenance was offered to it instead of helping itself.

Elijah toured with the circus in his native country for some time, and made quite a nice little sum of money. Finally the concern was broken up by the disappearance of the proprietor. There was nothing to account for it. Business had been good, and domestic relations all that could be desired. The theory of suicide was scouted on all sides; besides, where was the body? Elijah's dragon showed its grief at the untimely occurrence by refusing all food and going to sleep for two days. Then the proprietor's watch and chain were found in a corner of its cage, and spiteful things were said and regretable accusations made against it. Elijah, on behalf of the dragon, was very much hurt, and told the widow that unless she withdrew her insinuations he should go away and start a little circus of his own. The widow refused to withdraw, so Elijah did, and made more money as his own manager than he had ever made in his life before.

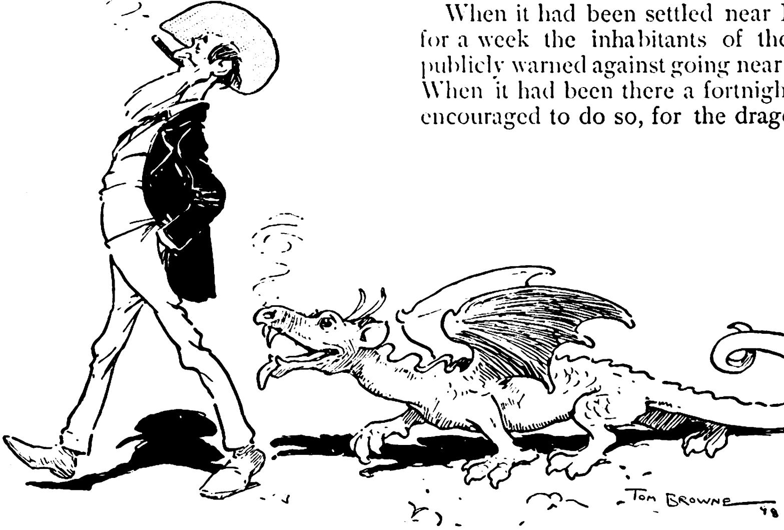


Elijah retired with his trousers singed.

About five years after the dragon was hatched, Elijah P. Jopp found himself making an extended tour through the Continent of Europe and drawing crowded houses at whatever place he and the dragon went through their performance. The dragon was Elijah's best friend now, and had been trained to do a lot of showy tricks. Elijah would fill his pipe and the dragon would light it for him. Elijah would then take a piece of iron, hold it in the dragon's breath until it became red hot and hammer it into a horseshoe, using the dragon's back as an anvil. A live sheep was brought on to the stage, there was a strong smell of small houses at dinner time, and the sheep had disappeared. The dragon would finish up the entertainment by roaring (by kind permission of the Mayor and

Corporation), and the local aurist would retire to a villa in the country in less than a twelvemonth.

Elijah and the dragon were very happy together, and were simply coining money, when one fine morning, after a successful performance in a little town in the Black Forest, which they reached by this time, Elijah woke up to find that the dragon had disappeared. He ran round the little town ringing his hands, and the crier did the same with a bell, but nobody had seen or heard anything of the dragon. One of the burgomasters had missed his wife, but that was all. He behaved in a gentlemanly manner about it and made no fuss, but even if he had claimed damages, there was nothing to connect the dragon with the mishap. No tidings came from the country round. The dragon had simply disappeared.



It soon became tame and followed him about like a dog.

Elijah was a very unhappy man. It was not so much the loss of his income that troubled him, for by the help of the dragon he had already made his pile. It was the loss of his friend, his constant companion, his fireside, so to speak, and all that made life worth living to him. With the indomitable will of his countrymen he set out on a search for his dragon, but he went with a heavy heart, for sharper than its own teeth was the pang that its desertion had caused him

II.

The dragon, in the meantime, travelling by easy stages and picking up a fair living by the way, had arrived at the kingdom of Dummeleutia and set up house in a convenient swamp a few miles from the royal city of Putzenheim. Its presence in the neighbourhood soon began to be felt, and the land in the vicinity of the swamp began to lose value as a site for building purposes. The dragon, freed from its civilising intercourse with Elijah, reverted to the habits of its ancestors and mopped up the surplus population of the kingdom of Dummeleutia with surprising celerity. It had entirely lost the popularity which it had gained under the wise control of its master, and was now looked upon as something little better than an embarrassment. As a freak in a museum it had been a decided success. As a fatal indisposition and a cemetery rolled into one, it overdid the business.

When it had been settled near Putzenheim for a week the inhabitants of the city were publicly warned against going near the swamp. When it had been there a fortnight they were encouraged to do so, for the dragon, becoming lonely through lack of society, made an expedition, and saved one or two worthy citizens the expense of a funeral. After a month's experience of its healthy appetite matters became serious, and the standing army of Dummeleutia was sent out to engage the monster. They marched away from Putzenheim one summer's morning, banners flying and trumpets braying, and by dint of forced marches arrived at the swamp about teatime. The dragon was delighted. It had been left so much to itself that it was quite down in the mouth. By nightfall half the brave and gallant army of Dummeleutia were down in the mouth, too, and the other six had returned to Putzenheim to resign their commissions.

Then the king took counsel of his advisers, and issued the following proclamation:

WANTED!

A ST. GEORGE TO SLAY THE DRAGON.

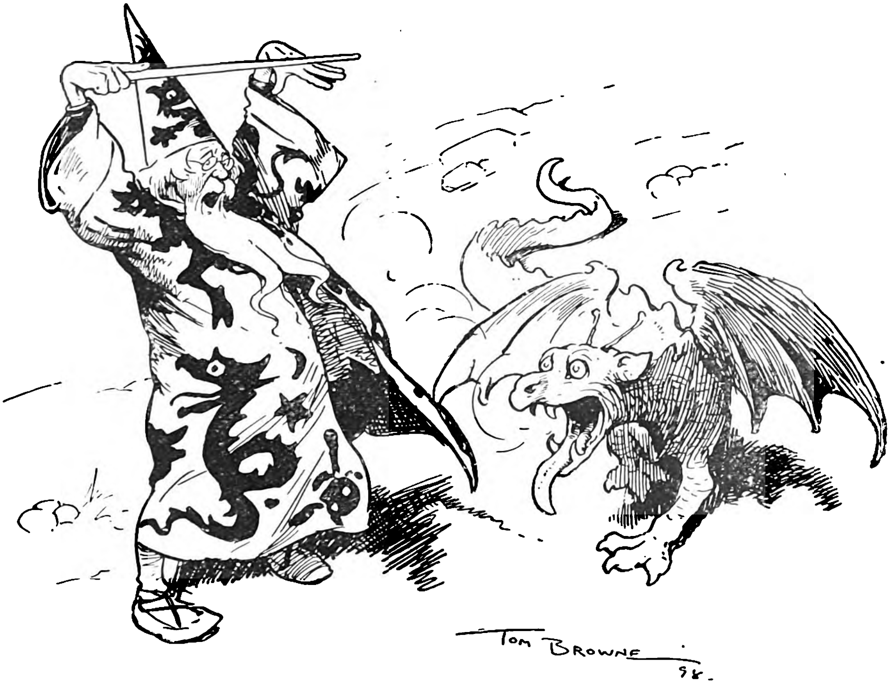
REWARD

As Usual: Daughter's Hand and Half Kingdom.

FERDINAND R.

The neighbouring kingdoms were thrown into great excitement by this proclamation, which was spread far and wide. Princes by the score came thronging into the royal city of Putzenheim and were entertained night after night with costly banquets by the king. But by the end of the month the palace had settled down again to its usual state of meat teas and board wages. Some of the princes had seen the dragon, others had seen the princess. In either case the result was the same. Not one of them had got any further than a nodding acquaintance with the redoubtable beast. They had lost interest in its habits after that, and had either run away or else tried to. The princes had failed.

Then came the turn of the cranks. They didn't want royal banquets and were not so expensive to entertain in other ways. One said he was a magician and could exorcise the dragon. No one knew quite what he meant, but it was generally agreed afterwards that the dragon had done most of the exorcising. Another said he could charm it out of the kingdom by his flute-playing. He might have succeeded with the dragon, but as he insisted on practising beforehand, the inhabitants saved him the trouble of trying and deprived the brute of a meal at the same time.


TOM BROWNE 98.

One said he was a magician and could exorcise the dragon.

The enterprising vendor of a patent rat poison then tried his hand. He waived his claim to the princess, having a wife on hand already, but said he could make use of the other part of the reward. He was willing to supply the goods required gratis, as an advertisement. He sent one of his travellers to start operations with a hundred tins. The traveller saturated a sheep and left it near the dragon's home in the swamp. The dragon had been a trifle indisposed for a few days, but managed to make away with the sheep. The poison seemed to revive it, much to the chagrin of the traveller, and it became more of a nuisance than before. The traveller wired to headquarters for a thousand tins, and dressed an ox with the condiment. The dragon swallowed the spiced beef with avidity, and found out who was responsible for the treat, the traveller having waited to see the effect of the dose. An advertisement was put into the papers by the firm for a pushing agent to take the traveller's place, and the cost of eleven hundred tins, with a small pension for his widow, was written off the books. The cranks had failed.

Another meeting of the council was called. "We can't go on like this," said the Lord Chamberlain. "Half the army is gone, and the factories are being closed. Your majesty must act, and act promptly."

"We *have* acted," said the king, "and nothing has come of it. We have offered a very large reward—our daughter and the half of our kingdom. We have done all we can." The king always spoke of himself in the plural. He thought it very fine.

"There is one thing that is always done in these cases that has *not* been done," said the Lord Chamberlain.

"What is it?" asked the king.

"The princess must be sacrificed."

The king grew thoughtful. "Do you really think so?" he asked.

"It is the only course left to us."

"It doesn't seem a bad idea," said the king. "But we are not quite sure how her Royal Highness might take it."

"Your Majesty can command."

"Yes—there is that. We can command—of course. We say, Sploschstein, just come here a minute. *You'll* break it to her, won't you?"

"Well, your Majesty, it would come better from you, I think."

"Oh, Sploschstein, just think of a father's feelings."

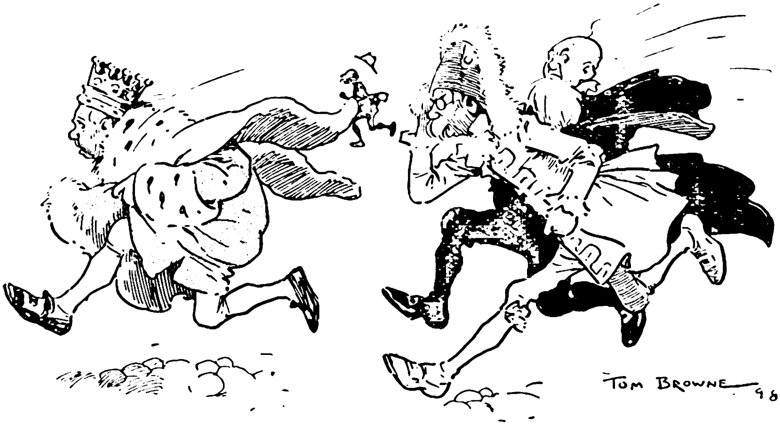
"If the worst came to the worst, we could mobilise the army to take her along, couldn't we?"

"Do you think there is enough of it left?"

"What, six brawny men—the gallant army of Dummeleutia not enough to take one old——"

"We beg your pardon?"

"I mean one simple maiden a couple of miles?"



The king tucked up his robes and scuttled back.

"Well, we should think it might do, perhaps. You arrange it all, Sploschstein, just as you think best. We must be off now. We've just to go round the corner to see a man about a dog. Goodbye."

The Lord Chamberlain pulled himself together and went to interview the princess. She tumbled to the idea directly, much to his relief. She liked the idea of the white robe, and the flowers, and the weeping maidens, and being allowed to choose what she liked for breakfast; she was a sentimental woman, and had little doubt that a St. George would turn up in the nick of time to save her from the dragon and marry her afterwards. They had no trouble with her at all.

The king objected at first to having to fall on her neck before leaving her to the dragon—he wanted the whole thing over as quickly as possible—but it was pointed out to him that if he didn't do his part he would spoil the whole performance, so he consented.

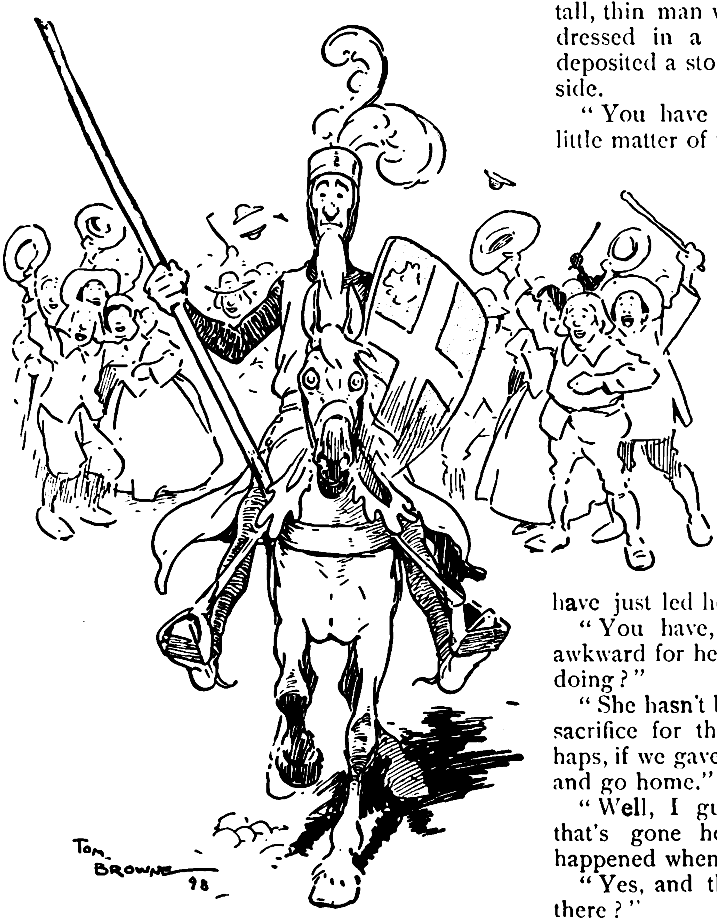
The ceremony went off very well. The stage manager of the Royal Opera House arranged the details and was congratulated on his success by the whole of the Press. They got together a dozen virgins to strew flowers in the way, and the station master's little daughter offered the princess a magnificent bouquet of choice hothouse blooms. There was a band, but the less said about that the better. The princess enjoyed herself thoroughly.

She was more popular than she had ever been in her life. The whole population of Putzenheim turned out to see the last of her, but the concourse thinned off a bit as they neared the swamp. However, nothing was seen of the dragon.

The proceedings were a little hurried when they reached the margin of the swamp, but the princess was duly chained to a tree—she would have preferred a rock if there had been one—and then the king tucked up his robes and scuttled back to his royal city as fast as his legs would carry him, followed by the Lord Chamberlain and the rest of the cast.

III.

The king reached the palace first and went in by the back door, as his feet were rather muddy. As he passed through the kitchen the servant told him that a man was waiting to see him in the passage by the umbrella stand.



The populace turned out to see him.

"What is his name?" asked the king.

The servant wiped her hand on her apron and produced a card. On it was printed:

ST. GEORGE.

"He has come," said the king. "We knew he would. Show him into the best parlour and light the stove."

The king went upstairs to change his boots, and then went down into the parlour to receive his honoured guest.

"Saint George, we believe," he said politely, as he entered the room.

"That's so," said the stranger. He was a tall, thin man with a goatee beard. He was dressed in a suit of broadcloth and had deposited a stovepipe hat on the table by his side.

"You have called, we believe, about that little matter of the dragon."

"I guess you've about figured it out correct."

'You are prepared to rid our kingdom of this pestilent monster?"

'I'm prepared to do it right now, terms being satisfactory."

"You insist on the reward, do you?"

"You bet."

"I thought, perhaps, being in that line of business——"

"Won't do, Ferdy. Where's the gal?"

"Well, unfortunately, we have just led her out to die, but——"

"You have, have you? That's mighty awkward for her. What's the poor girl been doing?"

"She hasn't been doing anything. She's a sacrifice for the dragon. We thought, perhaps, if we gave her up it might be satisfied and go home."

"Well, I guess it won't be the dragon that's gone home. We shall see what's happened when I get there."

"Yes, and there's no particular hurry, is there?"

"Depends. Got a map of her face?"

"We have a photograph taken by a travelling artist a month ago."

"Bring it right here."

The king left the room to comply with the saint's request, and returned with a carte-de-visite of the princess.

The saint took it. A spasm of pain passed across his face and he grew pale.

"So that's the princess, is it? No, I guess old fire-bellows can wait till to-morrow. Now what about the kingdom? Got the books handy?"

"The Accountant-General has them," said the king. "He will be happy to show them to you, we have no doubt. You will find them all right, we think."

"I guess I'll just step round and see the gentleman," said St. George. "There's no hurry. If everything's satisfactory, I'll sail in and settle old blowhard to-morrow, and take over half the concern then."

The king had no objection. He directed the saint to the Accountant-General's house. "Sauerkrautstrasse," he said, "the third house. It's called 'Braeside.'"

"It would be," said the saint. He put on his hat and the king let him out by the front door.

The Accountant-General was pleased to see his distinguished visitor. He had kept the books of the kingdom for many years, and had everything in apple-pie order. St. George was the first of the applicants for the reward who had taken the precaution to form an estimate of what it might tot up to in pounds, shillings, and pence. He was closeted with the Accountant-General until late at night and went into every detail.

"Well," he said when the scrutiny was finished, "I guess there's money in it. It ain't been worked proper. That's going to begin to-morrow. What the firm wants is push, and I'm the man to make things hum."

He said good-night to the Accountant-General and went back to his hotel. He had declined the king's offer of a bed in the palace, thinking it as well not to make himself too cheap.

The next morning he unpacked a suit of armour and put it on. The livery stable supplied him with a charger at half-a-crown the first hour and two shillings an hour after that. The populace turned out to see him off, but he declined all offers of company and rode towards the swamp alone.

"I guess I'll give the old beast something for clearing out like that," he said to himself as he rode along. "But he'll be pleased to see his old master again. Kill him? Not quite. But I'll see that he don't break out again."

As he neared the swamp he caught sight of one solitary, blasted tree. It was the one to which the princess had been tied. Of her there was no sign, but at the foot of the tree was stretched the glittering form of the dragon.

Elijah P. Jopp, for St. George was no other than that intrepid American, approached it with a beating heart, calling out the many endearing names he had given to his pet during the time of their companionship. The dragon slowly moved its scaly tail, but did not bound towards him as he had expected. Elijah's heart sank, and putting spurs to his horse he galloped up and dismounted at the foot of the tree. The dragon turned a fast glazing eye upon him, and would have licked his hand if it had not been trained never to do so. It was plain that it would not live many minutes. Elijah threw himself on the ground in a passion of grief, and took its heavy head on to his lap.

Over that last harrowing scene a veil must be drawn. In a quarter of an hour Elijah rose again, and wiping away his tears mounted his horse and rode slowly back to Putzenheim, leaving the dragon dead on the grass. The poor beast had eaten the princess, and, in spite of its iron constitution, had succumbed to a severe fit of indigestion.

There was great rejoicing when St. George rode into the city in all his glittering, bright array, and announced that the scourge of Dummeleutia had been slain by his hand. Nobody suspected the truth, and nobody grumbled because he had come too late to save the princess. She had not been popular, and all the eligible bachelors had gone about in fear and trembling as long as she was alive. Now they breathed freely. The deed of partnership between Elijah and the king was drawn up and signed the next day.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

THE RISKS WE RUN.

No. I.

By Jeffery Denison.

I.

It is astonishing what a fascination appears to surround the scene of a terrible disaster. Whether it be railway collision, landslip, flood, or cyclone, there are always hundreds of people ready to travel long distances, and to put themselves to almost any inconvenience, so that they may be able to tell their friends they have witnessed the scene of the catastrophe. This is particularly noticeable in the case of a big London fire. For days after a disaster of this kind has occurred the desolate and blackened scene is visited by thousands of people of all classes and conditions and ages, and the sale of photographs showing the damage wrought by the disaster is astonishingly large in provincial towns and rural districts.

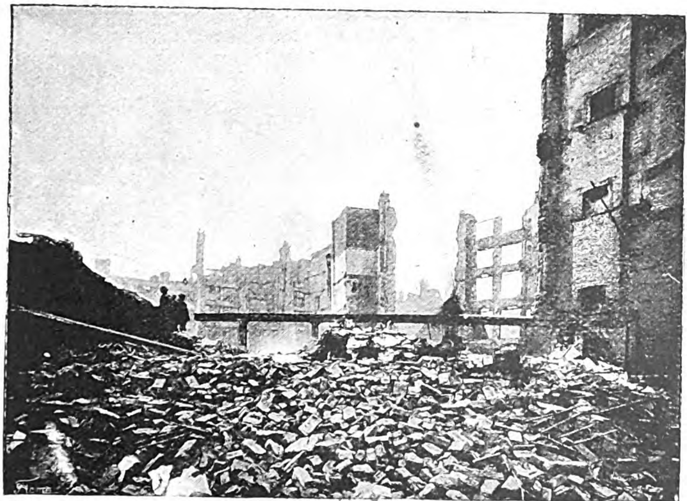


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

After the **Great Jewin Street Fire.**

A magnificent pile of warehouses stood where the bricks are heaped.

So interesting, indeed, is the subject, that we have collected a large number of photographs from different parts of the world showing the after-effects of some terrible catastrophes. To commence at home, it is a long time since a disaster has occurred in London of such magnitude as the great City fire of November last. Whole streets were destroyed in an alarmingly short space of time, and but for the fact that the fire broke out during the luncheon hour, the district of Jewin Street would have become a veritable death-trap to hundreds of men and women who found employment in the doomed warehouses and offices.

The magnitude of the disaster can be easily realised by a glance at the photographs which we publish. The first one shows the general effect after the fire. What was before a pile of magnificent warehouses and workshops, forming a perfect hive of industry, is now a

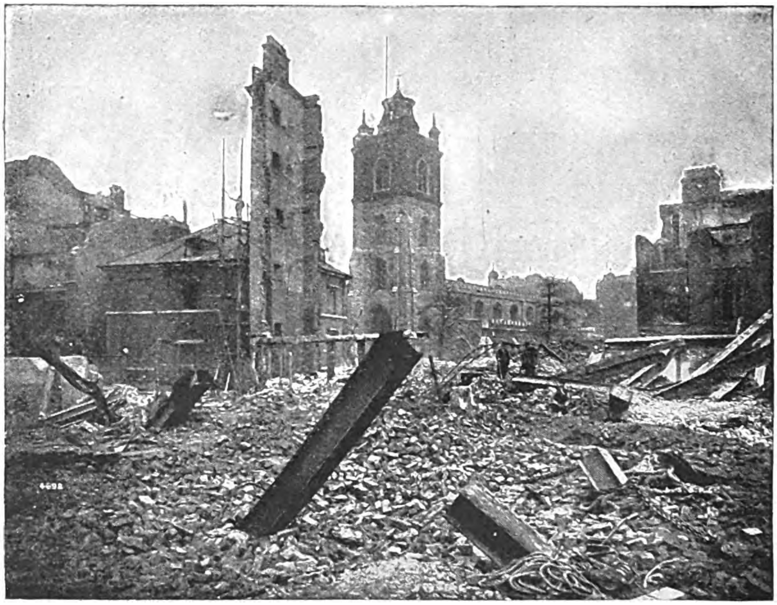


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

This Illustrates the Remarkable Escape of Old Cripplegate Church.

desolate scene of ruin and destruction. The other photograph is perhaps the more interesting, as it shows the almost miraculous escape of Old Cripplegate Church. This historic building remained practically undamaged, although the huge buildings all round were completely razed to the ground. The photograph shows the condition of the churchyard immediately after the fire.

Another London fire of less magnitude but of far greater interest was that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in April last. This Mecca of the Baptists had been the scene for thirty years or more of the labours of the most original and powerful preacher of the century. Its destruction was indeed a calamity, for the Metropolitan Tabernacle had come to be looked upon almost as a national building. Our photograph, taken the day after the fire, shows how completely the interior of the famous building was destroyed; scarce a vestige of the interior remained.

Happily there are few disasters to record in this country other than fires. But in America more damage is done by cyclones and tornadoes than by all other forms of catastrophe combined. Look, for instance, at our photograph of the main street of St. Louis after the great cyclone of two years ago. Business was proceeding as usual on the fatal morning, and there was little unusual to be noticed in the conditions of the atmosphere. But suddenly, and without previous warning of any kind, a cyclone struck the chief city of Missouri, and wrecked the greater part of it. Trains were derailed by the hurricane, trolley-cars were lifted from their tracks and dashed

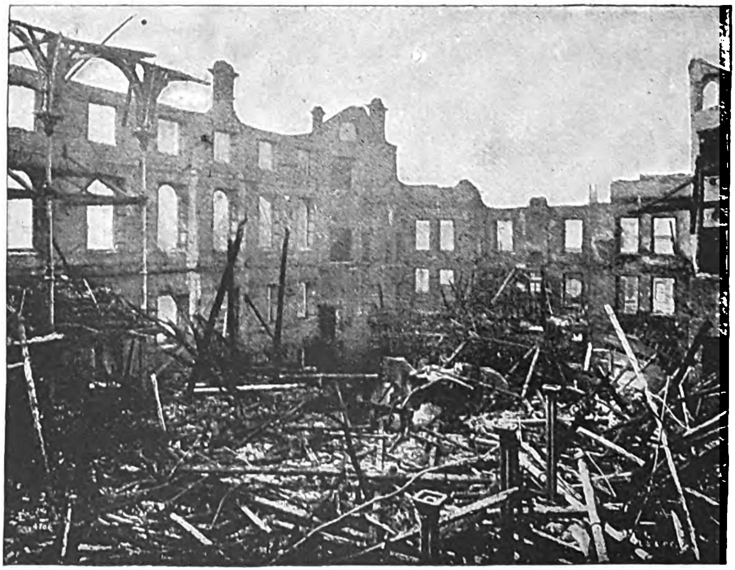


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

The Interior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle after the Fire.

Spurgeon preached there for thirty years or more.

against the houses, people were taken from their feet and thrown a hundred yards away. Scarcely a building remained undamaged. The large hotels of eight or nine storeys collapsed as though they were constructed of matchwood, and hundreds of people were killed by falling buildings. Business was almost entirely suspended for a week after the catastrophe, and, indeed, there were scarcely any buildings in the trail of the cyclone at all fit for business occupation. The main street of the great city was little more than a mass of ruins, and in many cases vast buildings were completely razed to the ground.

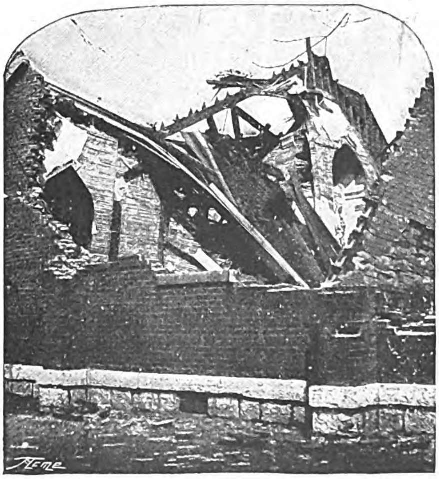
A cyclone, as its name implies, is a terrible wind which travels at great speed along a spiral course, whilst a tornado is simply a terrific hurricane; but as far as the effects go there is little to choose between them. The tornado that swept over Louisville in 1893 was a remarkable and fearful example of the destruction a strong wind can effect. In this case all the buildings in the line of the hurricane were completely wrecked. The great Union Depôt, or General Railway Station, was reduced to a mass of splinters, as will be seen by our photograph.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
This shows the main street of St. Louis after the cyclone.

Another building which was destroyed was the Church of the Sacred Heart. But here a remarkable thing occurred. Although the walls were thrown down, the roof carried away, the floor torn up, and the pillars twisted and broken, the beautiful statue of the Virgin, which stood upon the High Altar, remained in its position, and was absolutely uninjured. This fact was looked upon by devout Catholics as an undoubted miracle, and the image, which now stands in a new and more pretentious church, is the object of greater reverence than ever.

We give one other photograph taken after the Louisville tornado. It shows a wild swan that had been caught by the wind, and hurled to the ground, where it lay dead amid the *débris* of trees and houses. This incident is remarkable from the fact that wild birds are said to have an intuitive knowledge of the approach of a tornado or cyclone, and they usually make their escape before its arrival.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
The Union Depôt of Louisville after the tornado seemed an assortment of matchwood and scrap iron.

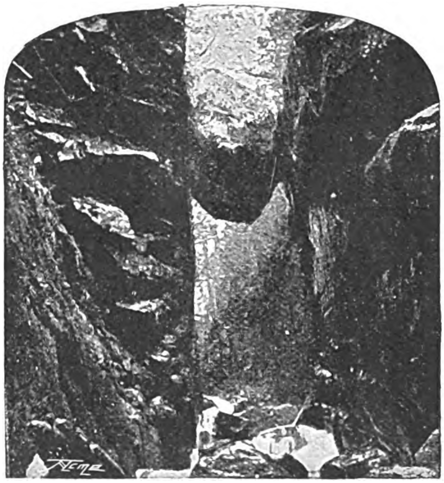

Stereo-photo by Underwood.
The Church of the Sacred Heart was destroyed.

Landslides are not unknown in this country, but the greatest and most remarkable landslide that has taken place in recent years, occurred amongst the White Mountains of New Hampshire some eight or nine years ago. One of our photographs shows the scene of the disaster before the land commenced to move. The boulder, fixed between the overhanging crags of rock, was regarded as one of the most interesting natural sights of America. It had been in its precarious position from time immemorial. The Indians declared that it had been there for hundreds of moons before the white man came to their country.

Stereo-photo by Underwood.

An incident of the Louisville tornado. The bird was caught in its flight and killed.

One day, some eight or nine years ago, there was a rumbling sound, and the cliff on the north side of Crawford Notch, as the ravine was called, slid with a crash into the chasm and valley below. A large farm was completely covered by the falling earth and rock, and no trace of the buildings can now be found, as will be seen by our photograph. Crawford Notch no longer exists. The remarkable change which has taken place in the landscape will be realised by comparing our two pictures of the scene.

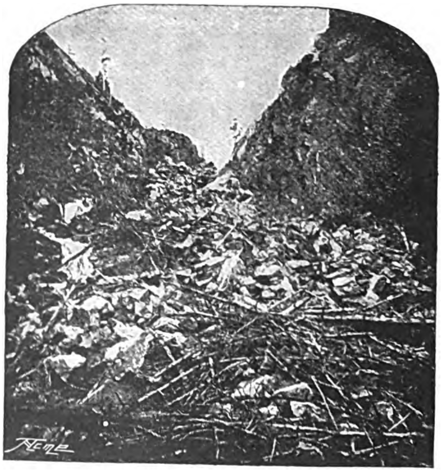


Stereo-photo by Underwood.

Valley before the landslip. This boulder had hung in Crawford Notch for centuries.

Perhaps great floods are more to be dreaded than any other forms of disaster. Not only are buildings destroyed, railway tracks torn up, and crops and trees carried away, but the after-effects are far more calamitous than in the case of a cyclone or a fire.

One of the most terrible floods, within the past ten years, was that which occurred at Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, in 1889. The town lay in a valley with high hills on either side. At the far end of the valley a vast reservoir had been constructed to supply Johnstown and a number of smaller towns in the district with water. One day the dam, which must have been sadly neglected by the local officials, burst suddenly, and the enormous volume of water which the reservoir contained rushed down the valley like a torrent, carrying everything before it. A thousand people lost their lives in a moment, and for days the valley was converted into a huge lake of mud and water. Many of the bodies were carried by the force of the water up on to the highlands above the town.



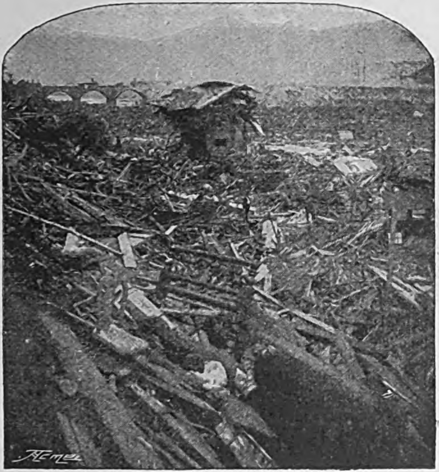
Stereo-photo by Underwood.

This is the Crawford Notch after the landslip. A large farm was buried.

A train, coming into the town, was met

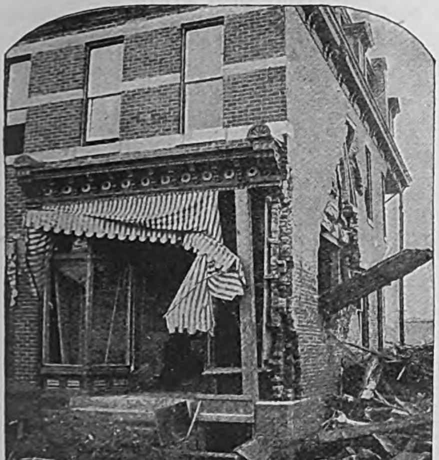
near the stone bridge which spans the valley by the on-rushing torrent, and was completely wrecked, as shown in one of our photographs. Nothing remained after the water had subsided but a pile of *débris*. Another of our illustrations shows the general appearance of the fair valley after the flood. No town is to be seen—nothing but a mass of splintered wood and broken stone to mark the site of a once prosperous hive of industry and life.

We are able to publish a very curious photograph taken after the disaster. It is that of a brick building which survived the rush of waters. When the photograph was taken the house stood in solitary grandeur amid a square mile of splinters and mud. But the house did not pass uninjured, although it survived the rush of water. A large tree, growing by the side of the house, was uprooted, and, being driven by the waters, crashed through the side of the house and fell into one of the rooms.



Stereo-photo by Underwood.

This is Johnstown after the bursting of the great reservoir.

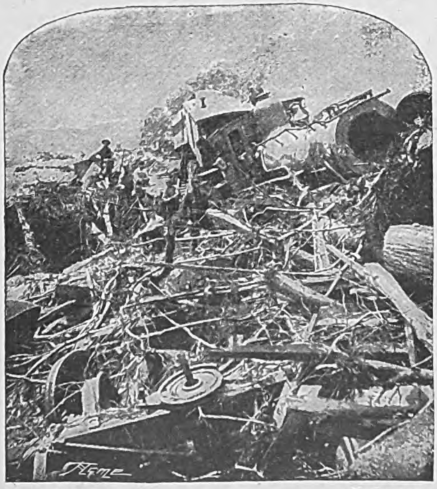


Stereo-photo by Underwood.

This house alone withstood the flood, but a tree growing alongside was forced through the outer wall.

Johnstown does not seem to have learnt a lesson by its terrible experience, for the old reservoir has been repaired and stands in exactly the same place as before. The present dam is, of course, a more powerful one than its predecessor, but there is always the awful possibility of a repetition of the calamity of 1889.

Of the results of a railway accident we publish two very remarkable photographs. This accident took place some four or five years ago between Gomshall and Chilworth on the Reading branch of the South Eastern Railway. A heavily laden goods train had mounted an incline to a point where the track descended again, when one of the couplings in the middle of the train gave way and the engine with the earlier waggons went down the hill. The other half of the train slowed down for a moment, but having turned the top of the incline, rushed down after its predecessor. No brakes being applied, it gradually gained momentum, until it dashed with terrific force into the first half of the train, the whole of the waggons being mixed up in an almost inextricable mass of *débris*. Had the train carried passengers instead of goods, it is practically certain that



Stereo-photo by Underwoo

A train was entering Johnstown as the reservoir burst, with the above result.

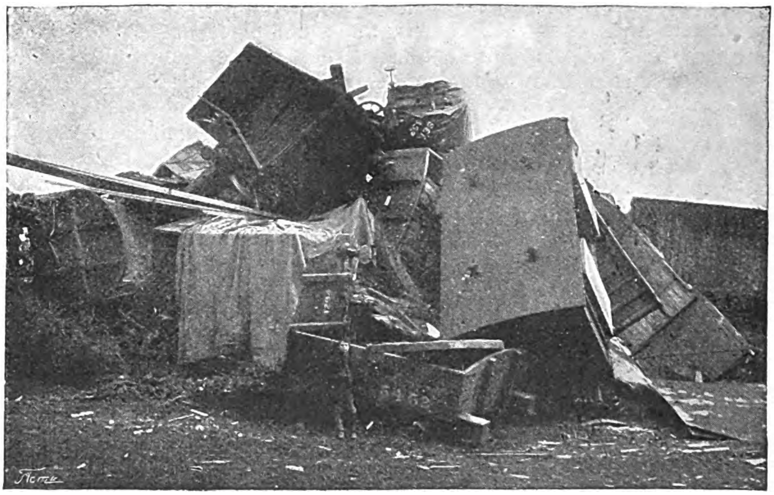


Photo by J. Lloyd, Albury.

At the crest of a hill a goods train broke in half. The back portion, at first left behind, gathered impetus and, following, dashed into the front half. This is the back half, and——

not one would have escaped death. The first photograph shows that portion of the train where the impact was first felt, and the other illustration shows how the engine and front waggons were derailed and hurled down the embankment.

One curious fact with respect to railway accidents is the effect of the shock on the nerves. Instances are on record of the victim of a railway "smash" emerging from the ruin unscathed and apparently unharmed. Not the slightest effect is felt at the time or for days or even weeks or months afterwards. Suddenly the entire nervous system breaks down, and the victim is prostrated and finds himself in an infinitely worse condition than numbers of those who had suffered severe outward injury, and probably enjoyed the solatium of a substantial amount by way of compensation.

Claims for compensation always follow very closely in the wake of a railway accident, and often enough the companies are wilfully defrauded. It is a fact that on one occasion a slight collision occurred to a train standing in a station, A number of passengers, who at the time happened to be in the refreshment room, hearing the noise, ran out, and observing what had happened, commenced wringing their hands and declaring they were in a state of nervous prostration. Curiously enough one and all had sufficient sense or sensibility left to insist on the stationmaster taking their names and addresses for the purposes of obtaining some compensation.

On the face of it one would have imagined that such ridiculous claims would have been resisted as fraudulent. Railway companies, however, have found that in the long run it is more economical to enter into negotiations rather than go to law, and finally to pay up and look as pleasant as possible.

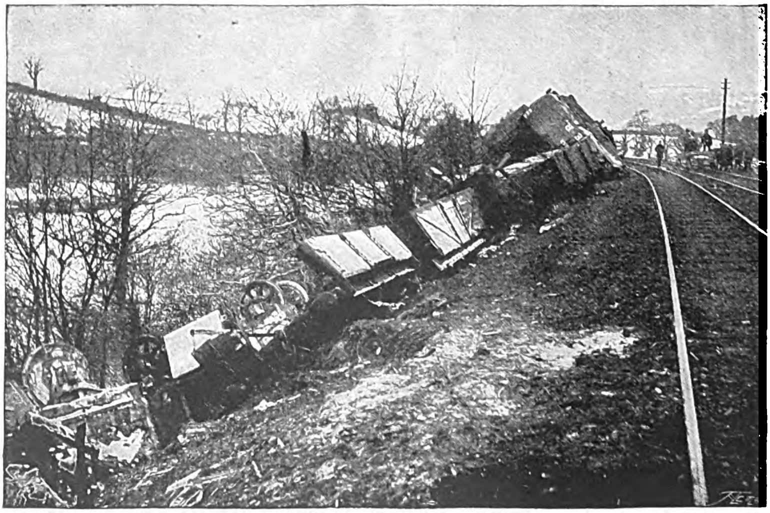


Photo by J. Lloyd, Albury.

—— this is the front half.

SNAP SHOT INTERVIEWS

GEORGE R. SIMS

If he doesn't come I must go.

Ah ! here he is.

I must put on my best smile.

This is the matinée hat

—I am rather an authority on millinery

and on dogs.

What I don't know about dogs,

bulldogs, for instance,

and fox terriers,

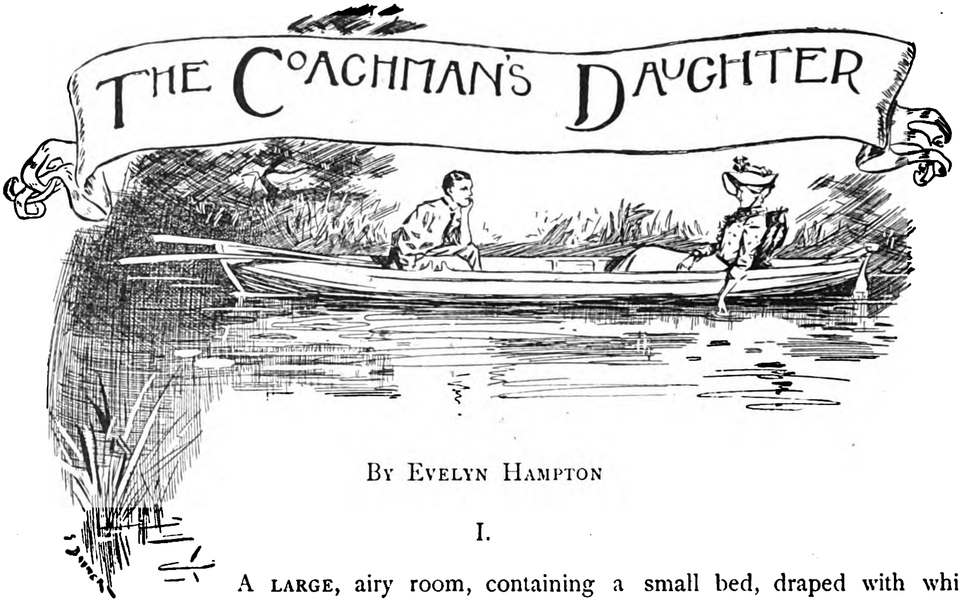
isn't worth knowing;

and as for crocodiles,

I love them

—dead.

THE COACHMAN'S DAUGHTER



By Evelyn Hampton

I.

A large, airy room, containing a small bed, draped with white curtains, looped by big blue bows.

Evidently a girl's room this, from the numerous photographs, ball programmes, and cotillon trophies bedecking the walls, to say nothing of numerous looking-glasses, placed so as to reveal side and back views of the fair inhabitant.

A rich girl, and a spoilt girl, too, judging by the luxurious furniture, costly scents, and silver ornaments strewing her dressing table.

The early morning sun is streaming in at the open window, for the blind has been left half drawn up overnight. A figure under the white canopy stirs, two large blue eyes open, and blink several times before wandering to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Half-past five!" says a sleepy voice.

For a few moments the figure lies absolutely still, then the girl raises herself, and draws a deep breath of content as she looks at the sun.

"Fancy staying in bed a glorious morning like this! Why, it is positively iniquitous!"

The sheets are whirled away, and a lithe young figure flits to the window. Outside the view is exquisite. A sloping lawn, gay with borders of bright-coloured blossom; and beyond the green grass and gravel paths flows the silvery Thames, its waters glittering in the sunlight.

Phyllis Fitzjerome, leaning with her elbows on the sill, drinks in the pure air, while the animal spirits of youth course through her veins.

"How I should love a swim!" she thinks; "to glide through the water unseen, unheard, unsuspected! It is so terribly old-fashioned of father to object to my bathing in the river. I may swim as much as I like when we are at the seaside, because other people do; but here, because it isn't the fashion, and no one does it, I am strictly forbidden the privilege of a dip. Let me see. Half-past five. Father won't be called before eight, nor Aunt Laura until nine o'clock. They will never know."

With a light laugh, joyfully Phyllis takes a pretty blue serge bathing dress from the depths of a large ottoman, and equips herself for a swim. The garment—braided in white, and made for Trouville—suits her to perfection.

Her eyes dance with mischief, and her hair waves in clouds of gold, as with silent tread she creeps downstairs bare-footed, and steals across the lawn to the landing-stage.

Oh! what bliss to be out in the scented garden, her pink toes buried in dew and daisies, her arms, unfettered, swinging at her sides, and only the birds for witnesses.

She tosses a kiss from the tips of her fingers in the direction of Mr. Fitzjerome's room, and shrugs her shoulders disdainfully.

"How shocked he would be—and as to Aunt Laura, poor soul! I dare not picture her feelings; and then she is so nervous of the river."

For several moments Phyllis sat basking in the sun on the steps of the landing-stage;

then she slipped into the water, making no more sound than a water rat, and away—away—with strong, untiring strokes.

She felt perfectly at home, being an excellent swimmer, and quite sure of herself.

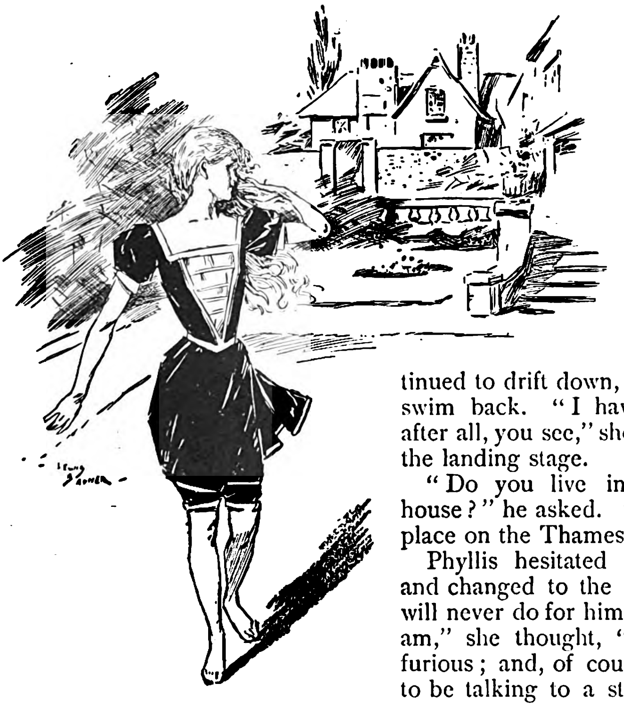
After a good long swim, she returned reluctantly, rosy and glowing from the exercise.

Just as she regained the steps, in the distance she espied a light rowing skiff, apparently drifting down stream.

Glancing again, she perceived a man's figure, evidently poring over a book, the attitude of his back being distinctly serious.

"Good gracious, what a book-worm the creature must be," she said to herself, dabbling her feet in the water from the steps, "Imagine beginning this time in the morning—imagine studying print, when nature is at it's best. Oh!" shaking her fist towards the boat, "I should like to splash you."

There was plenty of time in which to slip back unobserved to the house, but Phyllis elected to act otherwise. The spirit of adventure was upon her, with a strong spice of devilry in it, and a recklessness which was positively refreshing.



She stole across the lawn to the landing stage.

She plunged into the water again, and swam towards the boat.

Would he chance to see her, this student of the early morn? Softly the blue-gowned figure made its way through the water, passing the drifting boat boldly.

Though she made no sound, the student looked up, moved by a consciousness that he was being observed. The book fell from his hands as he caught the flash of her bright eyes.

As Phyllis met the glance she wished she had been prudent enough to make good her escape, for the book-worm was quite young—young as herself, while the boyish face lit up with amusement and admiration.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said apologetically. "I was not steering, and I didn't see you."

His voice was reassuring and deferential; it rather pleased Phyllis.

"Oh, no, she replied; "I saw you long ago."

"It must be splendid swimming about, but are you sure you won't get tired? Can I be of any service? Have you far to go?"

"Any more questions?" asked Phyllis saucily.

The young man flushed.

"I—I beg you pardon," he stammered. "I did not mean to be rude."

The girl burst out laughing. She felt so light-hearted, that conventionality flew to the winds.

The boat continued to drift down, and she turned to swim back. "I have not far to go, after all, you see," she said, making for the landing stage.

"Do you live in that lovely old house?" he asked. "It is the prettiest place on the Thames."

Phyllis hesitated before replying, and changed to the side stroke. "It will never do for him to find out who I am," she thought, "father would be furious; and, of course, I've no right to be talking to a stranger, especially in my bathing-gown at this lonely hour. He might tell people."

A vision of their numerous acquaintances in the neighbourhood rose before her eyes.

Then she answered shyly: "Well, I live there, in a way, you see, but no one knows I bathe; Mr. Fitzjerome would not approve of it. I am the coachman's daughter. We have very picturesque rooms over the stable, with a nice river view. I take French leave, and make use of the lawn. My father would lose his place if it were known."

The young man was taking stock of the mermaid's beauty. It surprised him that she should possess so refined a voice, and such delicate, aristocratic features.

"Do you always come out in the early morning?" he asked, and his voice was less shy now.

"Do *you?*" she queried in reply, growing bold in her new part of coachman's daughter.

"Yes; I am trying to pass an exam., and cramming awfully hard. I go to town every morning to be coached, and I work late, and get up early, for it seems easier reading out of doors."

"Still you like it," she said.

"Not a bit! I am sick of working, but I shall bring my books out to-morrow morning, and I wish, instead of bathing, you would let me take you for a row."

Phyllis positively gasped at the daring of this suggestion. Then she remembered the position she had adopted, and, for this youth's sake, forgave him.

"Well, perhaps, I'll think about it; but it would not do for the Fitzjeromes to discover it, they are very particular people."

"So I've heard," replied the stranger. "There's the old man, a widower, isn't he, with one daughter?"

"Yes; his sister chaperones Miss Phyllis and keeps house."

"I suppose they have a lot of money. Several fellows I know say the daughter is tremendously spoilt and run after—rather conceited than otherwise."

"Oh, yes," replied the mermaid; "Miss Phyllis is very stuck up, I suppose on account of being so pretty."

"I bet a thousand to one she isn't half as pretty as you."

The swimmer had reached the steps, and he could see the beautiful shape of her arms as they gleamed through the water.

She ignored his remark.

"Miss Phyllis," she declared, "is always most kind and considerate to me."

"Who could help being?"

"You can row away," with a wave of the white arm; "I'm going back to the stables by the side path."

He raised his hat.

"I shall be here to-morrow—on the chance of your honouring me," he said.

She waited till he was out of sight, then skipped across the lawn, her face dimpled with mischievous smiles.

"The coachman's daughter is a very bold, bad girl," she said, "and I should not be the least surprised if she meets him again to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

Sydney Hamilton knew he was acting foolishly, but had no power to resist the fascinations of the coachman's daughter. The books were almost daily neglected between five and seven in the morning, while he sought the sweet companionship of the early bird, who had not failed once to keep her tryst.

Then, when later he wooed study, a bright face, with laughing eyes, ever disturbed his suit, the memory of which lingered unfailingly in his mind.

Phyllis enjoyed the mischief to her heart's content, for this free and easy companionship was something new to the carefully-guarded girl. She had told him to call her "Floss"—it seemed a suitable sort of name for the *rôle* she had undertaken.

One morning they were drifting lazily down stream, Sydney resting on his oars, Phyllis steering, and a pile of unopened books at the bottom of the boat.

"I hear," he said, "there is to be a grand ball up at the house in honour of Miss Fitzjerome's birthday."

"Yes. Some people are lucky!" sighed Floss, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"A friend of mine, Jack North, was telling me all about it," continued Sydney. "There are to be illuminations. What an ideal garden to illuminate, by Jove! and everything will be done regardless of expense."

"Mr. North seems to know a good deal about it," remarked Floss dryly. "Did he tell you it was to be a masked ball."

"Yes; for he's going, of course, and has offered to take me."

Phyllis let the rudder lines drop, and sat bolt upright.

"Take *you!*" she gasped.

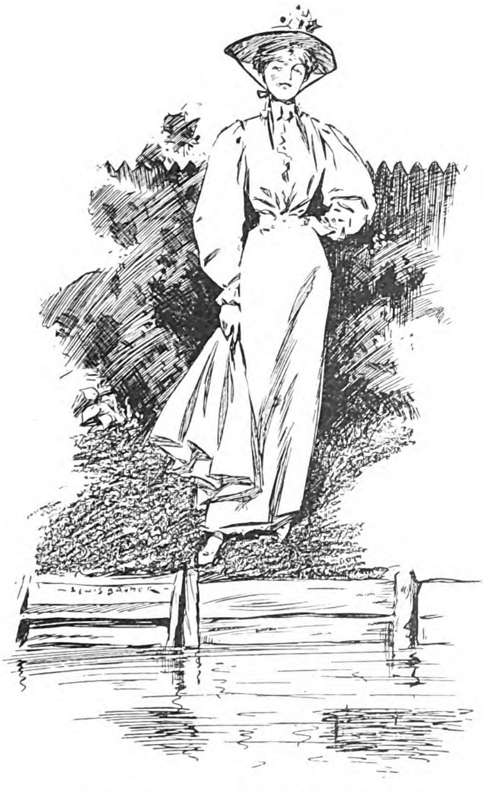
"Yes, me; you don't object surely?"

"I do," retorted the coachman's daughter, two bright tears of vexation coming in her eyes as she thought of the moment of exposure. "You are my friend—you swore to be, that morning, before I ventured into your boat. Have you forgotten your solemn oath so soon?"

"Indeed, no, Floss, dear," and his eyes grew tender as he spoke, "but why should the thought of my going to the dance trouble you? I go to heaps of dances in London, and I assure you it does me no moral harm," he added, with a laugh.

"It isn't that," she protested, interlacing her fingers nervously. "I don't want you to meet Miss Phyllis. You'll be making friends with her, and forgetting me. I'm jealous of Miss Phyllis, and I won't believe in your friendship or ever meet you again unless you promise to give up the dance."

"Oh, bother Miss Phyllis! I take no interest in her. I hear she is very overrated, and, from all accounts, not my style in the least. I hate the sort of girl who expects every man who crosses her path to fall down and worship. I like my sweet, merry little Floss, with the dimples in her cheeks."



She had not once failed to keep her tryst.

"Yet you are still hankering after this ball."

"Yes; and for a reason I may not say. I know a secret, and I give you my word of honour I am simply going to watch as one would at a play."

"A secret!" Her eyes lit up. "A secret! Oh, Sydney! you *must* tell me!"

"No, it would not be honourable."

Phyllis snapped her fingers in the air.

"What a sentiment to quote to a woman!" she cried, with an hysterical little laugh. "Sydney, can you look in my face, and doubt me when I pledge my word never to repeat the secret if you will give it into my keeping? I shall never believe in you again, never meet you here, never smile to show you the dimples, unless you entrust me with your reason for wishing to attend the Fitzjerome's ball."

Gradually the woman prevailed; and, with fast beating heart, she listened to Sydney's explanation.

"Well—you see," he began, lowering his voice, "North told me, because, in old days, he was a pal of Mrs. Fitzjerome."

"Miss Phyllis's mother?" stammered Floss, thinking sorrowfully of the foreign grave she had never seen.

"Yes; the woman who is supposed to be dead."

"Supposed!" gasped Floss, paling beneath her becoming sunburn. "But Mrs. Fitzjerome died in India some fourteen years ago."

"That is the general idea—the first part of the secret."

"Go on."

The girl's voice sounded strangled.

"Old Fitzjerome is a queer fellow,—awfully proud—and all that, can't endure scandal. Do you guess?"

"Well, when his wife deserted him; he came quietly back to England with his little girl, gave out that his wife had died of fever, and continued the even tenor of his ways, while Mrs. F. amused herself — under an assumed name—at the other side of the globe. I believe even the daughter has been kept in ignorance, and does not suspect her mother's existence.

Phyllis made no remark, for the simple reason that she could not speak. The man's words stunned her, she felt faint, bewildered. It made clear so much which had puzzled her in the past.

"This is why father guards me so rigidly," she thought; "there is the wild strain in the blood, he has always said I resemble my mother."

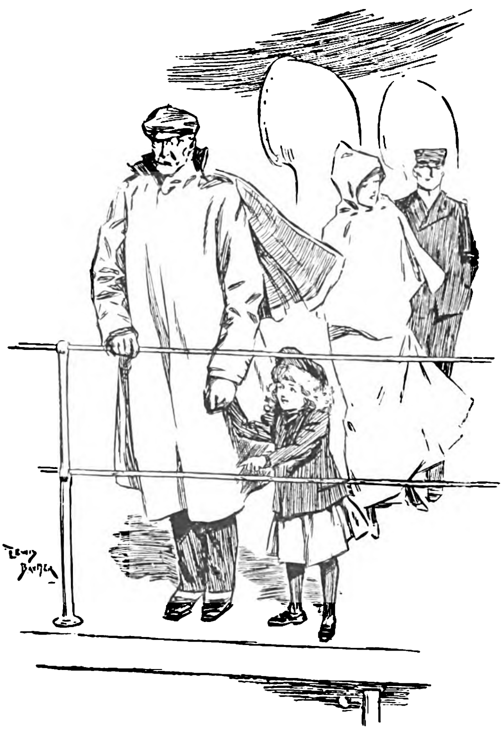
At last she found her voice.

"It is—very—interesting—" she murmured, almost incoherently.

"But the exciting part is to come," continued Sydney. "Fancy, Mrs. Fitzjerome is in England without her husband's knowledge, and, what's more, she is coming to the ball!"

Phyllis gave a little cry.

"Yes; surprising, isn't it?" said the man. "But then she is a dare-devil woman, and would not stick at anything. She wants to see the old home again, just a whim; or, more likely, she is doing it for a bet. She will be masked, of course; North has promised to point her out to me. I am to look



He came back to England with his little girl.

for a tall woman in a scarlet domino, wearing a cluster of jasmin on her shoulder. She swears she will dance with her husband without his recognising her. Like the story of Cinderella, she has arranged to escape before twelve, in order to avoid unmasking. A carriage will be waiting at the far gate, beyond the shrubbery, to carry her away. Is it not romantic?"

Phyllis did not answer.

"So you see," he went on, "I am just going to drop in as a spectator, and watch the farce."

"You call it a farce," she said, with flashing eyes; "I call it a tragedy."

"Well, I think yours is the better word," he agreed.

"Sydney," cried Floss excitedly, "you may go to the dance without causing me a single jealous pang, if you will promise to leave before they unmask. I don't want you to see Miss Phyllis, because I know you would fall in love with her."

"I shall not wish to stay after the scarlet domino leaves. I am only going out of curiosity, and afterwards I will tell you all about it."

"You need not trouble," replied Phyllis, in a strange, far-away voice, "for I shall be there, too. Yes," looking up fearlessly into his eyes, "you've given me an idea. I'll masquerade, and they will never recognise me; but more than one domino will have to vanish before twelve."

"Would you dare, Floss?"

"Indeed I would. Don't you know I have a very independent nature? Her voice shook, she had turned strangely pale.

"You look ill," he said. "Is anything the matter?"

"My head aches, and throbs terribly; there must be thunder about. Please row me back quickly. I can't help thinking of poor Miss Phyllis, with such a mother living!"

Two large tears strayed under the coachman's daughter's curling lashes, but she dashed them away with her hand.

"What a sympathetic soul it has!" said Sydney, as if he were speaking to a child.

CHAPTER III.

After that morning Floss did not appear again.

Sydney waited patiently each day, but disappointment followed disappointment.

The examination came off, but his thoughts were with Floss, and he forgot to be anxious as to the result.

As the day of the dance approached, Phyllis Fitzjerome grew strangely nervous and perturbed. Her father noticed this in her, and remarked on it to his sister.

"Yes," said that lady gravely, "I, too, have observed something strange in the dear child's manner. She seems to have something on mind."

As they were talking Phyllis broke into the room excitedly. "How do you like my domino, father, it has just come?

She stood before him in a gown and hood of crimson satin.

"I am going to wear a cluster of jasmin on my left shoulder," she added.

Her father kissed her, and touched the girlish cheek affectionately.

"Why jasmin, Phyllis dear?"

He saw she was unnaturally flushed.

"My favourite flower, father."

"It was your mother's favourite, too."

"Then she would be glad to see me wear it, if she could be at the ball," said Phyllis.

"Her mind is always running on her mother now," he said, as the red domino flitted away; "poor child!"

As Phyllis Fitzjerome (the truant wife)

drove down to the Thames Valley on the night of her daughter's ball, a strange medley of emotions played upon every string of her physical composition.

This was the drive she had taken as a girl, after a brief honeymoon; and to-night she was to steal like a ghost to the old haunt she had deserted. How would it seem to be back in her home unrecognised?

The carriage had reached the long drive, where a crowd of vehicles moved slowly to the hall door—thrown open before a blaze of light. In the garden a thousand lamps made brightness among the trees; it was an ideal scene.

"And here are assembled all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood," said the stranger, as she entered her home. "How madly merry they will think a masked ball."

She moved through the large reception rooms, among chat and laughter.

Suddenly a hand was laid on her sleeve, and the well remembered voice of her husband said:

"Look after the people, Phyllis."

She started. Could it be he had recognised her, and spoke in biting sarcasm?

To hide her confusion she laughed—a low, silvery sound like far-away music.

The man dropped her arm.

"You laughed so like your mother then," he added quickly, as he turned away.

While she pondered his words, the second scarlet domino—with the sweet-scented jasmine—came in sight.

"A queer coincidence," murmured the woman; "that must be my little Phyllis, grown up. She is dressed like me, and he mistook us. But can it be chance?"

She furrowed her brow under the black mask, remembering she had confided her secret to Jack North.

"I expect the two red dominos are sisters," came to be a general remark, "they are just the same height and figure."

"Sydney," whispered a voice in Mr. Hamilton's ear.

"Floss!" He turned quickly.

"I knew you," said the girl, "from your blue forget-me-not, picked from the river's edge, I see you have been dancing with the other red domino."

"Yes; your voices are so alike I thought she was you for the moment. Why did you copy her?"

"Less chance of discovery. I'm quaking with fear; but I do think gentlemen make delightful partners. I want you to be sure and come for me at a quarter to twelve, that I may slip away through the garden; we will say good-night at the gate by the scarlet domino's carriage. You won't fail?"

"No; but you must give me many dances first, I have so much to ask you. Why have you suddenly dropped me?"

She waved him aside with an imperial gesture.

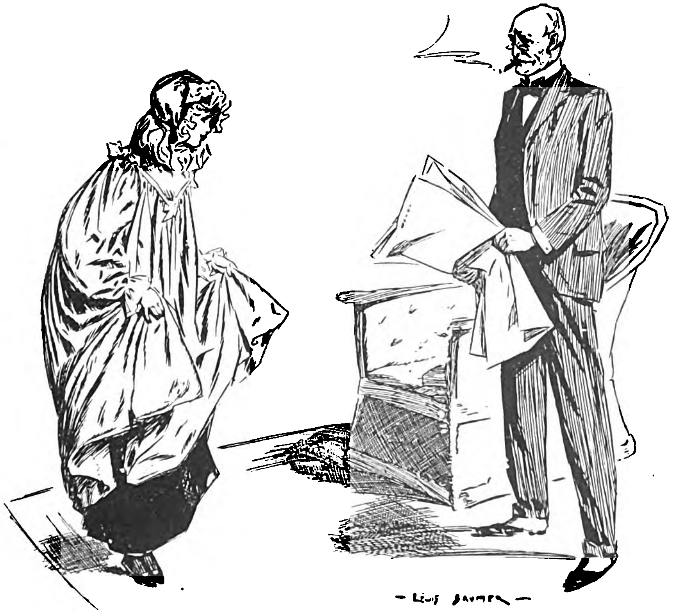
"At a quarter to twelve," she repeated, and slipped away in the crowd.

Sydney felt piqued. He did not ask her to dance again, but kept an anxious eye on the clock. A few moments before the appointed time he claimed her. She put her arm through his, and, saying "Come along," hurried towards the garden.

"Shall we sit here?" he suggested, pointing to a seat in shadow.

"No," she answered shortly, and her voice trembled. "Follow me."

He obeyed.



"How do you like my domino, father?"

"See, there are the carriage lights. Mrs. Fitzjerome will be here in a moment."

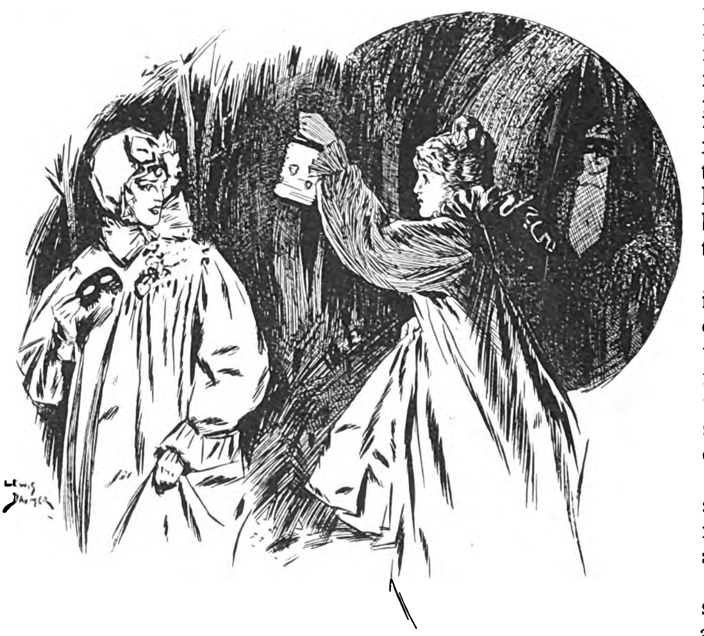
She drew him behind a large oak tree.

"Do you believe I can make her unmask?"

"No, Floss, I do not."

"Then wait and see. Take that lantern from the bough, and give it to me. Thanks. Hush! I hear footsteps. Stay where you are, and be sure she does not see you."

Alone the masked figure came stealing down the garden path, holding up her skirts, showing scarlet shoes and ankles.



The lantern shed a bright light on both faces.

As she approached, Phyllis (the younger), lantern in hand, darted forward.

"Let me see your face," she whispered, "and I will show you mine."

The scarlet dominos stood side by side in the moonlight. There was a painful pause.

The mother knew in whose presence she stood, guessing from her daughter's voice why she asked to see her face.

"What do you know?" came the brief reply.

"Nothing—it is better, is it not, to know nothing? I only ask to see you—just this once. Oh, have you no wish to see me?"

The girl's voice broke in a strangely pathetic way.

"Yes—Phyllis."

Simultaneously they threw aside their masks—the lantern shed a bright light on both faces. It was a moment of extreme tension.

The older woman's eyes were flashing curiously. The girl, deathly white, looked up, rivetting her gaze on the mother she had believed dead.

They remained without speaking a word, neither hands nor lips meeting—just silently conscious of each other's identity.

The moon sailed majestically behind a cloud, the lantern flickered, and distant voices warned them. One scarlet domino moved away; the other—the other remained.

"Floss, why are you standing there, as if you were turned to stone?"

She turned quickly at the sound of the voice, for which she had learnt to care so much.

"Sydney," she whispered, and before she fully realised his intention he had clasped his arms about her. For an instant she resisted, and then, bending her head, she burst into tears.

"Floss, what is it?" he exclaimed. "It's unnerved you meeting that woman. You shouldn't have come."

The distressed girl made no immediate answer.

"Sydney," she said, abruptly, "she's a bad woman. Oh, I could see it in her face—a hard, selfish woman. And—and her daughter——?"

"It's no fault of hers," he interrupted.

"You think that?" the girl asked. "You really think that? You think no worse of—of Miss Phyllis for her mother?"

"No, no; certainly not; that is, so far as I think of Miss Fitzjerome at all. She's nothing to me. There is someone else I think much, much more of," he added, softly.

Phyllis tried ineffectually to release herself.

"Floss," the young fellow continued, "you know who it is that I think of a million times more than Miss Fitzjerome. I want you to marry me, Floss. You will, sweetheart? Say you will."

"A coachman's daughter, Sydney?" she whispered.

"The sweetest and best girl in the world, coachman's daughter or not. I've been ploughed for the exam., Floss. Your face danced between the lines, and—oh, but I'll pass it next shot, if you'll only promise me a great big promise."

"Sydney, I must be going. I've been here so long, and—let me go, please let me go."

"But the promise?"

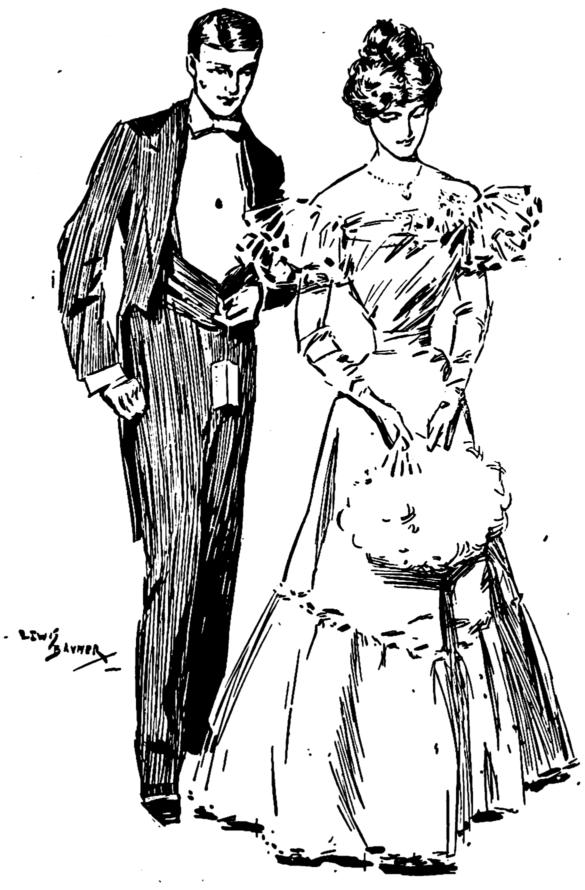
"To-morrow morning. Just as before by the edge of the lawn. If you ask me I'll answer you whilst we're on the river. Now you must let me go. You — you can go back to the house, if you like. I'll let you off your promise. I — I want you to go in and — and in turn unmask. That's your way. I'm going by this path."

"To-morrow morning, Floss."

"To-morrow morning," she echoed, with a glad ring in her voice, and she disappeared in the gloom of the shrubs.

The young fellow walked slowly back to the house.

"I don't want to go in," he murmured; "but —well, I'd like to see Miss Fitzjerome. Poor little girl, if she only knew of what a tragedy she has nearly formed the centre to-night."



"I want my answer now, Floss?"

* * * * *

Phyllis, surrounded by her friends in the full glory of their hitherto concealed toilettes, was making her apologies for being absent at the ceremony of unmasking.

"How pale you are," they said.

"It was the heat of the domino," she replied.

"The lady of the house looks as if she had seen a ghost," one man remarked to Sydney Hamilton.

"Does she? I'm sorry to say I've not been introduced to my hostess. Will you point out Miss Fitzjerome?"

"Yes; there she is in white and pearls. Come along, I'll introduce you to her."

She was looking his way. Their eyes met, and he saw the anxiety that possessed her of how he would awaken to the discovery of her true identity.

Quietly following his friend, he reached the girl, and was formally introduced.

"Let me congratulate you, Miss Fitzjerome, on the success of your dance," he said, and then, as they stood for a moment alone, he added softly: "Not to-morrow, but now; I want my answer now, Floss."

"What answer do you want *now?*" she asked.

"The same that I have always wanted," he answered. "Just a simple 'yes.'"

"To-morrow," she laughed.

"But it will be 'yes'?" he asked.

She looked at him for an instant, and, with a smile, she nodded her head. Then, as though she had conceded more than she had intended, she turned, and was lost in the crowd of guests.

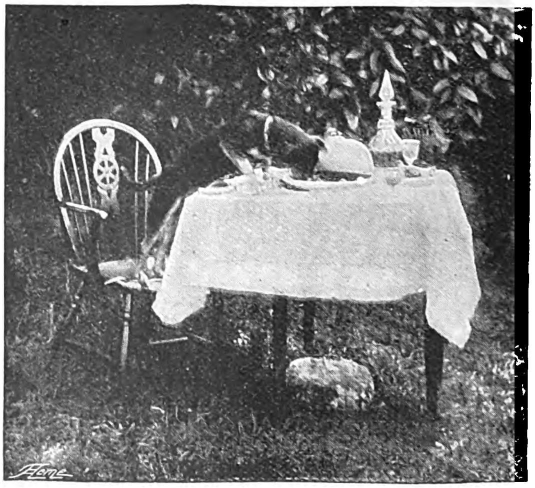
What A Dog Can Do

By Geoffrey Harding

A dog learned in the art of "dying" and "trust" and so on is undoubtedly an interesting companion, and can afford considerable pleasure. Yet there always lurks about the highly trained dog a sense of unreality—a feeling that he is trying to accomplish what nature never intended. The reflection, perhaps, ends there in the case of a home-trained pet, but with respect to professional performers one cannot but feel that often considerable cruelty has led to a comparatively paltry result.

Tut! Tut!!

Space forbids any discussion of the already much-debated question of the cruelty of dog-trainers. It may be necessary to be very severe. It may be fatal to success to be cruel. Dog-trainers *may* be the kindest, gentlest, most humane of beings imaginable, only—I don't believe it.


Ha! Ha!!

Oh! Oh!!

For my own part I must confess that I find my chief pleasure in the achievement by a dog of something distinctly suggested to him by his reasoning faculties—his instinct.

Marvellous, indeed, are the dog stories we hear and read of. Far be it from me to try and surpass them, but I have in my mind one story which at least shows a dog's reasoning powers.

My two friends were respectively a small fox-terrier and a spaniel. It so chanced that one morning I walked into the large ball-room of our house with the two dogs at my heels. I was looking for someone, and, failing to find the person, I stood a few moments deciding upon what I should do.

My attention was suddenly called to the little terrier. The animal evidently wanted to get out of the room. At the end of the ball-room were some very large folding doors leading into the drawing-room, and over these doors hung a heavy curtain. The central door was unlocked, and the dog, by jumping on his hind legs and pushing with its fore-paws, was able to press it open. Owing, however, to the heavy curtains, the door swung back before the little animal could run through. I stood watching his futile endeavours, and wondering what he would do.

Looks like lemon-squash!

Ye-e-es, but—

After some four or five attempts he paused and trotted back to where I stood with the spaniel lying on the ground at my feet, his nose between his paws. I watched most attentively. The terrier stood in front of the spaniel, which raised its head. The noses of the two animals remained two or three inches apart, and I saw nothing except a slight twitching of their nostrils. After a few seconds the spaniel slowly rose to its feet with an air of "bother it, what a nuisance you are."

The two dogs moved together across the room. Simultaneously they rose on their hind legs, and with their front paws pressed the door. The combined effort and the superior weight of the spaniel forced the door well open. The terrier seized the opportunity, and trotted through whilst the spaniel trotted back, as the door slowly shut to again, and flopped down at my feet.

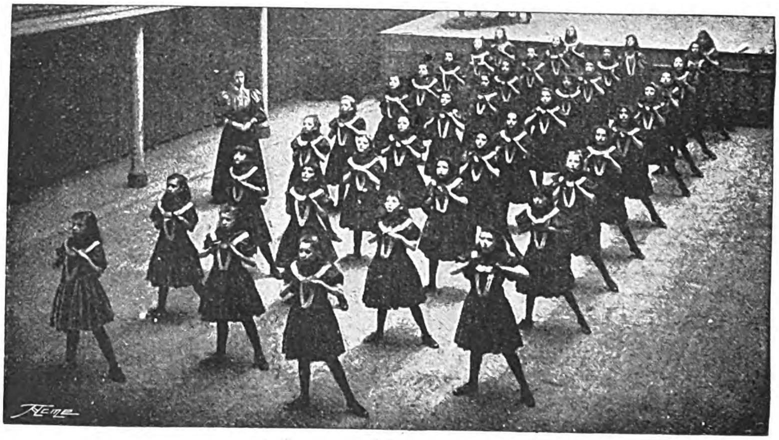
The photographs of the clever little black and tan terrier which we are able to give are by Mr. Lessey Beard, of the "Clevedon" Studio.

There must have been something else in it!

SWIMMING ON DRY LAND

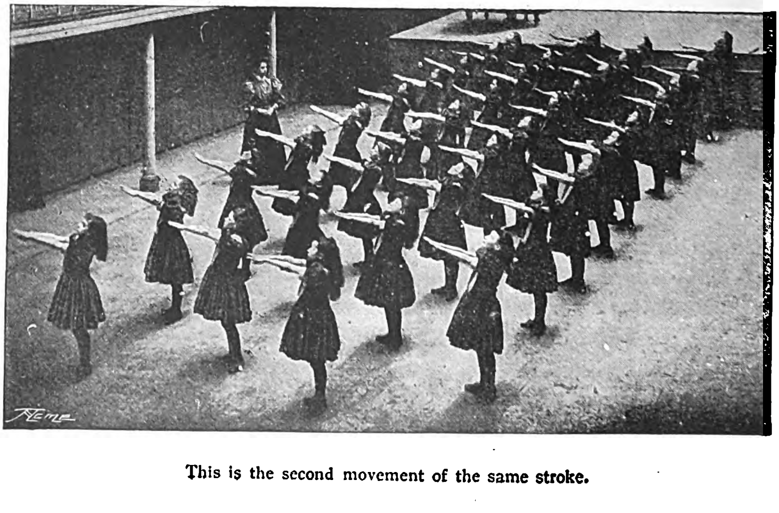
By Lewis Stevens.

It sounds paradoxical to assert that swimming may be learnt on dry land, yet such, according to many eminent authorities, is undoubtedly the case. It has been found, after long experience, that men and women, and even children, who have studied the various movements of swimming whilst upon the dry land have become far more proficient in the art than those who commenced by floundering about in the water.

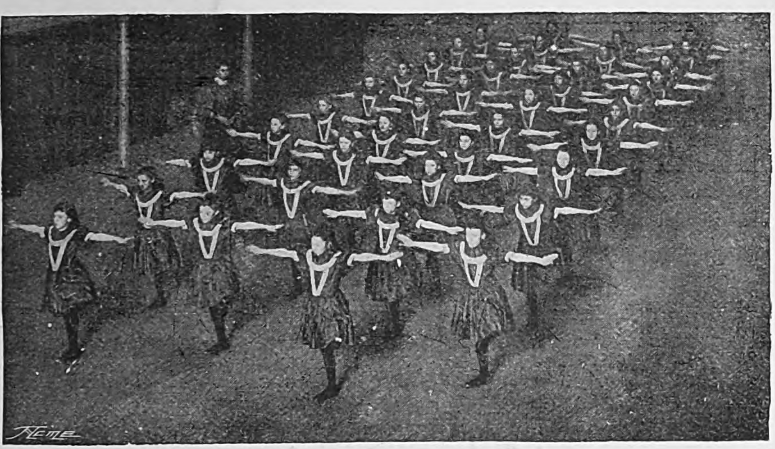


This is the first movement of the breast stroke.

This strange theory of learning how to become a successful swimmer was first propounded ten years ago by Dr. Roth, a celebrated German, who wrote a book setting forth his ideas. Of course, the worthy doctor was laughed at, and his theory was pooh-poohed and dismissed without any serious consideration whatever. Our own London School Board was approached by Dr. Roth, who begged to be permitted to teach his system in certain selected schools under the Board's jurisdiction. But the theory was too novel, and so altogether opposed to accepted ideas, that the doctor's offer was declined, although the Amateur Swimming Association sent a deputation to the School Board Committee supporting the



This is the second movement of the same stroke.

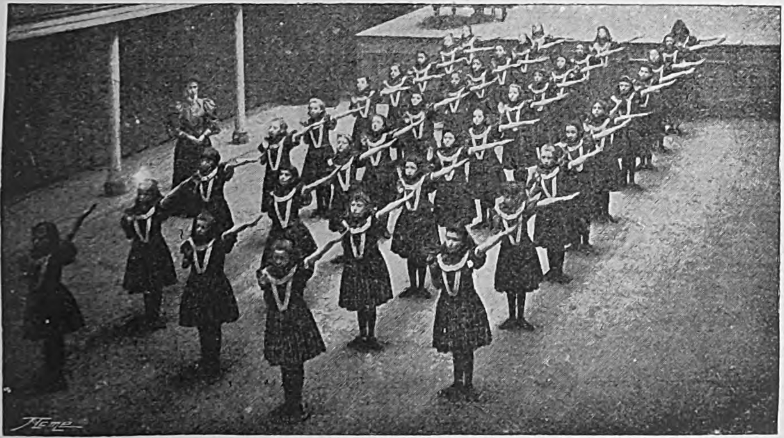


This illustrates the final movement of the breast stroke.

claims of the German scientist.

But, strange to say, although the system has not received the official recognition of the Board, it is in one of their schools that children are being taught upon the dry land to swim in the water. Miss Kingston, an organising teacher with controlling power over certain Board Schools in the district of Hackney, made a study of all known systems of learning to swim, and she came to the conclusion that the theory of Dr. Roth was well worth putting into practice.

At the Morning Lane schools she introduced the system, and by dint of perseverance has brought it to perfection, so that now there is not the slightest doubt that the water is *not* the place in which to learn to swim.



In this picture the children are mastering the side stroke.

How well the system has worked is shown by Miss Kingston's report, issued last year. She says: "The swimming and life-saving drill has already proved a great help to the acquisition of the art of swimming. I have already visited many schools in the district, at the request of the head teachers, to impart instruction to those children who intended to visit the baths this season. It is not only an effective and beneficial form of physical exercise, but it materially helps to shorten the amount of time spent by the children in the water in learning the movements."

French children, it is interesting to note, have for many years past been taught to swim upon the dry land in accordance with the Roth theory. The little ones lie face downward on small stools raised about a foot from the ground, and in this position are taught the various movements of swimming.

We publish a number of photographs, through the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, photographers, of Baker Street, showing the method in which the classes are conducted, and the movements through which the children are put. Those who understand swimming will readily appreciate the first three pictures, which show the positions and actions of the arms, shoulder, and breast in moving through the water. The fourth illustration shows how the children learn the side stroke. The exercises depicted in the fifth and sixth photographs are very useful, and can be explained much more fully upon shore than in the water. In the former, the children

The method adopted here of promoting artificial respiration is in accordance with the practise devised by Dr. Sylvester.

are being taught how to release themselves from the clutch of a dying person, whilst in the other picture they are practising the method of carrying an insensible person in the water—one, for instance, who has met with an accident, or who has been seized with cramp.

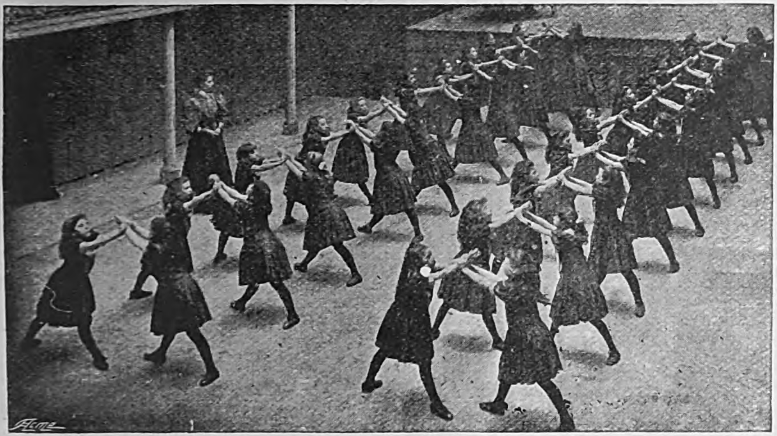
Of course, in connection with the swimming lessons, the children at Miss Kingston's school are taught how to induce artificial respiration in a drowning person who has been brought to shore, and the method of "turning" such a person in the way most likely to aid in restoring consciousness.

All the children who have been through the course of swimming lessons, as arranged by Miss Kingston on Dr. Roth's plan, have turned out remarkably successful swimmers, far more so, indeed, than if they had studied in the old orthodox manner. Many other schools and night classes are adopting the system under Miss Kingston's direction, and an exhibition given at the Albert Hall not long ago led all those who were present on that occasion, and favoured the old system, to come to the conclusion that, after all, there was something in learning to swim upon the dry land.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the Roth system is that all children—the timid as well as the daring—have equal opportunities in

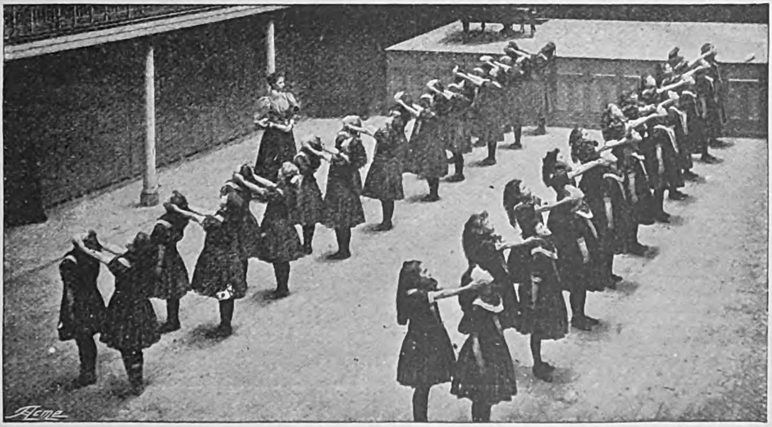
This shows how the victim of a prolonged immersion should be turned during the process of promoting artificial respiration.

learning to swim. Under the old régime many children became terribly frightened upon finding themselves in the water, and it was next to impossible to teach them any of the movements. But by going through the various exercises upon the dry land, in a quiet and thorough manner, the children master every detail of the art, and thus, when they at last enter the water, they have infinitely more assurance than they possibly could have did they not know how to support and propel their bodies.



One method of freeing oneself from a drowning person. This can certainly be learnt better on dry land than in the water.

Another advantage of learning to swim upon the dry land is the great saving in time and trouble which is effected, The lessons in this very useful art have hitherto been totally inadequate on account of the inconvenience entailed by a visit to the swimming baths. Few Board schools possess baths of their own, and thus it has been necessary, when a lesson in swimming was to be given, to proceed to some public bath. Such a visit would occupy at least a whole morning, and naturally the lessons have not been so frequent as to give them the value they might otherwise possess. Now, the school hall or gymnasium takes the place of the swimming bath, and thus lessons may be conveniently given two or three times a week.



The children are taught how to support an unconscious person, an art unknown to many good swimmers

Any readers of this article who may have an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the Roth system of learning to swim are heartily recommended to try the method, which, despite its novelty, has successfully stood the severe test of the London Board school.

Like all innovations it is only to be expected that the Roth system will continue for some time to meet with opposition. Those who have hitherto taught swimming, in what may now be called the old-fashioned way, will naturally look with unkindly eyes upon any attempts to revolutionise the teaching of the art. But if Dr. Roth's theory is correct, as seems to have been proved unmistakably by Miss Kingston, then, in a few years, we shall find that beginners are everywhere taught to swim upon the dry land.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

A GIANT'S GRAVE.

Sir Hugh Cæsarius, whose grave lies in Penrith Churchyard, was a giant knight, who spent the greater portion of his time exterminating wild boars from Inglewood Forest. The distance between the head and foot pillars of the grave is fourteen feet.

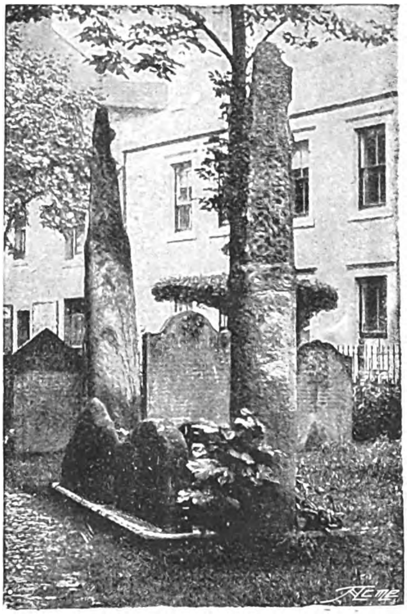


Photo by W. Oxley.

THOMAS À BECKET'S SHOE.

Tradition asserts this shoe to have been that of Thomas à Becket, of Canterbury, and a much-kissed relic by the pilgrims to that city of old. It was for some time in the St. Nicholas Church collection of curios, Harbledown, Canterbury, but, being by some carelessness in exhibiting to strangers lost, it was for many years missing. A few years ago, however, it turned up at the decease of a local antiquary, Mr. Poole, who was reported to have had it in his possession. It came into the hands of Mr. A. F. Colborne, to be photoed for a bazaar sale, and he then purchased it. The shoe is curious, as having a wooden heel, which evidently continued at one time to the toe, forming a wooden sole. It is enclosed by a thin covering of leather. The *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal* once referred to it as valued £600.

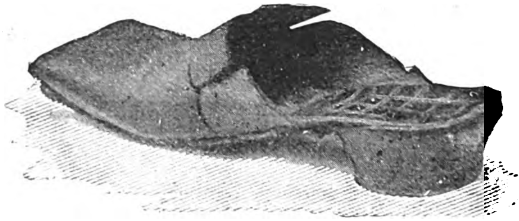
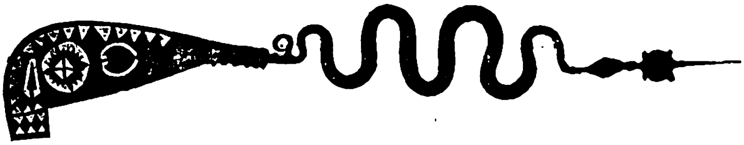


Photo by A. F. Colborne.

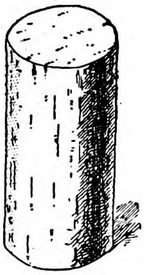
KING PREMPEH'S STAFF.



This curious photograph represents a ceremonial staff which belonged to King Prempeh, and was brought to England after the Ashanti Expedition in 1896. As an emblem of office, it was carried before the King on all state occasions by a chief, who stuck it in the ground in front of the low Ashanti gold-studded stool, which did duty for a throne.

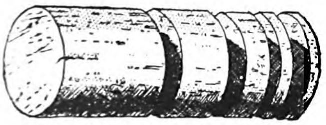
AFTER DINNER CARPENTERING

By Caley Wainright.

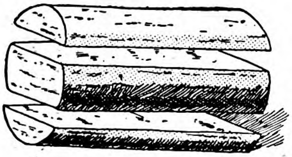

Cork.

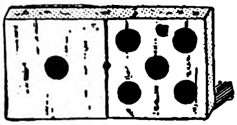
Both toy-making and model-making afford considerable amusement to a vast number of people, nearly as much amusement, in fact, as the destruction of the results do to the mischievous young folks into whose loving but decidedly rough clutches they chance to fall. But building either toys or models requires more time and more attention than many can afford to devote to it. Miniature modelling, however, of such a kind as I propose to describe involves a minimum of skill, no expense, and an unlimited amount of amusement.

What are our tools? Well, a really sharp penknife, a pencil, a pen, some sandpaper, a pair of scissors, a bottle of good gum, some pins and hairpins, a reel of thick thread, a bottle of black ink, a paint brush, and some blue, red, yellow, white, and black paints, comprise a splendid outfit. Our materials in the first instance are matches, ordinary wooden matches, and a supply of corks—all sorts of corks — medicine corks, claret corks, champagne corks, and big wide corks. The chief of these, however, are the ordinary claret corks, for they are more regular in shape, and, as a rule, of good quality.

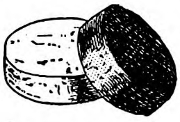

Cork cut in sections.

Commence operations by cutting one of these corks in half. The best method of doing this is to place the centre of the blade on the cork. Then pressing it with the left hand, push the knife backwards and forwards, allowing the cork to roll. Having cut the cork in two, take one half and halve it. Each of the portions will be a quarter of the whole, and I will refer to such as a "quarter." Dividing one of the "quarters" gives two "eighths," and dividing one of these provides us with two "sixteenths." Cutting a cork longitudinally as in the illustration is more difficult, but only a matter of one or two attempts. Out of the central bit rectangular strips may be cut, or a domino can be made.


Cork cut longitudinally.


Domino.

Forty "eighths," well rubbed with sandpaper, will give us a set of draughtsmen. A quarter section of a cork carefully cut square (Fig. 1) will produce a cube, and this marked with dots of ink will make an excellent die. Two "eighths" joined by pins will furnish us with a fly cage. A set of chessmen seems an ambitious effort, but in reality is quite simple. For the king take a long wooden match and press it through the centre of two "sixteenths," then through a "quarter," the bottom edge of which has been rounded off on the sandpaper. For the base use an "eighth," and for the crown another "eighth" with a cross cut on it.


Draughtsmen.

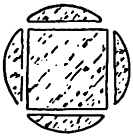
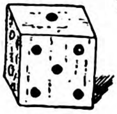
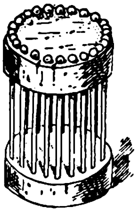


Fig. 1.

For the queen proceed exactly as with the king, but make the match a tiny bit shorter, and instead of a crown put a small ball (easily made by rubbing off the corners of a small


Dice.

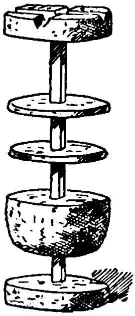
Ball.



Fly-cage.

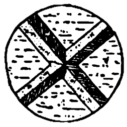
cube). For a bishop pass a match through a “sixteenth,” then through a large ball, and for a base, as in fact, for all the bases use an “eighth.” The mitre is a small medicine cork trimmed nearly to a point, and cut with a groove up each side and across the top.

The body of the knight is a large ball. The head is a small medicine cork fixed on the match at an angle, with another small cork fastened at an angle to the first cork by a pin. A notch forms the mouth. The eyes and nostrils may be burnt with a hot key. Two pieces of match form the ears. Half a cork ground on the sandpaper at the edges and end, and surmounted by a “sixteenth,” with an “eighth” for the base, will form the castle or rook. An “eighth” surmounted by a small ball, with a “quarter” for a base, forms a pawn.



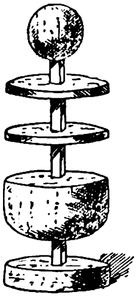
King.

Sharpen a match and pierce a “quarter,” then take the bottom of a round cardboard box and push the match through the centre. Then add another “quarter” to hold the cardboard, and behold a splendid top. A little paint on the cardboard will add to the general effect.

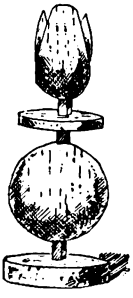


Crown.

Take a cork from some open-necked bottle, polish it on the sandpaper, and insert four matches tapered off towards the bottom. On top of the cork gum a circular piece of cardboard, and behold a rustic table. Stick four short pieces of match into an “eighth,” and you have a stool. Add two more pieces of match on the upper side of the “eighth,” join them with a strip of cork, and you have an excellent chair. An “eighth” squared off with four very small pieces of match at the four corners furnishes a footstool.

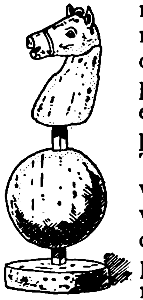


Queen.



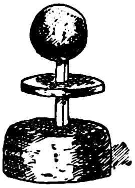
Bishop.

A child's walking cart is not difficult to make. Take four cubes, and join them with four matches. In the top of each cube place a match, and join the tops of these matches with a smaller frame of matches and cubes. Pass a pin through the centre of each of four “eighths,” and pin them into the lower cubes. The cart is then complete with wheels, and will run easily and well.

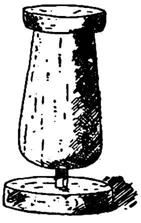


Knight.

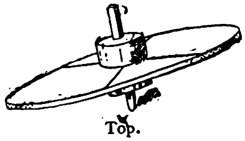
A little girl can be fashioned out of a champagne cork. Two pieces of matches form the legs, an “eighth” the base. Two more pieces of match make the arms, and a small ball, fastened with a pin or match to the top of the cork, is the head. A little wool or worsted will supply the hair. A basket can be made out of a nutshell, and a piece of blue paper carefully gummed on will add an apron to the young lady. The child is a small ordinary cork upside down, with two matches stuck into an “eighth” to form legs. The arms and heads are bent matches; a ball on a fragment of match is the head. A ring of stiff paper over the top of the ball makes a hat. A piece of white paper provides baby with a pinafore.



Pawn.



Rook.



Top.

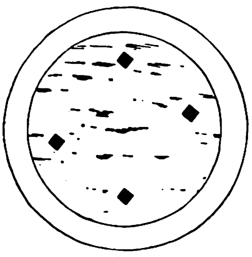


Table top.

The rustic gentleman is a champagne cork, upside down. The swellings are his breeches. Two pieces of twig are his legs, whilst two bent pieces of twig fastened by pins form his arms. A ball of cork is his head. The brim of his hat is made of a ring of paper, the crown being the top of the ball painted black.

A piece of cork, with one end rounded and the other sharpened to a point, forms the body of mamma stork. The legs are two hairpins, her neck is a match, her head is a small ball of cork, her beak a sharpened match. Her

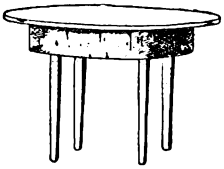
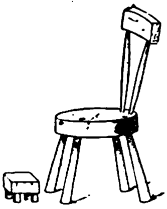


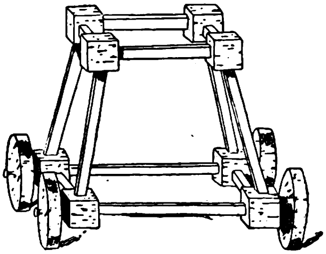
Table.



Chair.

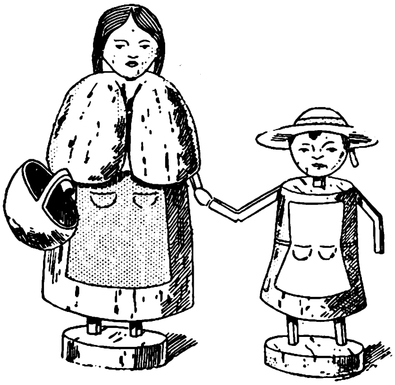
offspring is similar, but on a smaller scale. An inverted cork of the pickle-bottle species (Fig. 2), slightly hollowed, and filled with water, makes an admirable pond.

A rocking horse can be made out of three corks, cut to fit at proper angles. The ears are pieces of glove kid, as also the bridle and the reins. The mane and tail are black worsted or wool, the legs are matches stuck into strips of cork, which hold together by means of pins the cardboard rockers.



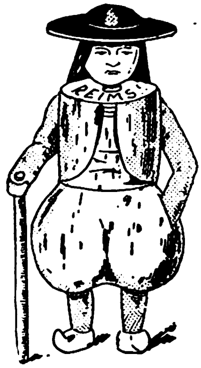
Child's cart.

A number of simple toys can be made of bamboo. Cut off a piece from between two notches. Pierce seven holes, six equidistant, commencing at one end, and the seventh for the mouthpiece at the opposite end, which end is plugged with a cork. The result is a first-rate flute.



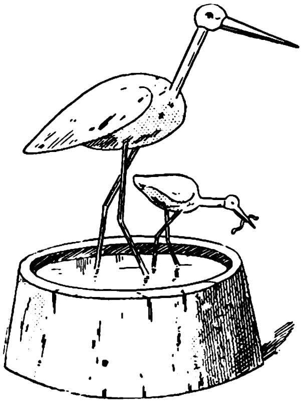
Girl and small brother.

Take, again, a small piece of bamboo and slice down a strip without breaking it off. Out of the opposite side cut an opening about 2in. long. Now bore two holes for a wooden handle to revolve in at right angles. On this handle is fixed a notched wheel, which acts on the cut strip, and forms a sort of policeman's rattle.



A rustic.

Now for a windmill. Cut off a piece of bamboo with a notch one end and none the other. Split this latter end slightly to hold a square piece of cardboard. At the opposite end, by means of a pin, attach a strip of bamboo so split that at either end there is a square piece of cardboard held at an angle. By means of another pin fix the horizontal piece of bamboo on an upright so that it revolves. A light breeze will set the mill merrily to work.



Storks.

The two blacksmiths are two pieces of bamboo fixed at their bases to two strips of wood. Their arms are matches and their hammer-heads are corks. As the pieces of wood are slid backwards and forwards, the two smiths deal terrific blows on the cork anvil.

The Eiffel Tower is made from a piece of bamboo with a notch on one end and not at the other. The latter end is split twice (at right angles), so that four strips are formed for legs. Four other strips of bamboo, bent in semi-circles, are tied to the bottom of the legs, and act as stays. Four straight strips bound round at the top of the semi-circles make the lower platform. Four smaller pieces gummed on higher up make a second platform. Two thin pieces of bamboo bent over make an ornamental cage, with a small cork, surmounted by a flagstaff, gummed above them.

By means of a knife very pretty little baskets may be cut out of hazel-nuts. A triangular file serves to finish off the edges. A ring also can be cut, but great care must be taken not to split the shell. Animals, of somewhat uncertain species perhaps, may also be fashioned from nut shells. Flat, open baskets can be cut out of prune stones, and will be useful for dolly's keys.

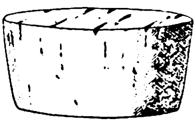
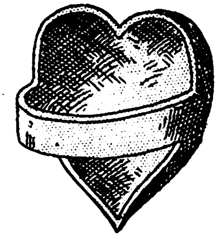
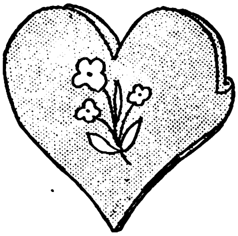


Fig. 2.

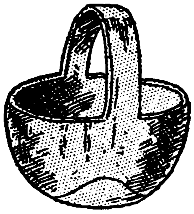
A matchbox can be made by cutting out a disc and a somewhat larger ring of cardboard. Pierce them with the same number of holes, and join them with pieces of straw. Thread these uprights with ribbon and the matchbox is



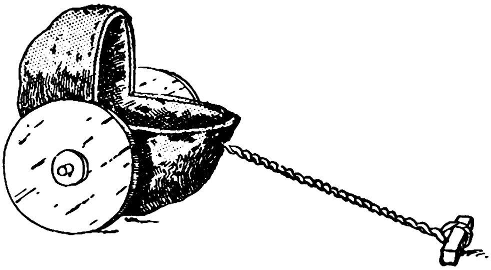
Ring (back view).



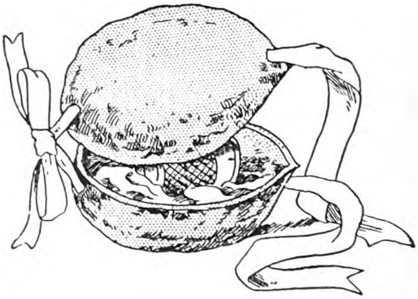
Ring (front view).



Basket.



Hooded cart.



Thimble case.

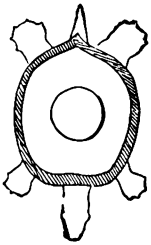
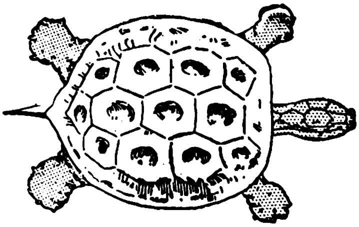
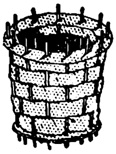


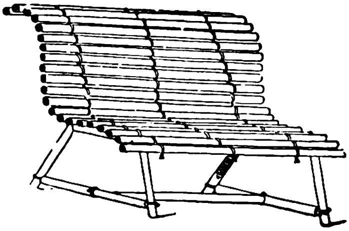
Fig. 4.



Tortoise.



Matchbox.



Garden chair.

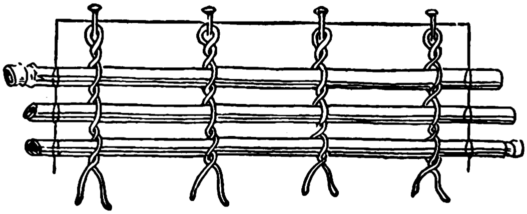
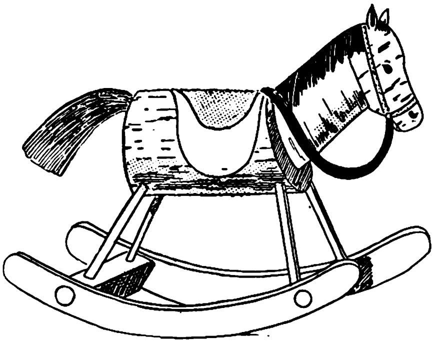
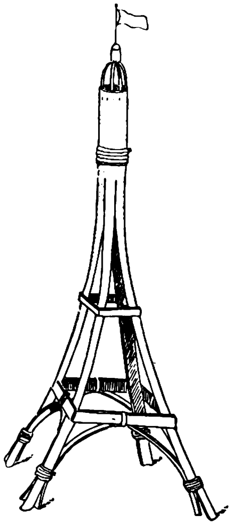


Fig. 3.

complete. A garden seat can be made with straw and thin wire. The back and seat are made by twisting the wire with a blade of straw in every second turn (see Fig. 3). The legs are straws threaded and secured by wire.

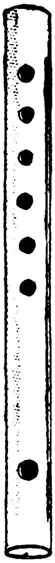


Rocking-horse.



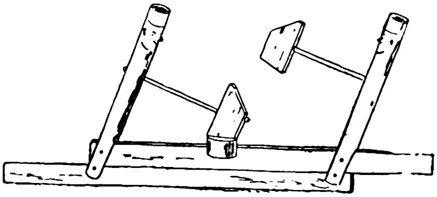
Eiffel Tower.

Out of nutshells numbers of miniature toys may be constructed. I have already referred to hazel-nuts, but walnut shells are even more adaptable. Take a shell and pierce a hole through each side near the rim. Pass a wooden match through them, and secure two cork "eighths" for wheels, making them quite secure with pieces of cardboard gummed on either side. A short piece of twisted wire passing through a hole in the front forms a handle to draw the chariot, and half a shell gummed on the top of the body of the vehicle forms a hood.



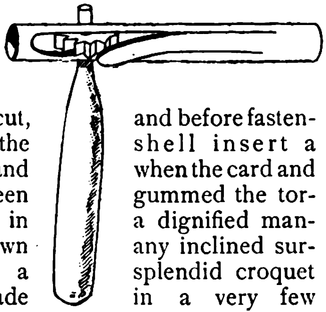
Flute.

By threading two walnut shells with narrow ribbon, and gumming in a small piece of silk as padding, an admirable thimble case is constructed.

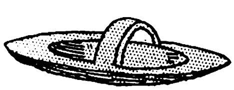


Blacksmiths.

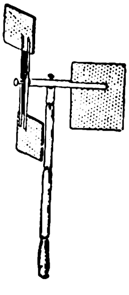
A tortoise can be made by cutting a visiting card so that the head and legs of the tortoise project from under a walnut shell gummed over it (Fig. 4). In the centre of the card a hole must be cut, and before fastening on the shell insert a marble, and when the card and shell have been gummed the tortoise will glide in a dignified manner up and down any inclined surface. Finally, a splendid croquet set can be made in a very few minutes. Medicine corks with the ends rubbed nice and square on the sandpaper form the mallet heads, and matches the handles. A match neatly painted and stuck into an "eighth" will make a stick. Hairpins bent over and stuck into square pieces of cork will make hoops, and marbles will serve excellently as croquet balls. Played on fairly thick cloth, so that the marbles will not run too freely, great fun may be had.



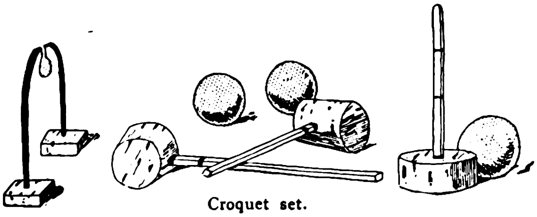
Rattle.



Prune-stone Basket.



Windmill.



Croquet set.

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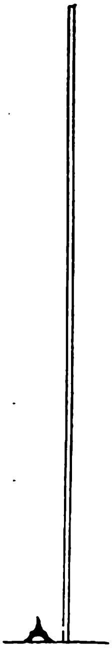


This is the Eiffel Tower and beside it is the pile of the first number of the ROYAL laid flat one on top of the other.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE will be original in all things. This page, therefore, being at his disposal, the editor proposes to moralise as follows:—

One Million Copies!

Such are the printing orders for the first number of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A Million Copies! It does not seem anything very wonderful as the eyes glance along the words. Nowadays millions are so glibly spoken of and written about that one is apt to fancy that it is easy to have a just appreciation of what a million really is. Nevertheless, a million copies of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE means more than most people would think.

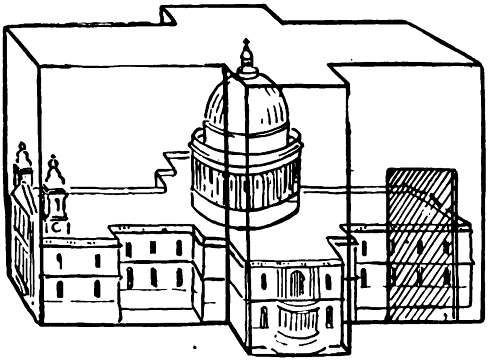
It takes 65 machines 24 days to print it. If one machine had to do the entire printing and worked continuously night and day it would take 521 days. The binding alone affords occupation for 750 hands. No single firm could undertake so large a task to be completed with the necessary speed.

Setting aside all question of the labour involved in designing and completing the Magazine, in printing and binding and distributing it, let us now try and gauge the bulk of a million copies.

In the first place, they weigh almost exactly 300 tons.

Laid flat one on top of the other the million copies would form a slender column rising exactly 4 miles and 1640 yards into the air. That is practically to a height equal to that of Mount Everest.

Placed end to end we would have a "thin buff line" 149 miles 1640 yards in length—a line in fact that would extend from the publishing office some ten or fifteen miles beyond Bristol, or almost to Sheffield.



This is a wall, enclosing St. Paul's, made out of the first edition of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE piled up edgeways.

Or if it were to decide to enclose St. Paul's in a wall as high as the cross at the top of the dome, one million copies of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE would suffice with due allowance for means of entering.

If, before the magazines were stitched together, the loose pages and covers were laid on the ground, they would cover an area of almost exactly 571 acres.

The area of St. Paul's is approximately 78,125 square feet. Five times that would amount to 390,675 square feet, and yet the first edition of the ROYAL MAGAZINE would pave the lot with copies placed side by side, and would leave sufficient over to stretch, if laid in single file and end to end, a distance of over thirteen miles from the Cathedral.

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which is a fine powder prepared from the finest Barley Scotland produces, and is sold in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins by all the best Grocers, Stores, &c.

Open the Four Doors.

SOME years ago a popular play was running at the leading theatre in one of the great cities of America. Night after night the house was crowded. To get in at all it was necessary to buy tickets in advance. Brilliant audiences absorbed the music and applauded the performance. The critics said it was a grand success and the management suspended the free list. Yet on the night I am about to mention one visitor, not "connected with the Press," entered unchallenged and without a ticket. His name was *Death*—but nobody saw him. Parquette, balcony, boxes, and gallery—all were packed. Diamonds glittered on snowy necks, perfumes were wafted about by waving fans; eyes shone with pleasurable excitement; the people were happy under the stimulus of their combined vitality. Who would have dared to hint that they were not *safe*. If anybody *thought* it no one *said* it. Still, *there stood Death at the wings*, waiting the moment he knew was near at hand. It came, and the tragedy that followed filled the world with horror. The near-by community bowed down under it as the men and beasts of caravans hide their faces before a desert sandstorm. The disaster seemed too great for pity, and the common feeling of sympathy was dulled, as pain is dulled by a narcotic. You ask me for the details! Why, man, the papers overflowed with them for a week. I can't repeat them here. "But the nature and the reason of the calamity?" Yes, you shall know that. Read this letter first, and then we will learn a double lesson.

"In September, 1895, I suddenly fell into a low state of health. The life and force were gone from me; I was weary and languid. My skin was sallow; and cold clammy sweats came over me; my hands and feet were cold as death. In my stomach was a gnawing pain, which continued day and night. I was racked with pain and lay broad awake half the night. My appetite forsook me, and every morsel of food I took produced so much distress that I used liquids only, such as beef-tea and milk. I became so weak it was hard work for me even to cross the floor. My kidney secretion was high-coloured, scanty, and thick.

"Thus I went on for a year and a half, all the time growing weaker and weaker. I have not words to describe my suffering. I am sure *I aged ten years* in that brief period; I had lost so much flesh and got so thin and shrunken. In the early part of 1896 I was so bad and helpless that friends and relations had to come and nurse me. For four months I was assisted in and out of bed, and dressed and undressed by them.

"The pain in the stomach now increased until my nurses were put to trouble to keep me in bed. The attending doctor said I was suffering from peritonitis; but neither poultices, applications, or medicine relieved me. Once I lay for twenty-one hours in such pain you can scarcely imagine it.

"In May (1897) all my friends and neighbours thought I could not possibly live, and *the prayers of the Church were offered for me*. I then began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I obtained from Mr. Nice, Grocer, Bury St. Edmunds. After having used it a few days I felt great relief, and the pains were much abated. I could eat, and was stronger. I continued with this medicine, improving daily, and by and by was strong and well. I can now do my housework and eat any kind of food. Since then I have had no return of the disease. I am convinced that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life. You may publish this letter and refer anyone to me." (Signed) (Mrs.) Hannah Ruddock, The Guild Hall, Bardwell, Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 11th, 1897.

This case is well known to the people of Bardwell, who corroborate Mrs. Ruddock's statement. She is very much respected, and several ladies residing in the neighbourhood visited her during her illness.

Now for the especial point I want you to understand and remember. In the process of digestion, and of living, waste and outworn substances constantly accumulate in the body. They are all more or less poisonous, and nature has arranged to expel them immediately. If they are got rid of as fast as they are produced we enjoy our usual good health. But, bear in mind, we are *never* wholly free from them. "If," says a medical authority, "a man's blood at any one time contained ten times its normal amount of these poisons he would die; just as he would from swallowing a fatal dose of any poison."

Now the body has *four doors* through which these things are expelled—the skin, the bowels, the kidneys, and the lungs. Keep them open and all is well. Close any one or more of them and we are ill. Keep them long closed and we die. In Mrs. Ruddock's case these exits were impeded by her disease. Her stomach, paralysed by dyspepsia, threw more and more of the poisons into the blood. Hence a complication which only a medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup could overcome. *That* stopped the excessive manufacturer of the poisons, opened the *four doors*, and saved her.

As for those poor people at the burning theatre. There was a panic at the alarm of fire, *the exits were inadequate, and hundreds were consumed alive in the raging flames.* Surely I need not enforce such lessons as these.

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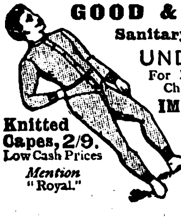

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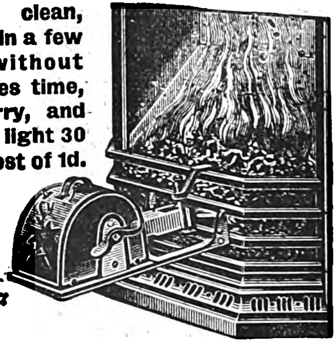

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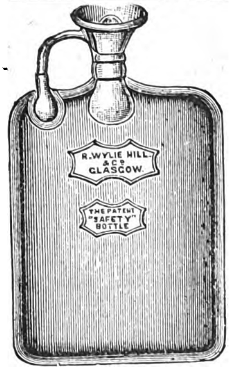

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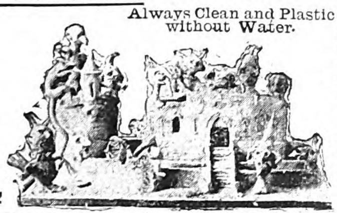

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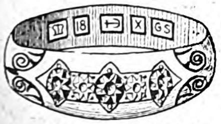

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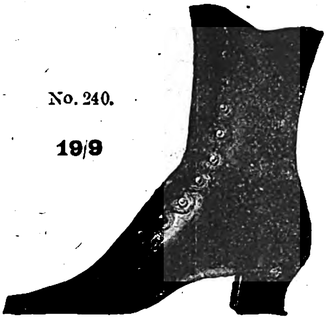

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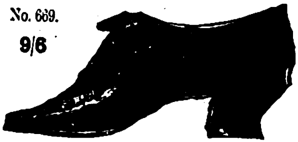

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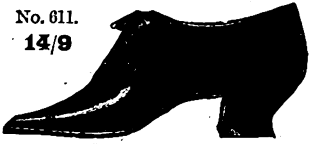

Glacé Kid, Peak Cap, Smart Toes.

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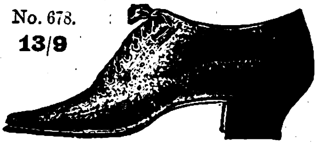

Blacking Calf, Brogued, Smart Toes.

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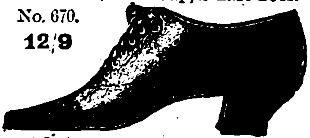
12/9



Blacking Calf, Straight Caps, Smart, Medium, or Square Toes.

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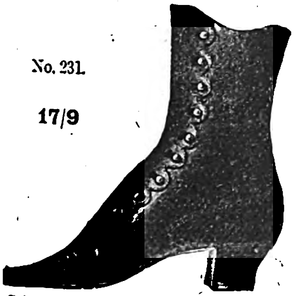
17/9



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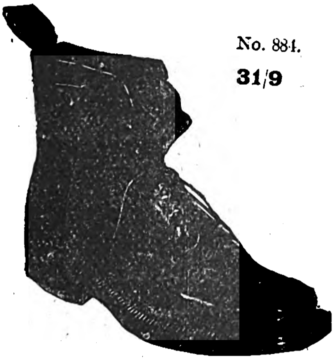

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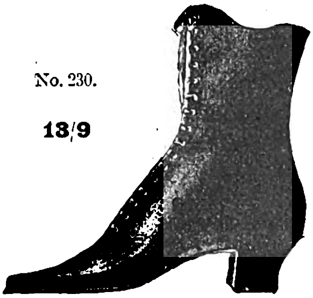

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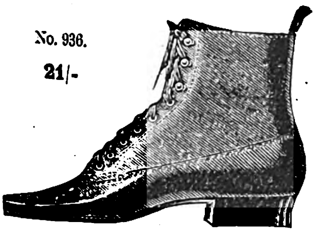

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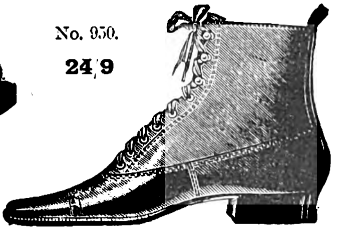

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Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty Dishes.

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"*The standard of highest purity.*"—THE LANCET.

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The best Beverage for Breakfast, Supper, and all times.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

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No. 2. VOL. I.—DECEMBER, 1898.

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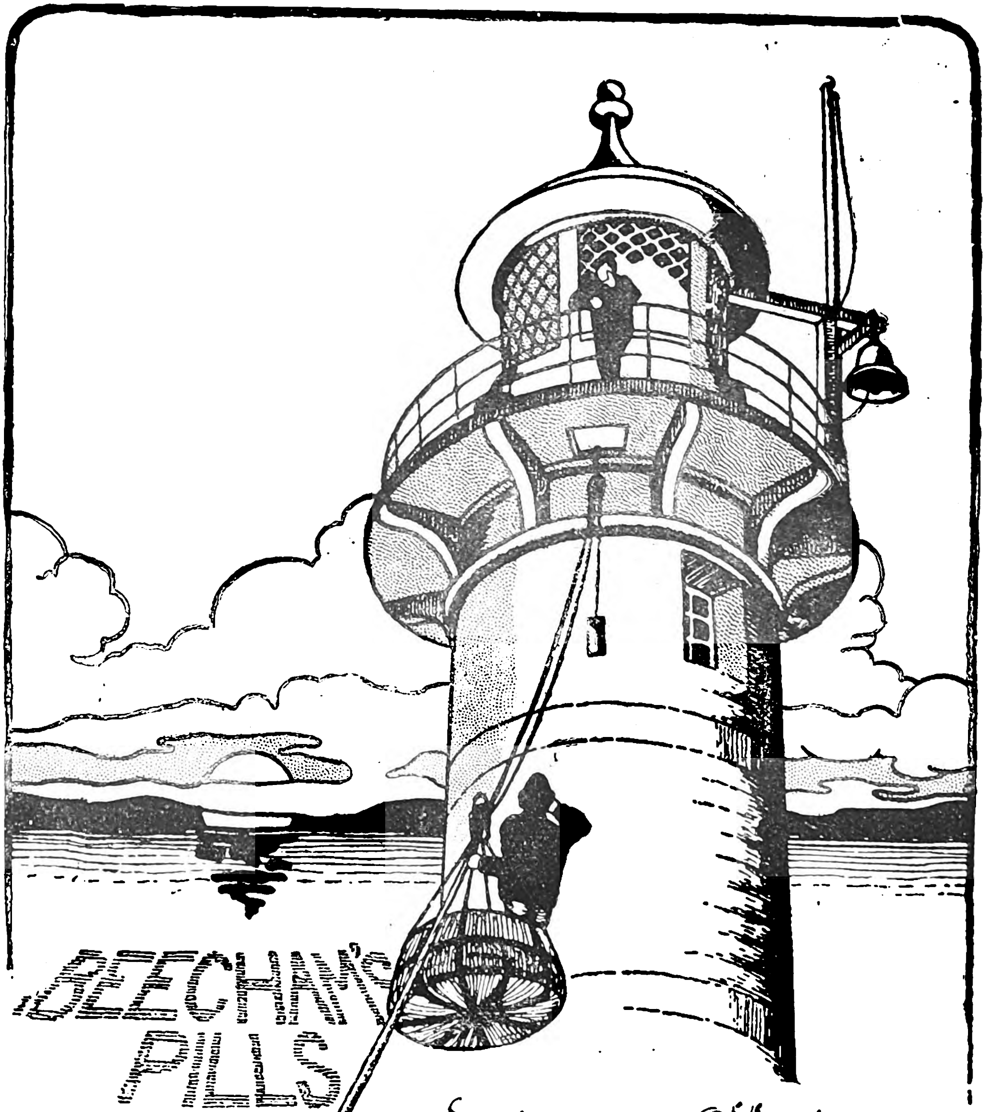

are to the disordered System as Oil to the troubled Waters So keep a good look out and steer clear of danger to health by making Beecham's Pills your Guiding light on the first appearance of depression, a sure signal of distress which if unheeded may lead on to Wreck.

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—BISHOP HALL.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

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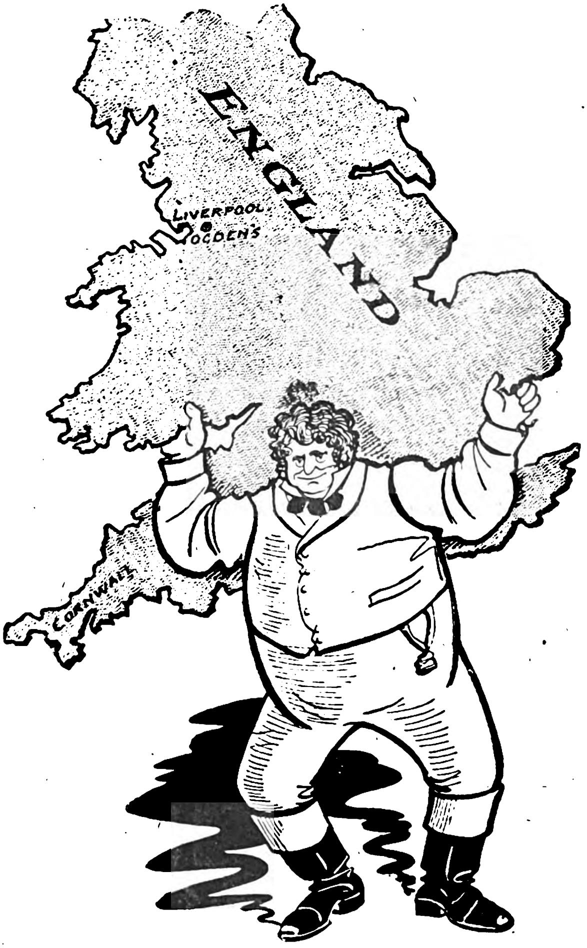

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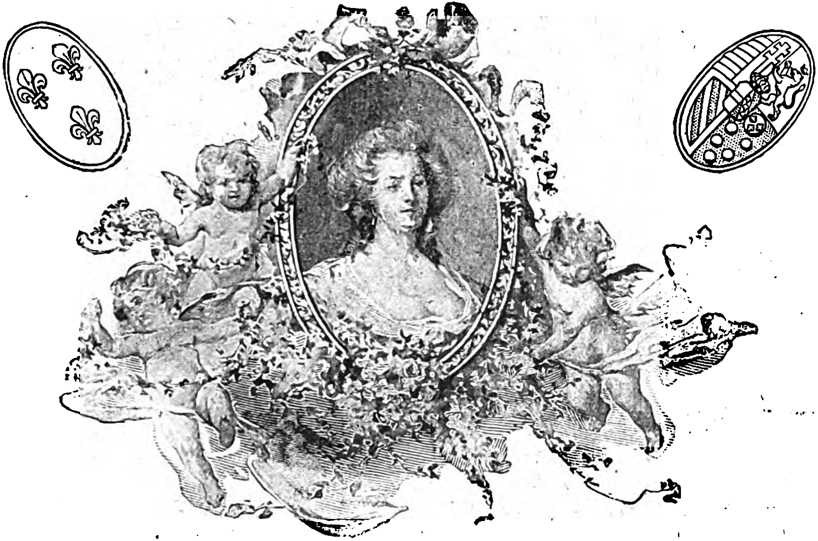
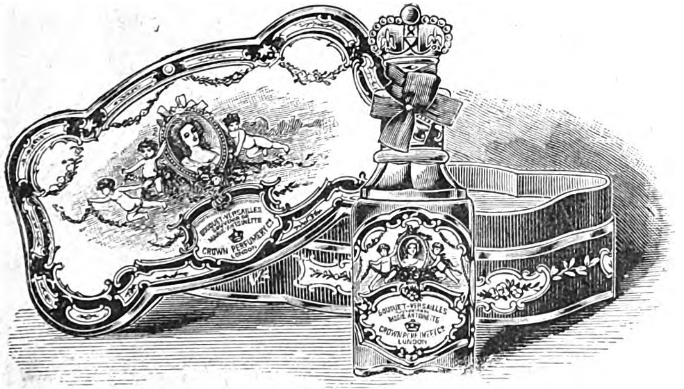


Souvenir of Marie Antoinette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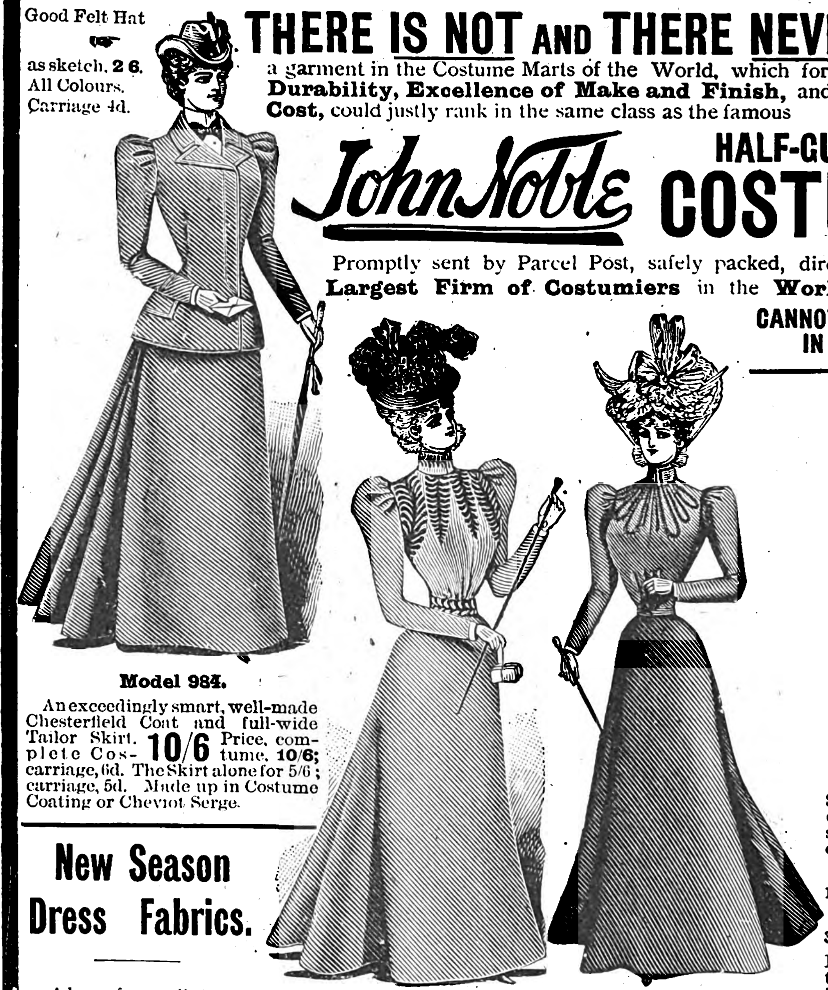

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An exceedingly smart, well-made Chesterfield Coat and full-wide Tailor Skirt. Price, complete Costume, **10/6;** carriage, 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6; carriage, 5d. Made up in Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge. **10/6**

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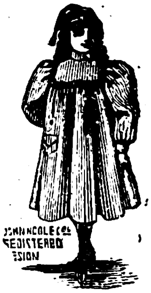

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You can get 1d. packets of Brown or White (Tomato 2d.), and Gravina in tins only, at 6d. and upwards, of any Grocer or Cornchandler.

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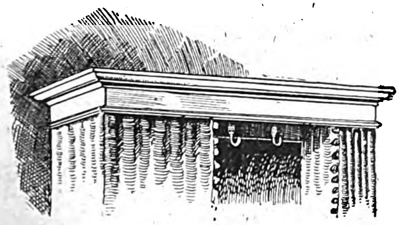

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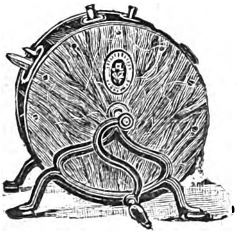

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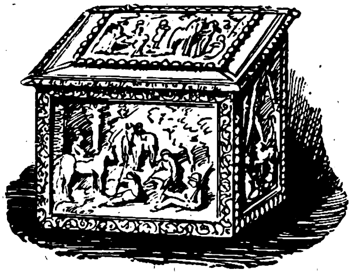

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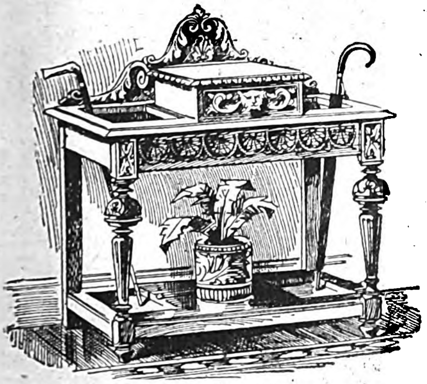

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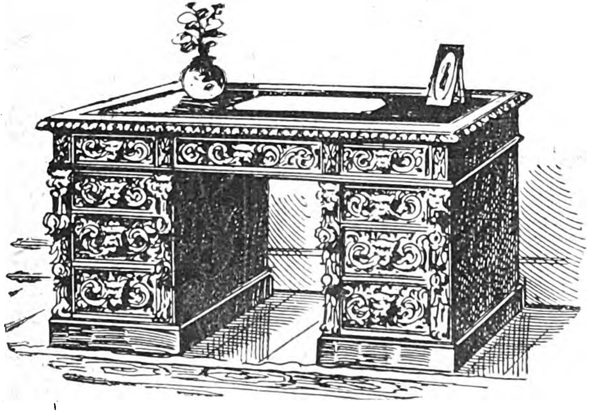

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3 ft. 6 in. wide	... ...	£3 19 6
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3

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3

These three instances will show that this "truly great Cocoa" is the favourite cup in the Palace, and amongst celebrated Scientists:

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III.—That eminent practitioner the late Sir Andrew Clark's invariable advice was: "Let the patient have Schweitzer's Cocoatina, if you please."

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30, Westbourne Grove, London, W. (Paris Depot, 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

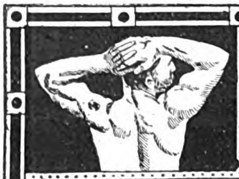

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TABLE SPOONS OR FORKS
6/6 PER DOZ.
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5/6 PER DOZ.
TEA SPOONS
2/3 PER DOZ.
WARRANTED
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THROUGHOUT.

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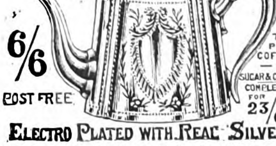
"THE WONDERFUL" TEA POT.



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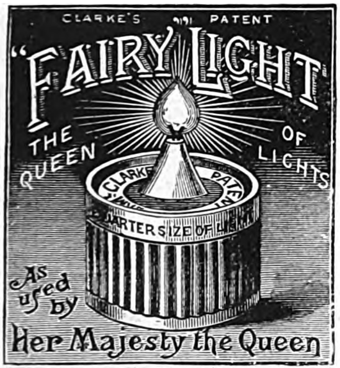
At all Chemists, 7½d. and 1/1½ per Box.

THEY GIVE THE THROAT EASE AND REST!

FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS



"FAIRY" LIGHT.

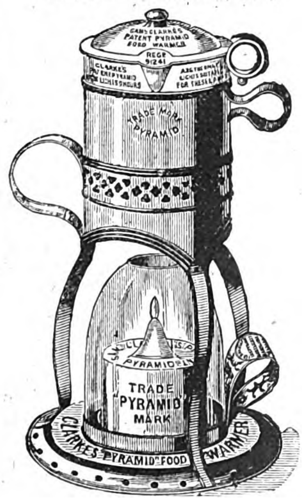
With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

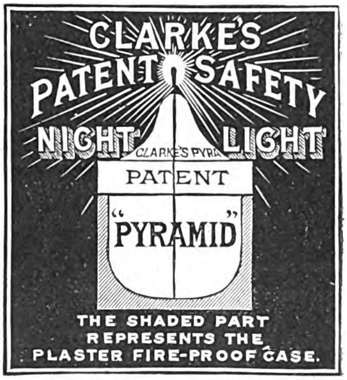
To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

CLARKE'S

"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp

FOOD WARMER.




CLARKE'S PATENT SAFETY NIGHT LIGHT
PATENT
"PYRAMID"
THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

In Patent Fireproof Plaster Casing.

"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours, 12 Lights in Box.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

N.B.—There is no paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of the above Lights, which are the only Lights which can safely be burnt in Lamps.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

TWO CLEVER INVENTIONS FOR THE HAIR.

MOORE'S "ITA" HAIR FASTENER ensures a comfortable and firm coiffure positively without even bruising a hair of the head. When purchasing of your Hairdresser or Draper, see the name is stamped thereon and take no other. Two qualities, **6d.** and **1/-** each.

MOORE'S "SECURE" HAIR SWITCH. Made on the principle of the "ITA," but further in such a manner as to allow hundreds of fine strands of hair to be firmly attached all round the sheath, and thus when fastened on the wearer's head, it has exactly the same appearance of an ordinary "ITA" Hair Fastener, but with the addition of any quantity of hair desired, which being attached in a perfectly natural manner, can be arranged in any prevailing fashion, equal to nature in every respect. Your Hairdresser can obtain this Switch for you, or we will supply direct under cover from **2/6** upwards, according to quantity and quality of hair required. Money returned if not approved of within 7 days.

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COFFEE
Without Dregs.

An Agreeable, Stimulating, and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly prepared and most economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

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ESSENCE OF
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Of all Grocers and Stores, or a sample bottle post free for nine stamps.

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DIRECTIONS
MANUFACTURED BY
NEWBALL & MASON
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EXPELS THE OLD METHOD

Also Try
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MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

Sample bottles of either sent free for 9d., *two assorted*, 1/3, *three assorted*, 1/8.

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Manufacturers: NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

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HIS OWN IMPORTER

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CIGAR SPECIALISTS,
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And at
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FREE SAMPLES.

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The Signature of the Greatest Chemist of the Century. You will see it across every Jar of the Genuine

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There are many inferior substitutes with which the Liebig Company has no connection, so always look for above signature in blue.

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"Bermaline" BREAD.
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.
Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

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Direct from Makers, saving 50 per cent.
Money returned if Goods not Approved of.

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7/6 POST FREE
OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR 24/6
ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives, 6/- doz. Dessert 5/6 doz. Carvers, 3/- pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, 2 6 doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, 5 6 doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, 6 6 doz.

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ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER
THE SUGAR AND CREAM ARE GILT INSIDE.

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Write for our new Catalogue, with hundreds of illustrations. Post free to any address.
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Peach's LACE Curtains
21s DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARR. PAID 21s
POPULAR PARCEL
LOT **825** contains one pair superb **Drawing-room Curtains**, choice rich lace, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 pairs (alike) handsome **Dining-room Curtains**, 3½yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair neat fancy floral **Bedroom Curtains**, 3yds. long; length fine quality **Sash Curtaining**, to make 1 pair; 1 Guipure **Sideboard Cover**, 60in. long, fringed. All Curtains taped. Ecru if desired. Sent carriage paid for **21/-**.
GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 **Lace Covers**, fringed, for dressing-table, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
"The Young Ladies' Journal," May, 1897, says: "We can confidently recommend Peach's Curtains, having proved their wear for many years."
ESTABLISHED 1857. Prize Medals, Chicago, Toronto. 1898 Price List post free. **300** Illustrations of Lace, Frilled Edge, and Swiss Curtains, from 2/- to 60/- per pair. Madras Muslin Laces, &c. Lace Capes, Fichus, &c. Also Hosiery List "Stand-Hard Wear," factory prices. *Lace Edged Roller Blinds, any size, half usual cost. Estimates and Patterns sent.*—**S. PEACH & SONS,** Lister Gate, **Nottingham.**

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Bunions, or Enlarged Toe Joints, when a packet of **THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER** will cure you. It is thin as silk, and removes the pain at once Post free, 14 stamps. Beware of imitations.
TONE UP YOUR SYSTEM and ward off disease by taking **"NERVETONINE."**
It is a Positive Cure for All Nervous Diseases and Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Bottles, 1/9, 2/9 and 4/6, post free from—M. F. THOMPSON, *Homœopathic Chemist*, 17, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW
Ask for Thompson's **"Guide to Health,"** free gratis.

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If you suffer from headache, brain-fag, fatigue and exhaustion you will be glad to know of a cure which is prescribed by all doctors, which is absolutely safe to take, and which acts as an invigorating tonic to the tired and weary brain.
BISHOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE
will speedily clear the brain and remove the most painful headache. It acts like a charm. See that each Label bears the Name of ALFRED BISHOP, and do not accept the worthless imitations often offered by dealers as being the same as BISHOP'S. A booklet on headache sent post free on application to SPECKS FIELDS, 48 SPELMAN ST., LONDON, N.E. Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d. and 2/- per bottle.
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BENGER'S
FOOD FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

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"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of Benger's Food for H.I.M. the Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff."
"Yours truly,
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Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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are indispensable in every lady's waist, and are especially necessary in bicycling, golf and other athletics

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For sale everywhere.

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YOU FEEL a better woman.
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ASK YOUR DRAPER
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For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c.
It softens and Improves the HANDS, FACE and SKIN generally. Still growing in popular favour after 30 years' use. *Beware of Spurious Imitations.* Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Metallic Tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample Tube post free for 6 or 12 stamps from Proprietors.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

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If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine

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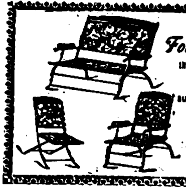

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IN BROCATELLE, SILK, VELVETS, OR SADDLEBAGS.

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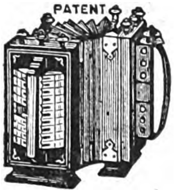

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With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful song, and the merry dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. *No Knowledge of Music required.* Used throughout the world

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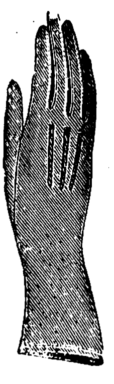

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Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves with rich Fur Tops, **1/11, 2/6, 3/-,** and **3/6** per pair.

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Gentlemen's and Children's Gloves of every description at equally moderate prices.

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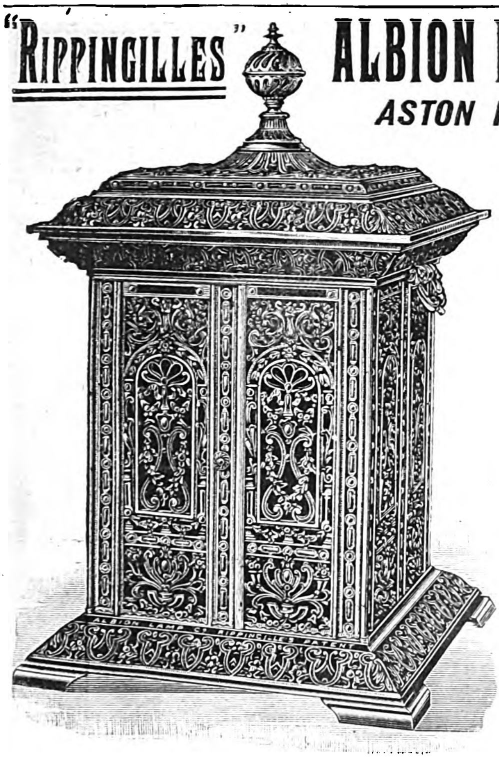
"RIPPINGILLES" ALBION LAMP Co. LTD BIRMINGHAM.

ASTON ROAD. Manufacturers of all kinds of



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LAMPS, LANTERNS, AND COUNTY COUNCIL VEHICLE LAMPS,

Made to suit every requirement.

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Like the Sun.

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Pure Concentrated

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Spreads its beneficent influence all over the World; but, unlike the light-giving orb, it is

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275 GOLD MEDALS & DIPLOMAS.

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40/- WORTH OF DRESS GOODS FOR **20/-**

OUR LUCKY BUNDLE SERIES.

FIVE Dress Lengths of Good Serviceable Materials for 21/-, Carriage Paid.

Money Returned if not approved.

1 dress length of Wool Serge, Habit Cloth, or Cheviot (name your own colours), **12/6**; 1 dress length of Costume Cloth, **10/6**; 1 dress length of good Serge or Tweed, **7/6**; 1 dress length Washing Material for house dress, **5/-**; 1 dress length Printed Cambric, **3/11**; and a blouse length of Fancy Material. Total value, Two Guineas. Our price, carriage paid, **21/-**. *Money returned in full if Goods are not satisfactory.*

Weldon's Journal says:—"These Lucky Bundles give every satisfaction; 21/- thoroughly well invested. It offers excellent value."

Also OUR BEDDING BUNDLE.

At a Discount of 33 per cent. off Drapers' Prices.

1 pair full size Cloth or Whitney Blankets, **15/-**; 1 full size Tapestry, White, or Coloured Counterpane, **6/11**; 1 full size Patent Down Quilt, **10/6**; 1 pair White or Heavy Grey Sheets, **4/11**; 6 yards of White Circular Pillow Cotton, **3/11**. Total, £2 1s. 3d.; less discount, **13/9**. Our price for this marvellous Parcel, **£1 7s. 6d.**, carriage paid. *Send for our Catalogue (Illustrated) of Drapery and Dress Goods at Wholesale Prices.* Please mention Magazine. Cheques and Postal Orders payable to the

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We can save you money if, before buying elsewhere, you see our Rings and Jewellery. We are manufacturers, and we manufacture to sell direct to the public, and therefore save you all intermediate profits.

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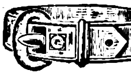

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WIGS Artistic, Hygienic, can be redressed in any style, fit guaranteed, finest workmanship, detection impossible. **£4 4s.**

FRINGES of natural curly and wavy Hair for Cycling, Dancing, Hot Climates, or Sea Voyage, **10/-**, with long hair at back, **15/-**.

TAILS of pure long human Hair, extra fine quality, 20 in. **5/6**, 22 in. **7/6**, 24 in. **10/6**, 26 in. **12/6**. Catalogue Illustrated with Instructions in Hairdressing post free.

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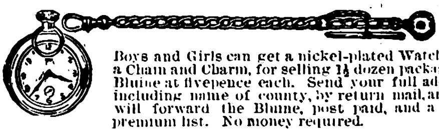


Boys and Girls can get a nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 1½ dozen packages of Bluine at fivepence each. Send your full address, including name of county, by return mail, and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large premium list. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Dept. K, 241, Gipsy Rd., West Norwood, S.E.

Made entirely of White Absorbent Wool.

Southalls' "Sanitary

ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC. **Towels"**

(IMPROVED).

1/-, 1/6, & 2/- per doz.

FREE SAMPLE on application to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham.

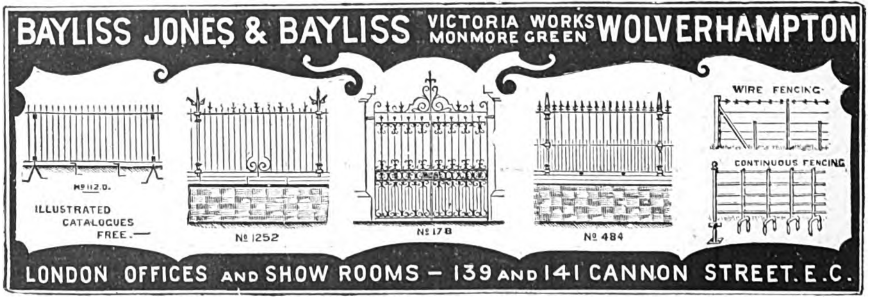
ALSO A CHEAPER MAKE AT 6d. PER DOZEN.

Superior to any Halfpenny "Towel" on the market.

Mixed Sample packets (three of Size 0, one each 1, 2, & 4) post free from the Lady Manager for 8 stamps.

Sold by all Drapers, Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

HURDLES, FENCING, GATES, WIRE NETTING &c.



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AT VERY LOW PRICES. *Please mention this Journal.*

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44 GOLD MEDALS

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Marking Ink

AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS
THE ONLY ORIGINAL & GENUINE, BEARS THE
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GIVEN AWAY & ENCLOSED WITH EVERY 6D.&1S.BOTTLE
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SMELLING BOTTLE
CATARRH CURE

GET RID OF THAT COLD.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S

Catarrh-Cure

SMELLING BOTTLE

Will immediately Cure it. INFLUENZA, CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, NERVOUS HEADACHE, HAY FEVER and NEURALGIA in the Head are at once relieved and effectually cured by it. Is the best remedy for FAINTNESS and DIZZINESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

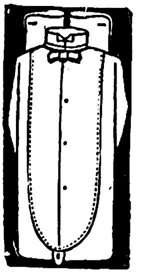
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

If unable to obtain at your Chemist, do not be put off with worthless imitations, but send 14 stamps and it will be sent post free from Sole Proprietors—

Mackenzie's Cure Depot, Reading.

A REVOLUTION
IN THE PRICE OF

WHITE SHIRTS.



Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

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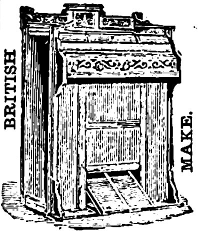

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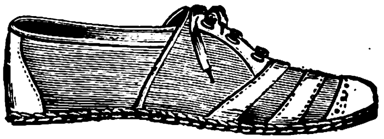

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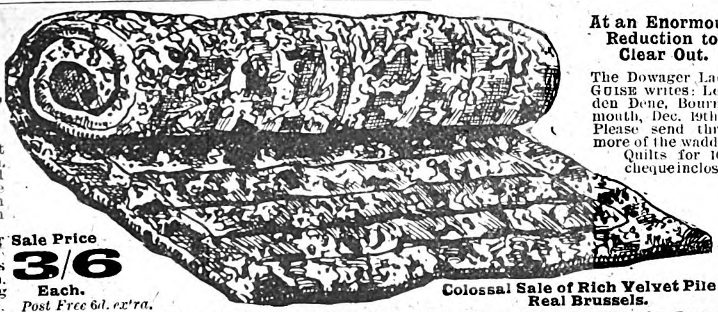

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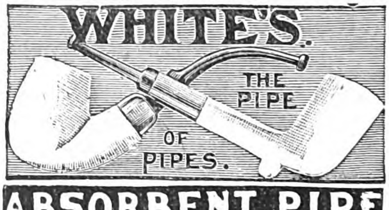
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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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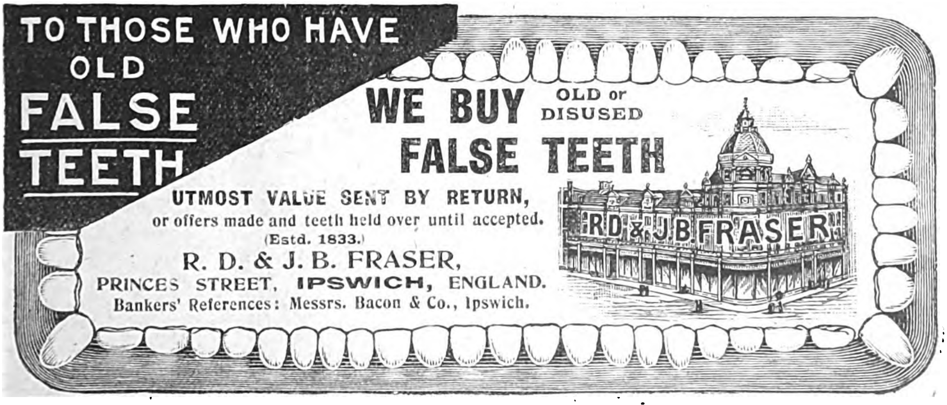

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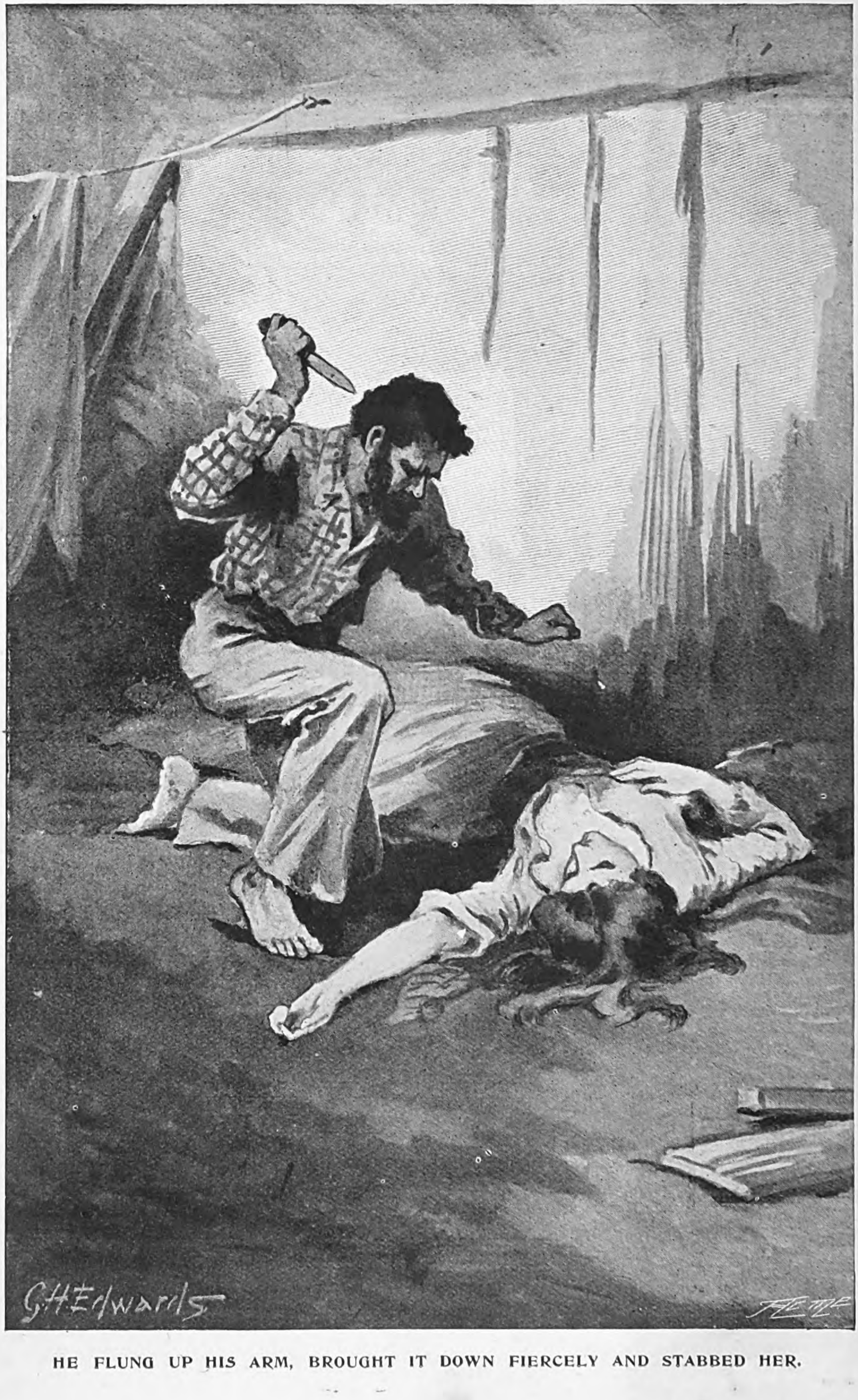

HE FLUNG UP HIS ARM, BROUGHT IT DOWN FIERCELY AND STABBED HER.

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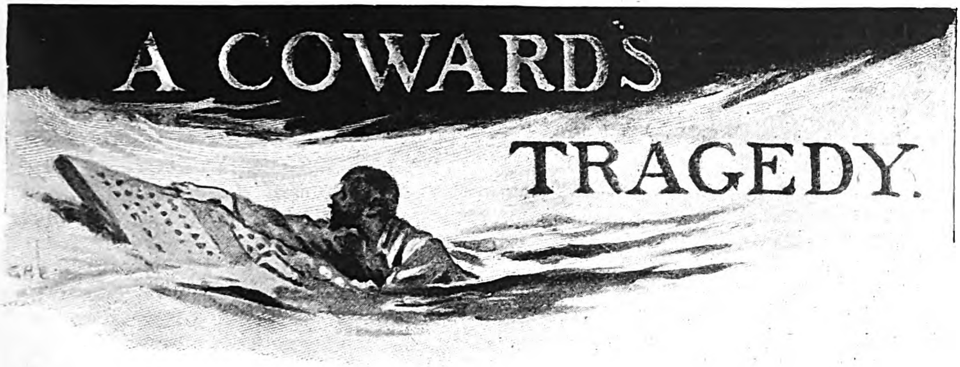

BY TOM GALLON.

IN a dull little town in the Midlands a woman lives out her uneventful life, in wistful hope of release from an existence from which has been shorn away whatever of promised brightness it may have held. She cries in her prayers sometimes for the gift the gods deny—the gift of forgetfulness.

And in an unknown island of the Pacific, rich in the splendour of tropical plants—a little lonely Paradise, far out of the track of passing ships—there are two unmarked and forgotten graves, side by side, where no foot of man ever treads—no human voice is ever heard.

Between the woman in the dull little town and the two graves in the tropical island cropping up out of the sea, there hangs the strangest history, perhaps, that this strange old world can show.

The hero of the story—if such a title may justly be given to any weak and vacillating and sinful man—was a certain Grant Bradberry—a solicitor in respectable practice in a London suburb. Although he was married, it may safely be asserted that he had never actually fallen a victim to the passion of love, in the more emotional sense of the term; athwart his well-ordered days no faintest note of the tragedy we dub life had been heard. From the point of view of good citizenship this was as it always should be; he had married the woman who presided at his table because he liked and respected her, and because she appeared to be a creature of no violent or fatiguing moods, to disturb the even tenour of his days.

He had been well and carefully brought up, with a view to a due observance of the most necessary of the social commandments; his practice was a lucrative one; and he looked forward, under a benign Providence, to a long and honourable life, with a prospective paragraph in the local paper to chronicle his lamented decease, as a just and fitting ending of all things merely earthly.

It is, perhaps, matter for regret that his wife should, for her part, have given him a wholly passionate and idolizing love—given it, too, dumbly enough, with a feminine fear that she might not be understood. That fear kept her mute and helpless—beating her poor wings for ever against the immovable bars of her commonplace, respectable surroundings. There were so many things she learned, from necessity, to keep to herself, that it is small wonder if, after a time, the soul-voice which would have been eager to respond to the least suggestion of sympathy became dulled to a mere whisper, from constant self-communing.

So three years went by, and the husband had fitted his neck well to the quiet burden of life; the wife had grown to look, with something of resigned patience, to those other long years which stretched before her.

Grant Bradberry sat in his office one late summer afternoon, meditatively chewing the feather of a pen. He had that morning almost settled with his wife the place of their annual holiday—a place with well ordered, well-paved streets, electric-lighted, and irreproachable as to drainage, and with a hard and uncompromising esplanade, whereon unbending models of propriety—like unto themselves—walked listlessly, eyeing their fellows, and with but scant thought of the tumbling sea at their feet, or all the God-given glories of wind-swept hillside or tree-shadowed woodland ways elsewhere. But that it was all necessary, from his social standpoint, it is probable that he would not have left town at all.

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Vol. I.—December, 1898.—No. 2.

As he glanced over the wire blinds of the little office into the sunny street, a cab drew up, and a woman got out—a tall, fair woman, with expensive skirts clutched in a well-gloved hand. She disappeared within the open doorway of the house, out of his line of vision, and he sat expectant, until his small clerk came in, and announced that a lady wished to see him. He got up then, and stood with his back to the fireplace awaiting her entry.

In all the after years he tried, again and again, to bring that first meeting before his mental sight, and failed. He tried to remember her as the unknown client, who came into his office as any other client might have done; tried to dismiss from his thoughts the effect that the bold and heavy fairness of the woman, the subtle odours of her, the self-assured grace, had upon him at that first moment.

For the dull man of law discovered an unaccustomed heart-beat in his bosom, a sudden quickening of pulses that had lain unstirred. It has been said that to every man one type of woman will appeal, with certainty of conquest, in the passionate sense; perchance this was the woman, in the case of Grant Bradberry.

He placed a chair for her, and she sank into it, with a little inclination of the head. Her business proved to be of the most ordinary and unromantic description—merely the investment of some small property she possessed. But he found his eyes wandering away from the paper on which he was making notes, and seeking her face; he had to recall himself to a recognition of the business character of the interview more than once.

She gave her name as Mrs. Seale—Deborah Seale. She spoke of her late husband with a decorous and grave sorrow, that yet had in it a suggestion of the injured woman bowing in wifely obedience, from a sense of duty—a delicate desire to forget a perfectly respectable but unpleasant episode. And she finally floated out of the office, with a backward glance of farewell, and stepped gracefully into the waiting cab, and was gone.

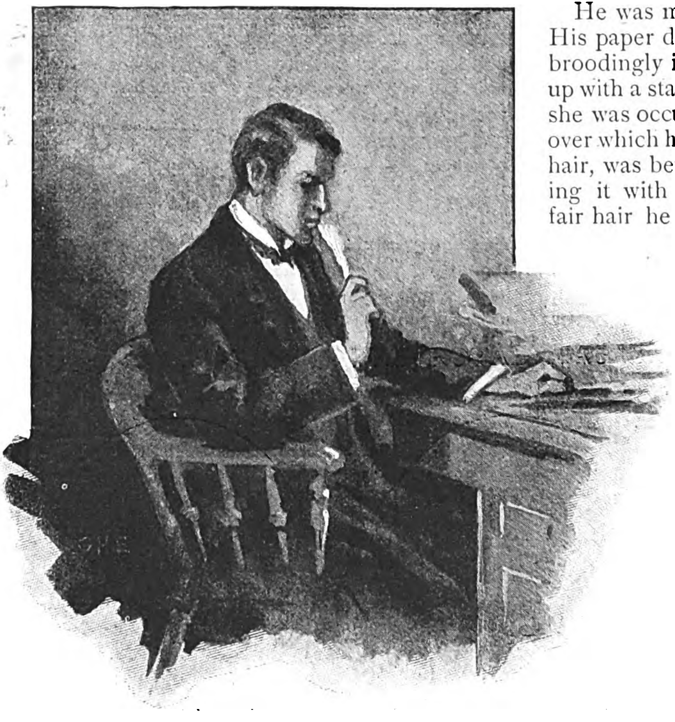
Mr. Grant Bradberry stood looking over the wire blind for some little time after her departure. Presently he glanced round the room, and then, in quite unexpected fashion, muttered an anathema on the place of respectable holidays, of which he had been thinking before her advent.

He was more silent than usual that evening. His paper dropped from his hand as he sat broodingly in his accustomed chair. He sat up with a start presently, and looked at his wife; she was occupied with some light needlework, over which her head, with its smoothly banded hair, was bent. He found himself contrasting it with the disorderly beauty of certain fair hair he had seen that day. There was a growing impatience in his mind at the prim stillness of the soberly clad figure.

When, a few days later, Margaret Bradberry spoke of the holiday, as she might have spoken of any other domestic matter in which her husband happened to be concerned, he startled her by suggesting that she should go alone.

"I find it unadvisable for me to be away from the office just at present, especially for any length of time," he said, wrinkling his brows with a fine air of weight of business. "But I'll run down and see you whenever I can spare a couple of days."

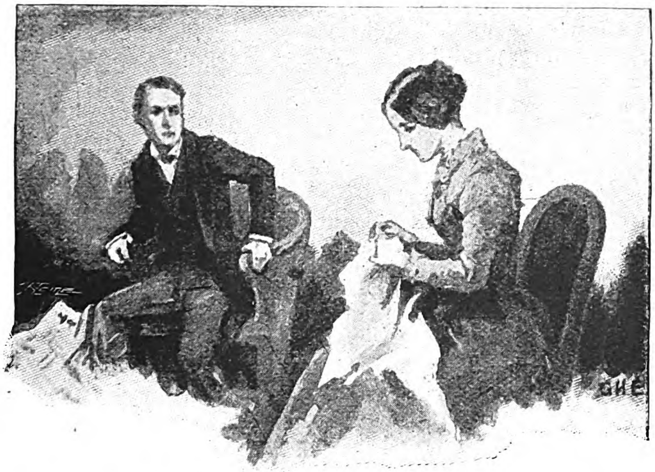
She looked at him curiously,



Grant Bradberry sat in his office one late summer afternoon meditatively chewing the feather of a pen,

her thoughts darting out to find a reason for the change. "I did not know that there were any pressing matters just now," she said. "We can put it off for a week or two, if necessary, dear."

"Oh, no," he replied, without looking at her. "The weather will be breaking up very soon now; you had better go on the date we suggested. As a matter of fact"—he smiled rather lamely—"I do not care for a holiday of complete idleness. But I'll run down and see you frequently."


He sat up with a start presently and looked at his wife.

It was a breaking of the ways and traditions of three years, and it weighed upon her with a vague unrest. But she packed her boxes obediently, and he went to the station with her to see her off; he waved his hand cheerily and smilingly as she disappeared.

"I almost wish I had gone with her," he muttered, as he walked slowly out of the station. "Why should I have stopped in town? And she'll be very lonely down there."

He could scarcely have formulated in words a reason for his conduct. The action had had its birth in a feeling of impatience at the mere thought of that formal watering place, with its mile of white parade; but it was an impatience he had not felt before. "I'll go down to-morrow, and surprise her," he thought, with a sudden contrition.

But he did not go down on the morrow; he moped, in dull fashion, for a week between his office and his silent house, half persuading himself that he liked the new feeling of freedom. And at the end of the week Mrs. Seale again presented herself, for the completion of the business.

She walked in, unannounced, in the gayest, most airy fashion possible; the clerk happened to be out at the time. A sudden truth forced itself upon Grant Bradberry—gripping him sternly, and shaking him to a better understanding of things—that here was the real cause of his presence in London. He tried to flout it, but it clung tenaciously. It weakened the stiff legal armour in which he would have arrayed himself.

"It seems such a shame to trouble you," she said, holding his fingers for a moment, and looking into his face, "about my poor little bit of business—especially as everybody is taking a holiday just now. I'm afraid you *do* think me very troublesome, don't you?"

"Oh! we lawyers mustn't think of that, you know," he said, smiling. Then, as she looked at him as though expecting something more, he flushed, and added: "I am very glad to be able to help you, quite apart from any professional feeling in the matter."

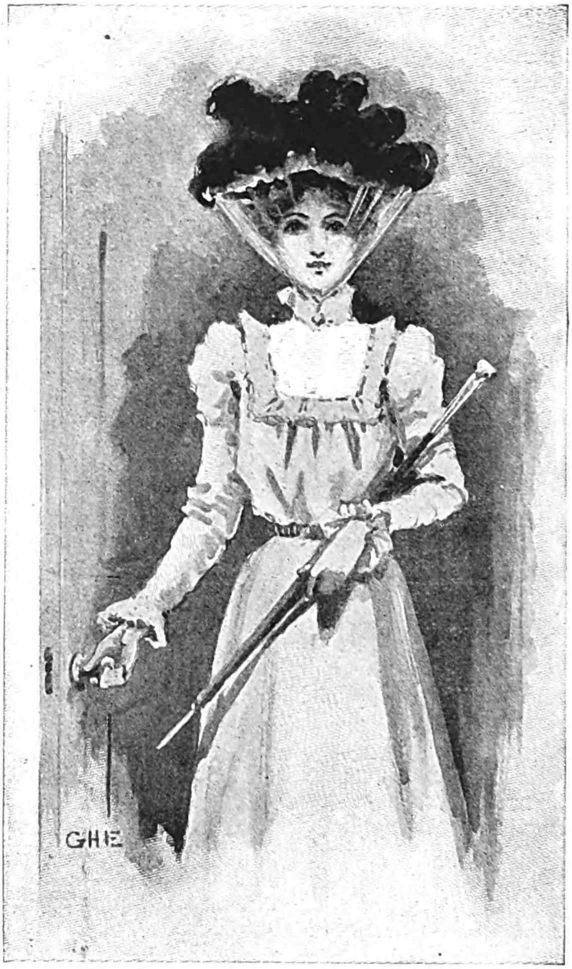
She flashed a glance at him as she sat down; and the long white parade in that formal watering place, and the dull, ordinary figure of the woman waiting there for him, receded to a very remote distance.

The little business interview was soon ended; she found it necessary, in looking over papers with him, to put her head disturbingly near his own, and he found himself glancing sideways at her, with an insane longing to touch the little straying strands of hair that half concealed her small ears. He found it imperative to send his eyes round the dull room, as a species of business reminder; and even to get up, and stand near the fireplace, looking down at her.

It was a very hot day, and the upper parts of the windows were open. The intermittent noise of the suburban traffic floated into them; passing footsteps sounded sharply, and died away; and shadowy figures passed now and then on the other side of the wire blind. There was silence in the room for a few moments, broken only by the heavy ticking of the square wooden clock on the mantelshelf; then she planted her elbows on the table, and put her chin on her palms, and looked up at him. There was a daring familiarity in the attitude, and in the look, and the man smiled.

"Don't you find it horribly dull sitting here all day, with the same street view outside the windows—the same sort of letters to answer—eh?" she asked.

"Oh! one gets used to it; one gets used to anything, you know," he replied, shifting his position a little uneasily, and calling up a quick frown to banish the smile.



She walked in unannounced.

"I suppose so," she said slowly. "But don't you long to get away from it all — you, a man — to rush away somewhere, and find *life*?"

There was a little contemptuous note in her voice that stung him. "I don't quite understand you," he replied. "But I am going away from it all in a day or two for a short holiday. I am going to join my wife."

"Your wife," she said, nodding quietly. "Yes, I thought you would be married; you are the sort of man that would be married." She glanced up quickly at him, and laughed. "It seems strange that I should be talking to you in this fashion, doesn't it? But I seem to have known you quite a long time, although we have only met on two occasions. Have you felt that with people?"

"No," he replied, looking steadily at her, "I don't think I have."

"I liked you the first moment I saw you," she went on, twisting one long glove round her forefinger. "It isn't often that a woman will consent to say that to a man, and that man comparatively a stranger, eh? Oh! I know what you are thinking——" She rose, and began to draw on her glove.

"What?" he asked, smiling again.

She shook her head, and laughed. "Suffice it that I know. Good-bye!" She held out her hand to him. "I suppose we shall not meet again."

"But———" He stopped, holding her hand; his world had been so small—there had been so little necessity in it to suppress any emotion — there had been so little emotion to suppress — that she read all the absurd unfinished sentence completely.

"Our business is finished, you know," she said softly, dropping her eyes. He turned away, and began fumbling over the papers on his desk; she half moved towards the door, and came slowly back again. "I should like to see you again," she said rather nervously, passing her hand softly along the back of a chair, and looking down at the hand. "Won't you call and—and let me thank you?" She looked at the papers he held.

"I should like to do so," he replied quickly. "It would, perhaps, be better; there might—there might be something else to explain."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Seale, with her slow smile, "there might be something else to explain. You know the address," she added;

"come on Thursday, and let me give you some tea."

He had fully intended to go out of town on the Wednesday, at the latest; but he said nothing of that now. They shook hands again, somewhat hastily, and she went away.

She had scarcely left the house before he felt that he must call her back—must tell her—with a very proper coldness, that it was impossible for him to call. But he hesitated, and went and sat down at his desk, looking straight before him, with his chin resting on his knuckles. "I'll write on Wednesday," he muttered at last, "and tell her I've been called out of town."

But on Wednesday he felt that he might see her again; it would show a certain fear of her if he broke his promise. So he went on the following day, and drank tea, and talked, and was instructed in various latter-day boldnesses of thought by her—possible conventional laxities which had not before come within the compass of his reason, and which were proportionately alluring. She stirred depths in him—baser depths—which no other woman could have reached.

The drifting was so gradual, and so little noticed by himself, that but a comparatively short time elapsed before he ceased to regard his frequent visits to Mrs. Seale as having any element of the extraordinary in them. Perhaps it was natural that his wife should be the first to feel the full force of the change of circumstances.

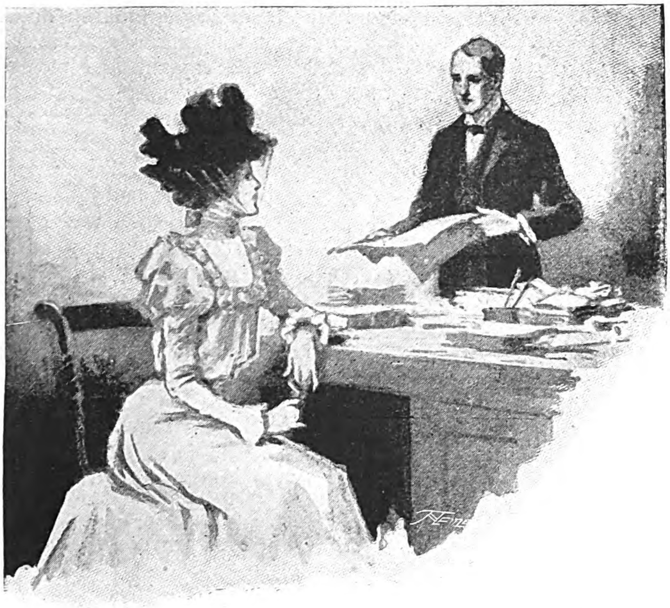
For, being a man of a small soul, he grew to be sneeringly critical of what he deemed her shortcomings; he even brutally declined to show any interest in matters about which she consulted him. The pitiful part of the story is shown in the fact that her love for him never wavered, all unworthy though he was of it.

As he lived in suburban society, and was something of a shining light therein, it may be supposed that tongues soon began to wag about him. He was less often at his office; impatient clients were given various excuses for his absence. And he began to make presents—small at first, but increasing—to Deborah Seale.

The man had lived always on ruled lines of conduct—monotonous, but respectable; the woman knew nothing of rules of conduct, save those which had their birth in impulse; it was but an easy task for her to beat down the prejudices of a man with whom a glance from her eyes was all powerful.

The crash came when she flung herself—with the ardour of the woman tempered with something of the coyness of a broader virtue—at his feet, giving her life into his hands. She chose her moment with discretion; he was buoyed with the thought of the sacrifice she was making, for love's sake. He was unwilling to recognize that he had gone so far; but she weepingly suggested that blind Fate had brought their twin souls together, and that they must bow to its decree.

In quite the accepted fashion, he left a note for his wife—a thing so meanly brutal that it might have killed her belief in him for all time. But her poor rage, even then, was for the woman who had drawn him away. She



"I liked you the first moment I saw you," she went on, twisting one long glove round her forefinger.

was weak enough to cherish a wild hope that he would come back to her, in some better time; she carried her sorrow to that dull house in the midland town, where no one knew her, and where she lived quietly on her small fortune. And there our story leaves her; for she waits there still, although she has long since given up hope that the man will come back to her, repentant. She knows but a small part of all that followed.

Grant Bradberry—with a feeble, trembling feeling that this was life, full, and daring, and defiant, at last—fled with the woman; in imagination he saw a shocked world held breathless by the event.

His disgraceful honeymoon lasted longer than might have been expected—almost three months. He had quite failed to reckon with the woman—he was quite incapable of doing so—and one day she left him, with a characteristic little note.

> "Sometimes I hate you; sometimes—more rarely—I love you; generally, I despise myself. We are pulling in opposite ways, you and I; I am the stronger, and so I end it. Good-bye!"

He came back to England then, and tried to take up the threads of his neglected business, and failed. For his world of respectability would have none of him; he found the old ways of peaceful industry closed to him.

It is too long and too sordid a story to dwell upon; he gradually turned his back on virtuous things, and, reckless and despairing, went fast upon that road which leads to shady ways—forced to it, if he would live at all. He dabbled in things from which his soul would have shrunk appalled in earlier times

Once only a gleam of light shone across his path, and that was when the woman who had been the cause of his undoing came to him again, and, with something of pity for him, half contemptuous, shared his fate again for a time. But, wayward and purposeless as ever, she left him, in quite a short time, and he went a little faster on the shady road in consequence.

Years do not count in such a life; one measures time by episode. Suffice it that he did something a little more daring—a little nearer the border than usual—and the dogs of the law, watchful, sprang up. He saved himself by flight, and—hunted and broken and penniless—shipped before the mast, under another name, in a small trading vessel lying in the harbour of a seaport town, and bound for the other side of the world.

It was a far worse experience than anything he had previously known, and he would probably have ended the matter by a leap overboard some dark night, but that he clung, even now, with cowardly tenacity to mere existence. He felt that he had gone down to the depths, and that Fate could have but little worse in store for him.

He held but little talk with his fellows; his one desire was to get across the sea and escape; there was a dim hope within him that he might start life again, in a sense, in another atmosphere.

But Fate had not finished his sorry comedy yet. As he leant dejectedly against the wooden taffrail one moonlight night, while the vessel lay becalmed, he saw the cloaked figure of a woman cross the deck and lean over the side, looking down into the water. Some remembrance of a story he had heard that the captain had brought his wife with him flashed across his mind, and he dismissed the matter.

But the woman, seeing him standing there, moved slowly towards him; the hooded cloak she wore had fallen back, and her face stood out, distinct and clear, in the moonlight. She came forward slowly enough, with a little flaunting movement of her skirts which struck him as being familiar. Then, as she got nearer, she leaned quickly towards him, looking at him searchingly, and clasped her hands, and came forward almost at a run.

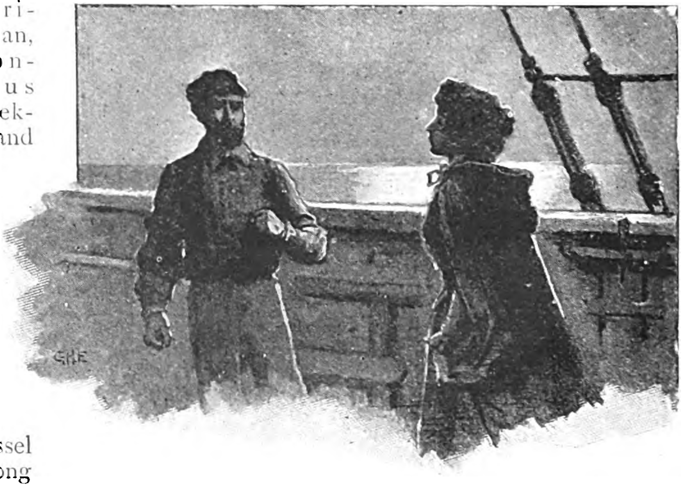
"God of Heaven!" she cried. "You!"

He caught blindly at the rail—groping for it—and swayed there unsteadily. "It isn't true," he muttered—"it can't be. This is some devilish trick."

The woman laughed, and came nearer, and stood beside him—looking at him out of half-closed eyes—bringing back, like the dash of cold water in his face, the remembrance of days of his respectability, when she had first smiled on him in that fashion, with her elbows resting on a desk and her chin propped on her hands. All that time seemed far back now, viewed with his dejected eyes—far away in some age remote—before the history of written things.

"Providence plays strange tricks," she said—"stranger with you than with me, perhaps. I was marked out for this life—branded and shaped for it from the beginning. You were marked for a path of respectability and unimportant virtue—virtue so small that it could hold no slightest suggestion of temptation." She threw back her head and laughed. "Then *I* came, and virtue fled appalled."

praying, and trembling, and fearful—to a grating, wet to the skin, and parleying with Death itself. All around was the blackness of the night, with the leaping, moaning waters dashing at them and falling away again with vague mutterings, while the little vessel plunged headlong through the darkness, groaning, and complaining, and rattling—a little, lost, vain contrivance of man, at the contemptuous sport of shrieking wind and hurrying water.



"Providence played such strange tricks," she said, "stranger with you than me, perhaps."

Long before the day dawned, while the storm was yet at its height, the little vessel drove headlong on to a reef, hidden under a white line of churning foam, and went to pieces in a few minutes. Grant Bradberry had clung to his grating—beating off with his naked hand one gasping wretch who clung to it—and was tossed with it far up on a shore, and left there senseless, with the life half beaten out of him.

The storm went as rapidly as it had sprung up; the morning sun, shining out over the gently-rocking ocean, revived him, and he sat up, shivering and looking about him. A few broken timbers, standing up like the blackened bones of a skeleton from the waters, was all that was left of the vessel. Near at hand the body of a man—huddled up, broken, and lifeless, with its head half thrust into the sand—was lying.

He was bruised and stiff and hungry, and an awful sense of loneliness seemed to come over him. He crawled a little way along the sands to where the body lay, and turned it over, and peered into its face; the man was quite dead, and he drew back from it with a shudder. Presently he managed to get to his feet, and staggered rather than walked up the gentle slope which led from the shore into the thickness of a beautiful wood, with strange unknown plants and shrubs all about him. And, coming out suddenly on an eminence, he looked round, and saw that he was on a little island, protected on one side—the side where the wrecked vessel lay—with a long reef of rocks, peeping up above the water here and there. In horrible ingratitude, he stood up there, shaking and shivering in his wet clothes, and solemnly cursed God who had flung him out there to perish; he had no thought for the fact that apparently he alone had been saved from the wreck.

He was turning to retrace his steps down to the shore, when he saw below him something moving slowly and painfully along — stopping every now and then to glance round, and then hobbling on again. He stood there for a moment, with his mouth wide open, and his eyes staring; and then went down the slope through the little wood at a run, stumbling over the uneven ground, and tearing his hands and face against branches that swept about him—yet never for an instant taking his eyes off the halting figure below him. For it was the figure of a woman.

He came stumbling out on to the sands, and the woman turned with a cry, and sank down almost at his feet; he stood there with clenched hands, looking at her.

"Again!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "Was there no living creature of them all God could cast up here but you?"

She looked up at him, and shook her wet hair out of her eyes, and smiled. "It's Fate," she said, weakly; and then fainted and rolled over on the sands. He left her lying there, and walked away and sat down at some distance, supporting his head in his hands and staring out to sea.

Later in the day he managed to find some shell fish and a few fruits, and eagerly devoured them. He scraped a hollow in the sand, and dragged the body of the dead man into it and covered it up, and stamped the sand down hard upon it. Later still he built a fire—he had found some matches in a closed case in an inner pocket, and had managed to dry them—and sat huddled over it. Then the woman came out of the wood and crept near it, stretching out her hands to the blaze; with an oath he sprang up and walked away into the darkness, leaving her there, calling after him. For three days and three nights he kept aloof from her; he turned sharply away when she drew near, and struck off in another direction. Then hunger mastered all other feelings, and drove him churlishly to her; for he found, by stealthily watching her, that she was quicker at finding means of sustenance than he was, and his man's instinct taught him to rely upon her superior strategy.

"I am hungry," he said, sullenly, as he came near her; "I can find nothing to eat in this infernal place."

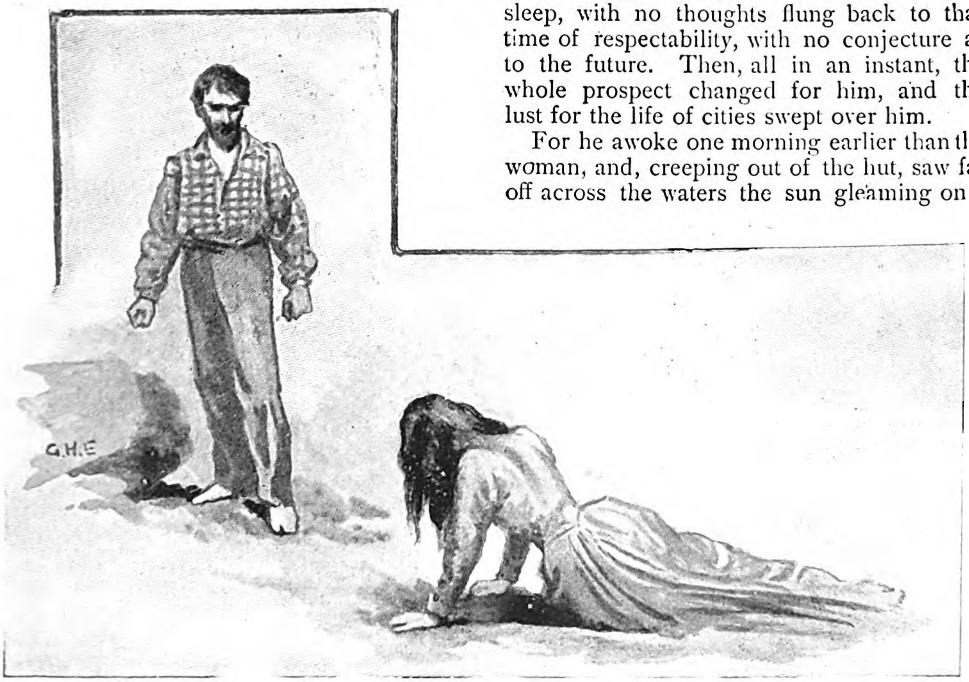
"And starvation drives you to me," she said, with a laugh. "I had hoped that something better would have done it; but one thing is as good as another, I suppose. Even here, you are a useless creature without a woman to help you. There is nothing of the primitive animal aboutyou, I'm afraid."

Thereafter she provided for him, so far as it was possible to provide for anyone in that place. There would have been plenty for those experienced to obtain it; for them it was a hard fight to sustain life at all.

In justice let it be said that the woman—so much more daring, so much more resourceful than he could ever have been—was in all things the braver and the stronger. She never flagged, never wearied; she never complained; feminine to the last, she used her coquetries there, in her sea-washed rags, as she had used them through all her strange life before—moulding him to her will, laughing and jesting him out of his moods, and adapting herself to the life as completely and as rapidly as though she had never lived any other. She encouraged and helped him to build a hut out of some of the timbers which had been washed ashore from the wreck; she invited him to share it with her, with all the lowering of eyelids and alluring arts with which a princess in splendid robe might have wooed a prince to her bower; she made of the commonest circumstance of life a delicacy, a fantasy, which was, after all, lost upon him.

For many months they lived there, the woman, by hard experience, learning better how to provide for their wants as time went on; the man simply dragging out each day as it came, content to lie in the sun and sleep, with no thoughts flung back to that time of respectability, with no conjecture as to the future. Then, all in an instant, the whole prospect changed for him, and the lust for the life of cities swept over him.

For he awoke one morning earlier than the woman, and, creeping out of the hut, saw far off across the waters the sun gleaming on a

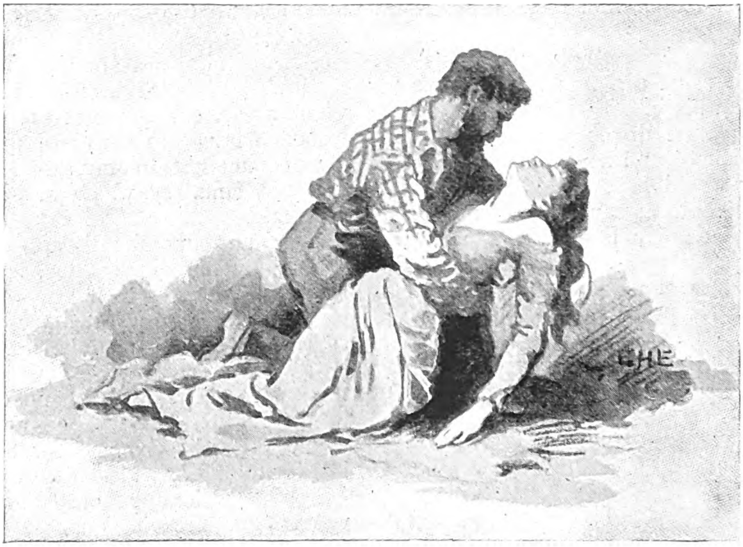


The woman turned with a cry and sank down almost at his feet.

sail. He knelt there on the sands, with clasped hands, gabbling incoherent, half-forgotten prayers, and straining his eyes to know whether the sail was growing bigger or merely receding out of sight; even in the midst of his prayers he cursed the darkness through which he had slept, and in which the vessel might have passed the island.

Slowly, he saw it grow larger and draw nearer, and then, while it was still a tiny speck, far off across the ocean, he knelt there, hugging himself with his arms, and building plans for a future in a land where men dwelt.

Suddenly, as he knelt, a quick thought flashed to him, striking him like a blow. If the vessel saved him it saved the woman too; it took them together, more strongly knit even than before, to begin life again in the old way, as though this had never happened.



He got her out, and held her to his breast and tried to peer into the eyes which would never look into his again.

He had no thought for his dependence on her—no remembrance of the loyalty she had shown him; he saw only a chance here of life again, as he knew the meaning of the word—and always with him was the woman who had dogged him like a Fate and been his undoing. There was no feeling in his mind that he had caught her hand willingly, and willingly trodden the road which ended in oblivion; in his one-sided judgment she alone was the transgressor—he the victim.

He sank down on the sands, with his fingers clutching his lips, and stared out at the sail—still growing larger. "If they take me—they take her; there is no chance of a new beginning—no hope of amendment. Fate will hold me to her to the last."

With a sudden trembling hurry upon him he crept back over the sands and into the hut; the woman still lay sleeping. The sailor who had been washed ashore, and whose body he had buried, had had strapped round him a heavy knife in a sheath; it lay in a corner now. Noiselessly he crawled across the floor to it, and picked it up, and came back again, and bent over the woman. Then, as she turned in her sleep, smiling, and seemed about to awake, he flung up his arm, and brought it down fiercely, and stabbed her where her white breast lay uncovered; she made a convulsive movement—then lay quite still.

Shaking from head to foot, and with the knowledge upon him that the moments were galloping swiftly by, and that each brought him nearer to discovery, he contrived to drag the body from the hut, and out through the woods to a lonely place he knew there; and started—trembling, and tearing at the earth like a wild beast—to dig a grave for it. In an incredibly short space of time, with the aid of a sharpened stick with which he had been used to dig for roots, he hollowed out a shallow trough, and dragged the fearful thing in, and covered it up, and stamped it down with his feet. Then, with the cunning which the desperate business had taught him, he staggered back to the hut and hid the knife, and came racing out upon the sands again, stumbling and reeling as he ran like a drunken creature.

The sail was gone.

He strained his eyes in every direction; shrieked aloud, and flung up his arms; even tore the wretched fragment of a shirt from his body, and waved it aloft. He fell on the sands, beating his head with his clenched fists like a madman, and crying horrible blasphemies; sprang up, and ran breast high into the sea, as though he would have overtaken the vessel in that fashion. Finally, he started to run round the very verge of the island, with his naked feet plunging and ploughing through the water which fringed the sands; he had a vain hope that the vessel might have skirted the island, and be farther round on the other side. His despairing voice fell sometimes to a querulous whisper, rose sometimes to a shriek. But he completed the circuit of the island, and no faintest speck broke the pitiless line of the horizon.

Then another dreadful thought came to him; he was alone. Alone in that place where he had never been alone before, with the memory of his crime to haunt him, with the night, and endless other nights, to sweep down upon him, in that fair Paradise he had turned, in one mad moment, into a charnel-house. He dared not think of it; he flung himself prone on the sand again, and hid his face, and cried out with the horror of it.

But she might not be dead. That thought came as suddenly and strongly to him as though it had been whispered in his ear. He scrambled to his feet, with a new light on his haggard face, and went racing up through the woods to the place where he had buried her. There, crying her name, and alternately laughing and sobbing, he began to fling aside the earth which covered her, to drag her again within his sight. He cursed every stick and stone and fragment of earth which covered her, as he tore them aside; and, in the midst of his cursing, called her by every sweet and endearing name he could formulate; and cried that all was well, and that he had not meant to harm her—his beloved!

He got her out, and held her to his breast, and kissed her lips, and tried to peer into the eyes which never would look into his again; he tried, with trembling fingers, to close the gaping wound he had made. For hours he held her fast in his arms beside the open grave, rocking her gently, and whispering old love words to her; until the kindly night came on, and hid them both.

It is mercifully to be hoped that he died then, before another day broke. Over a year later a little English sailing-vessel really came to the island, and, lying becalmed some distance away, put off a boat and landed some men to explore the place. They found the bodies—or the skeletons of them—with their few rags still clinging to them; and, with no thought or knowledge of the tragedy, and with nothing discoverable which could give a clue to their identity, they buried them side by side in the woods, and went away again in their boat. And in that grave they sleep together till the end of Time.

Spite Hall.

Rudyard Villa, nestling amidst a clump of trees, boasted a panorama that included all the valley and Lake of Rudyard. As the outcome of a political quarrel, the unsightly structure we give a picture of was built, and Rudyard Villa was shut in on all sides with nothing better in front than the back of an ugly dwelling and a row of grinning griffins perched maliciously along the roof. The glorious view had gone, and, so it is said, for no better reason than the deliberate wish to annoy and spite a political opponent.

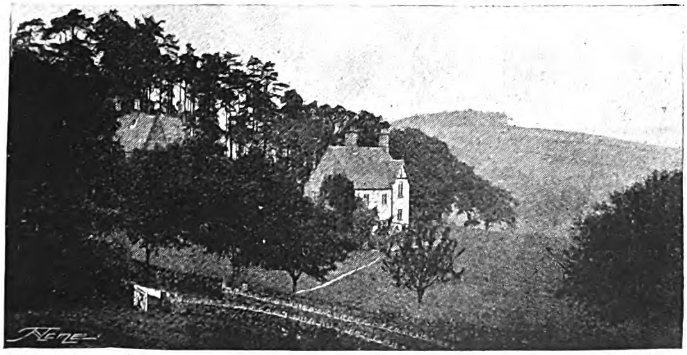


Photo by E. F. Warr

A dwelling built by an eccentric old gentleman for the one purpose of spoiling the view of the house amid the trees.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Geo. M. Walker.

One of the greatest charms of photography is undoubtedly its versatility, if one may say so, for it certainly does not limit one to any particular subject or class of work. Yet the most successful workers in photography will be found to confine their attention to one particular subject, just as in the major world of painting we find one artist who is known as a marine, another as a figure, and another as a landscape painter, and so on. Whilst this specialisation is undoubtedly the very best thing that can happen in painting, it must of necessity mean that directly the artist goes outside his own particular subject he is apt to produce work which is neither correct in drawing nor successful in colour. In photography, however, there is no possibility of false drawing, and colour we have nothing to do with. Nevertheless, in photography the specialist who forsakes his own particular style may not produce quite as successful a picture, from the artistic point of view, as he would have in his own particular line.

Specialisation has led to the formation of certain schools in photography, but unfortunately the use of the camera is now so easy that a servile imitation is too often to be met with. For instance, a few years ago someone discovered that he could make a successful picture by utilising the whole of his print for his landscape, with the exception of about an inch of sky at the top. Next year there was a host of imitators of this particular style. Then someone else happily discovered that if he used a big sheet of paper and printed from a landscape negative on one half, and from a sky negative on the other, he would improve matters. He did so, and with the result that we have unstinted half and half pictures.

Then again, some one discovers that a foggy day in November, with trees dripping with damp, and sodden leaves squelching under foot may make a picture, and that the squares or streets in London also lend themselves to pictorial treatment under similar conditions. The

Photo by W. D. Welford.

Market Woman at Antwerp.

hidden irony of the title, admire both artist and model. One instinctively recalls that old song:

> "Myself by denial I mortify,
> With a dainty bit of warden pie;
> I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth for my sin,
> With old sack wine I'm lined within."

Here we have no ascetic, mortifying the flesh on bread and water, but rather the jovial old friar, who recks little of his one fast day, so well does he live for the rest of the week. It is obvious that this is an outdoor study, as it should be, and one may well imagine that our holy brother has just left his stream and has met one or other of his brethren, who greets him with the question, "What luck, for to-morrow will be Friday?" And the obvious answer is the pleased smile and the uplifted string of fish.

The other illustrations speak for themselves, and prove the capabilities of the camera to record the various phases and incidents of every-day life, from the old stall-keeper in Antwerp Market to the little child feeding his pets.

I have already spoken of the facility of camera production, but it must not be understood from this that the best work can be turned out haphazard by the novice who has not possessed his camera more than a month or two. The fact that photography is within the reach of anyone who can press the button, and that even the crudest productions have some pretensions to be called pictorial, has made the amateur photographer a typical figure, not only on the stage, but also in the comic papers. Yet, to achieve success, to obtain mastery over the tools and appliances which are now so lavishly placed at the disposal of amateurs, there is a considerable amount of real hard work required.

What is wanted at the present time in photography is cultivation of taste, both by

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

Feeding his Pets.

reading, by visiting of picture galleries, and by careful study of means employed by the old masters to attain their effects. Of course it may be said that to go to the painter for inspiration is by no means easy, because he employs colour, whereas photography does not give us this. This is quite true, but the old masters employed a certain system of composition, a definite arrangement of light and shade irrespective of colour. It is just this that the photographer at the present time must be able to grasp and put into his picture before he can hope to produce a result which will strike the average onlooker, and carry the lesson intended by the photographer to his mind.

Photography is, as a rule, but a hobby, and therefore it may seem absurd to take it up seriously and devote time to it, to make a study of it. Yet what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and it is only by this careful and systematic study and work, by the cultivation of the higher tastes, that the top of the tree can be gained.

And above all things the suppression of all but the absolutely best is a *sine quâ non*. The man who walks out with his camera loaded with material sufficient for 50 or 100 exposures, and comes back with every-one exposed, and then exhibits proudly his 100 prints, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is not the man to make a successful photographer. The patient man who is content to go out with his camera, and wait hours for a particular effect, who will, if necessary, go again and again to the same place, until he has obtained just what he wants, who, even then, sees that it might be possible to still further improve his picture: this is the man who will turn out the best results —results which are distinctly works of art.

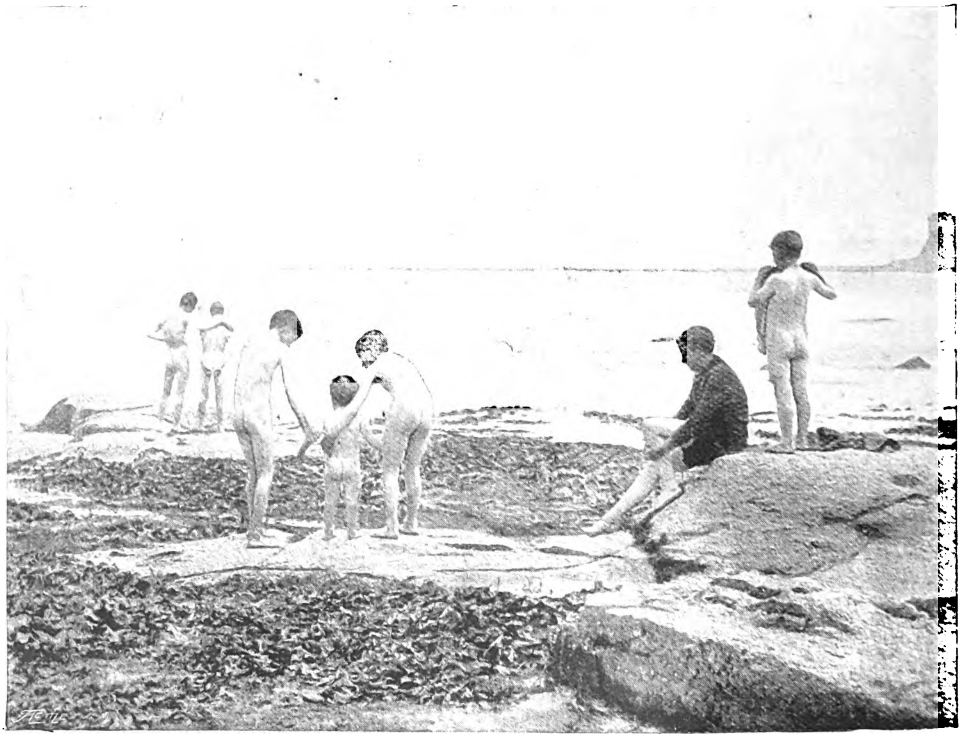


Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe.

Sea Urchins.

It is quite immaterial what the subject may be, for the chief object should be to obtain a really artistic result, not a haphazard, commonplace photograph. Every photograph should convey to the observer something more than the bare fact that it is a photograph. As one advances in photography it is possible to put into the results obtained one's individuality, to impress the lifeless picture with some of the subtlety of the individual mind. But to do this photography becomes, as has been aptly stated by a recent American writer, no longer a pastime, but a strenuous study.

Having realised this many will doubtless call to memory the well known anecdote about the philosopher Herbert Spencer. It has been again brought to my mind by an article I have just been reading in which the author quotes the anecdote apropos of the very same subject:—"The philosopher, Herbert Spencer, whose only exercise is playing billiards, strolled one afternoon into a public billiard-room, and promptly challenged a man he found lounging there to a game of billiards. They baulked for the first shot. Mr. Spencer won and led off. When his opponent came to play, he put the chalk in his pocket and went at it in professional fashion, running out a winner in one break. Mr. Spencer walked to where his coat was hanging, and as he passed the stranger he said to him: 'Sir, I have always considered the game of billiards an innocent amusement, and a game well adapted to the recreation of a student. But, sir, when a man plays it as you play, it is strong presumptive evidence of a wasted youth. Good afternoon, sir.'"

Photo by Slater, Llandudno

Two Pets in a Pram.

One may well wonder whether after having made a serious study of the subject, having taken it *au serieux*, there will not be an occasional Herbert Spencer who may rebuke you in the same way. This may be, but it is doubtful whether the occasion ever will arise. I fear that few, if any, will take up photography as seriously as, for instance, many do billiards. Few have the time even if they had the inclination, and such is the ease with which excellent effects can be produced, that few will think it necessary.

I have already spoken of the prevalence of certain schools in photography, and, whilst it is a matter of regret that there is so much want of originality, there is, curiously enough, also the danger, and a very great danger, that originality or the craving for it may be carried to excess and become eccentricity.

Whilst recommending the careful study of good works of art the photographer must beware of the danger of servile imitation of certain styles of certain painters. To be guilty of this is as bad as the copying the styles of the other photographers.

Nor is it necessary to gain originality by *bizarre* effects in colour, in surface, or in framing. It is not art to cut a photograph down to such a form as to give it an odd shape. A portrait of a man or woman with the back of his or her head cut right off by the frame or mount does not make it a work of art, nor is a poor picture framed out of the centre, or a frame with metal plaques and bits of coloured glass let into it sufficient to do more than raise a smile of derision and pity at the man who can sink to such depths in order to redeem the mediocrity of his prints or to attract attention. The less obtrusive the mounting and framing is the better the general effect, as a rule; and whilst we have to some extent improved by the abolition of the white mount with gaudy lines, &c., we run a great danger of reaching the other extreme.

It is only to be hoped that the general common sense of the great body of photographers, and the sober-mindedness of the

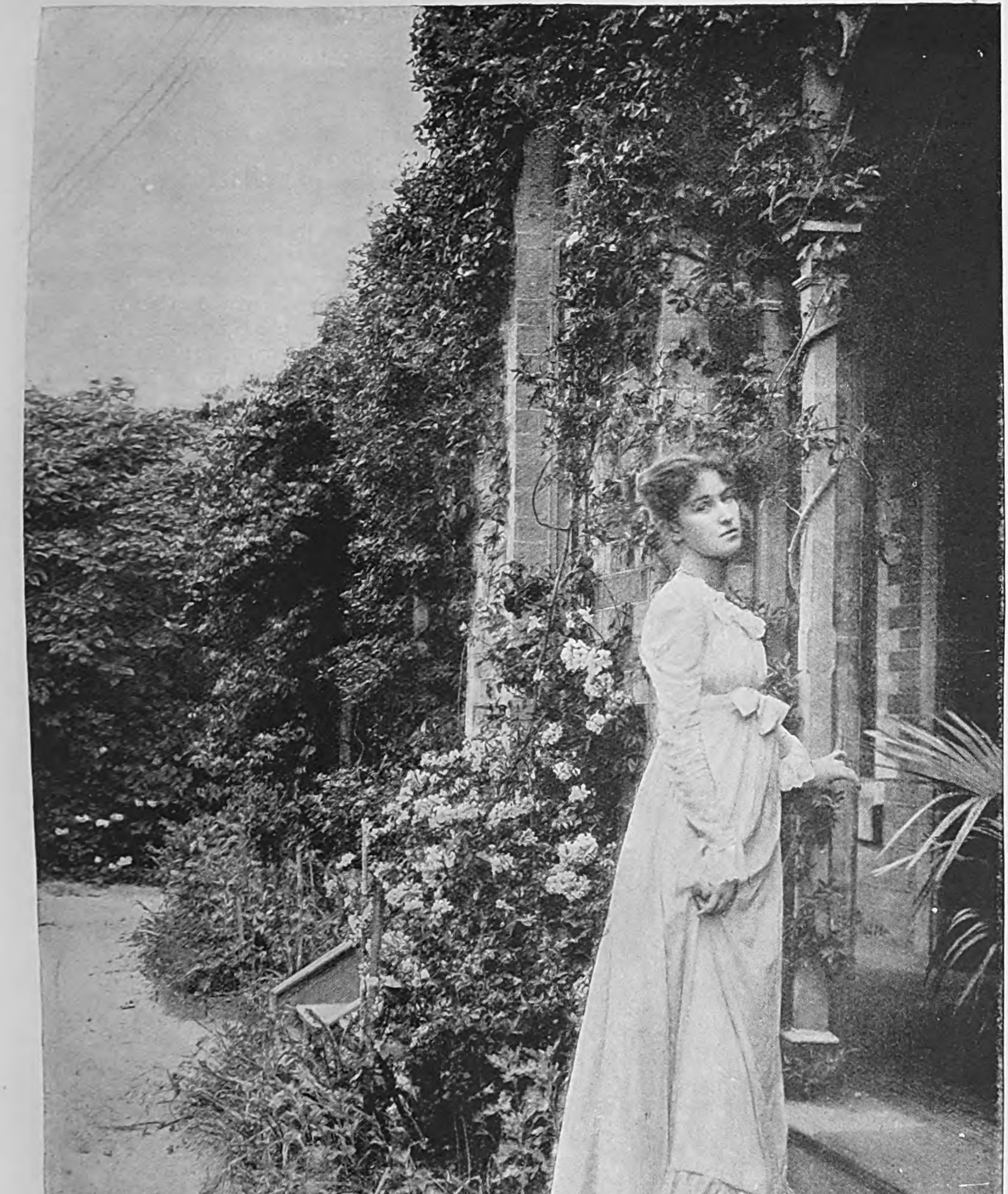


Photo by B. Thornley

GOOD-BYE.

the public generally, who, after all, exercise considerable influence, both directly and indirectly, will preserve the art of the camera from becoming absurd and ridiculous at the bidding of the few.

Possibly one of the most striking lessons to be learnt from the work of Mr. John E. Dumont is the power of the camera in capable hands of turning out work which is stamped with individuality. To those who have for years been attending photographic exhibitions, it is possible to pick out from pictures on the walls certain prints, and state at once that they are by a certain worker; and Mr. Dumont stamps his work with a particular style which one at once recognises.

If Zola was right in his definition that art is "nature seen through the temperament of the producer," then photography is an art. There is a danger, however, in "individuality." It may degenerate into a style or fashion. The worker may get into a groove from which he cannot escape, and one becomes satiated with it, and feels that there is yet wanting something of the artist in the worker.

To many who use the camera as a means of pictorial expression, "individuality" is a thing quite unknown. They have absolutely no originality, and are content to slavishly copy one particular school or one particular worker, and, although they cannot themselves see nature in the moods in which the leader of any particular style does, yet they are sufficiently conversant with the various details of the processes to be able to copy not only his particular scheme of composition, but also the particular tricks and dodges by which he gains his effects.

Possibly no more striking example of individuality in photography is to be met with than when several photographers make an excursion into the country. Then it is very usual for them to practically work together, to take the same scenes at the same time, and even sometimes from the same standpoint. Yet on seeing the resultant prints, the difference is extraordinary. The one presents us with a topographical view from which the place might easily be recognised, but the other gives us a picture of the place as seen through his own individuality, from which one might possibly, but not necessarily, locate the particular spot.

At the present time, when the two great exhibitions of the photographic year have just closed their doors, one cannot help but feel that never was there at any particular time so great an advance on the pictorial side in photography. But borne in upon one also is the uncomfortable feeling that

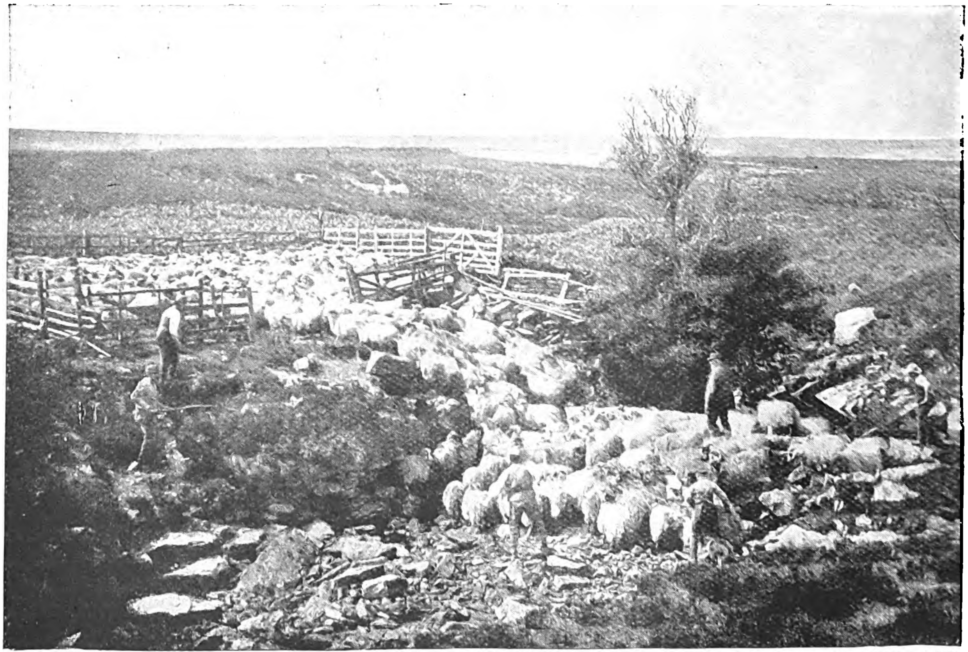


Photo by F. M. Sutcliff.

Mustering Sheep.

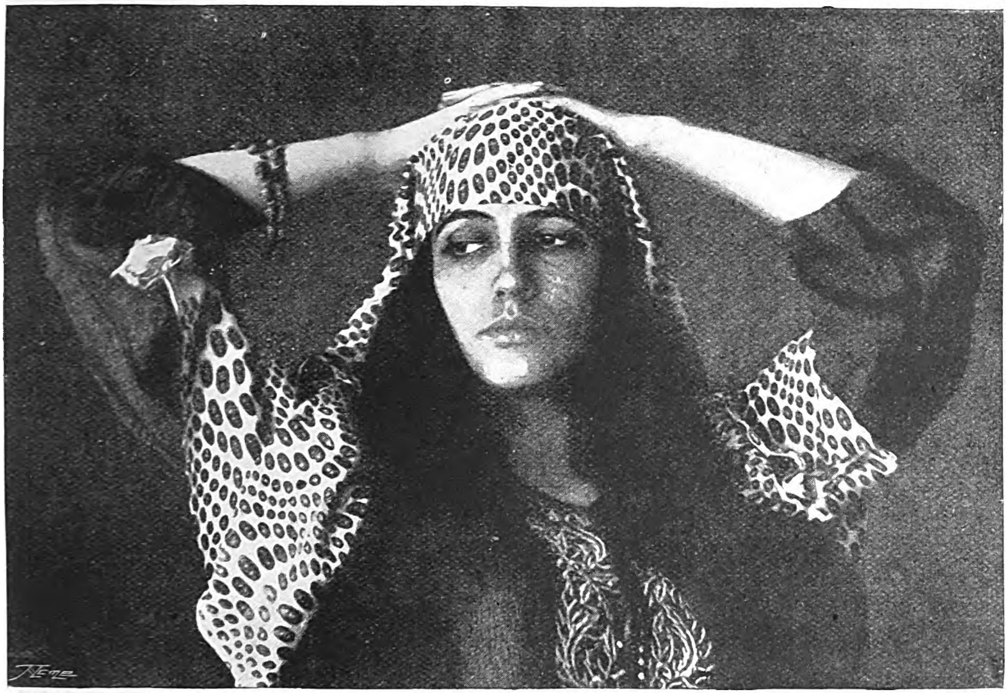


Photo by F. H. Day.

The Empress Theodora of Byzantium.

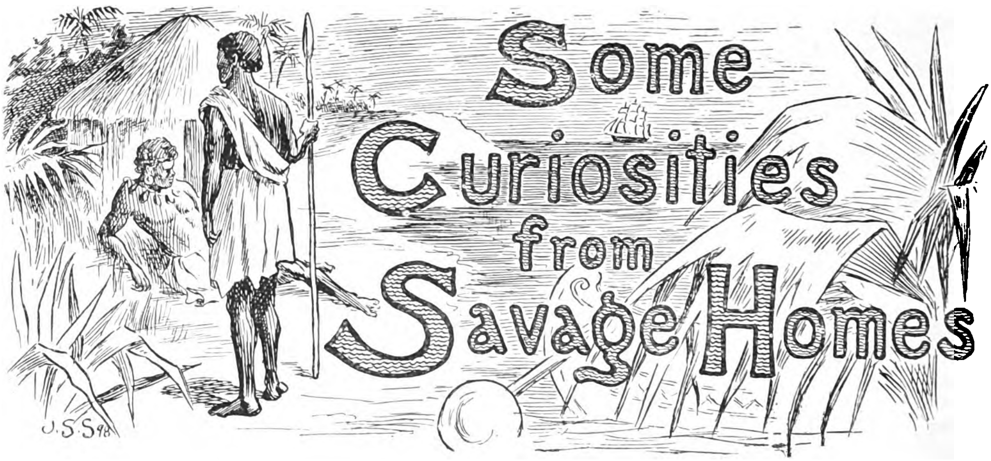
too many photographers have but little or no true artistic feeling, and make up for this—or at least try to do so—by eccentricity. And further, one has the uncomfortable feeling that the promoters of these exhibitions rather encourage this sort of thing, which can but bring photography into contempt.

Wherein lies the art in cutting the head of a portrait in half, or in framing a picture in a bizarre frame, and not in the centre either, is beyond the grasp of my intellect. I have always been under the impression that a frame should be a frame and no more; it should be absolutely subsidiary to the picture. But when we are treated to the canvas-covered frame of uncouth shape ornamented with imitation *repoussé* copperwork, the sober minded amongst us may well pause and hesitate to admit that the producer of such things is an artist.

Then, again, eccentricity shows itself, not only in the framing, but also in the trimming of prints, as we have already pointed out. To many it seems a matter of utter indifference as to whether the photograph is actually pictorial or not, as long as it is trimmed down so as to present an unusual shape, and cuts certain things in the print in half. Then it is a picture.

Another fact which is forced home by a visit to the exhibitions is that photographers at the present time must be exceedingly gloomy minded. They never see nature in sunlight, but always clothed in deep murky gloom, which they further intensify by deep toned frames of abnormal width, so that a visit to an exhibition is as depressing a thing as one can well imagine. Surely Nature is not always in tears. There are certain times, and this year most decidedly, when we have been favoured with an amount of sunshine which is phenomenal. And yet the artist photographer will take a view in brilliant sunshine, and by certain tricks of his processes, gives us a presentment, through his own individuality of that scene, buried in Chimerean darkness.

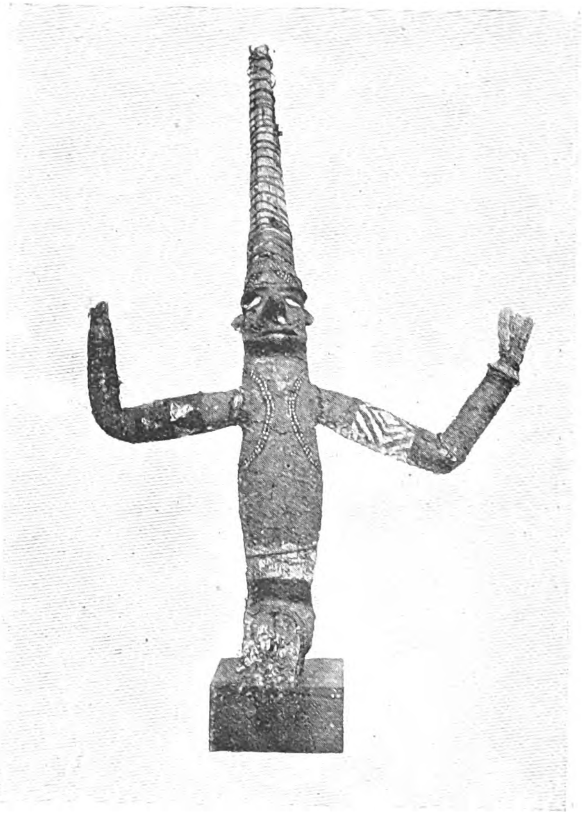
Photography has been bitten by the impressionist craze. The new English art has filtered through to the dark room, and we are therefore treated by some, and generally those who prate most, but know least of art, to things which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.



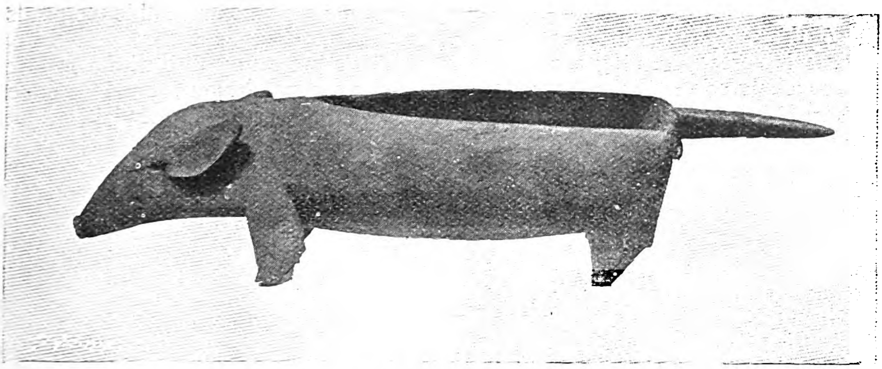
Some Curiosities from Savage Homes

By Florence E. Burnley.

THE study of man's home reveals many secrets, lays bare his predilections, habits, and occupations, and this handful of curious household treasures collected from savage homes of many nations will make us familiar with some quaint customs. Whether the hut or home be large enough to hold ten or twenty persons, or only three or four, whether it be on the ground or built on piles, the household god is the first and most important object therein — for superstition holds the savage in a firm grip and makes him its slave. The grotesque figure here shown, really only a bust, comes from New Hebrides, and is made of pith and vegetable fibre coated over with clay and painted in grey, pricked out with black and white, the arms being outstretched as if in the act of benediction. This god would have the place of honour assigned him in the hut on one of the rafters or on the ground in a separate part of the house partitioned off from the ordinary dwelling.


A household god from the New Hebrides. It is made of pith and vegetable fibre, daubed with clay, and painted.

Some tribes lavish a great deal of rough skill on their cooking and eating utensils, while others again are satisfied with the most primitive contrivances. The food bowl next illustrated from the same Islands is curious, not only from its being made in the semblance of a pig, cut out of a solid block of wood, but also from its symbolic



This is a food bowl from the New Hebrides, and is supposed to represent a pig. Pigs in these islands are of value, for nothing of importance is done by a native but what the giving or the killing of a pig, or number of pigs, takes place.

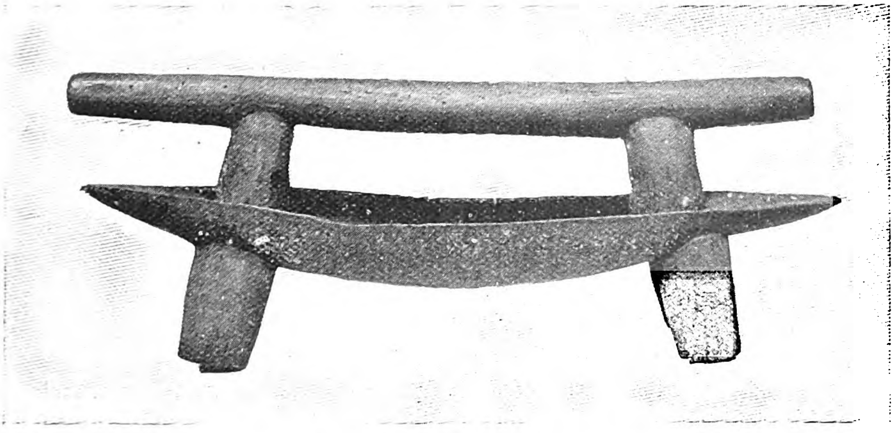
meaning. The natives of the New Hebrides are not gluttons by any means. They feed chiefly on a vegetarian diet of yams, bread fruit, bananas, sweet potatoes, oranges, &c., with the addition occasionally of fish and molluscs. But the gala dish is *pig*, and no festival is complete without it; in fact, this animal may be said to trot steadily through life side by side with the native of the New Hebrides.

A few day's after a native's birth a killing of pigs takes place, and the baby-boy thenceforth assumes the rights and privileges of a man, and is obliged to have his own fire and meals, and to feed only on male creatures, otherwise death will ensue. The feast of naming is a very solemn occasion, and, of course, gives opportunity for a pig feast. When the youth is invested with the belt, a ceremony which takes place from the age of 15 to 20, more pigs are killed. When he chooses his betrothed wife, many ceremonial visits are paid, accompanied with a gift of pigs.

Marriage, including the net cost of the wife, who is worth, according to her beauty and her capabilities as worker, from ten to twenty pigs, costs a would-be husband no less than fifty pigs. Besides these occasions, all religious festivals are accompanied in the New Hebrides by the slaughter of at least one or two hundred pigs. The due importance of this household utensil will therefore be recognised.

The hut of the Fijian has some pretensions to durability and comfort, and the interior presents quite a furnished aspect; in fact, it looks really more like a home than is usually the case with these savage dwellings.

Part of the floor is raised to form a daïs, which is by day the divan and by night the bed of the head of the house; and very

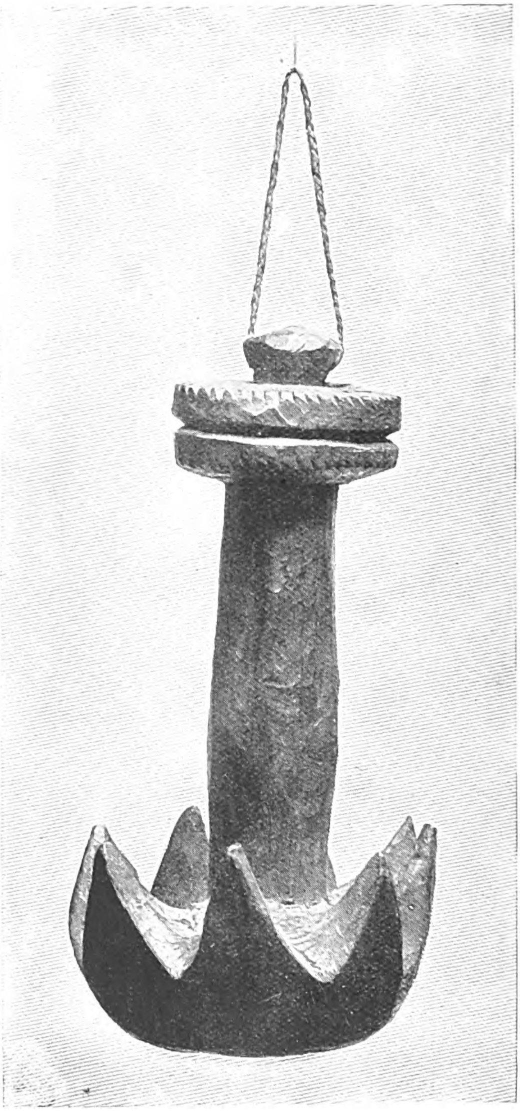


A Fijian pillow. The trough is made to contain offerings calculated to propitiate the spirits, and thus protect the sleeper and prevent any spells being cast over him.

comfortable the bed looks when it has been made. A thick layer of dried grass and elastic ferns is spread, forming a soft spring mattress which is covered with from two to ten mats. Over this hang sheets of thin *masi*, which are used as mosquito curtains, and are usually long enough to stretch across the house. The bed furniture is completed by one or two wooden pillows like the one here shown, which is made of heavy brown wood cut out of the solid, and consists of a boat-shaped trough on four legs, and of a cylindrical rail supported on two uprights.

This pillow is dedicated to the spirit who must be propitiated, so that he play no evil tricks on the sleeper, and cast no spells over him; for the religion of the Fijian is one of spirits, and he is no worshipper of idols. The trough is, therefore, kept well filled with tobacco. The Fijian is obliged to use this hard and uncomfortable-looking article for a very practical reason. His mop-like head-dress would be entirely spoiled and pressed out of shape, were he to rest his head on an ordinary stuffed pillow.

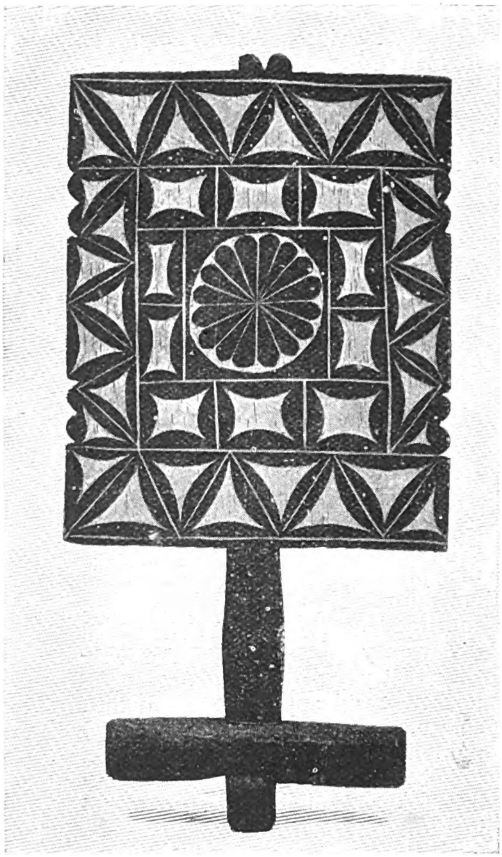
Another curious looking object has also been obtained from a Fijian house. It is a hook used to hang the food up from the rafters out of the way of the swarms of ants, which infest the native dwellings. It has been cut out of a solid block of wood, and consists of a cylindrical central shaft terminating in eight hooks, which resemble the petals of the water lily slightly upturned. At the opposite end is a projecting dish with a groove in the centre and notches cut round the edge. It is pierced to receive a loop of plaited sinnet cord.



This is a Fijian hook cut out of a solid lump of wood, and used to hang food up out of the reach of the swarms of ants that infest the native dwellings.

The Nicobars consist of a group of eight large and a dozen or so small islands in the Bay of Bengal. Some of these islands are distinctly minute in size, and this can the more readily be appreciated when it is stated that the largest of all is only thirty miles in length by fifteen in width. Naturally they are clothed in vegetation, and can even boast a certain amount of trade. The natives have nowadays quieted down into fairly respectable members of the world's society, but formerly they had an evil and thoroughly well-deserved reputation for playing the part of pirates. More than one good ship fell into their merciless grip, the crews being cold bloodily butchered. Matters reached such a pass, indeed, that the Indian Government in 1869 interfered, with the result that the group was annexed, the government being placed under the control of the Superintendant of the Andaman Islands.

The natives are in appearance hideously ugly, short, and squat; in fact, they look pretty well as bad as they are, their ill looks in no wise belying their moral or immoral character. Their habitations are, however, interesting and ingenious, being raised on



A looking-glass in a red-painted wooden frame from the Niger country.

brush, the visitor squats on the floor round the trap door, and vigorously uses this very practical toilet article, after which he is allowed to enter, and is made welcome, and treated to toddy.

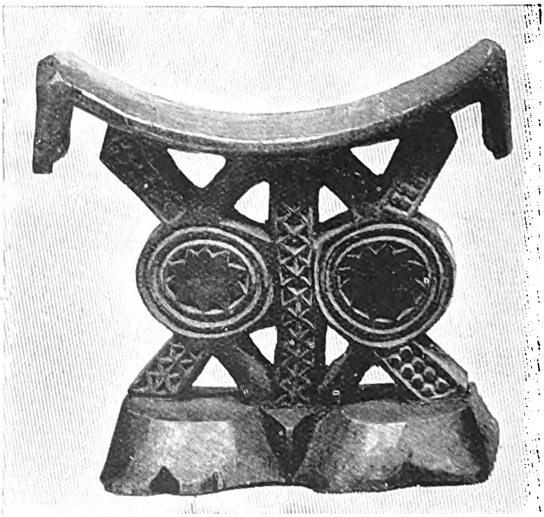
The harmless looking little dove taken from a Nepalese house almost rivals the wooden horse of Ulysses in hidden surprises of an aggressive nature, and is a *multum in parvo*, the compactness and ingenuity of which might excite the envy of any housekeeper. This dove is a cucumber slicer, and is really more to be pitied than the charming "Tit-Willow," for the knives, scissors, tweezers, file, &c., shown in the illustration all come from "her little inside." From under her brass wings is drawn out the elegantly curved steel knife, finished with an additional bird's head with brass and bead pendants, which forms the actual slicer. When at rest it lies over the blue steel tail of the bird.

From India we turn to Africa, and there, in a settlement on the western coast, we find the curious mixture of European and native workmanship here shown, which is highly prized in the Niger country. It consists of a shockingly poor looking-glass in a common red painted wooden frame, which is an article so much coveted by the natives that it forms a medium of barter, and has been thought worthy of this ornamental wooden frame with *cruciform handle.*

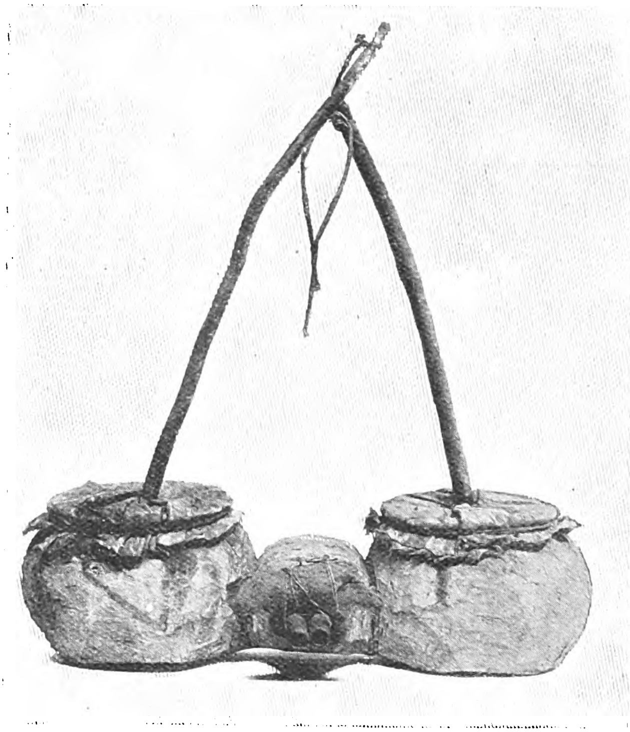
A pillow used by the Matabele is more ornamental than that of the Fijians, but at the same time simpler in construction. The carving in the shape of lines, pellets, zigzags, and discs is stained black in relief, showing the natural buff colour of the wood in the incisions.

Spoons are not usually very interesting utensils, but the present specimen is an exception to the general rule. It is carved out of hard brown wood, and the bowl has a ridge down the centre, which makes a double spoon of it. The shank is flat and wide, and on it are carved two negroes carrying in a hammock a man naked like themselves.

Loango is a stretch of country on the West Coast of Southern Africa. It extends northward from the mouth of the Congo, and is inhabited by a rather fine type of negro. Their religious rites, however, are terrible—in fact, to such an extent do they



A Matabele pillow, the carvings being stained black, the natural colour of the wood showing in the incisions.



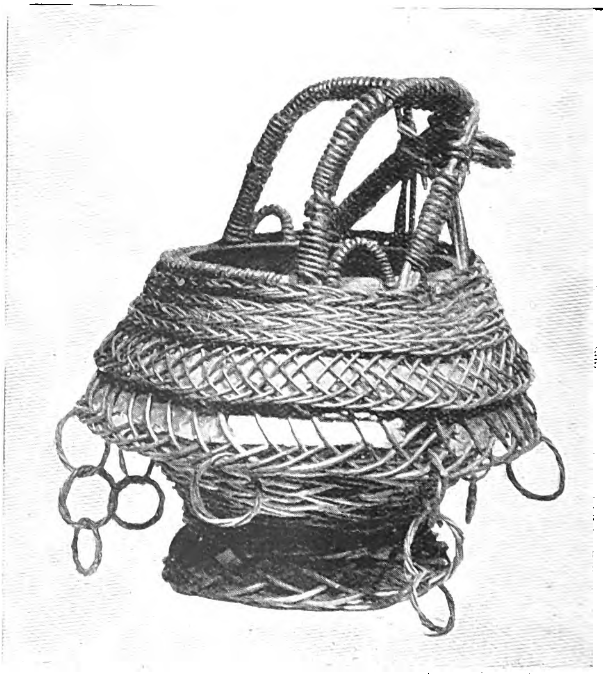
A pair of West African bellows. The body is made from solid wood. The blast of air is caused by lifting and depressing the loose skins at the top of the wooden globes.

of the natives. The bowl is made of wood studded with human teeth; those, in fact, of the King's enemies slain in battle. The use to which he puts this curious bowl is symbolical of the scorn he felt for his enemies. To prevent any exorcism or incantation, a trusty attendant daily cleansed the spittoon in the sea, while the King had the constant satisfaction of reviling the memory of his foes, and of heaping insults upon them.

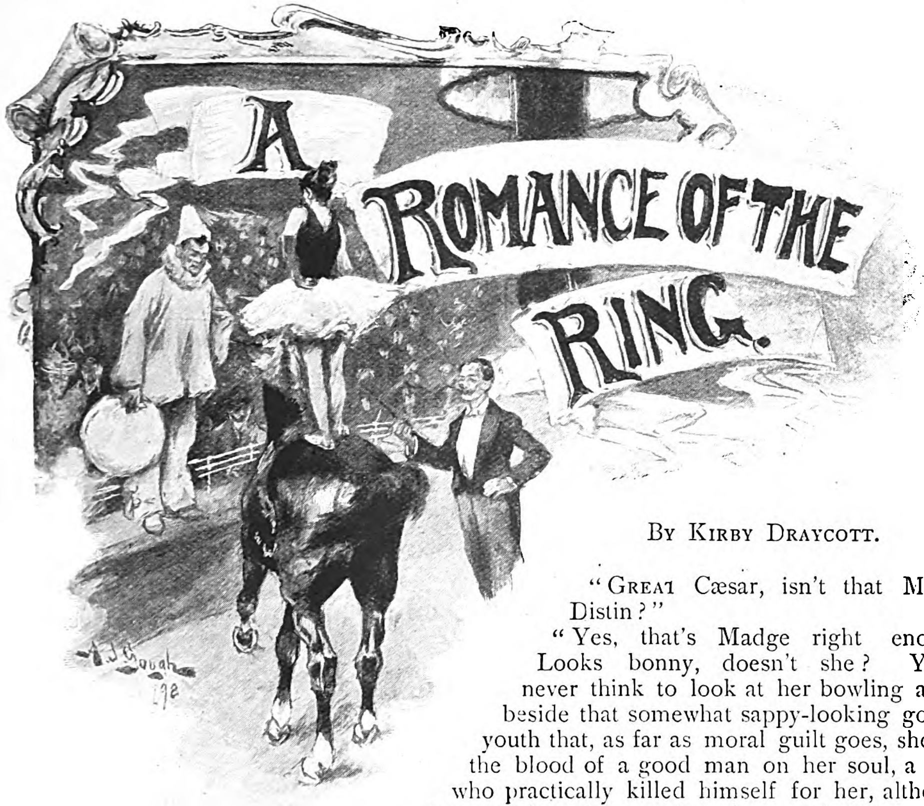
The Africans have many ingenious ways of making fire, and even have primitive bellows which they use for household purposes and also for forging their numerous assegais and weapons. The specimen here reproduced is from Western Africa, the body is hollowed out of a solid block of wood somewhat in the form of a rough pair of goggles—with two globular wind-reservoirs connected by an arched body in which are set the two iron nozzles.

The globes are loosely covered across the top with skin strongly secured by thongs in the same way as the thrifty housewife covers her jam-pots with parchment paper. In the centre of each skin cover is a staff or handle by means of which these ingenious but primitive bellows are worked. In Kaffir Land, the native blacksmiths use a similar contrivance with two long buffalo horns as nozzles.

In conclusion, we find a fire-basket used by the beauties of Cashmere, when the cold season comes on, to warm themselves. This particular specimen is made of wicker work highly ornamented with strips of talc and little pendant rings; there are handles to it, and a strong wicker ring for hanging it up, for the belles of Cashmere carry these fire-baskets about with them wherever they go. A red earthenware bowl lines the inside.



A fire basket from Cashmere. It is made of wicker-work, with a red earthenware bowl inside to contain the fire. Cashmere women always carry their baskets with them in cold weather.



A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

By Kirby Draycott.

"Great Cæsar, isn't that Madge Distin?"

"Yes, that's Madge right enough. Looks bonny, doesn't she? You'd never think to look at her bowling along beside that somewhat sappy-looking golden youth that, as far as moral guilt goes, she has the blood of a good man on her soul, a man who practically killed himself for her, although he must have known that she wasn't fit to be his slave, much less his wife."

Tom Ellison and I were leaning over the rails in the park one afternoon last season when these words were spoken. It was I who had asked the first question, and the cause of it was a dusky-haired, big-eyed beauty who had just driven past us in a smart Victoria, sitting beside a very young man who pretty closely corresponded with Tom's description of him.

Tom had just come back a day or two before from a two years' stay on the Continent. He had knocked himself up reading for his M.D. at London, and just lasted until he saw his name well up in the Honours List, and then he collapsed, and was sent abroad with strict orders to do no work for at least two years. Now he had come back thoroughly set up, strong and brown, and ready to fulfil the promise of his academic career.

It seemed rather curious that on our first day together we should have seen the woman we had both gone half mad over two and a half years before, and who would certainly have caused a breach in our almost life-long friendship had it not been that she was so manifestly indifferent to both of us that it was impossible for us to quarrel about her.

Tom's strong language, strongly spoken, and with a fierce glint in his eyes that told of some tragedy which he would have no objection to avenge should the opportunity come, naturally roused my curiosity. They were spoken of a woman for whose sake I had once been perfectly prepared to make an utter fool of myself if she had allowed me, but who the man referred to was I had not the most remote idea, so I said:

"That's pretty strong language, old man. What has Madge been doing that one of her old sweethearts should talk so tragically about her?"

I spoke in a half bantering tone, for, after all, I didn't know how much of the accusation implied might have been due to disgust at the complete failure of his own suit. But as Tom answered me his face darkened, and his brows came together with a frown which told me even more plainly than his words that something which was no joking matter lay behind.

"Madge has been doing just about everything that a beautiful and absolutely unscrupulous woman can do when she gets a fair chance. I meant to tell you the story this evening, whether we had met her or not, because it concerns someone else as well as her, someone that we know a great deal better than we have the misfortune of knowing La Distin."

"Well, now you have made me more curious than ever, so you had better tell me right away, and not keep me on tenterhooks till evening. Who is the other? A man, of course?"

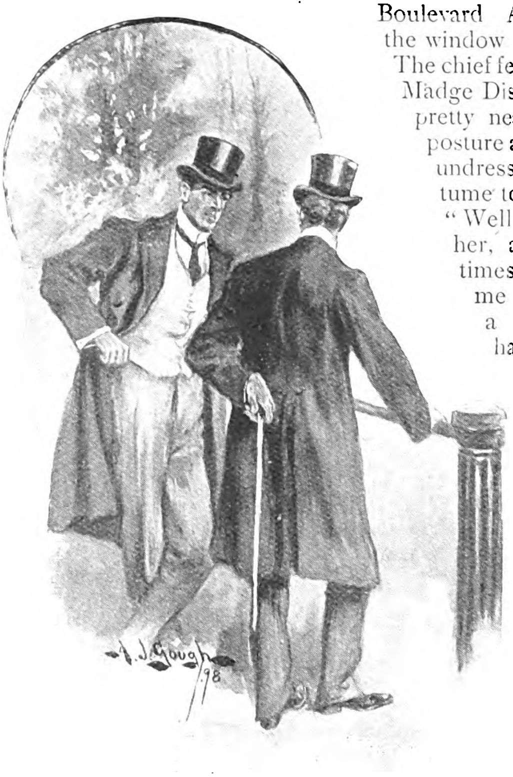
"Yes, it naturally would be a man if Madge was the heroine of the story, as of course she is. Let us take a turn up towards the gardens across the grass, and I'll tell you as we go."

We got out of the crowd fringing the Row, and turned our steps towards the south side of the Serpentine. We had been walking for five or ten minutes in a silence which I did not care to break, despite my curiosity, when Tom looked up, and said abruptly:

"You remember Stuart Gilray, of course?"

"Good heaven, yes! You don't mean to say that he has anything to do with it?"

"He had, poor fellow," replied Tom mournfully, looking down at the grass and knitting his brows again. "It was about him that I was going to tell you to-night."



Tom Ellison and I were leaning over the rails in the park.

"Well, go ahead," I said, "for now you have raised my curiosity to fever point. I'm not the only one who has been wondering for the last couple of years what became of him when he disappeared so suddenly from London. Now that I come to think of it, it never struck me before that he disappeared at the same time that Madge Distin left Hengler's on that Continental engagement which gave us all the blues."

"Yes, that was it," said Tom. "They left about the same time simply because they went away together."

"Ah! I always thought that Stuart was destined to be the favoured one amongst us."

"Favoured!" said Tom, with a laugh that had a good deal of a snarl in it. "Favoured! Cursed would be a lot better word. However, I had better begin at the beginning before I get mixed.

"It's a bit over a year ago—when I was in Brussels. I was standing in the Boulevard Anspach, looking into the window of a photograph shop. The chief feature of the window was Madge Distin. She was there in pretty nearly every conceivable posture and degree of dress and undress, from a walking costume to tights and muslin.

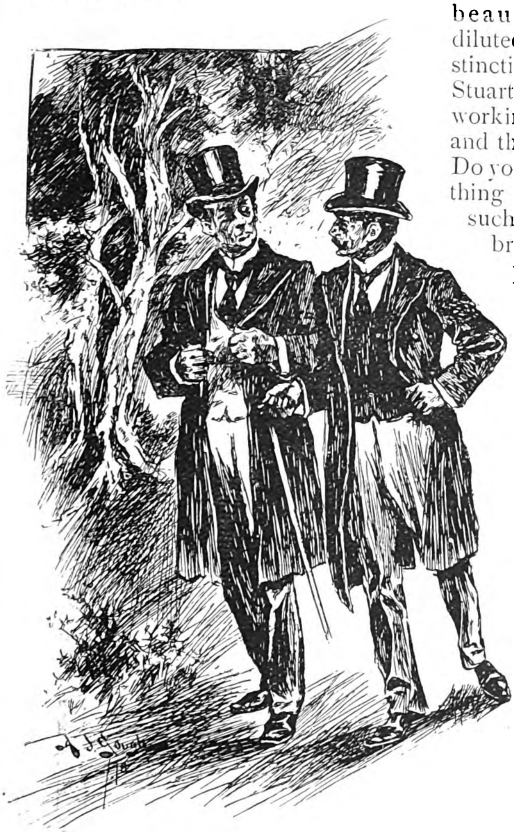
"Well, I was duly admiring her, and thinking about old times, when someone touched me on the shoulder, and a voice, which sounded half strange and half familiar, said: 'Good afternoon, Ellison. Are you still worshipping at the same shrine?' I turned round, and there was what remained of poor Stuart Gilray. You never saw such a wreck as the poor fellow looked, although he was well, if a trifle queerly, dressed, and seemed in pretty comfortable circumstances as far as coin was concerned.

"He looked about half the weight he did when I'd seen him last in England. He had shaved off that celebrated golden moustache which the women here used to admire so much, and his face was pale and drawn, just as though he was fresh from a sick bed that had very nearly been a death bed. His skin, too, had that curious unhealthy look which you see in actors, and, in fact, anybody who has to paint and make himself up.

"Well, we shook hands, and I said, 'Yes, she seems as divine as ever. What's she doing over here? But stop, what is more important than that, what are *you* doing over here?' The poor fellow looked at the photographs and then at me, and said: 'I'm here because she's here. I've been knocking about the Continent with her for the last eighteen months, pretty nearly. You know we're——' 'Not married, surely?' I said. 'Yes,' he said with a smile and a sigh, that said very little for the luck he'd had in matrimony.

"'You know I was absolutely mad about her in England, madder than the rest of you, though you were all pretty bad. I gave up everything to follow her abroad, and she led me on and on till at last I lost my head and married her. You needn't ask me how it turned out—you can see for yourself—when I tell you that she ran through my money in less than nine months, and that now I hold the hoops for her to jump through in the ring. Pretty miserable sort of come-down, isn't it?'

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. You know Gilray was about the best man of his year; he held both the Edinburgh and London qualifications, he had £5000 to start a practice on, and he died a clown in a circus."



We turned our steps towards the south side of the Serpentine.

"Surely," I said, "you are drawing it a little tight now, aren't you? Gilray a clown! Why you might as well tell me he was a shoeblack."

"Nevertheless it is perfectly true, I am sorry to say," replied Tom, so seriously that I was forced to believe him. "She was his fate and his madness. She took his name and disgraced it; she took his money and wasted it, and when he gave her his life as well, she almost laughed at him.

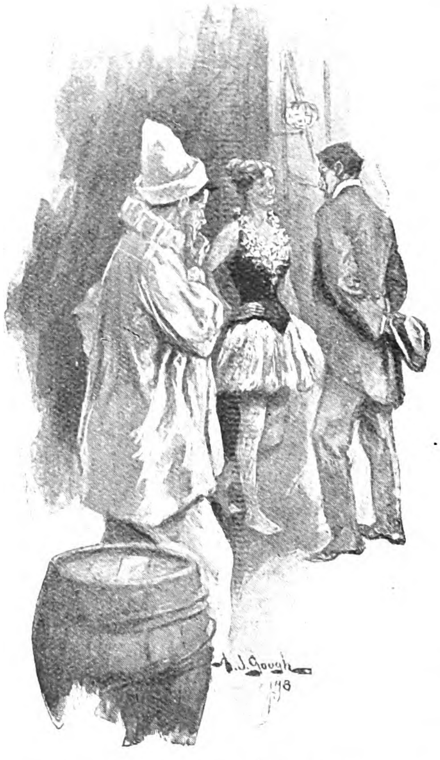
"We went into a café, and over a bottle of wine he told me the miserable story from the beginning as far as it had gone—that is to say, as far as you know it now. That night I went to the circus with him and was re-introduced to Madge. She received me just the same as she always did when we knew her in London, talked just as familiarly, and a trifle more freely, without seeming even to notice that her husband was within earshot.

"I needn't say that I was disgusted, and that my admiration for her mere physical beauty was considerably diluted by a sudden and instinctive dislike. As for poor Stuart, I could see his face working under the white chalk and the red and black paint. Do you know, there was something horrible in the sight—such a contrast between the broad grin that was painted on his face, and the miserable pleading in the poor fellow's eyes, and the drawing of his lips under the paint.

"She took no more notice of him than she did of any other of the servants of the circus, and stood and chattered with me about the fellows in London until I was positively glad to go away and get to my seat.

"Poor Gilray was on the bills as 'Billy Jacques, the Anglo-French Clown,' and really his performance was a miracle to me. You know he was always an athlete and a perfect mimic; and although he'd lost a lot of flesh, I could see he was still very tough and active. As for his jokes, they were simply free—very free—translations of a large assortment of English chestnuts into Anglo-French; but the Belgians appreciated them, and roared with encouraging regularity.

"I watched him very narrowly, and I saw a good deal that the audience didn't see. I saw that the poor beggar behind his fun was miserable enough to break his heart. He kept on looking first towards the curtains which would soon be parted for his wife to come on, and then to one of the boxes marked 'Engaged.' You may depend upon it that I watched the box pretty closely, too, and with an uncomfortable feeling that it was to be occupied by one of the actors in what might, and before long did prove a tragedy.



I went to the circus and was introduced to Madge.

"A minute or two before Madge was timed to appear I saw Gilray staring into the box with a look of hate that not even his paint could disguise. My eyes instinctively followed his, and I saw a tall, handsome young fellow, in the uniform of a Captain of the Belgian Guards, come to the front, followed by an attendant carrying a large bouquet. He took it and laid it conspicuously on the front of the box, and then settled down with a very obvious look of anticipated pleasure on his face.

"Suddenly the orchestra, after a preliminary flourish, started 'Rule Britannia,' and Madge, in all the glory of her beauty, but partially concealed by a few tea-roses and a yard or two of gold gauze and spangles, rode standing, into the circle on her Russian horse 'Poshol.'

"Nothing seemed to daunt Madge on that horse. What other circus riders accomplish on a flat, chalked platform, fixed on the broad back of an ambling Flemish mare, Madge could do, and a good deal more, on the chalked back of 'Poshol.'

"With Madge there was no coquetting with her hoops and banners, no ducking before making up her mind to jump, no shaking of her head at the grooms or ringmen. With her it was touch and go. Her leaps were flights; her fancies were inspirations. The horse that carried her round, beautiful as he was, with his tail and mane groomed to flowing silk, was lost sight of.

"And while she revelled in the incense that went up to her from a thousand lips and eyes, poor Gilray grovelled in his torture under the zinc-white to which he had descended just to be near his own Madge—to stand, as it were, between her and danger.

The young captain never took his eyes off Madge. He was not the only one, for her beauty and the novelty of her style seemed absolutely to hypnotise the spectators. But there was a kind of deadly fascination coming from the Captain's side to which all the exhibitions of Madge's charms and talents seemed a response.

"Poor 'Billy Jacques!' He stood on the bank to intercept his view; he threw up paper-covered hoops to distract the man's attention, but his labour was all in vain, and, indeed, it was owing to this special detective duty that he imposed upon himself that he found himself on the wrong side of the ring when an attendant handed a magnificent bouquet to the ring-master, who took it with a low bow and gave it to Madge. She just smiled and nodded towards the box and then I noticed—for I was close by—the sudden capture of a card in the bouquet. The next instant it had vanished into the delta of her corsage.

"I detected the triumphant smile; the rush of 'Billy Jacques' to intercept he knew not what; and the grim look which wrinkled his paint as he saw the bouquet pressed to her lips.

"Madge's act was followed by a water-pantomime which Gilray had advised me to stop and see. When it was over I left and found him dressed and waiting for me at the door. I was considerably surprised, after

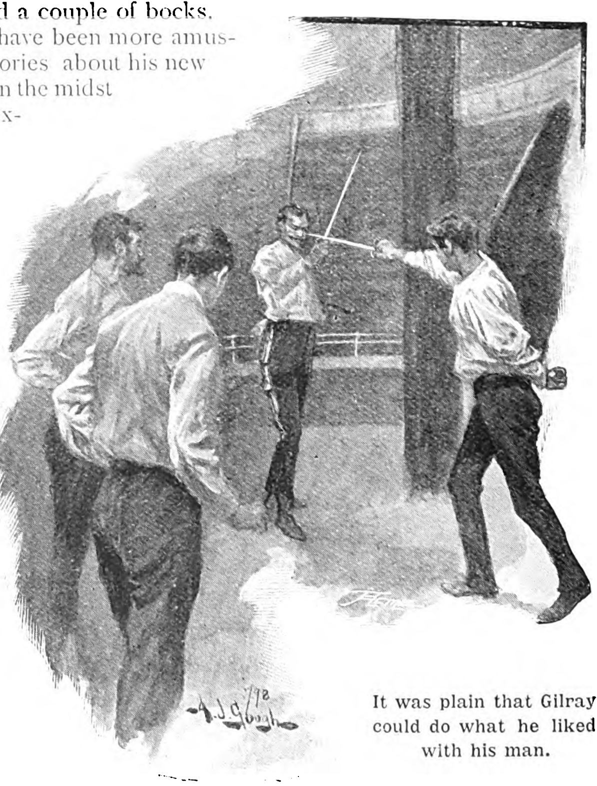
what I had seen, to find him looking quite happy.

"'Had a deuce of a row just after Madge came out of the ring,' he said, as he walked by my side. 'But it's all made up between us. She swore on her mother's grave—she never breaks that oath—that she would go home and wait till I came in.'

"'Does Mrs. Gilray know you are with me?' I asked.

"Why, certainly; and I told her we should only have a bock and a cigar, for auld lang syne; so I know you won't keep me.'

"We went up to the corner to Durand's, and as the night was chilly we went inside and I ordered a couple of bocks.



It was plain that Gilray could do what he liked with his man.

"Nothing could have been more amusing than Gilray's stories about his new career, and he was in the midst of relating his first experiences in the ring, when his face changed, and a vindictive frown came over his eyes. Three men had just come in. They were the Captain of Guards and two friends. They were all laughing gaily as they sat down within two tables of where we were sitting.

The Captain, who had a splendid tea-rose in his coat, continuing the conversation, said:

"'On my word of honour, she gave it to me herself after her jackass of a husband left her in peace.'

"And then he whispered some words which sent another rippling laugh around.

"Gilray had listened and heard all. White, almost as he had been in his paint, but hollow-eyed, and his lips drawn, he rose, and turning, went deliberately up to the Captain, and in good French said quietly:

"'Sir, I happen to be the jackass in question, and I have the honour to tell you that if you go near my wife again, I'll break every bone in your body.'

"'Rubbish, my good fellow, hold your tongue,' he said with a cool impertinence that made me itch to kick him. Gilray, however, rose to the situation in an instant. A syphon had just been put down on the table by the waiter, and he picked it up and shot its contents over the Captain's gold-laced coat. He got up, green with anger, and made a move to draw his sword.

"Here I interfered, and explained to him that my friend Gilray was a gentleman and quite qualified to give him due satisfaction, and after a bit of a row it was agreed that a meeting should take place on the following morning.

"The Captain, who was every whit as angry as Gilray, insisted that the affair might be arranged without delay in his own *salle d'armes*, but Gilray, with a sudden inspiration, remembered that as *sous-regisseur*, or assistant stage manager, he had a key to the circus, and so he proposed that they should go and have it out there as soon as the rapiers could be fetched.

"When we had groped our way into the dark circus—which looked pretty eerie, I can tell you, going into it under such circumstances—Gilray lit the ring of lights round the centre pole, and while he was doing this the Captain's second whispered to me:

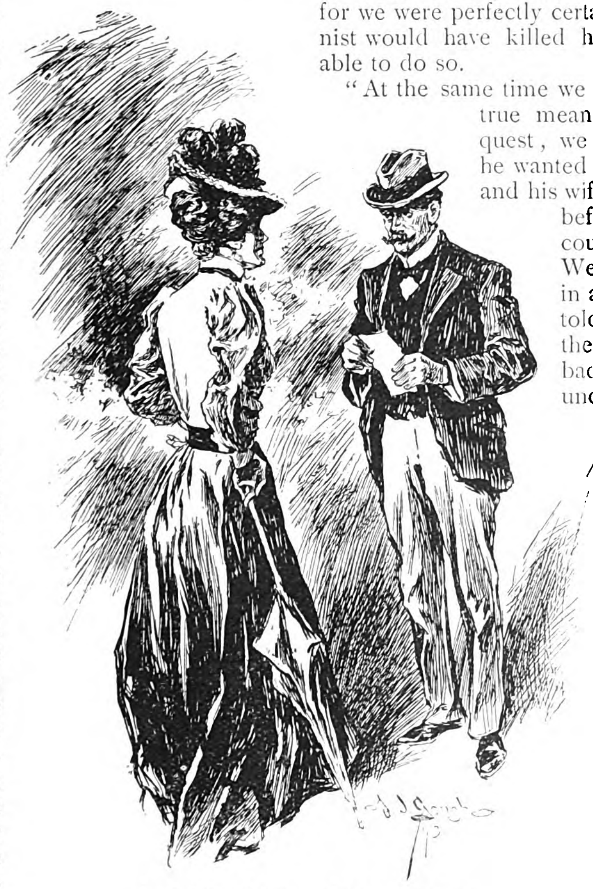
"'If you value your friend's life persuade him to apologise. The Captain is one of the best fencers in Brussels.'

"'Under the circumstances,' I replied a bit shortly, 'I think I would rather see him killed.'

"Well, they set to. Neither the Belgian nor his second knew that he was tackling one of the finest fencers in England, and they forgot to allow for what they were fighting about. They hadn't been at it three minutes before it was perfectly plain that Gilray could do what he liked with his man.

"I shall never forget the expression of his face as he played with him until the poor Belgian grew white and then almost green with funk. The Captain, I could see, knew that the fight could only have one end, and his eyes began to start out of his head as he watched the white set face and the glinting eyes that kept moving round him, and the clicking blue blade which made a moving fence of steel that he could no more cross than he could have jumped the Meuse.

"We held our breath and watched—I for my part in a state of horrible fascination, knowing that Gilray could deliver the fatal stroke when he liked, and wondering when he would do it. At last, with no apparent extra exertion or effort, the point of his rapier slipped under the hilt of the Belgian's, and before we very well knew what had happened, it was sticking a good three inches out of his back.



I read the letter and looked at her.

"His sword dropped from his hand, and he went down like a bullock. As he fell Gilray whipped his rapier out of the body and stuck it in the tan of the ring. Then he said very quietly:

"'Gentlemen, you are witnesses that this man has been killed in fair fight?'

"We all bowed and he went on——

"'If any one of you is married and loves his wife as I love mine you will agree with me that this man deserved his death. If you are willing to oblige me, you will help me to keep this matter from the knowledge of the authorities until this time to-morrow night.'

"There was no reason why this should not be done. A duel in Belgium is a socially, if not legally, recognised method of settling a serious quarrel. That this one had ended fatally was a misfortune, but none of us believed that any blame attached to Gilray, for we were perfectly certain that his antagonist would have killed him if he had been able to do so.

"At the same time we had no idea of the true meaning of Gilray's request, we simply thought that he wanted time to get himself and his wife out of the country before the authorities could be at their heels. We got the body away in a cab. The doctor told the cabman that the soldier had been badly wounded and was unconscious from loss of blood. We took him to his second's rooms and left him there in charge of his friend and the doctor, just as though he required to be nursed.

"The next day, to my astonishment, Gilray told me that he and his wife were going to perform at the circus as usual, and particularly begged me to be present. I went, and you can imagine my feelings when I sat amongst the audience round the brilliantly-lighted ring, full of life and colour, and thought of the scene that had been enacted by the light of a few gas jets a little more than twelve hours before.

"Madge apparently had heard nothing of the tragedy, or if she knew of it she certainly cared very little about it, for she went through the first part of her performance with even more brilliancy and dash than she had done the night before. In the last of her acts she had to take a flying leap through a hoop covered with tissue paper, and this was held above her horse by Gilray, swinging by his knees from a trapeze that hung down from the roof.

"As her horse came round I saw her stiffen her muscles for the leap. Her body sprang up from the horse's haunches, passed like a flash through the paper, and then she dropped on her feet on the animal's back again.

"A roar of applause burst out, and then suddenly stopped. The moment she had landed safely on her horse's back again Gilray's legs straightened out, and his body dropped like a stone from the trapeze nearly twenty feet to the earth. He fell square on his head. I heard the thud as he struck the ground, and saw his head double up between his shoulders. Then I fainted. When I came to myself they told me that he had broken his neck.

"I saw Madge the next day. I met her just coming out of her house. I greeted her, as you may imagine, pretty coldly, and then I told her plainly what had happened."

"Well, and what did she say?" I asked.

"She just shrugged her pretty shoulders and said it was a pity that men should make such fools of themselves. Then she showed me a letter from poor Gilray's solicitors which had come to hand that morning, and told him that his father had died without leaving a will, and that he was, therefore, heir-at-law to his estates in Yorkshire, and over a hundred thousand pounds in stocks.

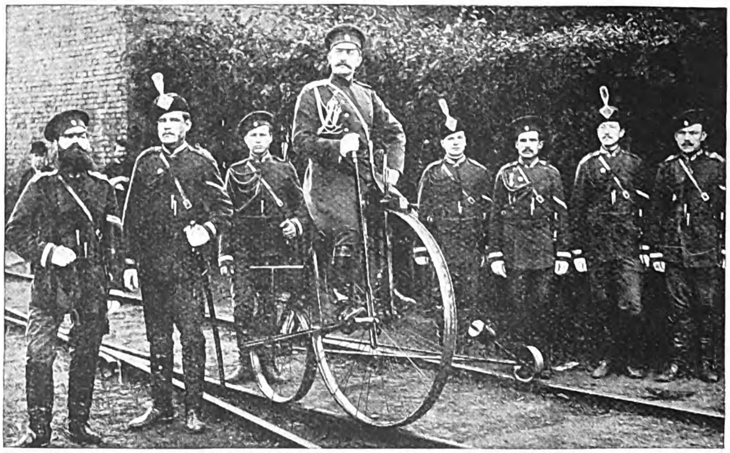
"I read the letter and looked at her. She looked back at me without a sign of flinching, and said:

"'You see, poor Stuart was just a bit too previous with his jealousy. If he had waited till to-day things would have looked a bit different. As it is, I'm his widow. I shall cut the circus business now, and the next time you hear of me I expect it will be as Lady Somebody-or-other. Good morning.'

"That was enough for me, so I came away. I suppose that fellow we saw her driving with just now will be the Lord Somebody-or-other."

An Outrider of the Czar.

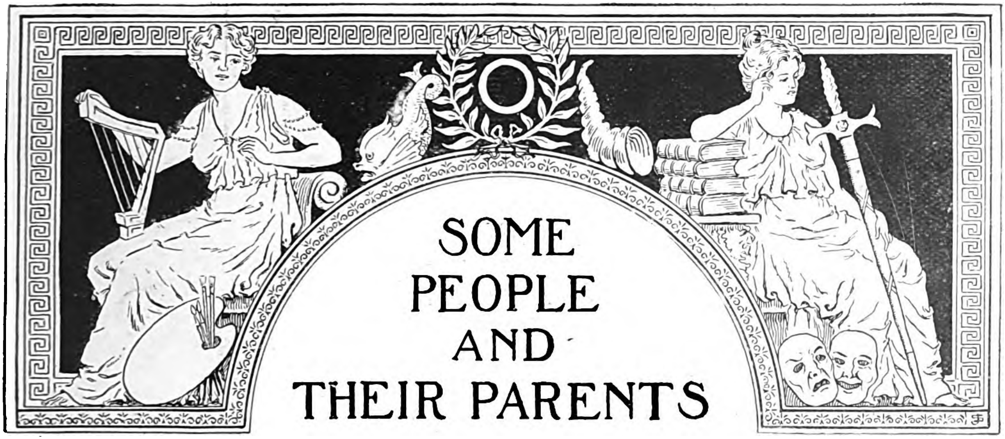
In all countries, even in England, travelling on the part of the monarch necessitates especial precautions against anything in the form of an accident. In Russia the meaning of such a term has a wide significance, for an accident that is no accident might, unless every care were taken, bring about a frightful disaster, involving the death of the Czar. Our illustration shows an outrider mounted on a curious railway bicycle, who always precedes the Imperial train. Mounted on such a machine, he is, of course, more easily able to detect anything suspicious than if he were on an ordinary pilot engine.

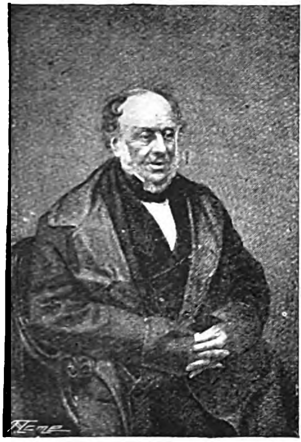


From a Photo.

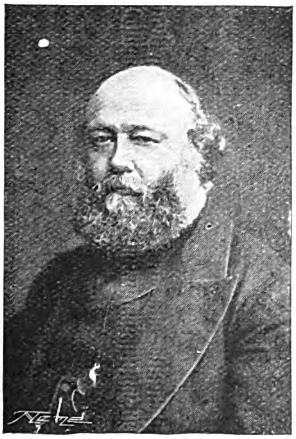
A gendarme who always precedes the Russian Imperial train.

SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

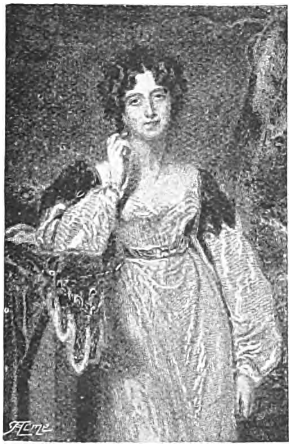




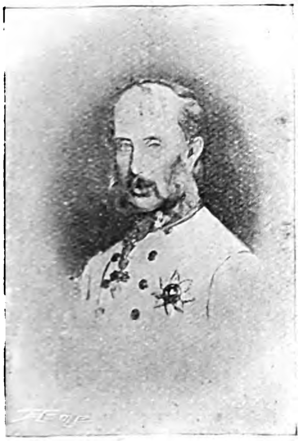
His Father.



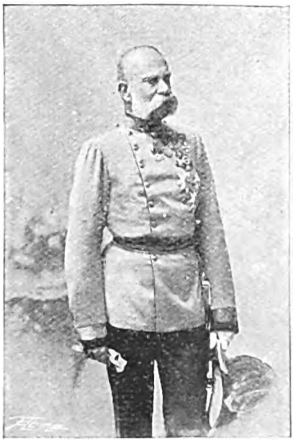
The Marquis of Salisbury.



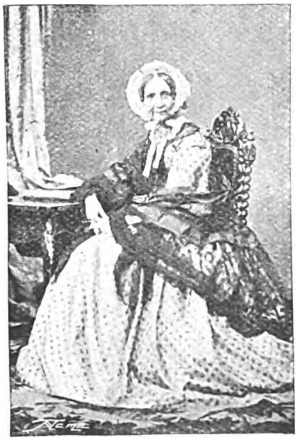
His Mother.



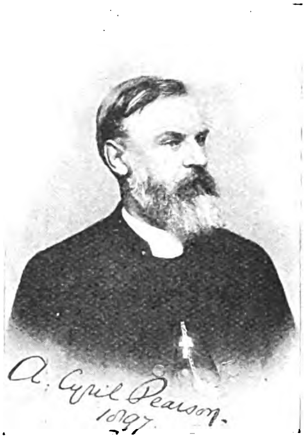
His Father,



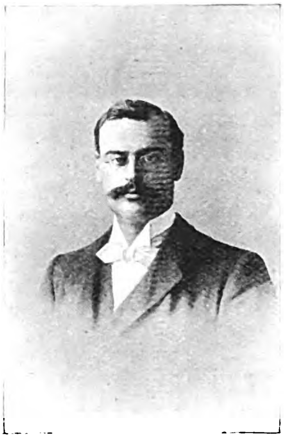
The Emperor of Austria.



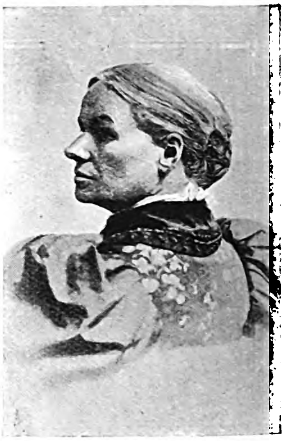
His Mother.


A. Cyril Pearson
1897

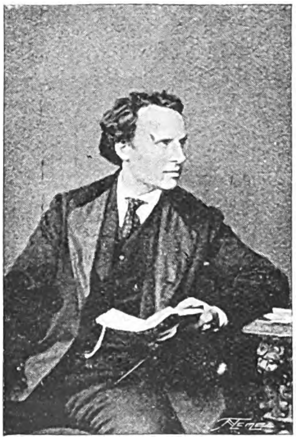
His Father.



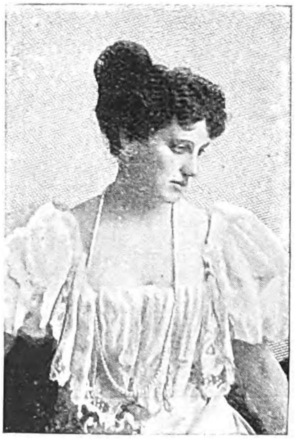
C. Arthur Pearson.



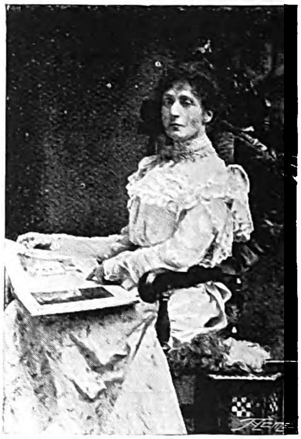
His Mother.



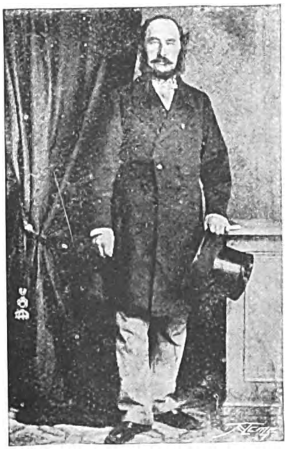
Her Father.



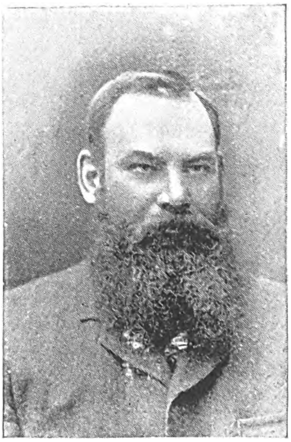
Miss Evelyn Millard.



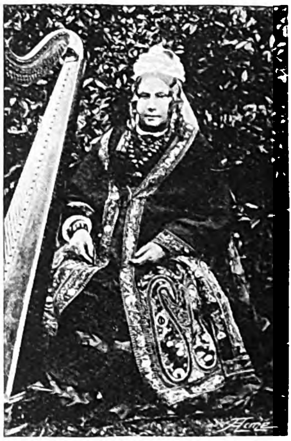
Her Mother.



His Father.



Dr. W. G. Grace.



His Mother.

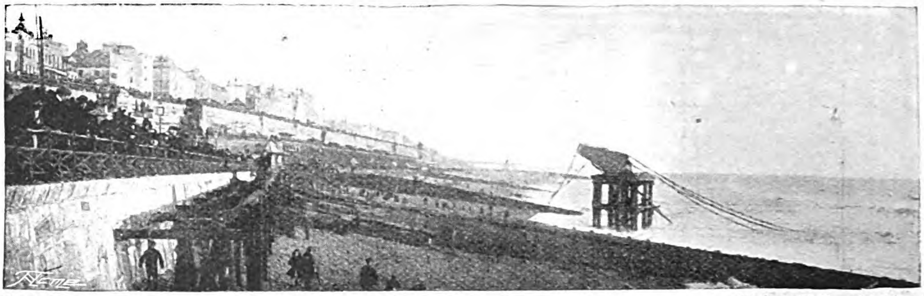


Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

All that remained of Brighton Chain Pier on the morning of December 5th, 1896, after the great storm of the previous night.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE RISKS WE RUN.

By Jeffery Denison.

No. II.

There is probably no risk which we run so great as that of being involved in a railway catastrophe, and yet, considering the vast number of people who travel annually upon the railroads of the world, the loss of life is so infinitesimal as to be little less than miraculous. For it is a well-known fact that in this country, at any rate, fewer fatalities, in proportion to the number of travellers, occur each year upon our railroads than was the case in the days of the old coaches.

Consequently far greater sensation is caused now by a railway disaster in which six people are killed, than was caused years ago by a dozen deaths in connection with coach travelling.

One of the worst railway disasters which have occurred in this kingdom within the past eighteen months, was the wreck of a passenger train on the Cambrian Railway Company's line near Welshampton. The disaster took place on June 11th, 1897, and no fewer than nine persons were killed, whilst the roll of the wounded was very great.

Many of the carriages were telescoped, even after turning on their sides, and the work of rescuing the wounded and recovering the bodies of the dead was most difficult.

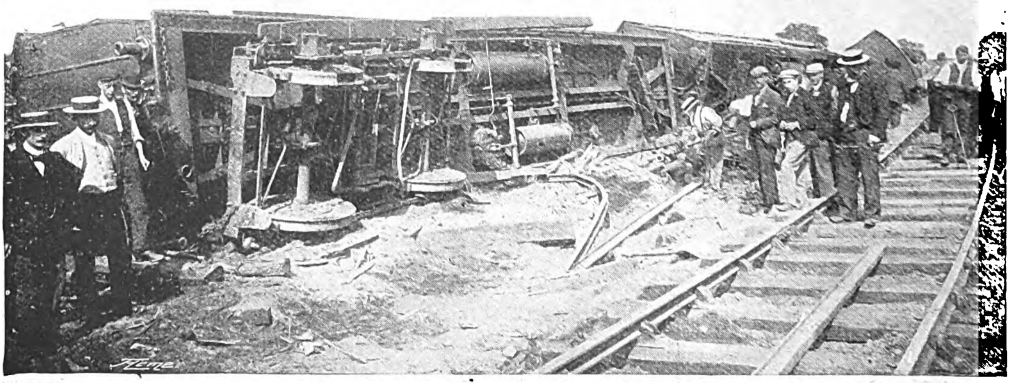


Photo by J. Maclardy, Oswestry.

The train wrecked near Oswestry on June 11th, 1897. It contained 300 members of a Sunday school out on their annual excursion, and of these nine were killed and many injured.

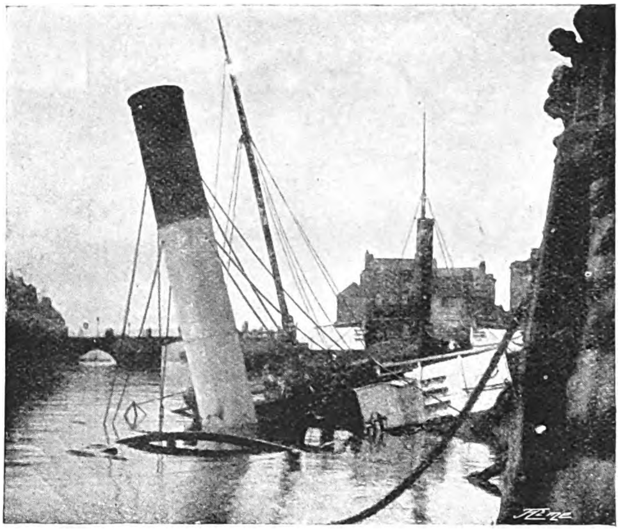


Photo by F. W. Sutcliffe.

The paddle-box of this steam tug caught the stonework of the quay, and, the vessel being unable to rise with the tide, was swamped.

contrived to open the door, and it was at this moment that they saw the milk train coming. The whole of the men jumped from the plough into a snow bank, and escaped uninjured.

The fireman of the heavy locomotive was thrown off his cab by the shock, but sustained only a few bruises, and the engineer was also little hurt. The driver of the lighter engine showed the most extraordinary presence of mind. When his engine had leapt upon the other he did not jump off in any frenzy; he remained quietly at his post for a short time, perched high up in the air; then picked up his time card, which had fallen upon the floor, and his snow-glasses, and quietly got down on the track. Not one of the eight men involved in the accident had a bone broken.

The wrecks of large passenger steamers at sea occur at terribly close intervals, and the sights witnessed on board sinking ships are appalling. Few photographs of such accidents have been taken. In the first place eye-witnesses are too much occupied and excited to think of their cameras, and, secondly, these disasters usually occur at night or during the prevalence of thick fogs, rendering photography impossible. Hundreds of wrecks, however, occur on dangerous coasts, and many of these have been photographed. One of our illustrations shows a schooner wrecked upon the coast of Kincardineshire, whither it had been driven by a terrific gale. When our photograph was taken the storm had somewhat subsided, but, as will be seen, the sea was very rough. This wreck took place six years ago.

A curious accident was that which happened to a paddle steam-tug at Whitby some time back. She was moored by the quay-side, but by some means one of her paddle-boxes caught the stonework, and that side of the tug was unable to rise with the tide; consequently the water gradually covered the deck and swamped the lower part of the boat.

In Great Britain storms have, perhaps, been responsible for more damage to property than any other form of disaster. All our readers will remember the great storm which visited the south coast during the first week of December, 1896. It was during this terrible gale that the historic Chain Pier at Brighton was completely destroyed. The pier had had an eventful history. From its first inception in 1821 fortune seems to have

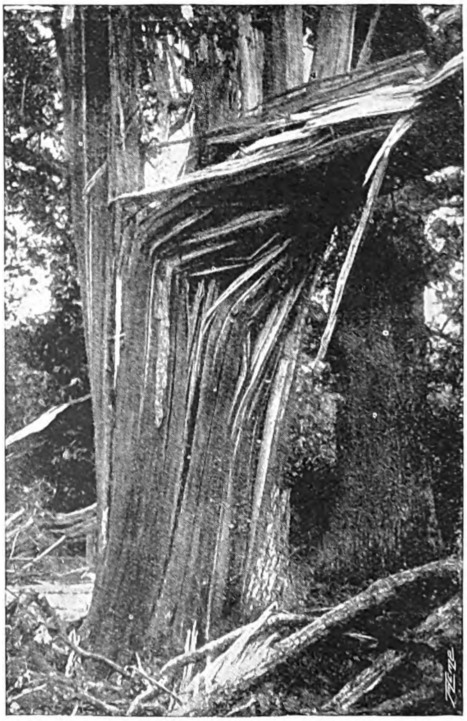


Photo by Frith & Co., Reigate.

A tree that was wrecked by a flash of lightning. It was literally torn to splinters.

happily very rare. One of the most disastrous explosions of this kind took place three years ago in a court opposite to St. Mary's Church in the Strand. The whole side of a house was blown away, and the amount of destruction caused is very graphically shown in the photo on this page.

We must include in the present article another very striking photograph taken after the awful Johnstown flood, described at some length in last month's ROYAL MAGAZINE. The photograph shows a house and tree, which stood by the side of the railroad track. When the waters came rushing through the valley, the tree was uprooted, dashed through the upper wall of the house, and the building was then turned over on its side, as shown in the illustration, the tree remaining upside down in the opening which it had made in the side of the house.

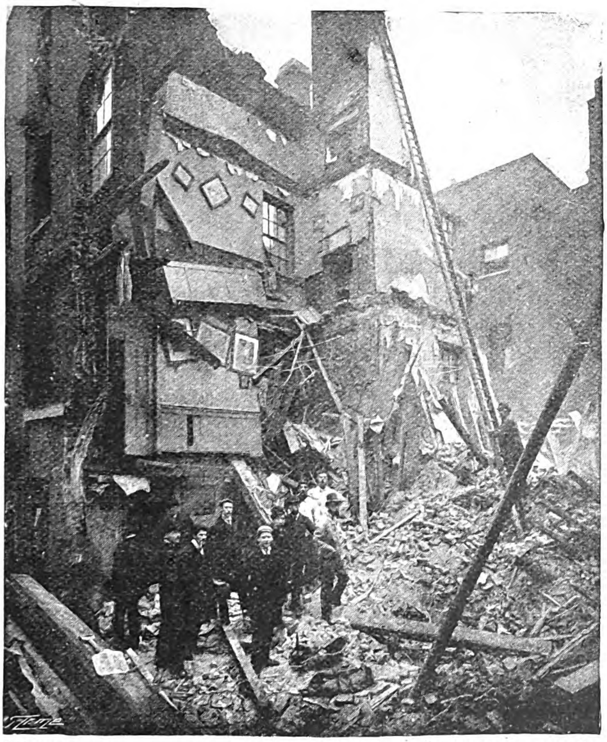


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

These premises were destroyed by a gas explosion. The whole of one side of the house was blown into the street.

This photograph brings to mind a curious fact in connection with the Johnstown disaster. When the vast volume of water rushed through the ill-fated valley, it carried nearly everything before it, smashing into splinters by its terrific impact not only trees and sheds, but large buildings and railway trains. (The *débris* seen in the foreground of our photograph is a ruined train which had been overtaken by the waters from the broken reservoir.) In the whole of the valley after the flood had subsided and a survey came to be taken, it was found that in only two instances had the waters failed to work utter and irretrievable ruin. And here comes the curious coincidence. In both cases the survivors were a tree and a house, united by the force of circumstances. One case is that described above, of which a photograph is given on another page; the other was described and illustrated in our previous article. It will be remembered that in that case a tree was uprooted by the waters, and driven head foremost through the brick wall of a house, finally coming to rest half in and half out of the house. The only difference between that incident and the present one was that in this case the house was turned on its side by the force of the uprooted tree, whilst the other building was sufficiently firm in its foundation to resist the impact of tree and flood.

Such disasters as that which desolate the Johnstown valley are happily all but unknown in the United Kingdom. There are few reservoirs in a position capable of effecting such an appalling loss of life and property even should they burst, and it is a matter of congratulation that where artificial reservoirs have been constructed and dams erected they are so well looked after by those in authority that an accident is all but impossible.

MY PRETTY MAID

By A. M. Moore.

"You know, Sylvia, I don't think this new churn is a patch on that American affair we had last year. Just come here and look at this butter."

The speaker stood with her head on one side, and her hands—nice, plump, dimpled hands—on her shapely hips. Her frock of starch-blue linen was slightly turned back at the throat, a frilled kerchief was knotted carelessly across her full bosom, and a large cotton bonnet of dazzling whiteness surmounted her fair golden hair.

She was hot and tired, was this pretty dairymaid; the butter would not come, and the new-fangled churn was certainly not a success. The girl's voice rang sharply under the tiled dome of the dairy ceiling as she again called aloud.

"I do wish you'd come and see if this stupid butter is any good at all. Whatever are you staring at out there?"

In at the dairy door there came a girl, in much the same costume as the speaker, save that her gown was of a tender pink. She was slender and tall, and her short skirt gave an ample view of two slim ankles and small arched feet, which even her rough woollen hose and heavy brown leather shoes could not disguise. A plain belt emphasised the roundness of her tiny waist, and her throat, long and very white, almost put to shame the snowy kerchief which scarcely hid its outlines. Beneath the broad wings of her sun bonnet glowed her eyes of the colour of dew-washed violets. About her brows hung a few dark brown locks, which, as she advanced into the dairy, she thrust into the shadow of her bonnet with a little white hand.

"Well, Sylvia, what do you think of it?" queried the first speaker.

"Not much," was the candid reply. "But let's wash it first, we can tell better then. Fill up the pans, Dolly."

Then, the girls, with their sleeves rolled up their arms, fell to washing the new-made butter. Great pans clinked against the polished metal taps, as the water, clear and cold as ice, gushed into them. The butter glowed a pale yellow between the white fingers of the girls, and their thick shoes clicked as they ran to and fro over the pavement of variegated marbles.

On the shady side of the dairy, the lattice windows of coloured glass set in a quaint design were wide open. Through them came little puffs of pine-scented warm air and glimpses of a brilliant blue sky.

"Who ever can be out with a gun on such a blazing day as this?" presently said Dolly, as a sharp report rang through the surrounding woods.

"I don't know, I'm sure. The Hall is shut till Christmas, and Lord Raymont isn't coming to the Grange till October," answered the taller of the two, busily setting aside some large pans of skim milk. "It may be a keeper, though, clearing off some of the rabbits. There are simply thousands of them about here. When you called me just now, Dolly, I was watching them play in the sunshine. They were so funny—and so bold. They came nearly up to my feet, and then when they heard your voice they turned up their little white scuts and fled like a flash."

Dolly laughed as she set to work to clean the churn.

"What a queer girl you are, Sylvia. I believe you really like the country, and the animals, and trees, and everlasting dulness."

"Like it!" replied Sylvia, her smooth cheeks flushing and her great, violet eyes melting into rapture. "I positively love it. The sweet, pure air, always filled with the song of birds, the new-born flowers, lifting their dear faces to the sun, the trees that whisper and laugh, sigh and weep, are all perfect in my eyes."

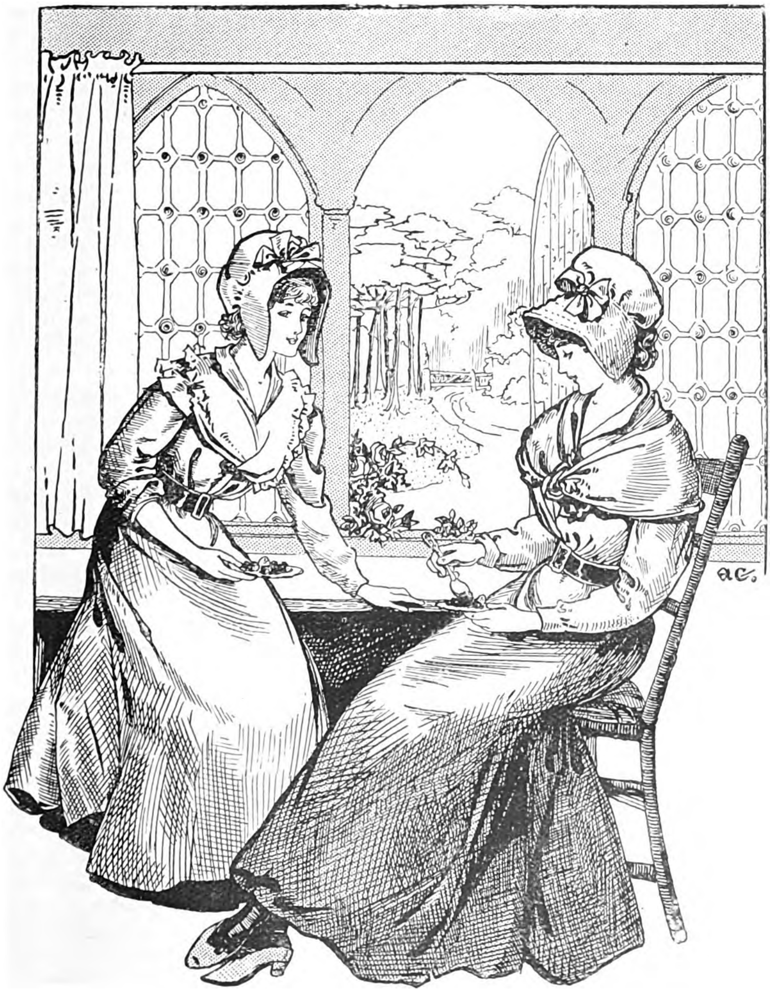
"I believe you would be content to live and die between the Chase and this dairy. Have some cream, Sylvia?" and she broke off to fetch a skimmer. "While I—I hate the country. I'm sick of the moaning of those pine woods, I hate the smell of flowers—growing ones I mean; and if it weren't for the cream, I shouldn't care if I never set foot in this dairy again. There, Sylvia, you must acknowledge I've done that well. Now let's have our luncheon."

From a shady corner, where a tiny fountain tinkled into a majolica basin, Dolly fetched a big dish of blackberries, which made a dash of rich colour amid the delicate tints of the tiled walls and milk-filled pans of the dairy. The cream, which half filled a sparkling bowl of fine-cut glass, some biscuits, and the luscious fruit made an ideal meal for the two girls.

"No one would ever think we were sisters—and twins into the bargain," said Dolly, putting a huge blackberry and a mountain of cream into her mouth. "We are awfully different. You are the beauty—what's the good of shaking your head, Sylvia?—and yet you'd be content to remain mewed up here all the days of your life. Now I, who am only passable when I'm well dressed, positively pine for a town life; I want to go to theatres, and hear music, not birds, but real proper music, on a band, you know; and I should like smart gowns, of satin, and fur, and lace, like those Lady Alicia Dering wears in church on Sunday. I——"

"I beg your pardon, but could you oblige me with a glass of milk?"

The two milkmaids started to their feet. A man, young and dark, was looking through one of the open lattices. A coat of brown corduroy, with pieces of leather stitched across the shoulders, and the bright barrel of a gun



"No one would think we were sisters.'

proclaimed him as being the sportsman the girls had heard a short while back.

"It's such hot work shooting," he said, "that really I should be obliged if——"

But Sylvia had already turned to where some glasses stood on a shelf and the young man stopped to follow her graceful figure. In another moment she had handed him a brimming tumbler through the window, and returned again to her sister's side. Slowly and with many glances beneath the brim of his soft felt hat at the charming picture before him, he swallowed the creamy, sweet milk. Then he gravely set the glass on the window ledge, slightly raised his hat and turned away.

"I wonder who he is," said Sylvia, as their visitor's footsteps died away.

"A gamekeeper, of course!" answered Dolly settling down again to her blackberries and cream. "I heard Papa say the other evening that a lot of new men have been taken on by Lord Raymont. All the same I'm not sure he's any business shooting just here."

"But he wasn't shooting," argued Sylvia. "He evidently caught sight of the dairy and thought he'd ask for a—Oh! Dolly, he's paid for it!"

And Sylvia with horrified eyes gazed at a threepenny piece which lay on the window ledge alongside the empty tumbler.

"Did he take us for real milkmaids?" she went on in a distressed voice.

"What does it matter if he did?" answered practical Dolly. "As if it mattered what a common gamekeeper thought of us. If we do choose to dress up in sunbonnets and short petticoats it's only our own affair. It passes the time down in this dull place, and besides Mama always says that being among cream and milk is good for the complexion."

A quarter of an hour later the two girls started across the great park which surrounded Beauley Chase, their home. But at the edge of the little clearing where the dairy stood Sylvia protested she had forgotten something and went back. With as guilty an air as though the milk pan could see or the fountain talk, she slipped that offending silver coin into the pocket of her cotton gown, then ran to rejoin her sister.

As for the gamekeeper his shooting that afternoon was a little disturbed by the vision of dairymaids eating blackberries and cream off plates of old Worcester china, and by a pair of sweet violet eyes under the shade of a white cottage bonnet.

After that, it was strange how often he felt thirsty and how many times he laid a threepenny bit on the window ledge of the model dairy. He noticed it was generally she of the violet eyes who served him, and that she was often there alone, always wearing her cotton gown and rough brown shoes, and with an envious sunbonnet hiding the wealth of soft curls that he felt sure must grow about so sweet a face.

For many weeks few words were exchanged between them. Sylvia Beauley, the daughter of a hundred earls, was scarcely likely to encourage conversation with a man who might have been her father's servant. And yet she grew into the habit—a bad one, so she told herself—of listening for his footstep among the dying bracken. But one day in late October, when the woods were one blaze of crimson and gold, and the keen air had kissed Sylvia's rose-leaf complexion into a ruddier hue, the young gamekeeper lingered after he had finished his glass of milk.

"I've brought you this—I thought it might be acceptable to you," he said, and he held up and offered her an uncommonly fine hare.

Momentarily the girl drew herself up. The idea of a common gamekeeper offering Lady Sylvia Beauley game off his employer's estate. Then the humour of the situation struck her, and she smiled, bringing to view the most adorable dimple in the world.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," she said sweetly. "What a fine hare——" And then Sylvia let a tiny spice of malice creep into her speech. "Whose is it?"

The gamekeeper flushed to the roots of his dark hair.

"It's from the Grange Woods."

"That's Lord Raymont's place," said Sylvia, nodding her head. "Does he let his people shoot on their own account?"

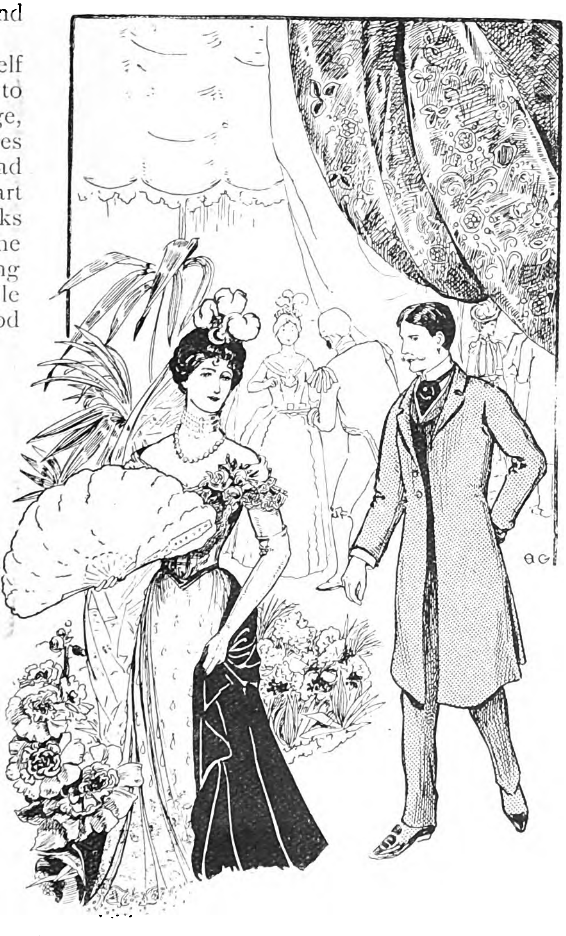
"If you mean, does he mind the game being given away sometimes, he doesn't," cried the young man hotly. "But, of course, if you'd rather not have the hare"—and he put out his hand to take it back, rather wondering that a dairymaid—even such a pretty one—should refuse so useful a gift.

"Oh, but I like it—indeed, I do," cried Sylvia, laying her hand in her turn on the hare, and secretly wondering what on earth she should do with the offering.

In the soft downy fur their fingers met. Sylvia, blushing scarlet, and hating herself for so doing, drew back as though she had been stung. He, with a half-amused smile lurking in the corners of his handsome mouth, muttered a hurried "Good morning!" and left her

From that time forth Sylvia knew but little happiness. Every fibre of her being rebelled against the dictates of her heart, which daily grew stronger.

For over a month she did not go near the dairy. It was not until the Countess, who had strong ideas on the bringing up of her daughters, found that Sylvia was neglecting this branch of her education, that the girl returned reluctantly to the milk pans and churn.


"And so 'My Pretty Maid' of the song has turned into a great lady!"

Sylvia hated herself for her falseness to her birth and lineage, she hated—sometimes—the man who had power to set her heart leaping and her cheeks aflame. And yet the day that did not bring his step to the little clearing in the wood and his face to the dairy window was a blank one in her life.

* * *

At the third Drawing Room of the season Lord Raymont, in all the splendid panoply of his Guards' uniform, was early on duty at the Palace. Outside, the Mall and its approaches were blocked with carriages and thronged with sightseers.

Inside, the Royal residence, ordinarily so gloomy and silent, was alive with Royal pages, gentlemen-at-arms and scores of uniformed officials. Up the State staircase and along the corridor moved a glowing panorama of exquisitely apparelled women. The various reception-rooms filled up rapidly, and the officers stationed at the barriers were busy among the anxious matrons and nervous *débutantes*.

"Ah! the *entrée* people are nearly through," cried Lord Raymont at half-past three to his companion, who with him was guarding the crimson and gold barriers of the first waiting-room.

"What do you think of them?" said his friend, jerking his head towards the roomful of jewelled and feathered women.

Lord Raymont shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see any new beauty among this set; Lady de Vere looks as handsome as ever, but there's not a girl really worth looking at."

"I hear Lady Beauley's twin daughters are handsome; one is quite lovely, they say. By-the-bye, aren't they neighbours of yours in Blankshire?"

"I believe so; but I have been living down there so very quietly this last autumn and winter that, beyond meeting Lady Beauley at a dinner or two, I know nothing of her, though she did ask me to call."

"And didn't you? The girls are heiresses, you know."

"No, I never went. I was too busy."

"But just now you said you'd been awfully quiet."

"Yes, I know. I——I say, Bellairs, who's that girl over there? The tall one, standing by the second window. What hair and eyes."

"And what a skin," cried Bellairs. "It makes everyone about her look yellow; it's as white as milk."

Lord Raymont started. That expression, as well as the girl's eyes, brought back to him the picture of a lattice window and a face enframed in a sunbonnet.

The tide of silk and lace, of snowy shoulders and feathered heads were sweeping past him. In another moment this lovely girl, so like and yet so unlike that other, would be within touch of his hand.

A second later and the press of the eager women drove the girl against his arm. She was so near to him that he could see the fine grain of her flawless skin, the delicate rippling curls clustering lovingly round her pink-tipped ears, the glint of deepest violet through her lowered lashes.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a low tone, trying to draw back a little from her, lest in the crush the tender beauty of her arms should be bruised against his accoutrements.

With a smothered cry, the girl raised her eyes to his. As a look of astonished recognition flashed across his face, a deep blush stained her fair skin from brow to throat. Then, before he could speak, she had passed on, whiter, sweeter than all the snowy flock among whom she moved with such queenly grace.

Lord Raymont was brought back to earth and the knowledge of his whereabouts by a voice he knew.

"Ah! Lord Raymont, delighted to see that you, too, have torn yourself away from the joys of the country. Now, I do hope you're going to make time to call on us. I want to introduce my two girls. It's their first season, you know."

"Delighted, I'm sure!"

Lord Raymont bowed absently to his country neighbour, the Countess of Beauley. Girls in general were of no interest to him. He would only dream of—live for—one.

"There's nothing like a good beginning," chattered on her lively ladyship. "Come in to tea after it's all over. I've several 'trains' coming."

As she joined the throng before her, Raymont vaguely decided that he would go to Lady Beauley's 'train' tea. He had at least a score of such invitations, and he felt he must show up somewhere. Why not there as well as anywhere else?

To get into mufti after the Drawing Room did not take long, and it was not yet six o'clock when he mounted the wide white staircase of the Beauley's town house.

"So glad you've come!" cried his hostess. Dorothea! Sylvia—this is our neighbour at the Chase. Lord Raymont—my daughters."

In all the gay throng of lovely women and well groomed men, Raymont saw only one figure. Above the crash of the Hungarian music and the babel of voices he heard only one low tone.

Beneath the waving palms, among the banked-up flowers, stood the girl he had dreamed about for months, the dear one he had longed for and feared never to attain. She was there before him, smiling, blushing, shy, and a thousand times more beautiful than he had ever conceived.

"And so 'My pretty Maid' of the song has turned into a great lady! Why did you never tell me?" he said presently.

"'Nobody asked me, Sir! she said,'" quoted Lady Sylvia. "Are you very disappointed at the transformation, Lord Raymont? You speak regretfully. Is that what you mean?"

He bent his handsome head close to her fair one.

"I will tell you what I mean—one day—soon," he murmured. "But, confess in your turn. Did you really take me for a gamekeeper?"

She blushed again and flicked the long white feathers of her fan to and fro.

"Indeed I did," she said presently; then she added impetuously: "And oh! how I despised—how I hated myself."

"Why did you *hate* yourself?"

"Because—because—" her long lashes veiled her dewy eyes, her mouth quivered as does that of a child who is about to cry. "Oh! please don't ask me."

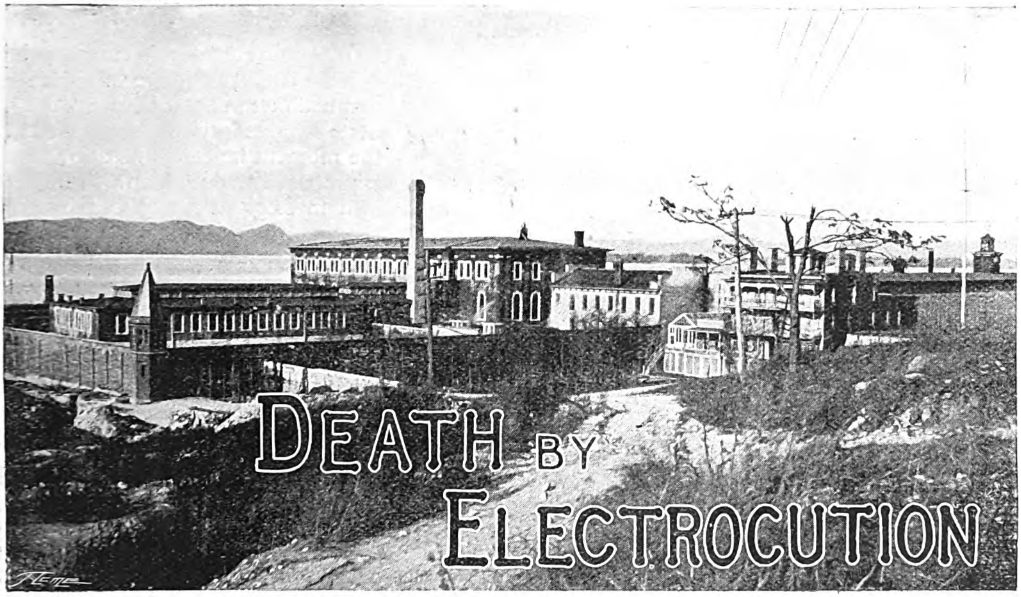
"Was it—dare I think it was—because you loved me?"

His hand sought hers in the folds of her snowy gown. Her small fingers lay in his palm.

With the faintest shyest smile, she looked into his face while her lips framed the single word "Yes!"

* * *

DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION



A general view of Sing Sing Prison, the chief prison of New York.

By James S. Metcalfe, M.A. (Yale).

Illustrated by the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken.

In America there is no professional hangman, and the duty devolves upon the sheriff of the county in which the murderer is convicted.

The mistakes of these amateur hangmen, resulting often in the most revolting scenes, convinced the thinking public that hanging was a brutal and unscientific way of inflicting the extreme legal penalty. The Scriptural and civil demand of "a life for a life" was not strongly opposed, but there was a considerable popular sentiment against hanging, because it was inexact and uncertain. This belief paved the way for the choice of some other method of taking life from those whom the law decreed were not fit to live among their kind.

The authorities who dealt with criminals had learned that hanging, with all its horrible possibilities, had ceased to have a frightening effect upon the Thugs, toughs, and roughs, who were most likely to commit crimes of violence. These ruffians believed that to "die game" on the gallows was almost a heroic ending to a career which would not otherwise be noticed except in the court and prison records.

From the moment of his crime a murderer became a celebrity among people of his own class and in the public prints. His trial would crowd the court rooms and command columns in the newspapers. After conviction his cell would be filled with flowers by religious and emotional women, and his time would pass easily in the company of any friends and sympathetic persons who cared to visit him.

As the day of his execution approached, the newspapers would record his hours of exercise, the minutest details of his diet, and everything in his conduct and demeanour which could possibly interest a morbid public. Naturally this made him still more a hero, and the last act of the tragedy was watched with an interest which made other possible murderers almost envy his position. Then would come the execution, and the sheriffs would be fairly overwhelmed with applications to witness the sublime spectacle of a human being put to death because he was not fit to live.

The newspapers would print every detail of the execution, even to the words of his last prayers. The highest encomium the reporters could print was that the murderer "died game;" which was a direct incentive to other criminals to murder and show that they, too, could "die game."

Murders increased in number, and hanging, especially among the younger criminals of the large cities, became rather a glorious

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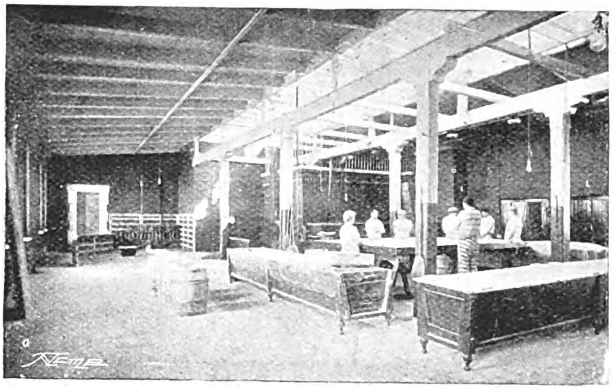


The Bakery,

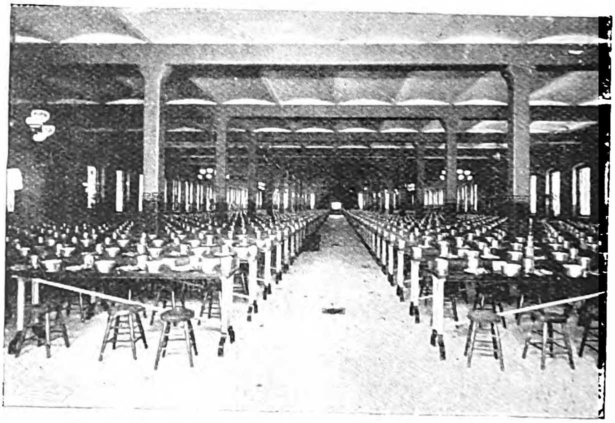
where all the prison breadstuff is made and baked by convicts.

martyrdom than a punishment. This made possible the passage of the law which, in New York State, and later in some others, caused death by electricity to take the place of a punishment, which, since the days of Mordecai and Haman, has been the extreme penalty of the law.

The present statute not only substituted the scientific process of electrocution for the uncertain methods of the hangman, but when it was adopted opportunity was given to throw about the act of legal killing many provisions calculated to terrify the criminal mind, and to rob the criminal's death of the publicity and notoriety which alone gave it any semblance of heroism.

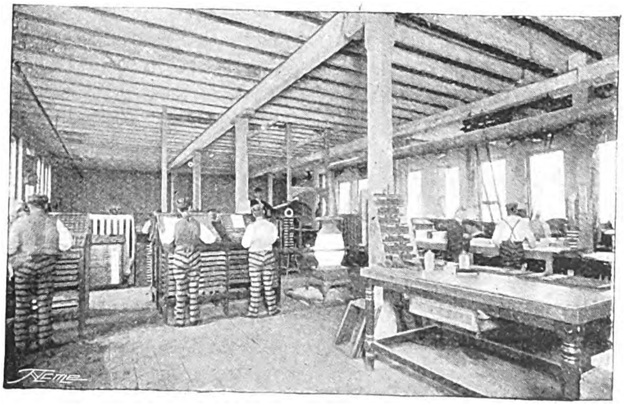
When a murderer is convicted now he is taken at once to a condemned cell in one of New York State's three prisons, and from the moment he enters its door he is practically a dead man. There is a mystery thrown about even the time when he is to die. The judge, in sentencing him to death, says only that he is to be taken to the designated place, and there executed under the laws of the State at any time during the week, beginning with a certain date.

The warden of the prison fixes the day and hour, and the condemned man may not know when it is to be. He may be called from his bed at early dawn, or his fate may summon him from that first slumber which is deepest and sweetest. Unless by process of the courts, or by act of the pardoning power, he never leaves the condemned cell except to take the few steps which lead him to the electric chair. His eyes never see anyone save his spiritual and legal advisers and the prison officials in immediate charge of him, until the day when he enters the death chamber, where are gathered the few persons whom the law summons to witness that its most solemn act is duly done.



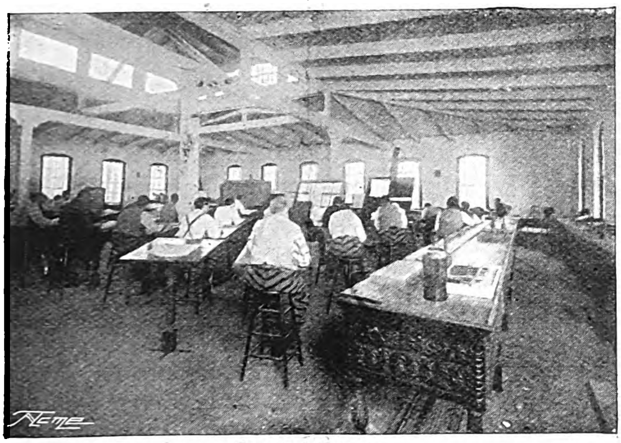
The Dining-Room

is a truly remarkable apartment. At the time the above photograph was taken the tables had been laid for fifteen hundred convicts.



The Printing Department.

This is the composing-room of the Sing Sing printing department. Everything is, of course, done by convicts who, in some United States prisons, actually edit and print small newspapers.



The Art Room.

The most extraordinary part of Sing Sing prison is the art room. The men who have been convicted for three years or more are instructed in a course of art studies by a highly cultured convict who is in for life.

The first electrocution was naturally an experiment, none the less an experiment because its subject was a human being, and the object death. The scientific electricians felt sure of their ground, but they could take no chances of the horrors which might lie between the strength of current which would only stun or half kill, and that which would wither and blast and burn a human creature, murderer though he was.

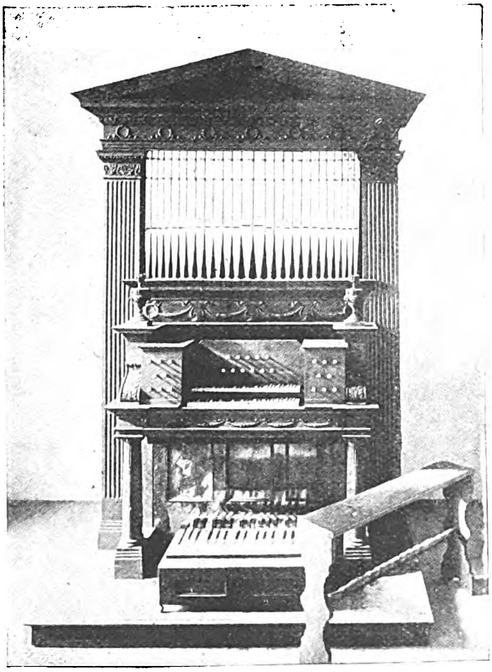
The law limits the number of those present at an execution to twelve witnesses outside of the officials charged with the execution. It may well be believed that the little crowd gathered in Auburn prison to witness the legal killing of William Kemmler, although most of them professional and scientific men, were awed and more than anxious. Their eyes were to see what no one had ever beheld before—the intentional passage of a tremendous current of electricity through the body of a living man.

We know now what the scientific theory was, and science has shown in the something like fifty electrocutions since that of Kemmler, that its theory was absolutely correct. In Kemmler's case an over-powerful current was used to make death absolutely certain, regardless of other result, and the drying of one of the electrical conductors at the point of contact caused a burning of the flesh with its consequent odour, but the death was instantaneous and painless. In none of the subsequent electrocutions has so powerful a current been used, and sponges soaked with salt water are placed at the ends of the two electrodes which carry the current in and out of the body.

The electric chair—whose fatal image is ever before the murderer's eyes from the moment of his crime until he enters the door of the death chamber and beholds the reality—is not electric in any sense. It is a massive chair of oak, with strong back and arms, but all the electric apparatus is entirely independent of the chair itself.

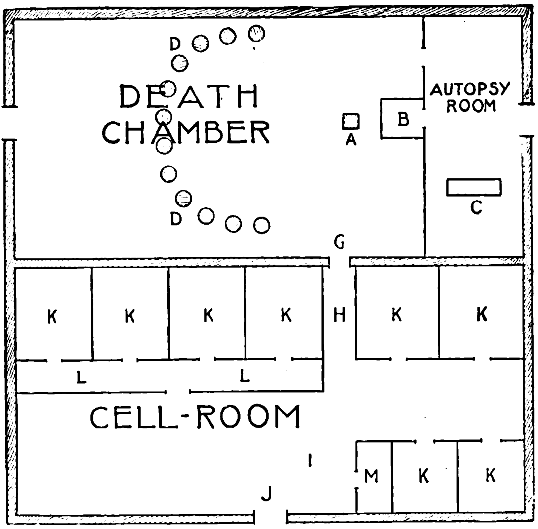
The chairs at the three New York prisons are of the same design, and the accessories vary only in detail. At Sing Sing Prison, which is nearest New York City, and its large criminal population, the great majority of electrocutions have been performed, and a description of its apparatus will serve for all.

The electricity for executions comes from the great dynamos which are used for lighting the prison and its walls. These no prisoner could scale during the darkest hour of the darkest night without being seen instantly by the armed guards. The death building, which is an ordinary



Convict-made Organ

which was built by the prisoners at Sing Sing as a present to the Governor. Curiously enough, the workmen had never played on a musical instrument.

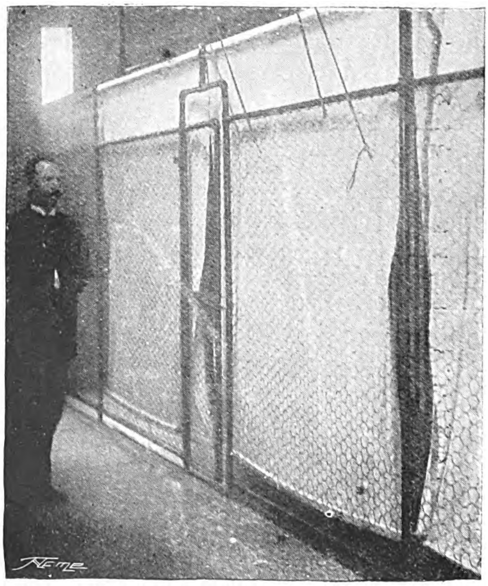


A plan of the building where the executions take place.

A. Electric chair.
B. Executioner's booth.
C. Dissecting room.
D. Stools for witnesses.
E. Executioner's door.
F. Witnesses' room.
G. Door by which condemned man enters.
H. Passage from condemned cells.
I. Main corridor in cell room.
J. Door to prison.
K K. Condemned cells.
L. Corridor for death watch.
M. Bath-room.

one-storied brick structure, is divided into two parts—the cell-room and the death-chamber proper.

The condemned man is brought directly from his trial to the former, and here is stripped, searched, and his description entered in the prison records. Then he is placed in one of the cells, and from that moment he may receive no article of any description except by the direct order of the warden.



The Condemned Cells.

This picture represents the condemned cells with the screens drawn. These screens are plain white curtains hung on to the netting, and were put up at the suggestion of the warden's wife. They prevent the condemned people from annoying one another when being taken out to exercise, etc. There are other side curtains not shown in the picture, which cut the passage-way into sections between the cells.

The cell-room measures some 30ft. by 20ft. Lengthwise through its middle runs a partition of steel bars lined on the inside with coarse-meshed wire-netting. In the middle of the partition is a door which is kept constantly locked except for the passage of the keepers, of whom two are on watch every moment of the day and night. They sit, walk, or stand, in a narrow passage between the partition and the front of the cells proper. These are 5ft. wide by 6ft. or 7ft. deep, and are entirely open in front except for steel bars running up and down some 3in. apart. They are lighted from above, and are somewhat more comfortably furnished than ordinary cells if the prisoner shows no signs of becoming violent or attempting suicide. If it is considered safe, the warden allows the prisoners many little comforts which make their lot easier, and serve to pass the dreary hours. The cells are separated by solid partitions, but they have one peculiarity not possessed by cells used for any other purpose.

The law decrees not only that the condemned man may not see, nor be seen, by any outsider, but also that he may not see nor be seen by his fellow-prisoners awaiting electrocution. To avoid this the front of each cell is equipped with an iron shutter constructed on the

The Death Watch.

A corner of the cell room occupied by prisoners condemned to death. A warder stands constantly between the iron netting and the cage bars.

same principle as the cover of a roll-top desk.

When it is necessary to bring in a new prisoner on the day when one is being taken to the death chamber—in fact when anything occurs which might expose the condemned men to view, a keeper is placed in each occupied cell with its prisoner, and the shutter pulled down. At other times the keepers command a view of every inch of the cells from their posts in the passage, and are able to note the slightest suspicious action.

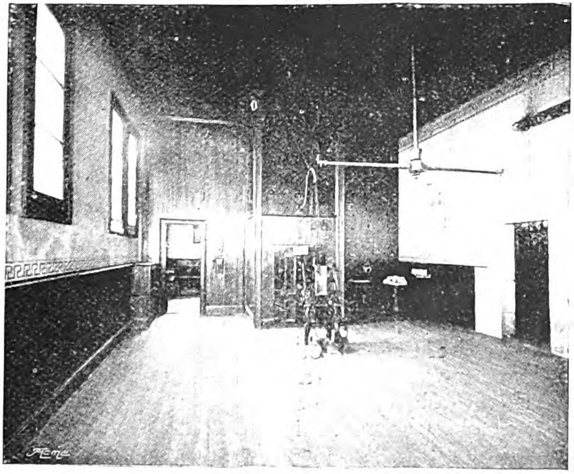
The death-chamber is reached from the cell-room by a narrow passage between two of the cells. Its door opens directly opposite the fatal chair, and it is from here that the man about to die gains his first view of the mysterious and deadly apparatus which has been so long and so constantly before the eyes of his thoughts.

The chamber is a well-lighted room of about the same size as the cell-room. It has three doors—the one just mentioned; a door into the prison yard, by which the witnesses enter; and a third, at the side and back of the chair, opening into the autopsy room.

The chair stands 6ft. or 7ft. from the end wall, and directly in front of a little square wooden booth, to which there is no view or entrance from the chamber. It is entered by a door from the autopsy room, so that its occupant comes in and goes out without his identity becoming known to those present at the electrocution. It is he who actually releases the current of electricity to speed on its errand of death.

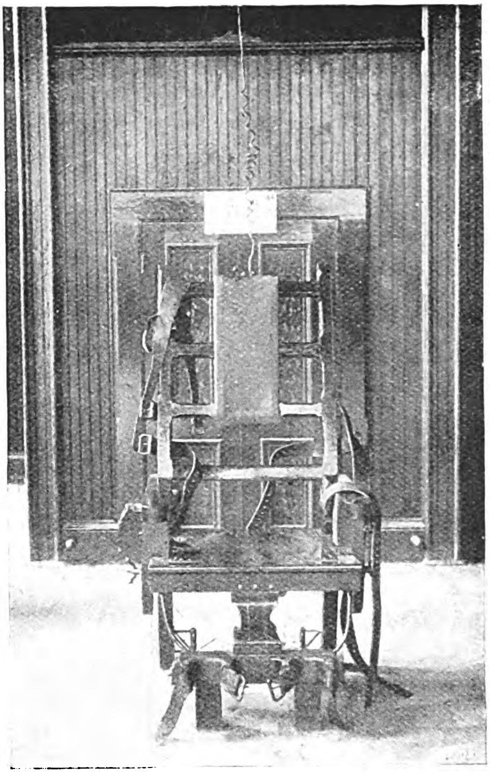
As one enters this booth from the autopsy room, one sees nothing but carefully insulated wires passing through its walls, and directly in front of the door, fastened to the front wall, a massive brass switch, with an ebony handle. Through a tiny hole in the right side of the booth passes a wire, on each end of which, one in the booth and one in the death-chamber, is a brass finger ring. At the time of the execution the mysterious man in the booth puts one ring on his finger and the prison electrician, standing beside the booth on the outside puts the other on his. At the signal from the warden the electrician pulls the wire taut.

The man inside on feeling the pressure on his own finger pulls down the lever with his other hand, and permits the current to pass. When the pressure is released the current is instantly shut off, and this is repeated once or twice, until there is no doubt that the electricity has done its work. There is no



The Death Chamber.

A general view of the death chamber. The door on the right is that from which the convict will enter.



The Death Chair.

An enlarged view of the death chair. In reality it is a simple, though exceedingly strongly made, ordinary chair, the electric apparatus being entirely separate.

doubt that the first shock kills, and the subsequent ones are administered only to remove any possible question.

The death toilet must be described to make clear the action of the electricity. Just before the execution one of the keepers shaves, on the back and top of the prisoner's head, a spot about two inches in diameter. Then his right trouser leg is ripped from the knee down. There must be nothing except the moistened sponges on the ends of the electrodes to come between them and the actual flesh, as even the slightest obstacle might interfere with the direct and instantaneous passage of the current into and out of the body of its victim.

The death-chamber, with the exception of the chair itself and a semi-circle of stools for the use of the witnesses, is absolutely unfurnished. It is high-ceiled and, except for the gruesome object at one end, might pass for a country schoolroom. In the front of the booth are attached rows of electric light bulbs used for testing the strength of the current, and to make sure that it is passing without obstruction.

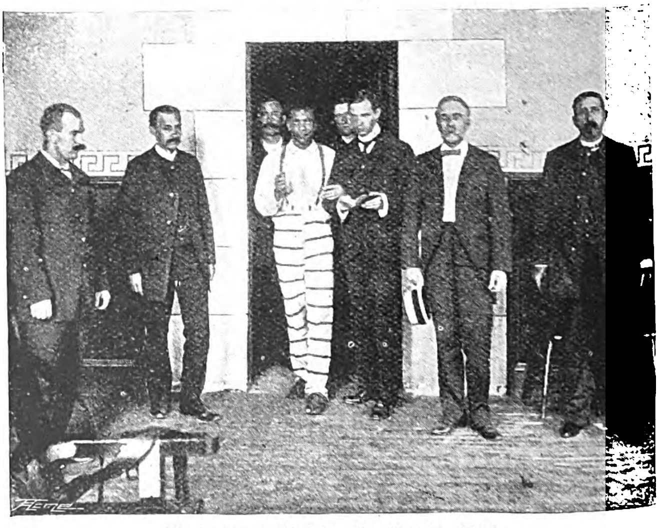
From the front of the booth come the insulated wires which go to the cap which is placed over the condemned man's head and into the cuff which is attached to his right leg. The interior of these leather appliances is also insulated, and the flat ends of the electrodes come into immediate contact with the wet sponges.

The current passes in at the head and out from the side of the leg. What its action is science has not yet discovered, but the autopsies show that it entirely changes the character of all the blood in the system.

After death ensues the law provides that an autopsy must be performed at once by the official physicians, and a certificate of death with its cause filed in the prison records. Then, if the relatives desire, the body is delivered to them for quiet burial under the control of prison officials. If there are no relatives, or if they have deserted the murderer, the body is directed to be covered with quicklime in a grave in the prison cemetery.

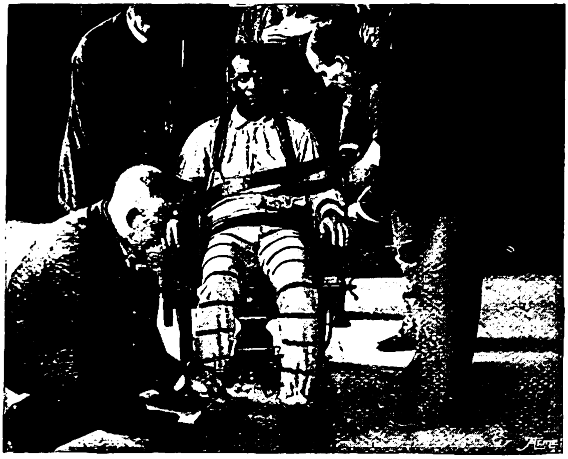
* * * * *

Arthur Mayhew, a burly negro, and two



The Procession to the Death Chair.

The condemned man is holding a silver crucifix in his right hand and enters on the arm of the chaplain. To the immediate left of the chaplain is the warden, who always leads the grim procession. The man behind the chaplain is the chief keeper, and on the latter's right is the man in charge of the death cell.



Strapping the Victim into the Death Chair.

The operation takes only a few seconds to perform, each keeper being thoroughly trained to draw, adjust and buckle his own particular strap.

or three others of his race one night waylaid in the suburbs of New York City an old man for the purposes of robbery. Their victim resisted, and was killed at one blow. His associates escaped, but Mayhew was caught almost red-handed. He had a long trial, and his case was carried to the highest courts, but his sentence to death was confirmed, and the governor refused to interfere.

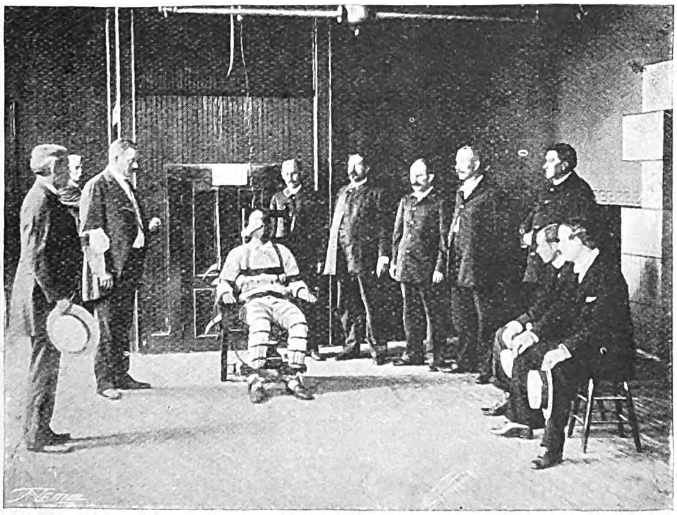
It was a solemn little body of men that gathered in the warden's private office in Sing Sing Prison one grey morning in March last year. It consisted of physicians and a few pressmen, who were for the occasion officials of the State. They had come in answer to the warden's summons to witness that Arthur Mayhew had been legally put to death.

What little conversation passed between them was in subdued tones. As they arrived the warden was several times hastily summoned to the cell-room. He afterwards told the writer that Mayhew, who had passed the night in prayer, a priest in the corridor of the cell-room aiding him in his devotions, had announced that he would never leave his cell alive, a threat which had some appearance of reason, considering the negro's tremendous strength and the narrowness of the door through which he would have to be dragged. But prison experience had provided for such an emergency.

Near the cell was placed a two-quart bottle of strong ammonia, and if he had resisted it would have been dropped on the floor; then, when overcome by its fumes, he would have been lifted out and carried to the chamber. But Warden Sage, although in charge of more than a thousand criminals, is a gentle man, and had shown Mayhew many kindnesses, so that when the final moment came the murderer listened to persuasion, and left his cell without resistance.

"It is time, gentleman," said the warden, and the party of witnesses filed slowly and silently through the prison yard and into the death chamber. Seated on the stools, we watched the tests being made by the electrician, the bulbs alternately lightening and darkening as the current was turned on and off.

Facing us was the chair with its five broad straps, one each for the chest and limbs, and each fitted with an easily fastened buckle. For each strap and each electrode there was a keeper thoroughly trained in his duty.



The Actual Execution.

The warden holds a handkerchief in his left hand. The doctor holds his watch. The electrician stands facing the cupboard. He has on his finger a brass ring, fastened to the end of a wire, which communicates with the man standing in the box behind the electric chair, whose right hand is on the lever which permits the current to pass.

The tests finished, the electrician took his stand by the booth, with the signal ring on his finger, and near him stood the prison physician with his stop watch in hand. Near the closed door to the cell room were grouped four of the strongest keepers in their blue uniforms. In electrocution there is no desire to gain impressiveness by delay, and everything that follows occured in such a brief space of time that it seemed almost instantaneous.

A muffled sound behind the door told us the dreadful moment had arrived. It opened, and the warden, with a handkerchief in his left hand, quickly stepped to the right of the chair, and took his place next the physician, and where the handkerchief was in easy view of the electrician. In the doorway appeared the negro holding a crucifix, his burly frame leaving scant room for the priest, on whose arm he leant. Behind them could be seen two or three keepers.

Now happened what, with the exception of the burning of Kemmler's flesh, is the only incident which has ever added a horror to those insuperable from the execution of a human being. Mayhew's eyes had been fixed on the crucifix, and his lips were rapidly moving in prayer. As he entered the room he lifted his eyes, and, when he beheld the chair, he threw himself back in terror, his black skin turned to the ashiness peculiar to the negro terror, and he began to talk rapidly in an almost shrinking tone.

"God have mercy!" he yelled. "Don't—don't kill me—don't, for God's sake!—I'm innocent—I never done it—Oh, Mr. Warden, don't push that button—for God's sake!—Lord have mercy!—I never killed him!"

The emergency had been foreseen, and the moment Mayhew held back, he was immediiately pushed forward by the keepers behind him, seized by them at the door, and quickly forced into the chair. In an instant he was securely strapped, and the electrodes secured in place, the cap covering his eyes but leaving the lower part of the face exposed to view.

The keepers fell back, the warden stepped forward a pace, and a quick glance showed that all was ready.

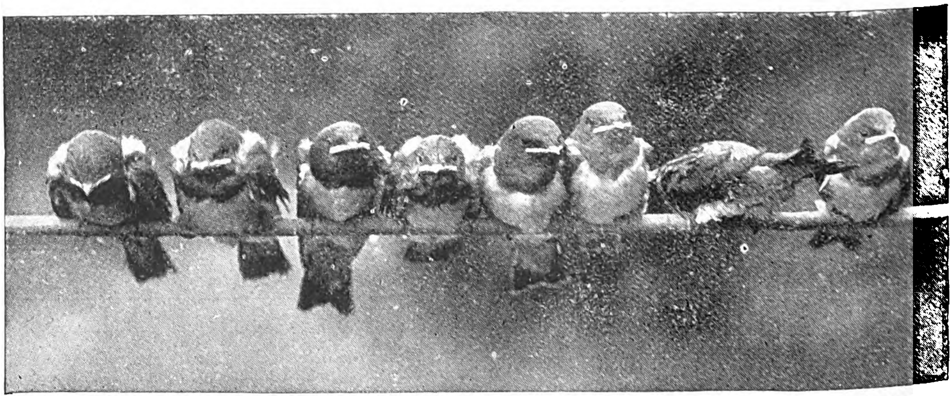
A quick lifting of the handkerchief in the warden's hand—a movement of the electrician's finger—and then absolute silence like that of the grave. There was a quick distension of the man's great muscles, a slight froth appeared on his lips, and he was dead.

A few seconds—it seemed hours—a word from the physician, a movement of the electrician and the tension left the muscles, and what in the chair had been a living man was now a limp and lifeless corpse.

A pause, another word from the physician, and again the distension of the muscles and straining against the straps. Another signal, the same relaxation, and it was all over.

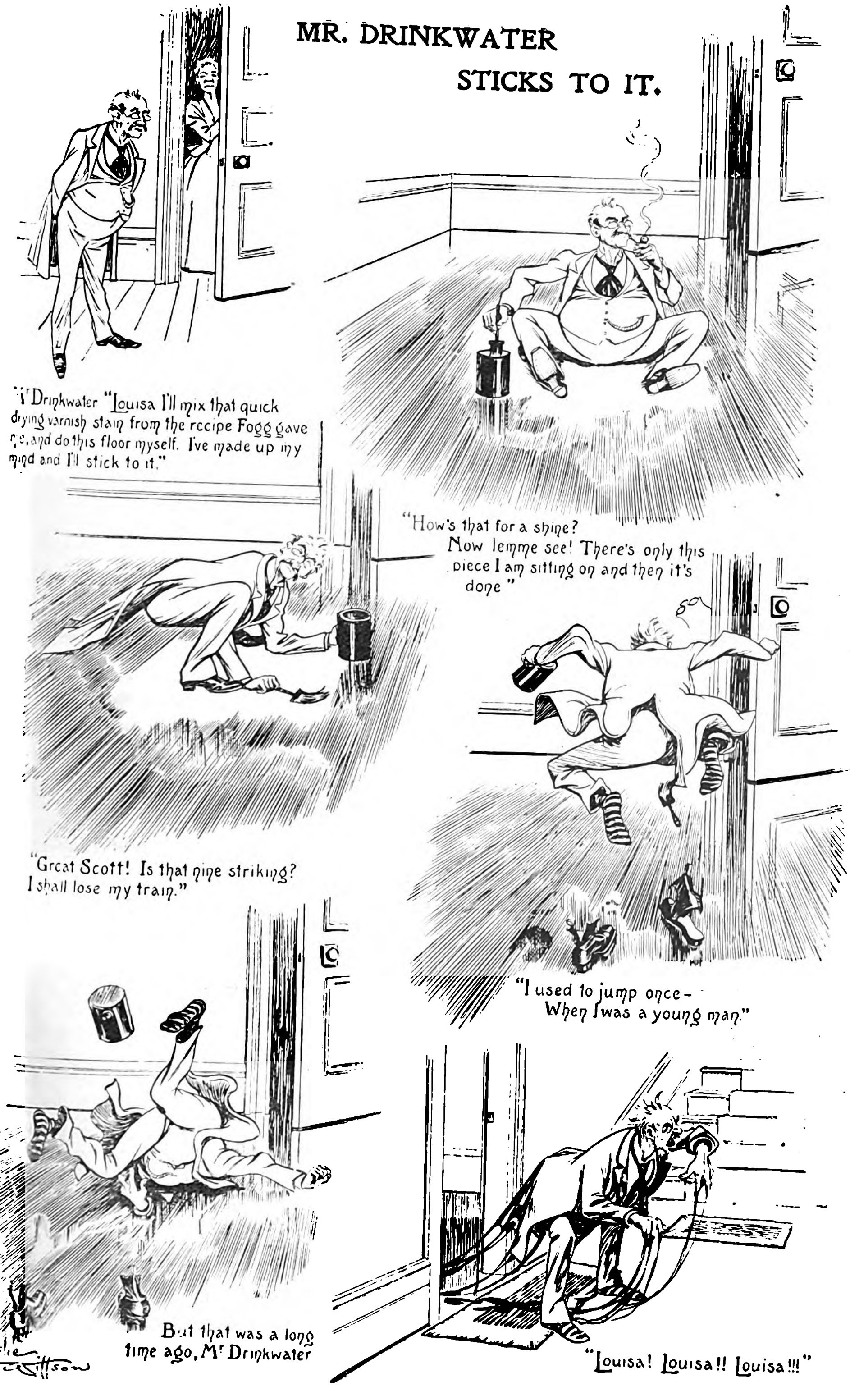
The doctors advanced and applied the usual tests of death. As they opened the clothing to apply the stethoscopes the magnificent chest and great muscular arch of the neck were revealed, causing one to marvel at the force which could so instantly reduce to the impotence of death such a perfect living organism.

Eight of the Quaintest Pets on Earth.



These little birds are kept by Mr. Charles Reid, of Wishaw, who took this photograph, not only as pets, but also as models. They are quite tame, and, having been photographed scores of times, almost seem to understand what is expected of them when they are brought out and placed in front of the camera.

MR. DRINKWATER STICKS TO IT.



Mr Drinkwater "Louisa I'll mix that quick drying varnish stain from the recipe Fogg gave me, and do this floor myself. I've made up my mind and I'll stick to it."

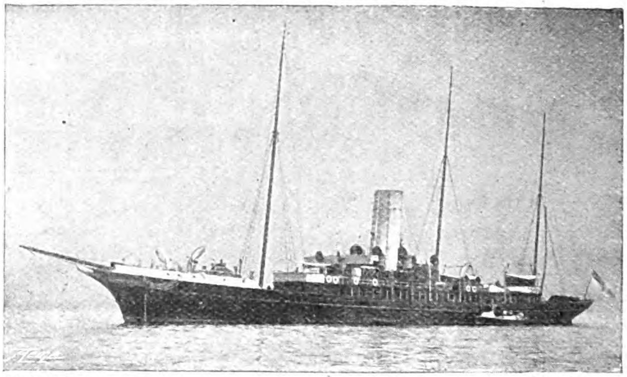
"How's that for a shine? Now lemme see! There's only this piece I am sitting on and then it's done."

"Great Scott! Is that nine striking? I shall lose my train."

"I used to jump once—When I was a young man."

But that was a long time ago, Mr Drinkwater

"Louisa! Louisa!! Louisa!!!"



The *Giralda*, Mr. Harry M'Calmont's steam yacht.

Photo by West & Sons.

She is the most expensive pleasure craft afloat.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF EVERYTHING.

By Charles Ray.

We are constantly being told that the present is an age of luxury above all other ages of the world's history; that people are more ready now to satisfy their desires for comfort and enjoyment than ever they were before, even during the voluptuous reigns of Persian monarchs, or in the declining days of the Roman Empire. How far this is true, it is not for us to say, but an interesting light is thrown upon the subject by some facts which we have been able to collect of the expensive luxuries in which some people indulge to-day.

For instance, to the man whose only experience of steamboats is the cheap day-trip to sea or up the river, eighty thousand pounds may seem an enormous sum to give for a private steam yacht. This, however, was the sum paid by Major Harry M'Calmont for his superb pleasure boat the *Giralda*. Not only is this a first-rate sea-going boat, but its appointments, both exterior and interior, are of the very highest class. No expense has been spared. The saloons are upholstered with all the luxury and beauty of a Park Lane mansion; the decks, and bridges, and boats, are immaculate; and the graceful hull looks as though it had only just been turned out by the shipbuilders. Altogether the *Giralda* presents an appearance well worthy of the most expensive yacht in the world.

Of sailing yachts the most costly built heretofore was the *Defender*, whose hull was of bronze and aluminium, but the new cup challenger which is about to be built for Sir Thomas Lipton, will, it is said, far exceed the *Defender* in cost.

It is believed by a large number of people that the most expensive railway saloon is that of the Czar of Russia. But such is not the case. Magnificent as is the railway carriage of the ruler of All the Russias, it really cannot be compared with the private car of a certain American millionaire. In this the costliest silks and satins are used for upholstering purposes, the electric lamps and fittings are of solid silver, and gold enters largely into the scheme of decoration. In fact, this railway magnate's saloon seems to the ordinary railway traveller like a dream too splendid for realisation.

Perhaps after yachts and railway cars, the most expensive luxuries in which millionaires and multi-millionaires

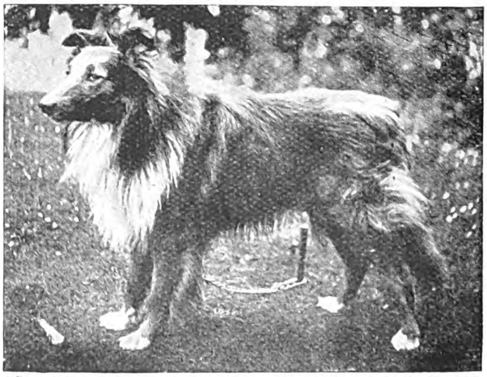


Photo by A. H. Megson.

"Ormskirk Emerald," a collie for which £1300 was paid. He has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the chief dog shows of the United Kingdom.

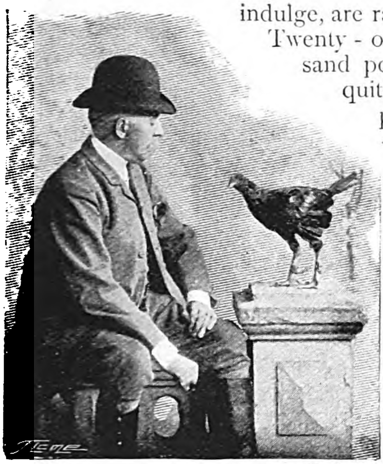
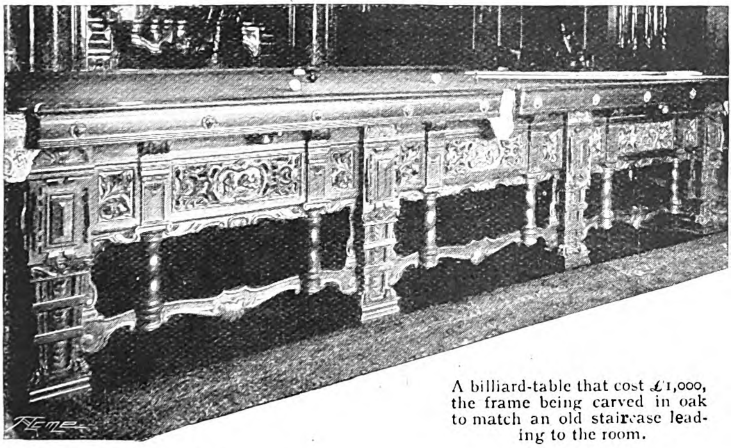


Photo by P. Hawke.

A game cock worth over £500, which once fought for a stake of £40,000.

indulge, are racehorses. Twenty-one thousand pounds was quite recently paid to Mr. John Gubbins, of Bruree, Ireland, for his famous horse "Galtee More," which secured the triple event by winning, last year, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Two Thousand Guineas.



A billiard-table that cost £1,000, the frame being carved in oak to match an old staircase leading to the room.

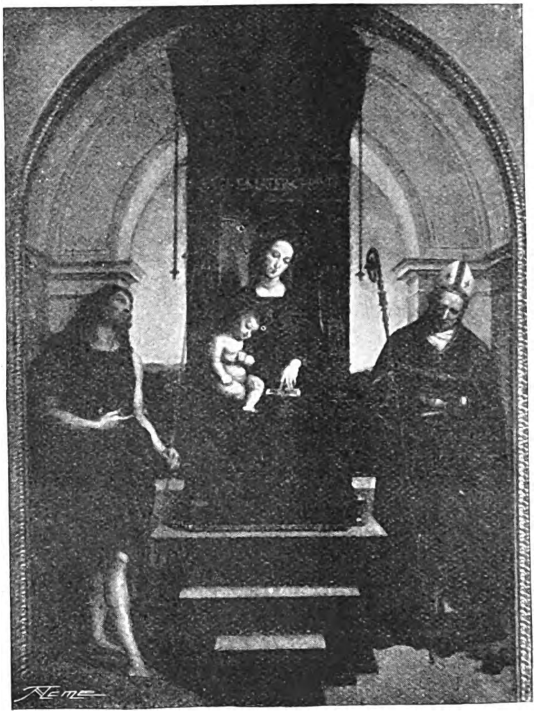
But, despite his great cost, "Galtee More" was not the most expensive horse that has ever been purchased. That honour belongs to the famous "Ormonde," also a triple-crowned hero. This splendid animal, as will be remembered, belonged to the Duke of Westminster, who sold him to a South American gentleman for £21,000. Shortly afterwards "Ormonde" was re-sold to Mr. Macdonogh—a Californian millionaire—for £30,000, realising the highest price ever paid for a horse.

The most costly animal after the horse is the dog. Enormous sums have been paid by fanciers for what they considered to be really first-rate dogs. Owing to the kindness of Mr. W. H. Sprague, of Dane's Inn, we have been able to secure from Mr. Megson, of Manchester, a photograph of "Ormskirk Emerald," the most valuable collie ever reared. This dog has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the leading shows of the United Kingdom. He is a sable with half-white collar, heavy frill, mane, and cape, profuse coat of good texture, and is described as being "the nearest approach to the ideal ever yet produced." Mr. Megson paid £1,300 for him. The same gentleman also paid a thousand guineas for another collie known as "Southport Perfection."

Coming to birds one does not expect to find anything very expensive amongst the fowl variety, but here we meet with disillusionment. We give a portrait of the most perfect and at the same time the most expensive game cock ever reared. It is named "Peter Jackson," and its owner, Mr. Dick Haydon, of Plymouth, who is shown in the photograph, has refused £500 for the bird. On one occasion some years ago the bird fought for £40,000 to a pinch of snuff, a bet taken by a deceased nobleman from a young millionaire. The battle was fought with silver spurs, which may be seen on the cock in our photograph. Needless to say "Peter Jackson" came out the victor.

In dealing with sport and recreation, we must not fail to mention the most costly billiard table ever made in this or any other country. It was built by Messrs. Thurston and Co., to the order of a wealthy inventor of a household necessity, whose advertisements appear

A piece of wall paper that cost £1 a yard. The design is by one of our great artists.



Raphael's famous picture, known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei," purchased for the National Gallery from the Marlborough family for £70,000.

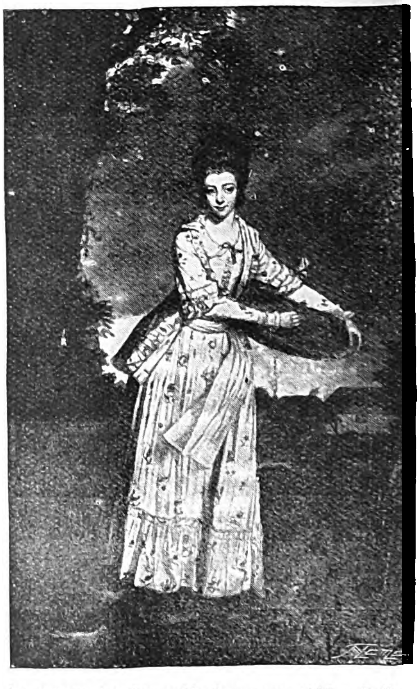
upon every hoarding. The table is of fumigated wainscot oak of Moresque design, with panelled ends moulded and sunk on handsome turned and quadruple shafts. The sides are panelled and there are handsomely carved centres, the whole being made to match an old oak staircase leading to the room. The cost of the table was £1,000, and considering the work and quality, it is considered very cheap.

The majority of our readers will probably be surprised to learn what a vast sum of money can be paid for a really choice wall-paper. In speaking of wall-papers, we are, of course, excluding silk and satin hangings. The most costly wall-paper ever designed is manufactured by Messrs. Hayward and Son, of Newgate Street, and its design is shown in the photograph which we publish. This paper is metalled and lacquered, the lacquer preventing the metal from becoming tarnished by the atmosphere. The paper which, unlike the cheaper wall-papers, is hung horizontally, and not perpendicularly, is made in lengths of twelve yards, and costs no less than £12 per piece.

Such a cost seems enormous, when one considers that the cheap wall-papers hung in cottages cost something like threepence or fourpence a piece! The designs, however, for these expensive papers, are by the leading artists of the day, who receive heavy fees, and the cost of metalling and lacquering is really enormous, so that the profit on a wall-paper sold at £1 per yard is after all not very great.

Ordinary hand-painted wall-papers cost anything from two to four guineas per piece. Of course, these papers are very thick and have to be affixed to the wall with a solution of glue and paste. It is interesting to note, however, that very often the papers are mounted on calico and placed upon the wall in such a way that when the tenant moves to another house or flat, he may take his costly wall-paper with him.

As readers are aware, paintings by old masters realise some very large sums of money. The most ever given for a picture was £70,000 paid by the British National Gallery for the famous altar piece of Raphael, commonly known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei." It was purchased from the Servite Church of San Lorenzo in 1674 by Lord Robert



An etching by Constable, known as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," sold for 425 guineas.

A bonnet made of the most exquisite tortoise-shell, presented by the natives of the Navigator Islands to the Queen.

Spencer, who presented it to his eldest brother, the third Duke of Marlborough. It remained in the possession of the Marlborough family until 1885, when the then Duke sold it for the sum named above to the National Gallery.

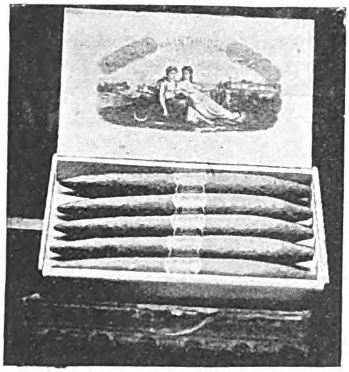
We publish another picture described as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," of which an etching, sold in June last at Christie's, realised the highest price ever paid for an etching; it was by Constable, and the price paid was four hundred and twenty-five guineas.

Choice works of art invariably realise very high prices in these days. The beautiful Helicon Vase, presented to Her Majesty by the Royal Household on the occasion of the 1887 Jubilee, cost no less than £5,000, being the highest price ever paid for a modern ornament of the kind. It was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Birmingham, and is of solid silver. The form of the design is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and on the body of the vase are medallions representing the nine Muses. Upon the pedestal are seated semi-draped figures representing Music and Poetry.

Photo by Bedford, Lemere & Co.

The famous "Red Dinner," given at the Savoy to celebrate a great coup by two gentlemen at Monte Carlo.

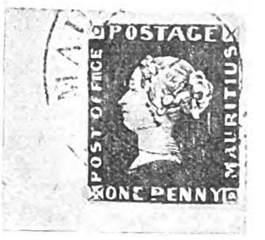
It will be difficult to realise that the plain-looking poke bonnet illustrated on this page is the most valuable lady's head-gear in existence. It is made of thin plates of tortoiseshell, beautifully perfect, fastened together with string, and having an edging of common print. This strange bonnet was sent as a present to the Queen by the loyal natives of the Navigator Islands more than fifty years ago. It is not beautiful, and no wonder the Queen found herself unable to wear it.



A box of five cigars worth £5.

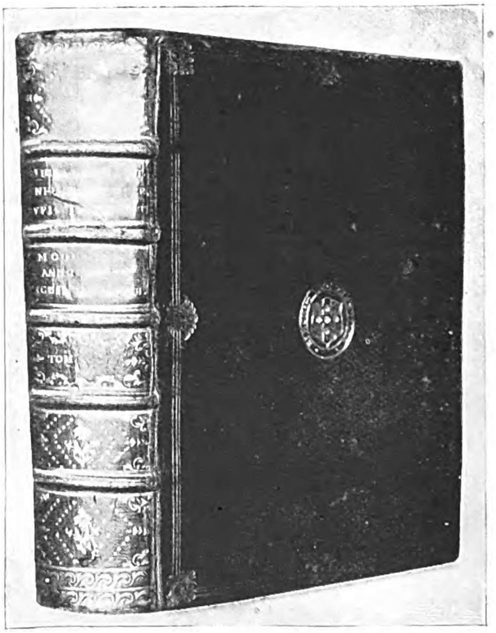
Her Majesty sent it to the British Museum, where it may now be seen in the Ethnographical Section. To have such a bonnet made to order from such perfect tortoiseshell would probably cost something like £500 or £600. Of modern ladies' hats really intended for wearing purposes, a beautiful "Gainsborough," manufactured by the well known firm of Louise and Co., of Regent Street some time ago, is the most expensive; it cost eighteen guineas.

Fur garments are always expensive, but some astonishing prices have been paid to the International Fur Stores of Regent Street. Not long ago this company manufactured a sable-lined opera cloak for a wealthy American lady which cost no less than £1,000. The cloak was very beautiful, and the numerous Russian sables which formed the lining matched so admirably that no difference in



The rarest and most expensive stamp in the world, recently sold for £1,920.

The inside and



the outside of the Mazarin Bible in the British Museum. It is worth over £6,000, and there is but one other in the world.

colour could be detected.

The same Company also prepared the most expensive mantle that has ever been made. It was of velvet and was flounced with Russian sable; the price was nine hundred guineas. A sable cape, manufactured some time ago, was sold for £800.

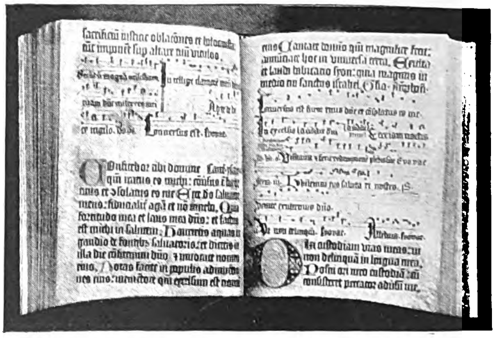
But it is not only for ladies that the Fur Stores prepare costly garments. A gentleman's overcoat was made recently for £400. The coat was completely lined with sable. This Company own some of the most expensive furs in the world. For instance, they have an unique black fox-skin for which they gave £175—the largest sum ever given for such a skin.

Other ladies' garments have cost enormous sums of money. The Comtesse de Castellane, better known as Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, the American millionaire, has just purchased the most expensive tea-gown ever turned out by the most expensive of Parisian modistes. It is of heliotrope velvet with a front of cream-coloured *mousseline de soie*, and is trimmed with cascades of cream lace. The front is bordered with a most exquisite trimming of white feathers caught here and there with diamond ornaments. For this tea-gown the Comtesse de Castellane paid £1,200.

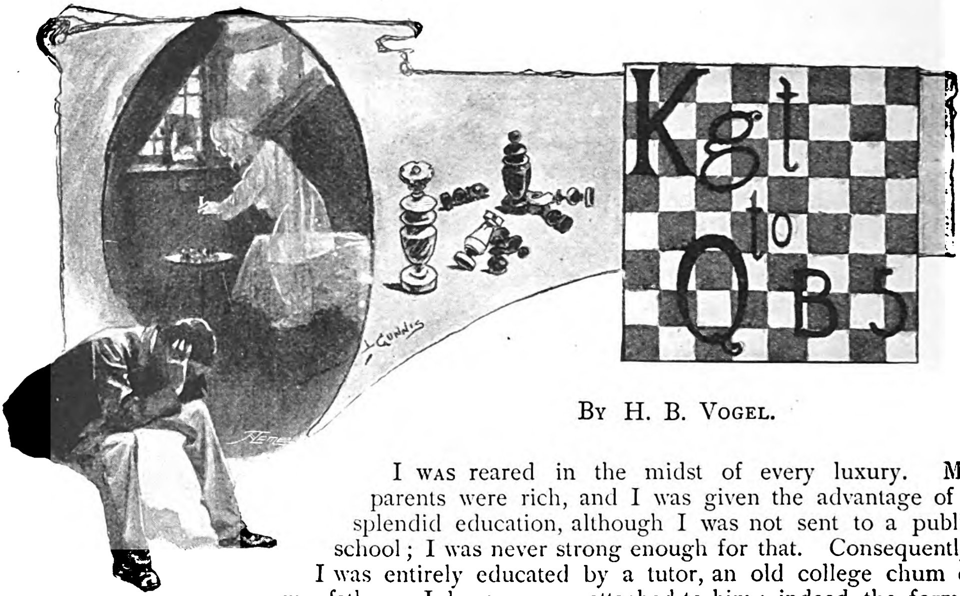
Speaking of jewels, the most expensive ruby necklace was presented a short time ago to his bride by George W. Vanderbilt. It cost him over £100,000.

The ancient Roman Emperors are credited with having given some banquets at fabulous cost, but even in these days the gourmand does not hesitate to spend hundreds of pounds in satisfying his appetite for dainty and costly dishes.

The most expensive dinner of modern times was given some years ago at the Savoy Hotel, London, by a millionaire who has since met with an untimely end. It was known as the "Red Dinner," from the fact that almost everything in the dining-room was red in colour. All the floral decorations were red, the electric lamps were red, the knives were specially made with red handles, the chairs were red, the carpet was red, the table napkins were red, and even the waiters wore red ties. The reason of this colour predominating was that the millionaire had experienced a wonderful run of luck and had won a large sum of money through red turning



The Mentz Psalter, bought by the British Museum for £6,000.



Kgt to Q B 5

By H. B. Vogel.

I was reared in the midst of every luxury. My parents were rich, and I was given the advantage of a splendid education, although I was not sent to a public school; I was never strong enough for that. Consequently, I was entirely educated by a tutor, an old college chum of my father. I became very attached to him; indeed, the formal relationship of pupil and teacher soon disappeared from between us.

He was an enthusiastic chess player. He was more—he was a thorough master of the game, for he had made a lifelong study of it, and I doubt whether any player really was his equal, much less his superior. Naturally he taught me his favourite game, and, disinclined as I was to outdoor pastimes, it was not to be wondered that I grew as devoted a chess player as my master was. It became, as it has remained, the hobby of my life.

Unfortunately that life was not destined to continue in the smooth lines in which it had commenced. Shortly after I became of age, an event which was closely followed by the death of my kind-hearted tutor, a series of financial disasters occurred that, within the space of a few months, left me not only penniless but an orphan.

My father's old friends helped me in many ways for some while. I was not, however, of a nature to remain dependent on unearned assistance. I strove without success to find employment for myself. I endeavoured to procure work upon some newspaper and failed. Many an advertisement I answered seeking a situation as tutor or clerk, or indeed as anything whereby I might earn a living. Yet it was all to no purpose, and I had to eke out an existence on the money I received for the few short stories I now and then managed to sell.

I grew terribly poor, fiercely contending in a battle for bare existence. At times, so desperate were my straits, that I felt inclined to yield and end the struggle, as many a poor soul has done before.

My sole amusement was my chess. I discovered a small chess club, and many an hour I spent there, not least of all, if the truth be confessed, for the sake of its warmth and brightness.

One evening I heard rumours of a great chess tournament. It was to be a speculation on the part of the organisers. The first prize was to be a large one, and many of the greatest living masters were expected to be amongst the competitors.

I dare swear I played but indifferently that night, for the thought of taking part myself in the great tournament had flashed upon me. On my way home to my lodgings I spent a precious penny in the purchase of a chess paper, and from it I learned the full particulars. It appeared that the first prize was £150, the second prize £50, and there were others of smaller amounts. Smaller amounts! Aye, but in my dreadful poverty the least of them seemed a veritable fortune. I made note of the address to which notices of intending competitors had to be sent, and on the following morning I called. Unknown as I was in the chess world, I found it no very easy matter to become a competitor. But I was desperate. I was not to be refused, although not for worlds would I have confessed that it was money, simply money, and not honour or fame, that I was anxious to struggle for. Yet I nearly failed in my application to enter. It was not, in fact, until I had satisfied the gentlemen who

and although I did not rise from every game an actual winner, I found myself on the evening of the last day but one with a clear impassable lead from all save the Austrian.

He and I had met once. I had opened and lost. In games we were, however, ties, and this, the second game wherein we would meet, would, as it happened, decide the first and second prizes.

Some gentleman, who had taken a kindly interest in me, threw out a suggestion of dividing the total of the two prizes. The Austrian merely smiled a surly smile. He wanted the first prize, he said, as well as the honour; and now that both were practically his, why should he be so foolish as to throw any part away?

I returned that evening from the hall to my humble, poorly-furnished lodging, feeling woefully dejected. As I walked up the rickety stairs, and let myself into my attic, I was possessed of but one thought—the game I was to play on the morrow. I took off my coat and hat, and also my suit—my one respectable suit that I clung to as a drowning wretch clings to a plank. I folded it carefully away, and put on an old, frayed pair of trousers and a torn, dingy coat. Then I gave myself up once more to the one thing that was uppermost in my mind.

On a rough three-legged stool I had marked out a chess board, and with it and a set of chipped and broken chessmen I had perfected myself in my hobby. I placed the stool near the bed. By the light of a guttering candle I set out the men, and once again I tried to solve the problem of the Austrian's opening.

Up to a certain point there seemed to be no doubt as to the reply, but beyond that point I could not go. I analysed every possibitity, but to no purpose. The attack seemed overwhelming, my position hopeless. Truly the Austrian was right when he snarled that the first prize was his. I was sick with the realisation of my disappointment. It was not quite reasonable perhaps, but then the first prize meant so much to me. The extra hundred pounds beyond the value of the second prize was as a small fortune. Moreover I felt that my proving the final winner would turn the probability of my newspaper appointment into a certainly.

As I sit on the low bed, I picture to myself the game as it will be on the morrow. I see the Austrian's smile as we commence. I see the slow deliberation with which he develops his attack. I even feel the bitterness of my despair as I realise the hopelessness of my reply. We play on. Presently, it is my move. His next will complete as it were his scheme. Mate seems simply a matter of a few moves. Nothing can destroy the power of the attack. I play. He deliberates. The critical moment is come. He kills slowly, even as a cat kills her prey. And all the while I know his move. I could name it—I could play it for him. I long to snatch up the piece, complete my defeat, and end the torture. But no, I must wait and wait. At last he makes the fatal move. I try to escape even as others have done, only to be obliged in another turn to resign. Haggard and faint I rise a loser, the low chuckle of my victor falling on my ears.

I started from my dream. Surely that low laugh was not fancy. I glanced quickly and with some unaccountable horror towards the door. It was shut, and I knew it was locked. I turned, and my eyes fell upon the stool before me.

I had left the men arranged in the Austrian's game, played up to the moment of his fatal move. Yet now they were carefully reset in their proper places ready for the commencement of a game. In stricken astonishment I gazed at the board. Then I lifted my eyes.

Opposite me sat my old tutor!

His face was drawn and haggard. His eyes were fixed upon me. Slowly he raised his hand and moved a piece.

I sat numbed and motionless with horror. I would have shrieked out at the ghastly player that faced me in the likeness of my dead friend. But my tongue was nerveless, my throat was clutched as in a vice. I tried to avert my gaze. I could not, but was fain to peer into the cold, glassy eyes. The old kind look was gone, and in its place the stare of death. Suddenly a change came, and I seemed to see a look of command. I tried to resist, I tried to rise—I could do nothing. I was forced to sit with my ghostly player and play the game as he invited.

I moved; and then, move after move followed until I saw that he was developing the Austrian's attack; and I seemed to lose my fear in my interest. I played the accepted reply, and then at a certain point I made a slight divergence. It was not, however, sufficient to alter the course of the game, and I found myself with but one more move e'er the fatal move was made. I paused, and once again I strove to unravel the problem—to discover the key. It seemed impossible. I put my hand to my forehead in an agony of despair. I lifted my eyes from the

board, and glanced towards the figure opposite me.

It was gone!

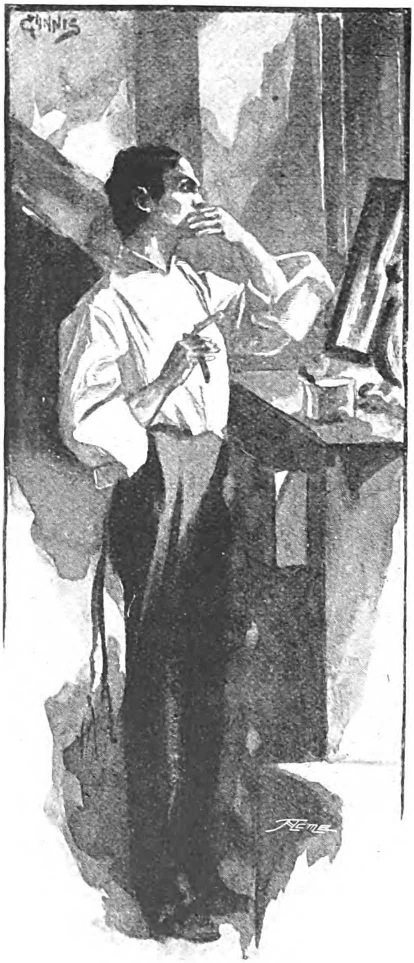
Then suddenly, as I sat staring in horror at the empty gloom, I saw a sinewy, shrunken hand, as though belonging to an arm that stretched from over my shoulder, slowly descend, and pick up one of my pieces, and move it.

Kgt. to Q B 5!

The piece was put down. The hand had vanished. I looked at the board. The move seemed a foolish one, a useless sacrifice, and at best only likely to delay the inevitable. Yet, what was this? As I gazed, the reality flashed upon me. The move was a master stroke, the conception of a genius. The attack was thwarted; its force and effect destroyed. Nay, more, the tables were turned. My opponent had led himself into a trap. The combination that must develop was perfect, was brilliant, was irresistible. Did he take the piece, or leave it, the end was certain. The game was mine. I could see it—many moves ahead though it was, I could see it.

I started to my feet in an impulse of exultation and joy. My knee hit the tottering stool, and the pieces were thrown to the ground. That sobered me. I stooped, and picked them up, and, setting them out, commenced to play the game afresh. I made the opening moves. I followed my divergence as I thought correctly. And yet, do what I would, I failed to develop the combination I had seen. It was gone.

Hour after hour passed, and still I could not recall my lost reply. At last, exhausted, distressed, and shivering with cold and shock, I undressed and endeavoured to sleep. As I lay wakeful an overpowering horror of the vision I had seen oppressed me. The dead, ghastly look of the figure that had so suddenly appeared and so suddenly vanished, haunted me. Every creak of the ill-built house startled me, and I was possessed of an unreasonable dread of the coming of some horrible apparition.



I shaved as best I might.

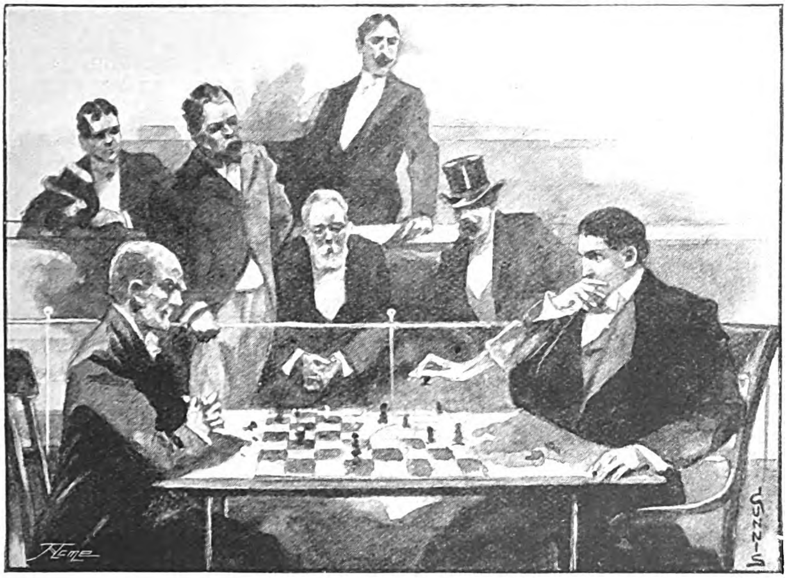
At length I fell into an uneasy slumber.

It was bright morning and full late when I awoke. I was cold and hungry. I washed in the little chipped basin, and dressed myself, shaving, as best I might, in the piece of broken looking glass. I had no money, and I was fain to rejoice that, freezing though it was, there was neither snow nor rain to prevent my pawning my overcoat for the wherewithal to procure food.

I reached the hall early in the afternoon. Many people had gathered to witness the final contest, foregone though the conclusion was deemed. There was a fascination in a duel between this great master and the young lad who had flashed like a meteor across the world of chess. At least so several of the papers had expressed it, for I was proving a fine advertisement.

Amidst a grim silence I found myself for the second time opposed to the famous Austrian, with this difference, that now his was the opening. The game commenced. After a few moves, made comparatively quickly, I perceived that he was developing against me the dreaded attack. Move by move the game developed. I made the divergence as I fancied I had worked it out the previous evening. A slightly longer study seemed to convince my opponent of the futility of my effort. Two more moves and I knew that his next would be fatal. I could see it. I could see the brilliance, the perfection of his attack. I was beaten unless I could recall the move I had seen in the solitude of my garret. Was the move possible? Was the game before me identical with that of the previous night? I strained every nerve. I weighed every possibility, but I could not perceive my escape. I surely had made some false step.

The time within which my move had to be made was almost expired. Howsoever I played, the game seemed lost; the first prize had passed away from me.



I saw a thin, shadowy hand hover above the board.

I leant back and in my agony of mind I groaned aloud.

No one noticed my distress, all interest was centred on the board. I looked at it. It seemed to be swimming before my tired brain, to be floating in a dim, grey mist. Suddenly I saw a hand—a thin, wasted, shadowy hand—hover above the board. It descended and picked up a piece.

Kgt. to Q B 5!

I started forward. The hand had vanished. The pieces stood as they had stood. I reached across and moved.

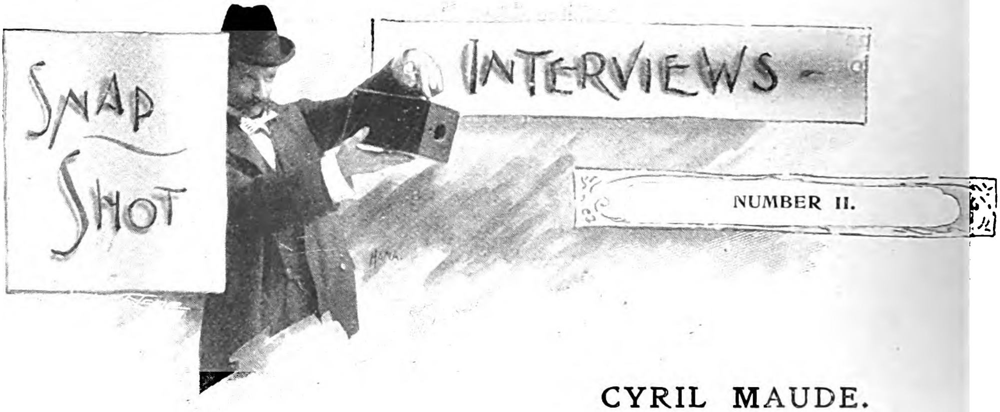
Kgt. to Q B 5.

It was the master move.

I heard a grunt, and on the face of my opponent I saw a sneer. I looked again at the board. There, awaiting development, was the combination, brilliant and far-reaching beyond his! He failed to see it. He took my piece, and glanced at me with a smile of triumph. I moved. He saw then. I heard him mutter as he bent over the board and studied it. Almost at the limit of his time he moved. I replied. He made a desperate struggle at least to draw. It was useless. The combination against him was overpowering, irresistible. Presently he resigned. I fell back faint with pleasure and delight—the winner of the tournament.

Within a week I was editor of that chess column, and I found my game with the Austrian champion had passed into the chess world as an example of a brilliant and wonderful play.

It was not my game. It was not my combination. It was the outcome of the most terrible experience that ever befell me. Yet, curiously enough, it was the point at which commenced the good fortune that led to the success in life that I have achieved.



NUMBER II.

CYRIL MAUDE.

THE mysteries of the actor's dressing-room are, as a rule, very sacred, and it is seldom that he can be persuaded to lift the veil. But Mr. Cyril Maude is good nature personified, and, when playing the part of Gaffer Jarge a short while ago, he allowed the accompanying snapshots to be taken. Mr. Maude is a most conscientious "maker up." He believes in allowing himself plenty of time, and for so elaborate a disguise as this of Gaffer Jarge he would think nothing of giving an hour or more. He becomes quite absorbed in the process of transformation, taking the keenest interest in each tiny detail, and swaying to and fro in front of the looking-glass to try the effects of light and shade. The faithful William, who has now been Mr. Maude's dresser for some considerable time, is, of course, always on the spot, for it would never do for him to forget the smallest detail.

The art of "making up" is not possessed by many, as any experienced playgoer will know. It is

1.—Entering the dressing room.

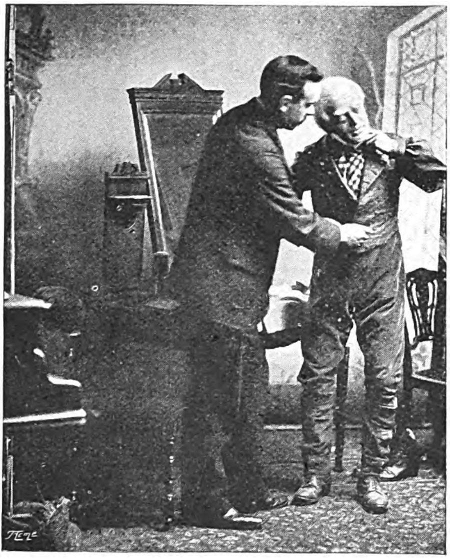
Here Mr. Maude is entering his dressing room, and is handing his hat to his dresser. The office of dresser is one of importance and responsibility.

2.—Dressing.

He must see that all the requisite "properties" are ready to hand, and must take an active part in the actual adjustment of the various articles of clothing.

3.—"Making up."

Here we have Mr. Maude "making up." To do this quickly and skilfully is an art that requires infinite practice and care.



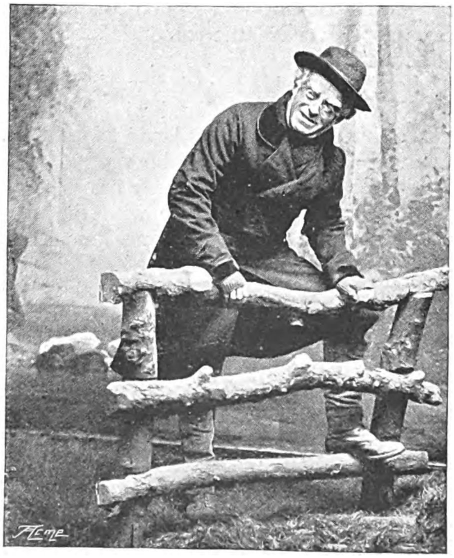
4.—Finishing touches.

Gaffer Jarge is approaching completion. The wig and heavy eyebrows complete the illusion, and in a moment turn the young man to an old one.

by no means given to every actor to be able to judge the exact "heaviness" of "make-up" necessary for the particular theatre he is playing in, or to so disguise his face that it shall appear as natural to the front row of the stalls as to the back row of the gallery. To make-up requires much practice and not a little study, in which, of course, time is a great essential to success. Little do people imagine on seeing an actor on the stage how much trouble has been expended on his face.

5.—Called.

More than an hour has elapsed since Mr. Maude entered his dressing room, and now he is ready for the call which summons him to the stage. Every detail of this simple dress is the result of thought and care.



6.—On the stage.

Here we have a general view of Gaffer Jarge, and it would be a bold man who could see much resemblance between this figure and the gentleman handing his hat to his dresser in the first illustration.

THINGS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By T. C. Hepworth, F.C.S.

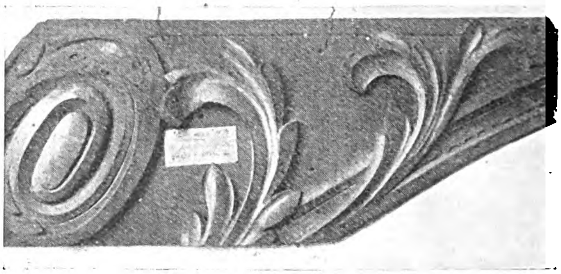
The men who work below water may be said, in a double sense, to be engaged in divers operations. A man may be detailed to scrape from a ship's bottom the barnacles and other marine growths which form a coating prejudical to speed; or, possibly, his duty may be to patch up a hole, or to report upon the extent of damage done in a collision, or he may be engaged on some big engineering work where foundations have to be made secure far below the surface of the sea.

The blowing up of rocks, sunken vessels, and other impediments to navigation, forms another hazardous part of a diver's work. Hundreds of divers, equipped in the modern dress, and armed with modern appliances, are now engaged in pearl fishing and on the sponge fisheries.

Also they have the romantic and very important work of recovering sunken treasure from ships which have gone down.

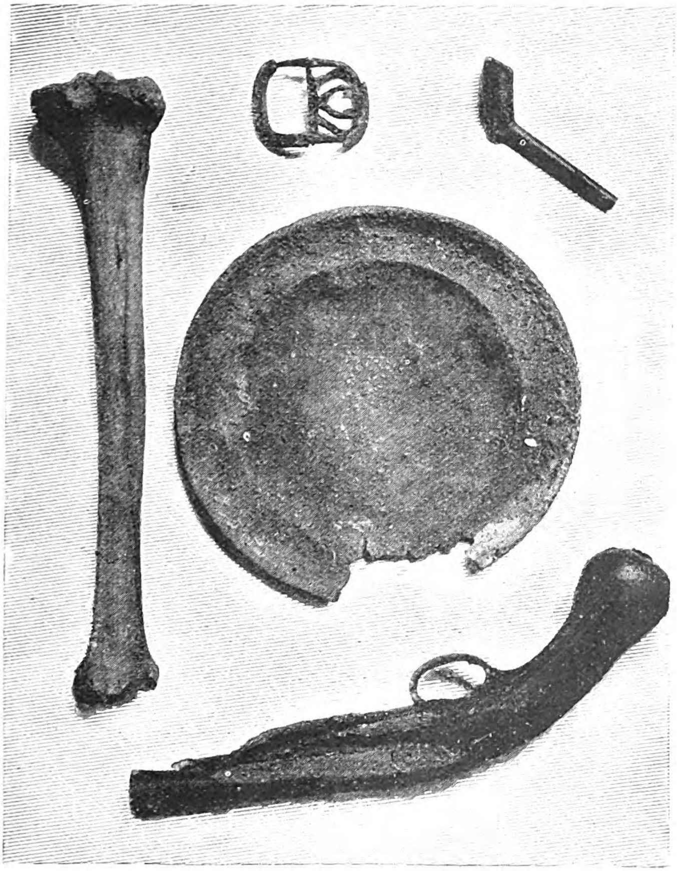
Lastly, there is the weird work which often falls to a diver's lot to search a submerged vessel which has foundered with all hands. Perhaps it were well when such a catastrophe occurs that it should take place in deep water, where the wreck can be allowed to rest in peace with its ghostly crew.

Such was not the case with the *Eurydice*, which capsized one summer afternoon with a crew of about 700, all looking forward to getting back home after service abroad in the West Indies. She was a frigate and a training ship, and consequently the vast proportion of those drowned were sailor lads. She was struck by a sudden squall off the Isle of Wight, and sank, the captain and about 300 sailors perishing. The clearage of this wreck by divers was gruesome work, as may well be imagined. One of the men employed brought up with him a small piece of the stern of the ship as a memento of one of the saddest episodes which belong to the annals of the British navy. Subsequently, after immense difficulty, the vessel was most skilfully raised and brought into Portsmouth harbour.



A portion of the stern of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, capsized in a squall off the Isle of Wight, early in the afternoon of 24th March, 1878.

Happily, the foundering of a well-appointed ship is not a common occurrence, but at the same time they have been far too common during the past forty years. Besides the *Eurydice*, we call to mind the *Captain*, which turned upside down in a gale. This vessel was an ironclad turret-ship, with a low freeboard and three masts. Doubts had been raised as to her stability, and a report was made to the effect that she was unfit to cruise under sail alone. This was in August of 1870, and on September 7th, a few minutes after midnight, off Finisterre, the doomed vessel was struck by a sudden squall, and sank in three minutes. The designer of the vessel, Captain Cowper Coles, Mr. Childers (a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty), and over 470 men and officers were drowned. Eighteen men only were saved, and when daylight broke they, on the fragments of wreckage they were clinging to, were all that remained of the splendid warship.



Man's thigh bone. A shoe buckle. A silver plate. A pistol. A pipe.

Relics from the *Royal George*, which sank at Spithead, 29th August, 1782.

Another naval disaster was the loss of the *Vanguard*, a double-screw iron-clad, early in the afternoon of September 1st, 1875. The squadron, under command of Admiral Tarleton, was steaming through a fog off the coast of Wicklow, when the *Iron Duke* collided with the *Vanguard*. The latter sank, her crew of about 400 fortunately being saved. The *Iron Duke* floated, although, through a valve being accidently left open, she nearly sank.

We also call to mind that awful event, the loss of the *Victoria*.

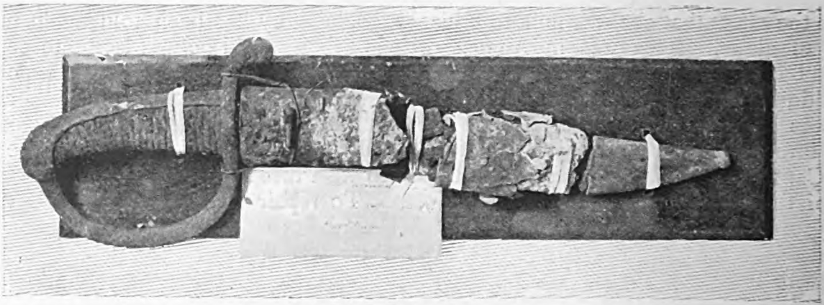
Previous to these comparatively modern losses of warships in times of peace, the one event of the kind which looms up in the past as an appalling disaster, was the sinking of the *Royal George* at Spithead in 1782.

The story has been told again and again, so that it would be wearisome to repeat it at length. Suffice it to say that the ship, almost on the point of departure for Gibraltar, held a crew of about 800 men, together with relations and friends who had come on board to wish them farewell.

To repair a slight defect, the vessel was careened, that is, laid partly on its side, by shifting the heavy guns. This brought the water almost on a level with the open port-holes on the leaning side. By an accident the margin of safety was exceeded, the water poured in, and the good ship, which had distinguished herself in many a sea-fight, sank to rise no more.

Attempts to raise the *Royal George* signally failed, for at the time of the disaster work with diving dress and diving bell was in its infancy. Indeed, it is an interesting fact that the wreck of the *Royal George* was practically the first surveyed by a diving bell, an event which took place in 1817. It was not, however, until 1839 that active steps were taken to clear the old wreck away, and to recover the guns, &c.

In the course of this work, which has been diligently prosecuted since the date named, various relics have been brought up from the old wooden warship, some photographs of



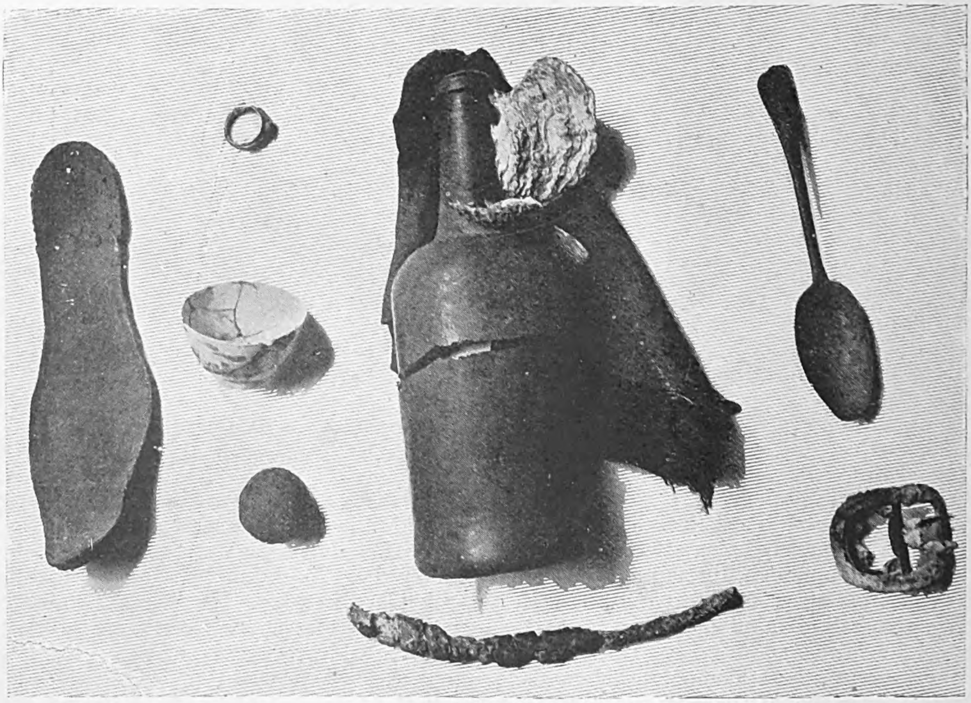
Admiral Kempenfeldt's sword, recovered from the *Royal George*. Admiral Kempenfeldt was a Swede by descent, although born in London.

which we are enabled to place before our readers.

Here is the thigh bone of a human being, a shoe buckle, a tobacco pipe, a silver plate found in Admiral Kempenfeldt's cabin, and a pistol. In another group of relics from the same unfortunate ship, we show the sole of a boot, another shoe buckle, a gold ring, a little saucer, a two-pounder iron shot, a bottle with shells attached to it and a silk handkerchief partly around it, a spoon, and what appears to be a piece of ragged rope, but which is really the remains of a tallow candle.

But of greater interest than all these is the sword belonging to Admiral Kempenfeldt, a Swede by name and descent, but born in London. The *Royal George* was his flagship, and at the same time his coffin. Another photograph shows a billiard-table at Windsor, a prized possession of the Queen, for it is made entirely of wood recovered from the *Royal George*.

It seems astonishing how certain articles are preserved for long periods beneath sea water, when we consider how many sources of destruction are present. Iron rusts away



Boot sole.
Ring.
China basin.
Iron shot.
Bottle with silk handkerchief round it.
A tallow candle.
Metal spoon.
Shoe buckle.

More *Royal George* relics recovered by divers after being sixty years in the water.

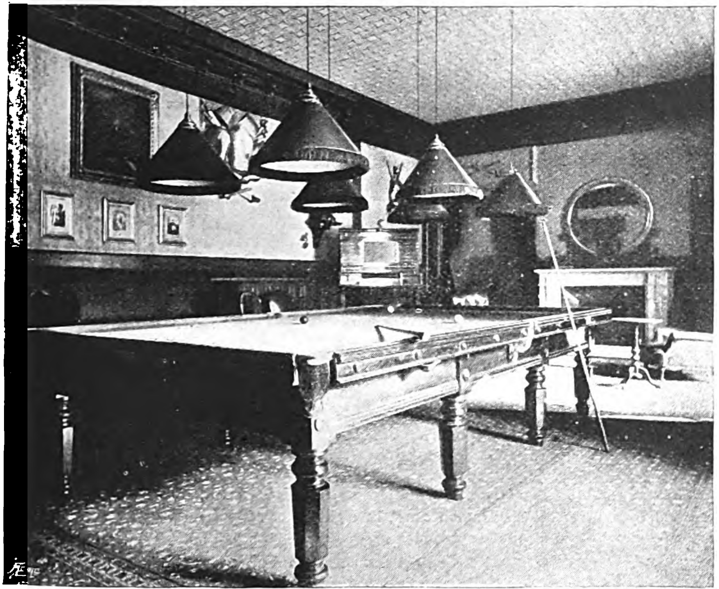


Photo by A. D. Kissack.

The billiard room at Windsor Castle, the table being made of wood from the *Royal George*.

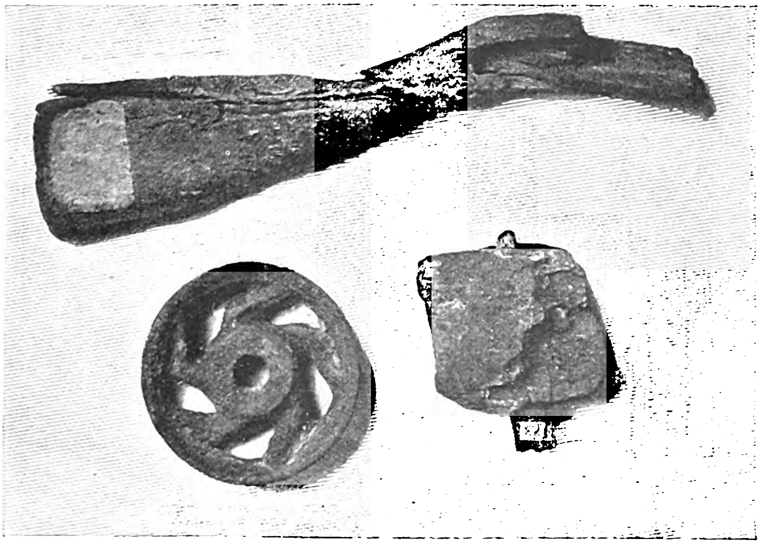
very quickly in sea water, and not a trace of it remains, and yet, in our next example, we can point to the wheel from a block belonging to H.M.S. *Mary Rose*, which was sunk in 1545, and not recovered until 1841. We can only suppose that the iron was thickly covered with some preservative.

From the same old ship of Henry VIII.'s reign comes part of a carpenter's mallet. The gunstock shown is from the wreck of the *Edgar*, recovered after 120 years submergence, every bit of the metal work having disappeared, the wood alone remaining.

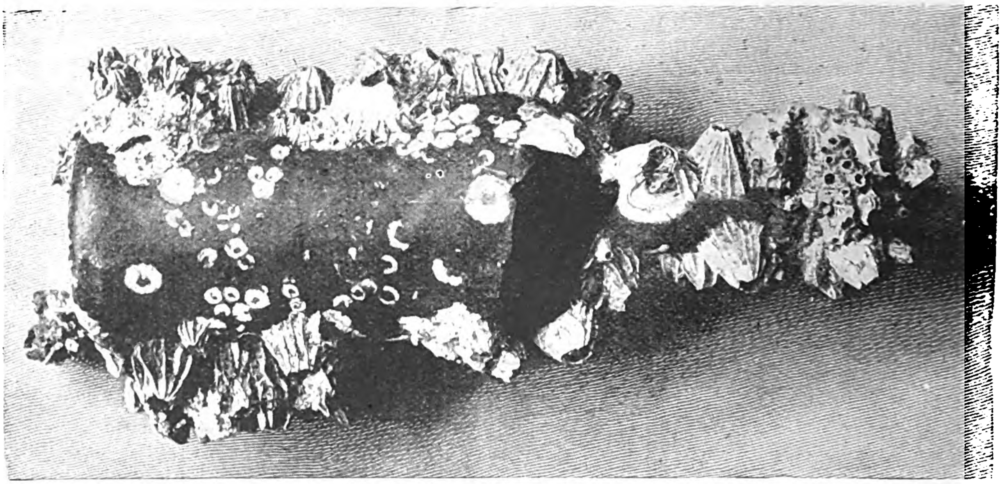
In some seas any article buried in their depths is quickly incrusted with living deposits made by shell fish, worms, &c., as we can see for ourselves at many a seaside resort, where the submerged portions of the pier, &c., are often covered with such growths. Here is a bottle found by a diver in 80ft. of water on the coast of Denmark.

Coming under a similar category are the growths of sponge which frequently attach themselves to sunken articles. A sponge is an animal colony, and does not belong, as was once thought to be the case, to the vegetable kingdom.

Usually attached to rocks, the sponge will fasten on to any substance within reach, and here are a few examples of what it will do in this way. Here is a basin and a water bottle, each with a large sponge fastened on to it, while the other curiously shaped article is either a lamp or a vessel for containing oil, of Greek origin, and probably dating from 300 B.C. The elegant pointed wine vase is free from sponge, but it was brought up by a diver from the same neighbourhood, the Grecian Archipelago.



This gunstock was recovered, after 129 years' submergence, from the remains of H.M.S. *Edgar*, which blew up 15th October, 1711, destroying all on board. The pulley-wheel and mallet-head were taken from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, of 60 guns, which upset in a squall between Portsmouth and Spithead, 20th July, 1545.



A bottle found by a diver off the Danish coast in eighty feet of water.

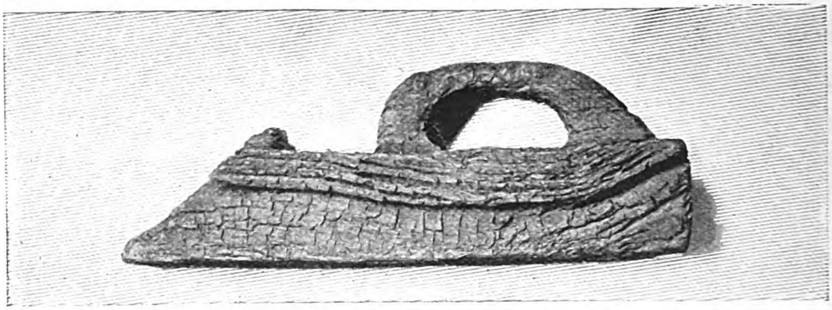
ANCIENT GREEK LAMP, FOUND IN
140 FEET OF WATER, OFF THE
COAST OF SYRA, SUPPOSED TO
DATE 300 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

A Greek lamp or vessel to contain oil, over 2,200 years old. It was found by a diver in the Grecian archipelago with a sponge growing out of it.

The carpenter's plane, still retaining its original shape, but destitute of blade, was recovered by a diver from one of the vessels belonging to the illfated Spanish Armada. The loss of this fleet of 132 ships, more than 300 years ago, acquires renewed interest because of the loss of two other modern fleets belonging to the same power which we read of in the newspapers only a few short months ago.

Many are the stories which are current among divers with reference to the large sums of money which are occasionally recovered from sunken wrecks—and, moreover, these are true stories. Here is one. An old diver of the name of Gann was engaged in some work on the Galway coast, and heard a common tradition in the place to the effect that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada had been wrecked in the vicinity, a fisherman stating that he could guide anyone to the exact spot. Gann entered into a sort of partnership with this man, and they dragged the supposed spot for some weeks without result, until at last their grapnels caught in some obstruction.

Out came the diving gear, and down went Gann, to find gold literally in heaps. Originally the coin had been packed in barrels, but the wood had rotted away,

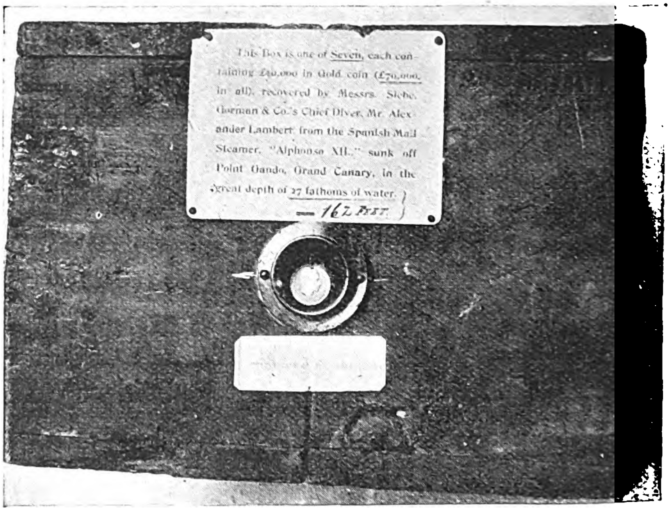


A carpenter's plane recovered from one of the ships of the Armada. The blade has completely rusted away.

tioned, to whose courtesy we are indebted for being allowed to photograph the specimens illustrating this short article.

The task of removing this treasure was by no means an easy one, even apart from the tremendous depth of water in which the work had to be carried on. The treasure room lay almost at the very bottom of the vessel beneath three decks, and two divers lost their lives in their efforts to get at the precious cases. For six months or more the operations were continued, until at length Lambert succeeded in opening the scuttles and reaching the magazine.

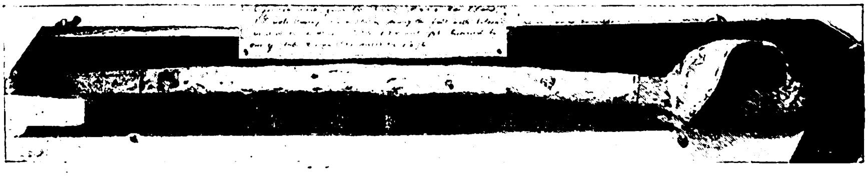
This courageous diver may safely be asserted to stand at the very head of his profession, and it need hardly be said he has passed through a number of extraordinary adventures.



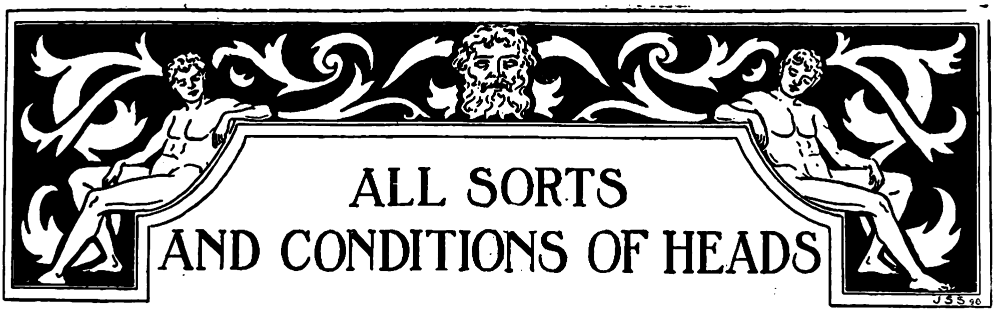
This Box is one of Seven, each containing £10,000 in Gold coin (£70,000 in all), recovered by Messrs. Siebe, Gorman & Co.'s Chief Diver, Mr. Alexander Lambert from the Spanish Mail Steamer, "Alphonso XII.," sunk off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in the great depth of 27 fathoms of water. — 162 Feet.

This box contained £10,000 in Spanish bullion, and, with six similar ones, was recovered from the Spanish mail steamer *Alfonso XII.*

One picture remains to be described, and to many this will seem, perhaps, the most interesting of the relics. It is an officer's sword which was brought up in 1890 from the wreck of the French man-of-war *L'Orient.* This ship figured at the battle of the Nile, August, 1798. It blew up during the action. The event was so unexpected and impressive that for a few minutes afterwards the guns on both sides ceased firing as if by common consent.



An officer's sword, recovered in 1890 from the wreck of the French man-of-war, *L'Orient*, which blew up during the battle of the Nile.



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF HEADS

By Mulvy Ouseley.

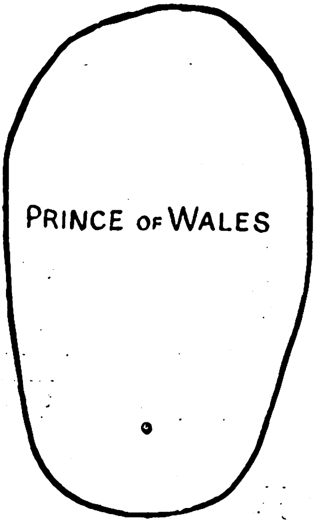
Contrasted with the heads of other animals, the shape of the human head would seem to diverge greatly in individual cases; in fact, if we are to place credence in that ingenious head-measuring instrument known as the conformateur, the difference in the form of heads is astounding.

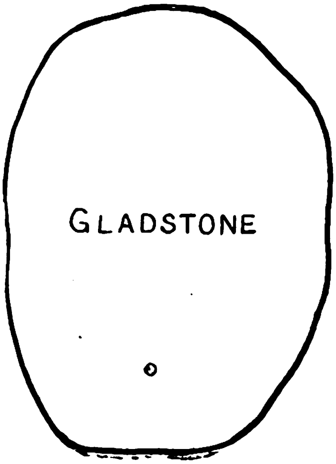
The line of diagram, however, which is traced by the conformateur, when enlarged for the process of hat-making, loses what novelty there is in the original shape; but for the purposes of this article we shall abide by what the conformateur reveals.

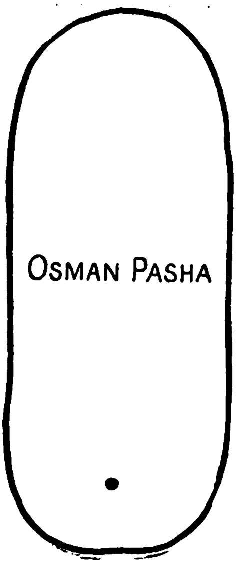
Man, in zoology, is justly ranked at the summit of the animal part of the creation, while the human head, in anatomy, is rightly described as the superior portion of the human body. Thus the head is the highest form of creation. Phrenologists will tell you that character differs in the individual man, and, obviously, since the head is the seat of the brain—that centre from which is derived the inspiration of our personal characteristics—it must be assumed that the form or shape of the cranium is widely different in individual cases.

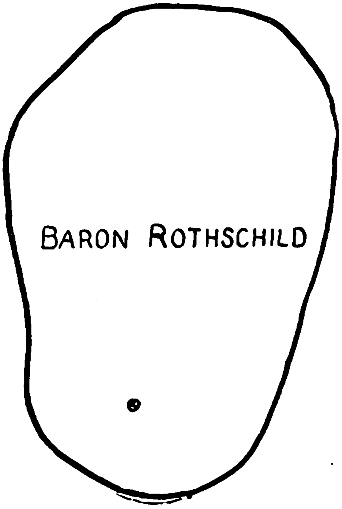
The shapes of heads here given show a curious development, in that while the form itself is in every case different from its fellows the type is preserved, is uniform.

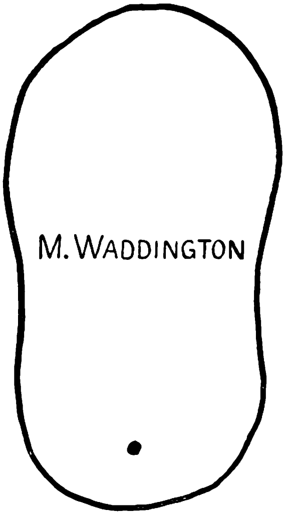
According to Mr. Cuthbertson, C.C., and Mr. Stephen Fortescue, well-known City authorities, for

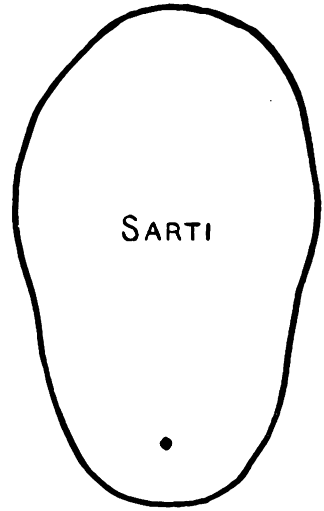


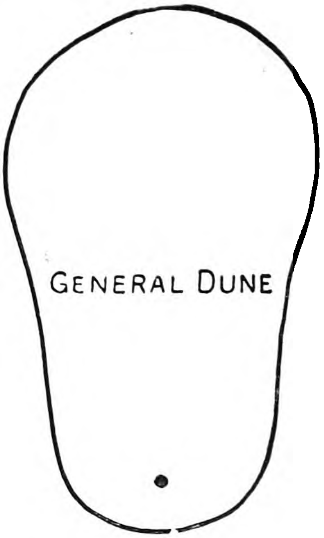












whose help we are greatly indebted, the prominences or irregularities in the outline of, say, the oval type of head point in a measure to the occupation or mental habit of the individual, as well as to nationality. For instance, Mr. Van Biene's may be accepted as that shape of head usually found among musicians—frontal rather narrow, a depression over the ears, bold and full at the back of the head.

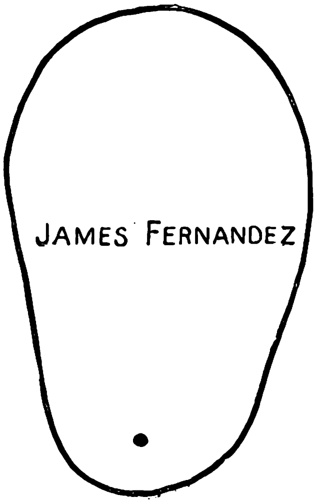
A good diplomatist ought to have a head shaped upon the lines of M. Waddington's —a full forehead, a depression at the sides of the head, a full back agreeing with the front.

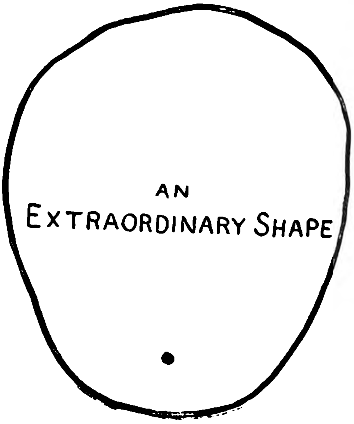
A successful actor will, upon examination, probably be found to have a head outlined as Mr. Fernandez'—fairly round in the front, a depression in the region of the temple on the left side of the head, the line on the right side of the head almost straight, the left side gracefully curved, with a round, full back.

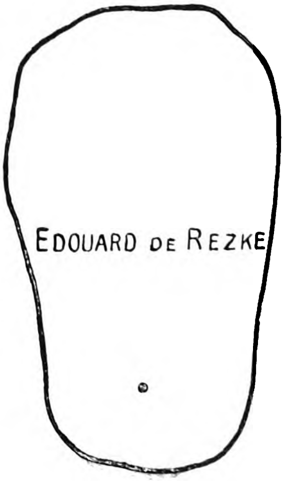
In Sarti's shape, beyond the preservation of the type, there is little or no regularity in the outline. It shows a shifty, crafty individual, and reference to the doings of the man will support the contention.

There is great similarity between the heads of Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Fernandez, an agreement which is also extended to the occupation of the gentlemen named.

The shape marked "Journalist" is that of the average writer. It is well balanced, the front is full, showing considerable

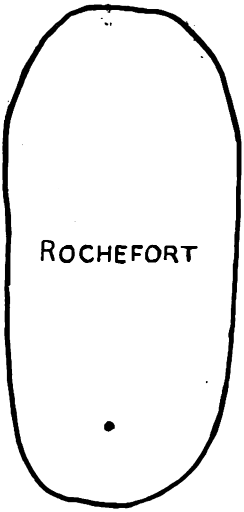


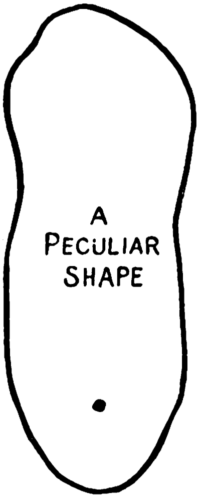


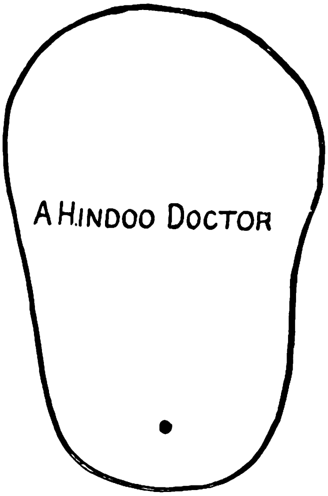


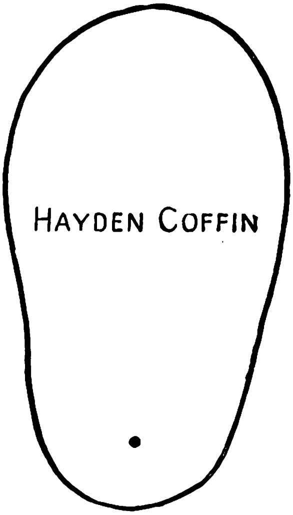
activity in the mental region; it denotes clearly that such a shape as this indicates the thinker, the deviser, the schemer of detailed work, the inventor, while the back is not slow in demonstrating that there is an even brain there. The full sides of the head show imagination.

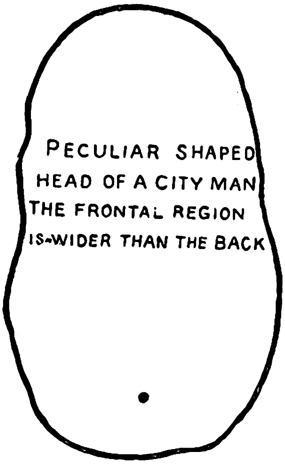
I should not like to maintain that Baron Rothschild's may be taken as representing the head of the financier, yet in that gentleman's case one would think the financial fraternity would consider it a compliment to be endowed with a head shaped in the manner and after the style of the genial baron's so long as it brought them within a measurable distance of achieving the great success accomplished by the present representative of this famous house.

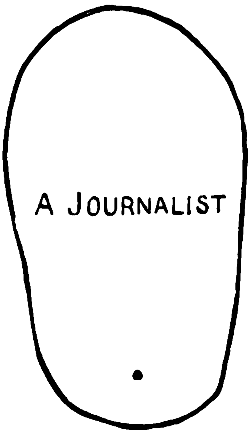








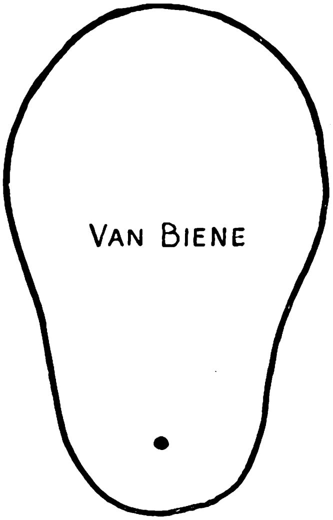

PECULIAR SHAPED HEAD OF A CITY MAN THE FRONTAL REGION IS WIDER THAN THE BACK

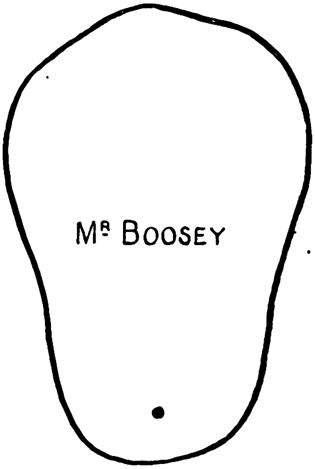


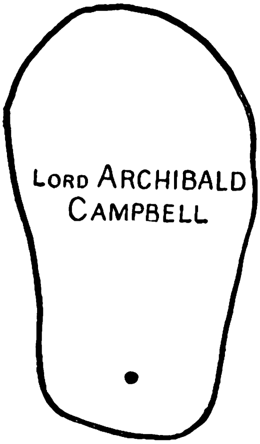
We are enabled to give the shape of the head of the first gentleman in Europe, the Prince of Wales. It favours somewhat the type of head of gentlemen of ease, means, and leisure, who are not responsible to the world for the success of its commerce, who consider it a remarkable thing if called upon to sign their name, and who, to be brief, live and move about in a world which is entirely of their own creation. The Prince's head is very well proportioned; it shows an even temperament, a knowledge of most things that are going nowadays, caution, and foresight.

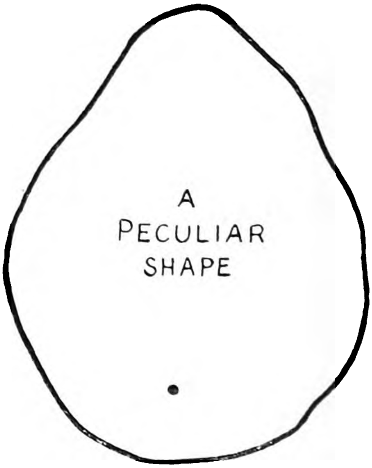
A hatter once "took" the head of a musical celebrity, when he observed a very curious development at one side. He thought the prominence was an accidental, not a phrenological bump. Not long afterwards the hatter "conformed" the head of a coachman whose head was marked in precisely the same way as the great man's. Of a curious turn of mind, the hatter asked the Jehu if he was fond of music. The man declared his passion for it. He played from notes, and his favourite instrument was the violin. The great man, too, was a violinist. This shows the connection between the ideal and the real.

If we are to accept the theory that the successful men in various walks of life are those only who have been fortunate in selecting that path created for them by Nature, then we may assume that nearly all, if not all, the people whose heads are outlined here are, by virtue of their individual success in their own specific walks of life, to be included among those fortunate beings who have been lucky enough to find the right track of life laid down for them in the beginning by indulgent Fortune, and so we can take their heads as patterns.

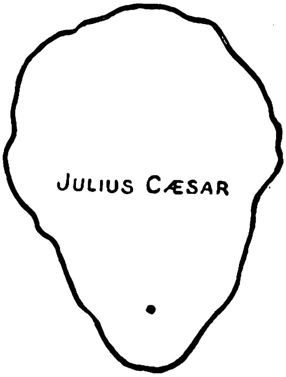








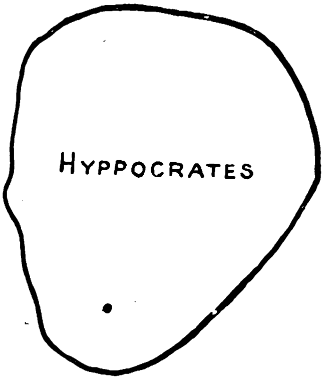
As I have said, the outline of an Englishman's head, irrespective of characteristic form, is oval, while the German's is round, the French short, broad behind, narrow in front. The shape of the Spaniard's head is somewhat like the Frenchman's. The Scotsman's head is longer than the Englishman's, while the Australian's head is shorter than the latter. The head of the average American is long and thin, with no unusual development; yet Jonathan is particularly cute viewed in the light of his personal characteristics.

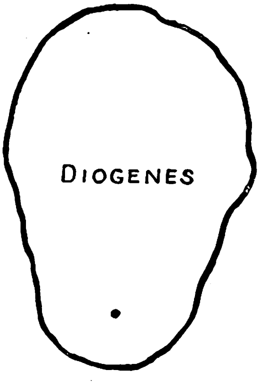


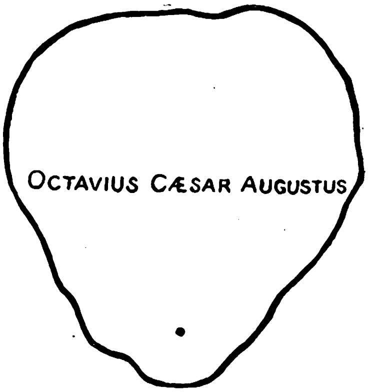
One important fact to remember is that a very irregularly-shaped head does not imply that you are qualified for any other place in the world save that reserved for a genius or an ordinarily successful man, for if such a state of things were really so, the gentlemen whose heads are given as "peculiar shapes" and representing those of a bishop, a titled soldier, and a celebrated Q.C., respectively, would not feel greatly flattered.

The head of Sardou, of Dumas, of Munkaczy, is, in each particular case, very irregular in shape; while the head of the late Mr. Gladstone was a notable exception to an ugly outline. But for two slight prominences at the forehead, Mr. Gladstone's head was a perfectly symmetrical oval.

Very few heads agree in shape on both sides; they are not as symmetrical as an egg, for instance; on

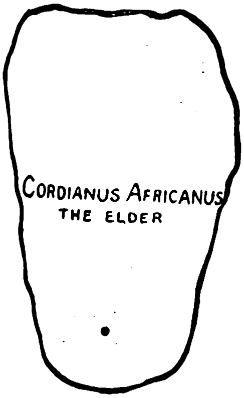


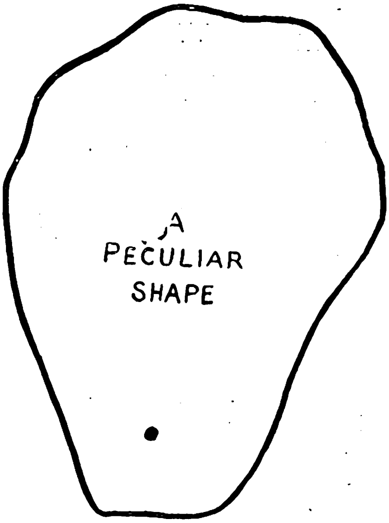


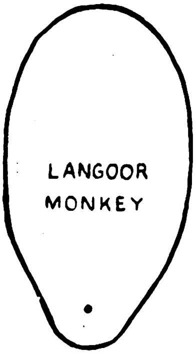


the contrary, nine out of ten heads are potatoe-shaped.

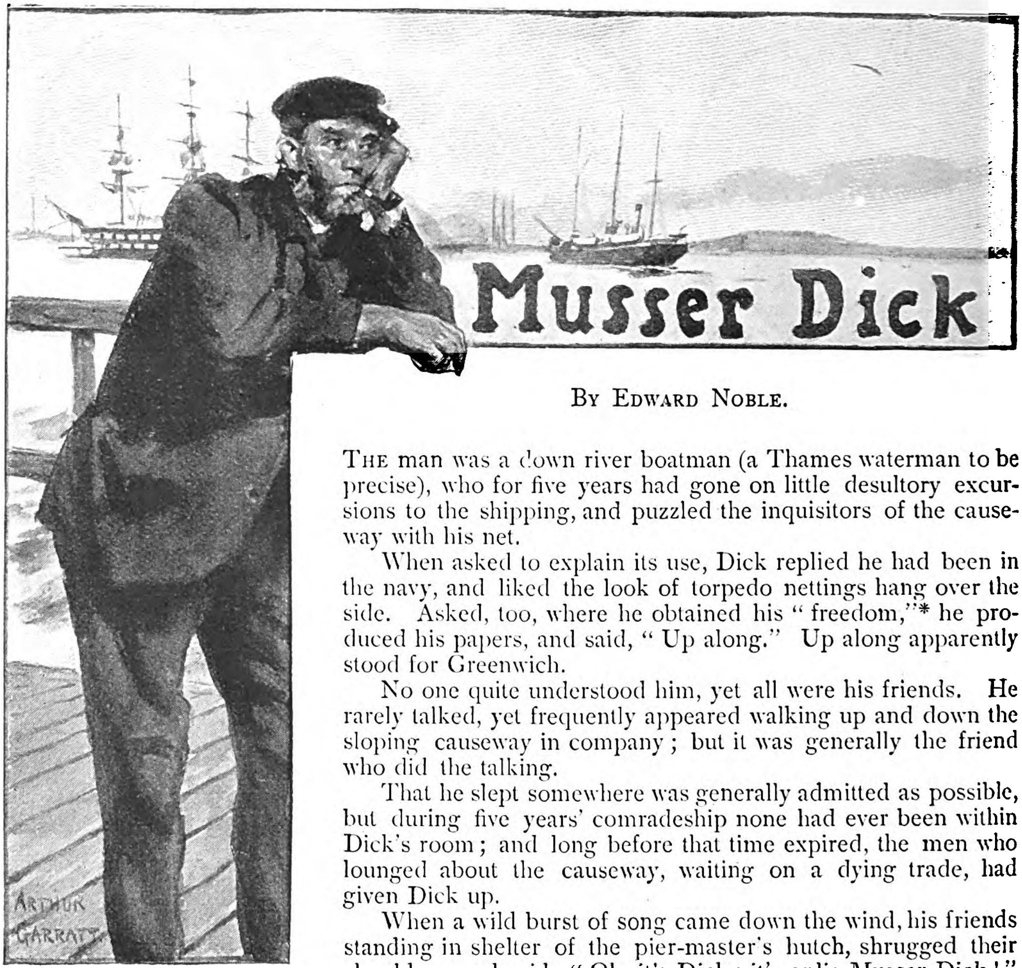
Here is another curious fact in connection with heads. You would think that when a person arrived at the adult stage of life the head would be conservative and keep to a fixity of shape. As a matter of fact, however, the form of the head, even of that of an old man, is liable to frequent change. In support of this strange feature in the shape of the head, there is at the present day a notable Member of Parliament whose shape of head varies twice a year, so much so, indeed, that a hat made for him six months ago can now be adjusted on his head and worn only with pain and difficulty. The head of this gentleman does not increase in size, but the contour changes, sometimes growing a trifle wider, sometimes shortening from the forehead to the back of the head, and occasionally narrowing in hitherto wide places. Upon the advent of the silver period of life, when one's cranial forest turns to that shade which brings with it — or it ought to do — reverence and dignity, the head gradually becomes smaller, and it also sometimes shrinks through illness or mental worry.







One is tempted to ask one's self the question: What sort of heads were those of the ancients? By the thoughtful kindness of Dr. S. S. Murray, LL.D., I am enabled to give here the shape of the heads of some of the most famous characters of ancient Greece and Rome, taken from their busts in the British Museum.



Musser Dick

By Edward Noble.

The man was a down river boatman (a Thames waterman to be precise), who for five years had gone on little desultory excursions to the shipping, and puzzled the inquisitors of the causeway with his net.

When asked to explain its use, Dick replied he had been in the navy, and liked the look of torpedo nettings hang over the side. Asked, too, where he obtained his "freedom,"* he produced his papers, and said, "Up along." Up along apparently stood for Greenwich.

No one quite understood him, yet all were his friends. He rarely talked, yet frequently appeared walking up and down the sloping causeway in company; but it was generally the friend who did the talking.

That he slept somewhere was generally admitted as possible, but during five years' comradeship none had ever been within Dick's room; and long before that time expired, the men who lounged about the causeway, waiting on a dying trade, had given Dick up.

When a wild burst of song came down the wind, his friends standing in shelter of the pier-master's hutch, shrugged their shoulders, and said: "Oh, it's Dick; it's onlie Musser Dick!" and fell to further contemplation of the muddy river. When a figure broke like a whirlwind from the wharf, and took his boat suddenly down stream, the men smiled and said: "O! it's Dick—Musser Dick is after a job!" When a gale was blowing, and all the wherries were beached out of reach of the combing spindrift, and a man was seen driving up river, singing, shouting, and waving his arms, the boatmen joggled elbows, and said: "There goes Dick—who'll odds it Dick uz had a job?"

But no one ever accepted the proffered wager. The men had grown to know their mate in those five years of observation.

Generally, Dick was to be seen walking strenuously up and down the causeway, his hands thrust deep in ragged pockets, his patched and colourless coat buttoned high about his throat, his disgraceful cap set jauntily on towsled hair, that knew nothing of the civilising influence of a brush. Rain or shine, wind or calm, there he walked his lurching promenade; sometimes silent, sometimes singing, sometimes whistling a ragged tune; but generally alone.

This was his every-day attitude, his every-day attire, month in, month out, from seven till twelve, and from one till five; after that the causeway knew him no more, unless by chance it was Wednesday night, and the Antwerp boat happened to be late. Indeed, his conduct on Wednesday was always remarkable. He was on the pier, his boat hauled up, cleaned, and put in readiness an hour before any other boatman was about. By that time he would be walking up and down the promenade, his hands thrust deeper into his pockets, his shoulders more definitely rounded, his cap set firmer on his head, his coat buttoned tighter about his throat; silent, watchful, attentive to the passing shipping.

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* Freedom to ply for hire.

Rain, wind, hail, snow, sun, fog all passed unheeded by Dick on this day. Sometimes, if the weather was superlatively bad, an old, old oilskin was added to his apparel; not worn as men usually wear a coat, but slung about his neck, much as a Fuegian wears his huanaco skin apron, under the lee of which he crouches shivering.

When his comrades saw Dick don his oilskin, they took it as a sign from Heaven they need wait no longer, and Dick was left in lonely majesty until his hour came.

These curious phases could not long remain unnoticed in a community where all men are trained observers of the obvious. Indeed, it soon came to be remarked that Dick was a stickler for Wednesday "seeking." More especially he seemed keen on cutting out Teddy Mallins, who wherried the Antwerp pilot to and from his ship.

One day, Dick was walking the causeway, whistling and singing at intervals, when one of the men approached him. "Seems to me, Musser Dick, he remarked, as the other drew rein, "you've got a dead set on that Antwerp boat. Chuck it, matee, you'll never ketch Teddy asleep; it's waste o' time. Chuck it."

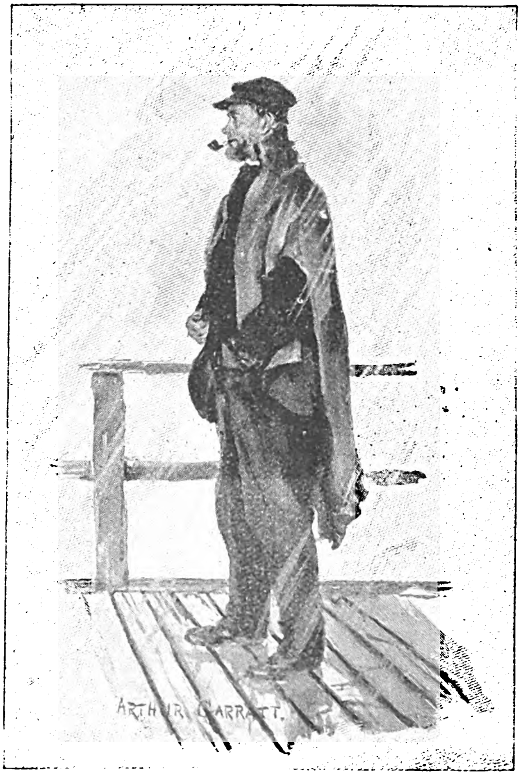
Dick made no definite reply. He stared hard at the river, whistled a few bars, took two or three steps waltz fashion down the causeway, and continued as though nothing had happened. But from that day out Dick made several trips daily, and on Wednesday came to honour more than one vessel with his attention. The boatmen had therefore more frequent opportunities for their favourite remark, and—"O! it's onlie Dick, Musser Dick" came to be a bye-word on the sluggish causeway.

But there was another side to Dick's character, a side only apparent to those who delve beneath the merely obvious, and search for reasons amidst men's actions.

As soon as Dick left the pier he was a new man, and the newness grew as he approached his home. He walked straight, his footsteps no longer shuffled. He came to a little dingy street, wandering tortuously to an ultimate *cul-de-sac*, and paused. He always paused, and glanced around; then, having satisfied himself he was alone, instantly continued on his way. Near the far end, he entered a small and dingy shop; a shop addicted especially to general supplies, wherein presided a fat and kindly widow. Here he paused again, and, looking across at the woman who always bustled forth to meet him, said, in a voice as changed as was his manner, "Any better, Mrs. Galton?" and waited expectant.

The answer came to him in silence. A look, a slight head motion—a thing of deadly monotony, but sufficient; then Dick would breath hard, and pass into the little room behind the counter, whence presently he emerged clad from top to toe in the garb of a city clerk. An entirely new Dick, wearing trimmed hair, a man the causeway would scarcely recognise. Dressed thus, he passed upstairs quietly, and, halting on the little landing, opened the door.

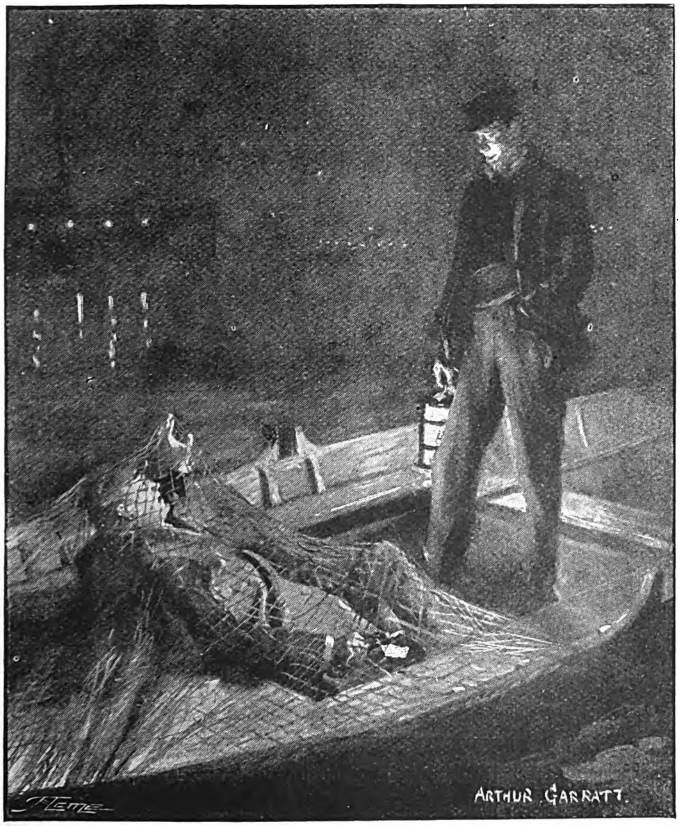
Once this had been a signal for hurried footsteps; light, dancing, girlish, tripping footsteps; then followed a quick rush, and the footsteps ceased. Someone was held in someone's arms, someone was choking and kicking in someone's embrace, and for a


ARTHUR GARRATT.

An old oilskin was added to his apparel.

the change. In all else Dick was unregenerate. Dirty coat, ragged trousers, tangled hair, a towsled wisp of crape still on his arm. The fraternity "doubted" whether the wisp was new, but agreed it was wise to leave the question buried.

So the time passed; day grew to night, night grew to day. From seven till twelve, and from one till five Dick was on the causeway, walking more doggedly than ever, talking less, addicted oftener to sudden bursts of song, and ever strenuous in his exertions to cut out Teddy with the Antwerp boat.


ARTHUR GARRATT.

Dick brought a lantern and through the dense fog stood watching his victim.

A year crept by, December came again. A dull, spiritless, enervating December, with sudden frosts and sodden days of sullen steam, fogs predominant, invigorating breezes nowhere.

On one such day the Antwerp boat again was late. The sun had long set. Dick and Teddy were the only two on the causeway when at length her signals were heard, groaning horribly, far down the foggy reach. Teddy hastened immediately to call the pilot; and when some fifteen minutes later they started, Dick and his boat had vanished.

The signals, repeated at intervals, presently sounded off the town, and the steamer came to anchor. The tide was running ebb, and no captain, not a fool, would hazard a passage further in such weather. Anyone who wished to get to town, might land and go by rail. Only one showed any desire. He came to the rail seeking a boat. "The manner in which the Cap'n had fooled about was," he considered, "disgraceful, unpardonable." He (the passenger) had been due at a meeting in London these six hours. In future he would take care to make the trip by a boat whose skipper was not troubled with blue funks. Could he get to town if he went ashore?" "Certainly, a train leaves in fifty minutes; nothing is easier, provided a boat is here."

A boat was there, bobbing at the foot of the ladder. Musser Dick's boat. "Would the boatman take the passenger ashore, and could he catch the train by so doing?" "Would he? Yaas, if so be he's pawsed the Custims. Could he? Easy as knife it." Dick descended, carrying the bag, the rugs, the portmanteau; then with Dick's assistance, the passenger got placed on the after seat.

They pushed off, and as they rounded the stern, a second boat crept past, and a voice cried: "There goes Dick—Musser Dick 'ee's got 'is job at lawst!"

It was the pilot's boat with Teddy rowing.

The fog enveloped them. A curious silence lay on the face of the turgid river. Dick sculled swiftly onward. The shipping clatter died, the roar of escaping steam ceased; the monotonous click of Dick's sculls was the only sound that broke the stillness. It was dark, too, so dark that neither man could see the other. The lights were wrapped in a dense grey steam, the boat moved into a circular patch less grey, beneath which the river ran gurgling far into the silent night.

The passenger grew impatient. "Give way, my lad!" he growled. But Dick rowed on unheeding. Again, five minutes later, "I shall miss my train if you don't look sharp." Then Dick leaned on his sculls, and said: "M'ybe I've lost me bearin's; set still while I find a compass."

He turned the sculls forward as he spoke, and stepped aft to search the stern. "Beg pawdin!" he remarked, and drew a rope across the passenger's knees.

"Devil take your ropes and you!" growled the other; "Speak, if I'm in your way!"

"You are!" said Dick, as he pulled hard on the rope; "you've been in my way for years—but now it's finished!"

"Steady! Oh, my God!"

The cry ceased abruptly, the passenger was lying on his back in the wherry with Dick's net drawn tight about him. He lay still a moment as though stunned, then broke into a volley of oaths as he struggled aimlessly with the ropes. But Dick brought a lantern aft, and stood watching him all unmoved.

"No use, Ellison," he remarked banteringly; "no one can hear—besides—you might capsize—the boat."

The man gasped and lay still.

"Travers!" the man cried, with a curious tremour; "is that—Dick—Travers?"

"Who else would trouble to wait five years to net you?"

"For God's sake, what d'ye mean? A joke's a joke, this goes beyond. What do you want?"

"My wife and child!"

"I know nothing of them. I have not seen them for years."

"No," said Dick, with that old pathetic twist; "nor have I seen them, either, for years."

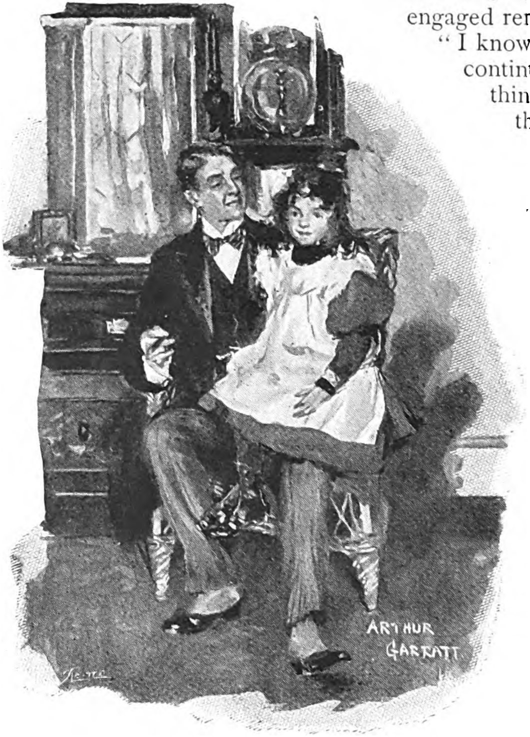
Then silence fell between them. The man watching Dick fancied he smiled.

"Come!" he cried again, "you have me on the hip; tell me, eh, it's a question of price, as usual?"

Dick made no reply; he was busily engaged rendering his net secure.

"I know what it is," the man continued appealingly, "you think I wronged you over that flotation. I know it is not easy for us all to see matters with unprejudiced eyes. You think I hurt you willingly. My dear fellow, you should have known me better; come, shall we make a bargain?"

"Aye!" cried Dick, turning on him fiercely; "keep your bargains. Don't palter with words. You skinned me as a butcher skins a stuck sheep. You took advantage of my lack of business training, and robbed me. You call it business. I call it swindling. Nothing can palliate it, nothing can alter it. You did it openly to your friend, and now your friend has the power."



Mabel, little Mabel, whom you nursed on your knee.

"My dear fellow, had I known——"

"Silence!" he interrupted with savage scorn, "you did know. I wrote; your secretary answered my letters. You ruined me. You killed my wife and child, and now—hark! Do you hear that sound?"

A stealthy gurgling stole into the night. The man struggled horribly in his net.

"My God! what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Dick, "I fancied for a moment the boat was leaking."

Again the man twisted violently, but the boat lurched, and he grew quiet by stress of fear. He looked across at his friend sitting motionless on the thwart. Dick was gazing into the flickering lamp, as silent as in those days when he watched, on Wednesday, for the Antwerp boat. The captive thought he saw pity in Dick's eyes.

"Travers!" he groaned, "this has gone far enough. I own that circumstances fell awkwardly for you. Matters might have run smoother, but there was a crisis, my hand was forced. I——"

"Liar!" cried the other, again leaping into fury; "you did what you did because you are a rogue, because you are a thief, and never knew the meaning of honour, justice, or any other paltry virtue."

"Listen," he continued, as Ellison attempted speech; "I will show you how the thing happened from my point of view. You and I were friends. You were a business man, I was 'a fool with a process and some hundreds.' I showed you the process. We experimented together; you thought the thing might be worth money, and I sank my money proving it. When that was gone you supplied more. The thing was found to be worth flotation, it was floated; but you, my friend, were vendor, concessionaire, patentee, and all in one. Who was I? Only 'a crank with a theory.' Could I prove my words? I tried, but you had the longer purse. I failed. Then I became Musser Dick; once I had been 'a fool with some money and a process,' now I'm 'a fool with no money and a curiously-fitted boat.' Why? Because the process proved so valuable to my friend, that foreign patents were taken up, and he had frequently to journey to Antwerp."

The man breathed heavily.

"For God's sake, Dick," he gasped, "let me out of this. I will make amends. I swear it."

"You should have thought of that," said the other grimly, "when I told you my wife was dying."

"Your wife dying. Man! man! how could I help it?"

"She died of starvation, friend. Are you comfortable?"

"Devil!" he shouted, struggling.

"Little Mabel, pretty golden-haired Mabel, whom you nursed on your knee," Dick continued, with husky voice and forced attention to details, "died also of starvation. She spoke of you with her last breath. She did not know, you see. How could I——"

Dick halted abruptly, the man lay quite still, the boat began to lurch disconsolately, and the water rippled across the bottom boards. The man struggled to his elbow.

"In God's name what's that?" he shouted.

"Water," said Dick, quite calmly, "I fear the boat is leaking."

"Leaking! Man, I am wet to my knees! Help! Help, oh God!"

"What a fuss you make," said Dick, "I, too, am wet."

"Travers! I will straighten things. You shall have half of all I made. I swear it—I swear it?"

"I don't want it. Keep it."

"It means thousands to you—comfort, luxury!" he screamed; "Travers! Dick! Do you not hear?"

"I hear," said Dick, "I have no use for it—now."

A fearful cry broke from the lips of the tortured man. The river rang with his shrieks, then exhausted, he turned once more to gaze at Dick sitting so calmly in the lamp-light.

"Is there no—way—out of it?" he shouted.

"None."

The man made a desperate move, and the boat lurched horribly.

"Sit tight, cur!" said Dick, "a few moments will end it."

"Devil, I can't! Dick, there's a—a—pistol in—my—bag; for mercy's sake—"

"Had you mercy?" cried the other as he gripped hard at the gunwale; "I said fifty pounds would have put—— Steady! old lady— A bit lower down—would have been better. It's a steamer passing. Now we are passing—eh, friend?"

The boat lurched gunwale under, a sudden wavelet leaped across her, the lamp died spluttering amidst the spume; then the river rolled on through the steaming fog, swirling, eddying, twisting, silent.

How the Biggest Ship Afloat Fought the Fiercest Hurricane Known

The May Flint Under Full Sail

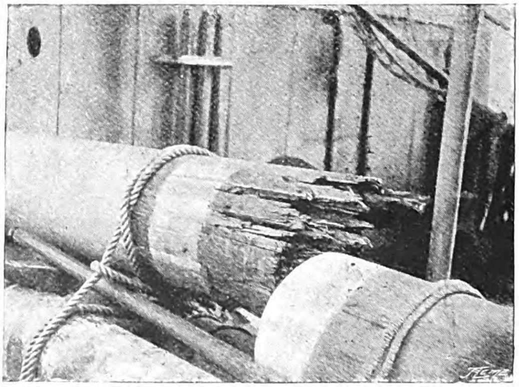
By Clement Edwards.

The *May Flint* has not always been a ship, for once on a time she was a big ocean liner, the *Persian Monarch*. Her existence as a steamer terminated in an imprudent expedition on her part on to the shores of Long Island.

She was bought, renamed the *May Flint*, and from a dull prosaic steamship became the largest ship afloat. Some two years ago she came within an ace of total destruction. Fortunately for her, her adventure this time was away in mid ocean, her fight being with the elements alone, unassisted by the treachery of a lee shore and hungry rocks.

She was bound from Philadelphia to Hiogo, and for the first week or so all went merry as the proverbial marriage-bell. Over 300 knots a day were often logged, and never a stitch of canvas had to be furled or even reefed.

As often happens, the first sign of the coming storm was a dead calm. Not a cat's paw broke the burnished surface of the sea. An almost imperceptible swell just sufficed idly to roll the great ship. All about was a dead silence, broken only by the soft flap of the sails against the masts, and the occasional clanking of the rudder chains. The air was cool, and clear and bright. Yet Capt. Nichols was too old a seaman not to feel some apprehension of such weather.



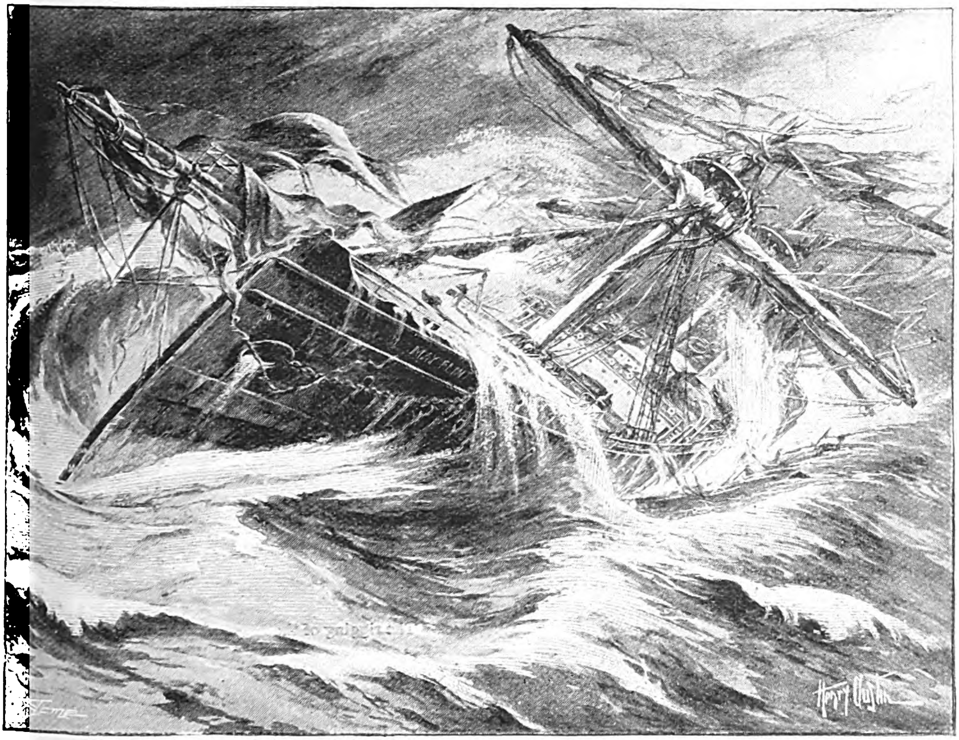
From a Photo.

The main yard snapped off short. This portion fell inboard and was secured.

Towards midnight the first unmistakable indications of coming trouble showed themselves. Away on the western horizon there seemed to hover a peculiar faint shimmer. Then presently and with majestic slowness there crept upwards, like some gigantic stage scene, a long ragged, broken edge of dense blackness. The captain was summoned; sharp, quick orders were given; the watch below was called, whilst the watch on deck hurried up the ratlines and disappeared in to the heights of the upper rigging. With feverish haste sail after sail was furled, whilst below on deck everything movable was made fast.

Still there was unbroken silence. Suddenly there came the pattering of great drops of rain and a long moaning sigh as of a stricken creature. A puff or two of wind gently played upon the reefed topsails. There came a pause, a few more drops of rain, then, with terrific fury, the gale broke upon the ship. She heeled to the blast, heeled until the lee-scuppers were almost a wash, but quickly righted herself as the squall passed away.

Once again for a few minutes the rain fell idly on to the deck. Then it grew into a driving pelt, and presently the ship was lurching and staggering before the gale. For three days she drove. The sea by this time was running mountains high, and anon the long, tapering bowsprit seemed to scratch the heavy, driving clouds, only the next moment to be plunging wildly downwards until it almost buried itself in the surging waters, Bad as matters were, the worst had not yet happened. Early in the morning of September 5th a change seemed to come over the aspect of the sky; the heavy-laden clouds seemed tinted with streaks and patches of green and yellow. Fierce as the gale had been it increased, and blast after blast struck the great ship, each time heaving her almost on to her beam ends. Over and over again it seemed as though it were impossible for her to recover, only for her to leap savagely from the waters and, righting herself, stagger on once more before the driving wind.



The "May Flint" during the Height of the Hurricane.

Sea after sea broke over her; her topmasts were carried away and, battering at her side, nearly sank her. She owed her salvation to the wonderful strength of her hull. Had she been a wooden ship or a light steel craft, she would have been lost with all hands.

What with the terrific seas that swept the decks of the vessel, and the violent plunges she made, walking was an impossibility. The watch crouched under the lee of the windward bulwarks, clinging to the stanchions and shrouds, and making themselves as secure as might be with lines about their waists.

It has not come to many men to have witnessed in mid ocean a sight such as these men must have seen and yet lived to have told the tale. From the after part of the ship the sight was superbly grand. At one moment her stern would be poised in mid-air, whilst, with a wild rush, the great ship plunged downward into the seething waters until the jibboom and even the bowsprit were buried in the boiling, bubbling waters, and the waves were awash the foc'sle.

Shuddering from keelson to truck, she lay buried for the moment under the ponderous mass of the seas that swamped her. Then with a huge effort the sharp bows would lift skyward as the stern sank into the abyss of a huge trough, and the water aboard would come tumbling aft with all the force of a mountain torrent. And high over the poop huge crested seas reared themselves and, falling, broke under the counter until the taffrail seemed to stand in a bed of shimmering, frothy snow.

The gale had grown to a mighty hurricane, when suddenly in a stupendous squall the ship was laid sheer down on her beam ends. Sea after sea swept her, and

WISDOM AND ONE LITTLE GIRL.

It is good to be wise, yet not good to be over-confident in one's wisdom. For how often does our knowledge prove no better than vanity, and we are put to confusion. Before some disguised or hidden truth, brought to light at the pleasure of Providence, how our brave array of positive opinions is shown up as a tangle of mistakes. With open eyes, and minds alert, ought we indeed, to seek for facts; not forgetting that it is the humble, more than the eager and audacious, who are led in judgment.

There is a phrase which runs all too glibly off the pens of magazine writers and newspaper correspondents, namely, "*All signs point infallibly to,*" &c., &c. Then follow predictions, plenty as feathers from moulting birds, and big with the fate of nations.

The next week—where are they? Stored away with last year's models of bicycles, my boy, and succeeded by a new lot.

No. Let us not lean too heavily even on the broad shoulder of a hitherto unbroken experience; for "all signs" never "point infallibly" to anything in particular, and by trusting them we may be deluded and deceived. And it was, of a verity, just this that happened to certain medical gentlemen in the case of little Ada Skinner.

"My daughter, Ada," her mother says, "now fourteen years old, was a fine healthy girl up to April, 1890, when she had a bad attack of measles. After it she never got up her strength. She remained tired and weak. She had no appetite, and after eating suffered great pain both at the chest and under the heart. As often as three times a day she would faint away.

"She had great pain in the hands, knees, and ankles; in fact all over her. Later on a hacking cough set in, and night sweats, so bad that her pillow was soaked. She slept badly at night and was worn out and exhausted in the morning.

"Gradually she wasted away until she was but little more than skin and bone. We had to carry her up and down stairs, and during the day she would lie motionless for hours. She could take only liquid food, such as beef tea, milk, &c. Her condition was pitiable to see. None who saw her thought she would get better. Sometimes she seemed to rally and got about for a few days, and then took to her bed again, bad as ever.

"In this state my child continued for *over seven years*. At first she was treated by a local doctor, without benefit. *He said she was consumptive;* and as my mother died of consumption, we thought Ada would, sooner or later.

"In October, 1893, I took her to the Westminster Hospital, where they examined her and *said she was in consumption*. We then resumed the first doctor's treatment, (but as before) with no good result. For the first seven months of last year (1897) she was confined to her bed, and many times I thought she was dying.

"In the following October my husband heard of cases similar to Ada's having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. As nothing else had been of any use, we concluded to try this medicine. He got a bottle from Prosser's Stores, Walworth Road. After our little girl had taken it we could see an improvement. Her appetite revived and she had less pain. I continued giving it to her and she grew stronger. Almost incredible as the assertion may appear to those not familiar with this remedy, it is nevertheless true that *in three weeks she was able to leave her bed.*

"After this she never looked back, but grew slowly and surely stronger. In a brief time the cough left her altogether. She can now eat any kind of food, is wholly free from pain, and able to walk out. Her lost flesh has returned, and she looks once more like her old self. All the neighbours wondered at the change, and I told them that Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that alone, had cured her. It has truly saved my child's life, and I wish others to know of it. You can therefore publish this statement, and refer anyone to me." (Signed) Edith Skinner, 25, Farmer's Road, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Jan. 18th, 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinner are people of excellent repute, and the case of their daughter is well known in the district. Judging from the facts—which are not disputed—Ada Skinner was at no time a subject of consumption. If she had been she would not have been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, nor by anything else. It has never been claimed that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure consumption. What it *does* cure is indigestion (dyspepsia), and the many disorders and ailments directly caused by indigestion. Among them are certain symptoms seen in this case—which so closely resemble those of consumption as to mislead even medical men who are accustomed to deal with lung and throat diseases. That was what happened in this instance, and it led to wrong treatment (and neglect of the right treatment) that came near costing the life of the young girl.

Owing to improved sanitation, and other reasons not to be detailed here, there is vastly less consumption in England than there used to be; but dyspepsia is still too common for our happiness and safety. Therefore, in all cases of illness in old or young, when there is a doubt, the wiser course is to take dyspepsia for granted, and treat for *that*—at least until indubitable proofs of consumption show themselves. In this way no harm can be done, while the chances of cure are multiplied tenfold.

For the highest wisdom is not to be too sure of our wisdom.

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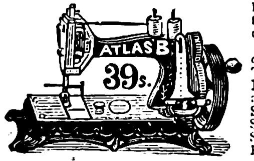

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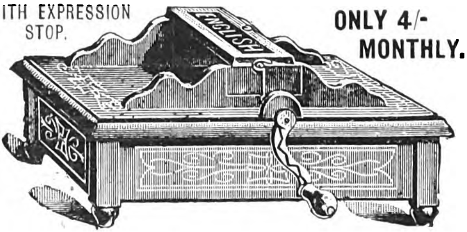

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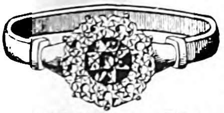

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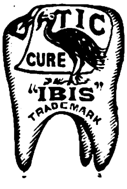

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CATALOGUES 6d.
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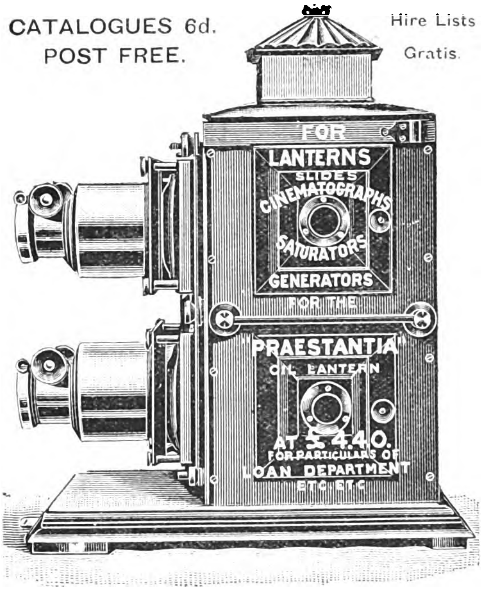

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Strength supplants Weakness and Ill-health wherever
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HOME GYMNASIUM

is used for a short time daily. *It exercises all the muscles of the body without the slightest fatigue.* **This Health Exerciser** may be easily fixed in any corner of a room or office, as it occupies only **6** inches of door space. Yet it combines the benefits of every form of out-door exercise. It embraces all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of Rowing, Running, Bicycling, Dumb Bells, Horizontal Bar, Indian Clubs, &c. **Cures Cyclists' Stoop.** Suitable for

BOTH SEXES, ALL AGES, EVERY DEGREE OF STRENGTH

Send for **"HOW TO BECOME STRONG,"**
Circular, Illustrated, 40 Engravings; no Charge.
SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL,
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HALFPENNY
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Sixpence per Dozen.
HEALTHY, COMFORTABLE.
CLEAN.
Cheaper than Washing.
Will last twice as long as any penny towel sold.

To be obtained from all Ladies' Underclothing houses and Chemists. If unable to obtain, 2 doz. will be sent post free for 1s., or 12 doz. for 6s.

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THE "CITY" BOOT. WHOLESALE FACTORS.

Gent's Kid Top, Crup Golosh, Leather Lined, Hand-sewn Principle, Super or Finish.
FOR WINTER SEASON.
Marvellous Value!
12/6
Carriage free. Cash with Order.

SINGLE PAIR SOLD.

In ordering please state whether pointed or medium **Toes**, and whether medium or broad **Fittings** are preferred.

Also mention size—6, 7, 8, 9, or 10.

Boot and Shoe Catalogue Post Free on application.

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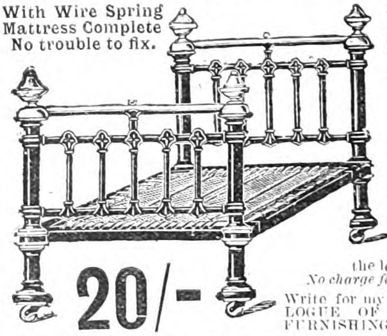
With Wire Spring
Mattress Complete
No trouble to fix.



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3ft. by 6ft. 6in. 1in. Pillars. Brass Mounts Brass Knobs. Strong and well finished. Gold decoration.

Cheapest and Best Bedstead ever offered

20/-

With Wool Overlay Mattress, Bolster and Pillow, the lot for **30/-**
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Extracts from Letters:
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"Better than any knickers I have had"
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These Knickerbockers are only obtainable DIRECT FROM

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2/- a yard
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THE NEW COSTUME FABRIC,

"SATINA" CLOTH

1/6 PERMANENT FINISH, WILL NOT SHRINK OR SPOT WITH RAIN. 2/2

Ladies! we have been successful in producing a smart Costume Cloth in the **New Faced Finish,** 42 in. wide, 1/6 yard, and a heavier make. 54 in. wide, 2/2 yard, which is an ideal fabric for Ladies' Costumes, and will not shrink or spot with rain, We have a splendid selection of the latest Dress Novelties in Costume Cloths, Covert Coatings, Bengalines, Serges, New Mercerised Figures in Black and Colours, Mixture Coatings, &c., also Cape, Jacket, and Mantle Cloths, from 1/- to 6/- yard. **Fur Necklets.** Imitation Sable, 1/6; Do. Bear, 1/11 & 2/6; Opossum, 3/9; Musquash, 4/11; Kolenski Sable, 5/9 & 7/11; Black Fox Tail, 7/11; Real Bear, 3/11, 5/6 & 7/11; Real Sable, 13/11, 16/11, 19/11 & 22/11. **Electric Seal Capes,** 18 in., 19/11; 20 in., 21/6; 22 in., 23/-; 24 in., 24/6.

Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns Post Free.

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THEO. BONHEUR'S

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PIANOFORTE TUTOR

Now contains Wm. Smallwood's Celebrated Teaching Piece, "Fairy Barque," and Lady Arthur Hill's Popular Melody, "In the Gloaming."

Price 5/-

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HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

PLASTICINE.

Hundreds of Testimonials.
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Always Clean and Plastic without Water.

Perfect DELIGHT of Children.

Endless Gratitude of Parents.

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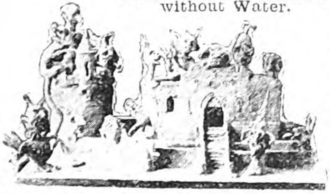

Constructive, Inventive and most Fascinating.

A Pound Packet Post Free for **1/6.** *Agents Wanted.*

Money returned if not satisfied.

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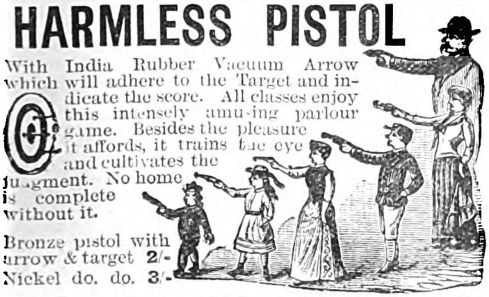

With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow which will adhere to the Target and indicate the score. All classes enjoy this intensely amusing parlour game. Besides the pleasure it affords, it trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. No home is complete without it.

Bronze pistol with arrow & target **2/-**
Nickel do. do. **3/-**

Postage and packing 6d. extra. **PATENT.**

Sold by all Toy and Sporting Goods Dealers.

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RHEUMATIC CURE.

Removes Pain and Swelling of Joints in a few days.

TESTIMONIAL.

Garden Cottage, Caldowgate,
Carlisle, *26th November*, 1897.

Dear Sir—After giving your "Zerooma" a fair trial for Rheumatics, I am glad to say *I am completely cured*, and I would recommend anyone suffering to try it, as I have found it a most valuable medicine.—I remain,
yours, &c.,
JOHN HASTINGS.

ZEROOMA

2-oz. Sample bottles,
3 days' supply,
1/1½

6-oz. Bottles,
10 days' supply,
2/9

12-oz. Bottles,
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From all Chemists, or Post Free from the Sole Proprietor—

J. RICHARDSON CRAIG,
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Send for Pamphlet, Testimonials and Analysis Post Free.

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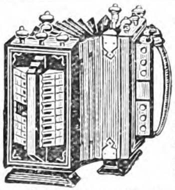

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"UNIVERSAL" MELODEONS

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No Knowledge of Music required.

The "UNIVERSAL" Melodeons are splendidly modelled instruments, having brilliant and powerful combination of Organ and Celestial Tones, and can be supplied with charming Bell Accompaniments if desired, whilst all classes of music can be produced from these Popular Instruments by the merest child, no knowledge of music being required, a good ear being quite sufficient.

MELODEONS ARE SELLING IN THOUSANDS!

Special Offer to the Readers of the "ROYAL" MAGAZINE.

The Universal "Champion" Melodeon	price only	6/6
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Cut out this Coupon and send it with P.O.O. for the amount. Either instrument sent carriage paid to any address in United Kingdom.

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How to PAINT

CRYSTOLEUM

PICTURES WITH ALSTON'S MEDIUMS.

New Book of Instructions, **1s.** Complete Outfit, **£1 1s.** Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

LIVERPOOL,

And 73 to 76, King William Street, LONDON, E.C.

Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.

AGENTS WANTED.

"Helping Herself"

A Daily Luxury!

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty Dishes.

The unfailing Resource of every Lady of the House and successful Housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily Menu.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

LOST IN THE WASH.

A GARMENT WORTH 10/9 which might have been saved had it simply been marked with

MATHER'S NIGRINE,

A Jet Black Marking Fluid, for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. **Will not injure the most delicate Fabric.** Every bottle guaranteed. **Of all Stationers, Chemists and Stores, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Bottle.** Sample sent on receipt of 13 stamps.

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W. MATHER, Ltd., Dyer Street,
MANCHESTER.

Don't Cough - use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves.
Sold everywhere, Tins 13½d. each.

Keating's Lozenges

TO BE GIVEN AWAY

To the Readers of "The Royal Magazine,"

7,000 HANDSOME BROOCHES.

(SEE BELOW.)

THE

'Jewel' Watch

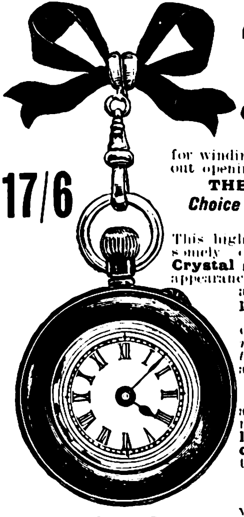
Ladies' Fine Quality

OXYDISED WATCH,

With **Keyless Movement** for winding, also setting the hands, without opening the case.

THE LATEST FASHION!

Choice! Attractive! Elegant! Reliable!



17/6

This high quality Ladies' **Watch,** handsomely ornamented, and fitted with **Crystal** glass, imparting a specially rich appearance, is very beautifully finished, and will be forwarded carriage paid and insured for **17s. 6d.**

Moreover, every Reader purchasing this Watch *within one month from the appearance of this offer* will be **presented** with a very Beautiful

OXYDISED KNOT BROOCH

as shown above, with centre mount, link and swivel, **absolutely and entirely free of charge,** provided the name of this publication is mentioned.

A very handsome

SATIN-LINED "JEWEL" CASE

will also be presented to every purchaser of **The "Jewel" Watch,** without extra charge.

A WARRANTY GIVEN WITH EVERY WATCH.

Our Illustrated Watch, Barometer, and Optical Goods Catalogue, post free, one stamp.

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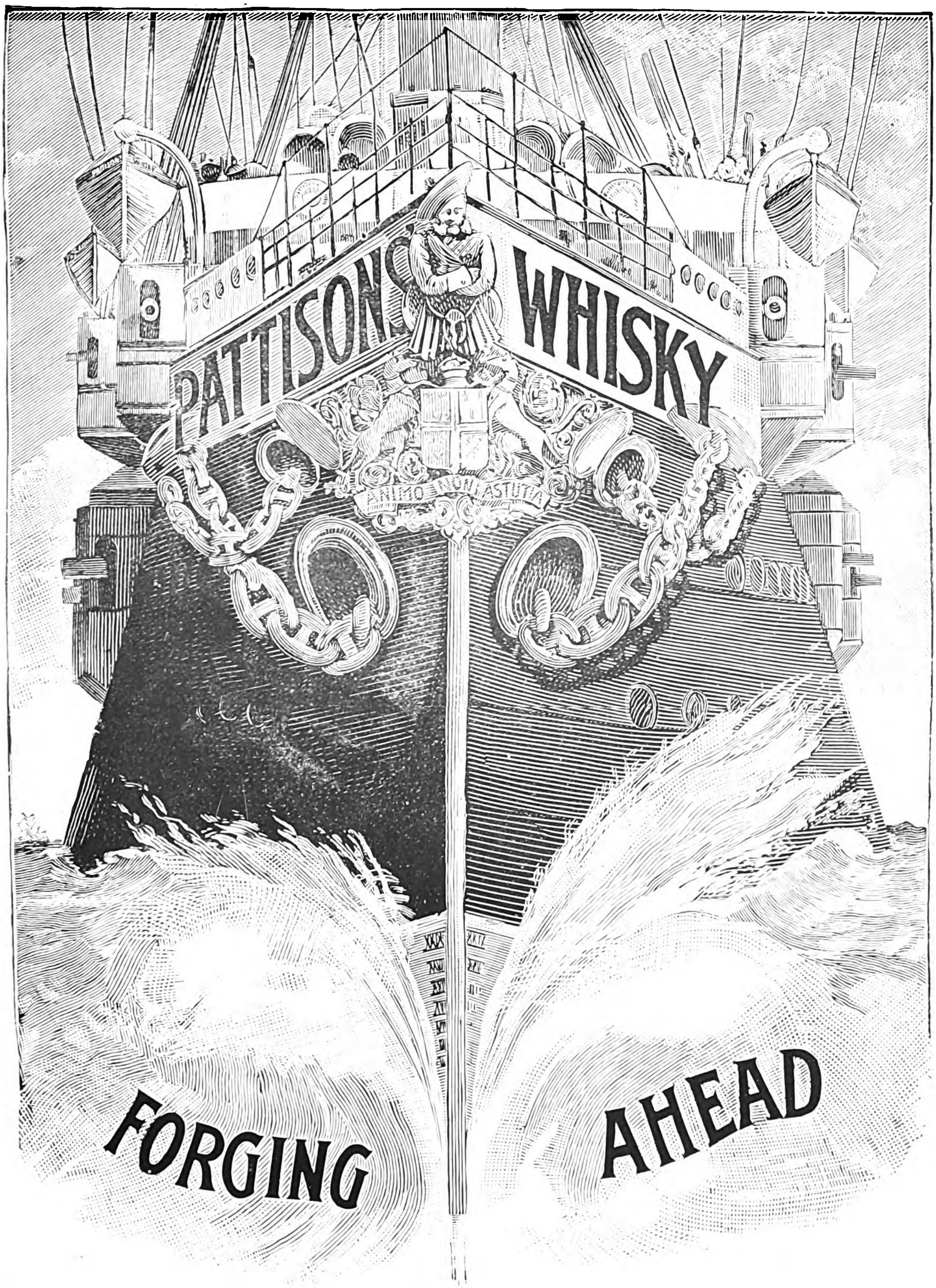
How to make money! Co-operation is the secret! One Shill per annum will secure you a Subscriber's Ticket and a **Libe Cash Bonus** on your year's trading with the above Stores, als free Catalogues and **Marvellous Bargains in all Departments**


PATTISONS WHISKY
ANIMO NON ASTUTIA
FORGING
AHEAD

Pattisons' Whisky, like a British Ironclad,
is at home in all "Waters."

SK FOR { 'PATTISONS'' and Schweppe. 'PATTISONS'' and Apollinaris.
'PATTISONS'' and Soda 'PATTISONS'' and St. Ronan's.

SOAPMAKERS BY ROYAL WARRANT

To Her Majesty

THE QUEEN

VICTORIA D.G. BRITT REG F D ET IMPERATRIX

Pears.

AND TO

His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES, SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, ETC.

Cadbury's

COCOA

Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—THE LANCET.

"COCOA is in itself a perfect food, and requires no addition of drugs whatever."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, in the *Illustrated London News*.

Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in Packets and Tins), as other Cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

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All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

PUBLISHED ON THE 22ND OF EACH MONTH.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

XMAS No.

1898

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 3. Vol. I.—January, 1899.

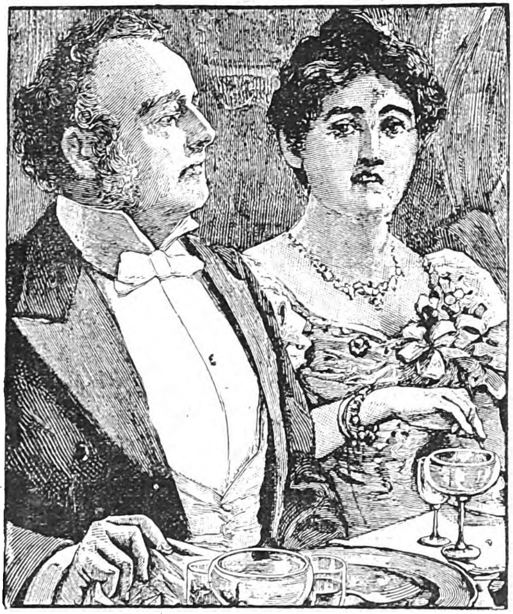
3D. NET.

What Do We Live For, If Not To Make Life Less Difficult For Each Other.—GEORGE ELIOT

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.
And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

Light When Thou Else Wert Blind!

SYMPATHY!—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.



Millais' Great Xmas Heart!

"Millais himself was occasionally induced to repeat the following anecdote, which is said by a personal friend to be new: I found myself (said the late P.R.A.) seated one evening at a rather grand dinner, next to a very pretty, gushing girl, to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May began it with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy? I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais? Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung—! She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those around her and the significant hush brought her to a sudden *stop*. She coloured rather painfully and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For Heaven's sake what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied 'Eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by-and-by.' She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when the dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne, and told her to gulp it down very *quickly* when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she *couldn't speak. I grasped her hand and said, 'I am Millais, let's be friends.'*

MORAL:—*Never to blend our Pleasure or our Pride,
With Sorrow of the Meanest Thing that Feels.*—WORDSWORTH.

And such is Human Life—So Gliding On; It Glimmers like a Meteor, and is Gone!

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—"Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famed 'FRUIT SALT.' *It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.* In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this Magazine to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Residents in fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics,* the *bon vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—*European Mail.*

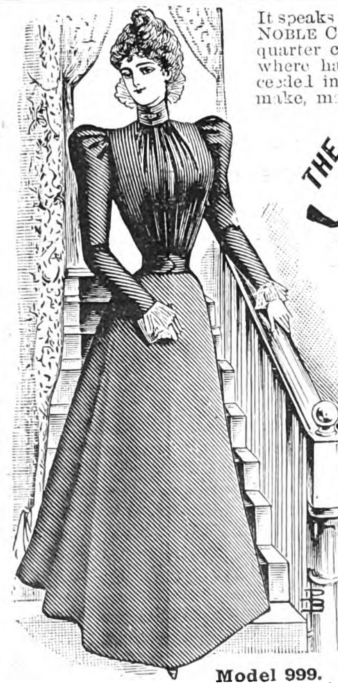
ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



It speaks volumes for the excellence of the JOHN NOBLE Costumes, that although during the past quarter century, many firms in London and elsewhere have striven to imitate, none have succeeded in producing a garment which, in either make, material, style, or finish, was worthy to compare with

THE John Noble

HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Promptly sent by Parcels Post direct from the largest Firm of Costumiers in the World.

PATTERNS sent POST FREE

To all who name the "ROYAL MAGAZINE," of the two durable cloths in which these Costumes are chiefly supplied.

1. John Noble Cheviot Serge, weighty and weather-resisting.

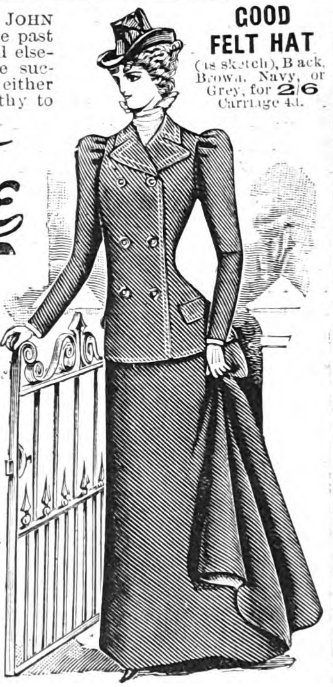
2. John Noble Costume Coating, smooth-surface, med. weight.

A Full Dress Length of either cloth (6 yards 52 inches wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

Colours of all Costumes are Black, Navy, Electric, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Moss, Sage Green, and Purple.

The Three Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other sizes can be specially made to measure. 1/6 extra.

The New Winter Illustrated Dress and Drapery List, full of Wonderful Value in Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Dress Goods, Jackets, Capes, Mantles, Waterproofs, House Linens, Millinery, Window Curtains, &c., sent **Post Free.**



GOOD FELT HAT

(as sketch), Black, Brown, Navy, or Grey, for **2/6**

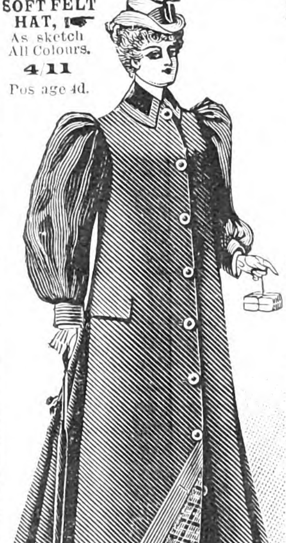
Carriage 4d.

Model 999.

The Smart Bodice has a well-cut back and full front; saddle and wide skirt. Price carriage 6d. extra. **10/6** sleeves lined, full only 10,6 complete; Skirt only 5/6; carriage 5d.

Model 990.

A well-made and very carefully finished double-breasted Full Wide Skirt latest style. **10/6** Reefer Coat and complete, in the Price, 10/6 Carriage 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6. Carriage 5d.



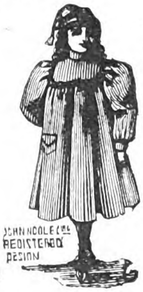
SOFT FELT HAT, ☞

As sketch

All Colours.

4/11

Postage 4d.


JOHN NOBLE CO. REGISTERED DESIGN

THE JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS

Made in strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket.

21	24	27	30	in.
1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	each.
33	36	39	42	in.
3/6	4/-	4/6	5/-	each.

Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

WOOLLEN KNITTED CAPS.

(As Sketch), 1/- All shades.

Ladies can have these Costume designs or their own designs made up in any kind of dress fabric at very moderate cost.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns of Winter Dress Goods, including a fine selection of these Serges for which the house of JOHN NOBLE is famous, sent Post Free and LENT to select from.

MOURNING ORDERS EXECUTED IN TWELVE HOURS.

Bankers, "London & Midland Bank, Ltd."

Kindly name "ROYAL MAGAZINE" when writing to

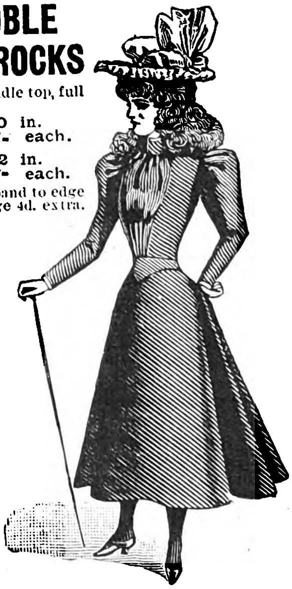
JOHN NOBLE, LTD

Brook Street Mills,

MANCHESTER.

Model W1048.

The Countess Waterproof.—A stylish up-to-date garment, as sketch. Art check proofed odourless. Bishop sleeves and **12/11** ing. Guaranteed two pockets. In Black, Blue, Brown, Light and Dark Fawn Paramattas, at 12/11. Carriage 5d.



Model 1016.

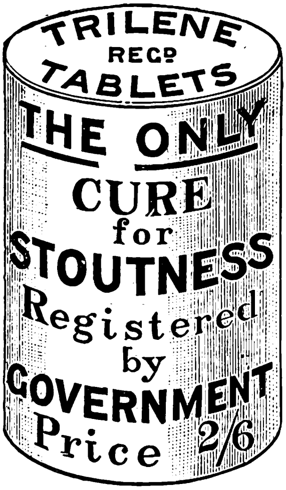
Stylish Blouse, Bodice, and neat Skirt. The Bodice is lined through, and made with prettily gathered front and shaped belt as sketch. Lengths from top of neckband to bottom of Skirt in front—35, 38, 42, 46 inches. **6/11** Prices 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, each. Carriage 6d. Hat trimmed as sketch for 5/11. Carriage 4d.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

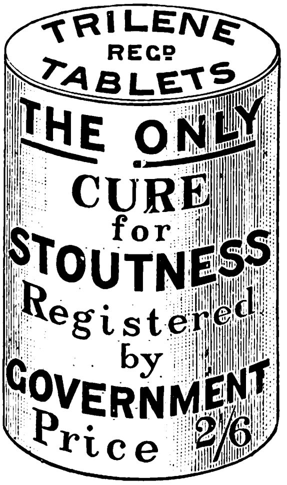


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The ***Trilene Association,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. D. Burton, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all tell me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindbill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN.—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.: I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. Claude Carter, of Thorn House, Johnstone, N.B., says: "Your Tablets reduced my weight. I waited to see if reduction proved permanent, and I am glad to find that it is so."

Miss Duggleby, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½st."

Miss McPherson, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says: "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1st."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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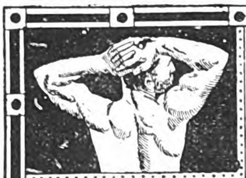

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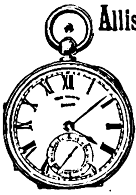

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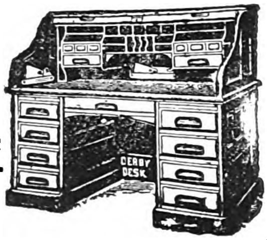

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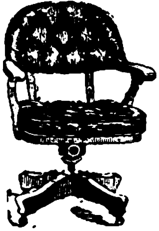

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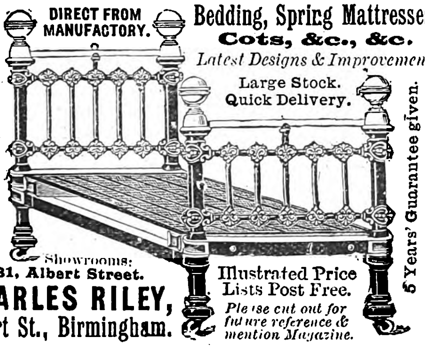

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Three little maids had coughs.

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No more parties, no more fun;
Life is a choke that's just begun,
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One little maid in a fit of sneezing,
Nose all red, the reverse of pleasing,
Given to any amount of wheezing,
Three little maids with coughs.

One little maid had a cold in her head,
What can be "horrider"? more ill-bred;
Two little maids retired to their bed,
Three little maids with coughs.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES cured all three,
Made them as well as well could be,
Sure to cure *you*, and safe to cure *me*,
Whenever we get bad coughs.

If you cough take Géraudel's Pastilles

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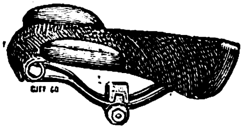

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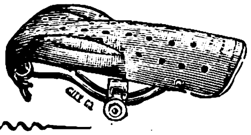

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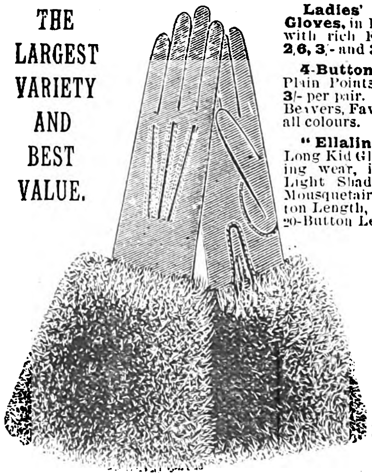

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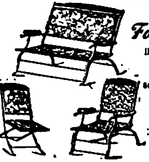

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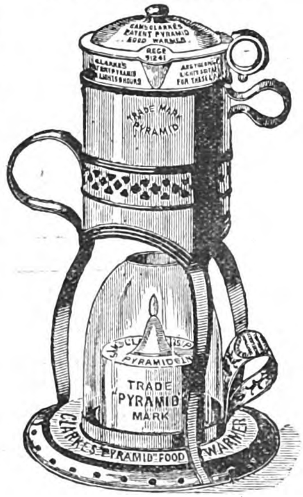
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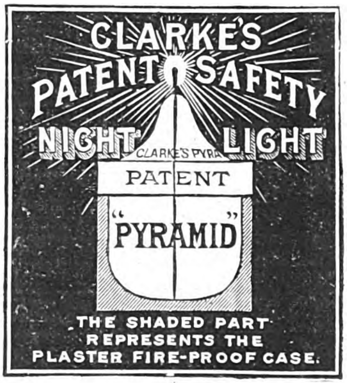
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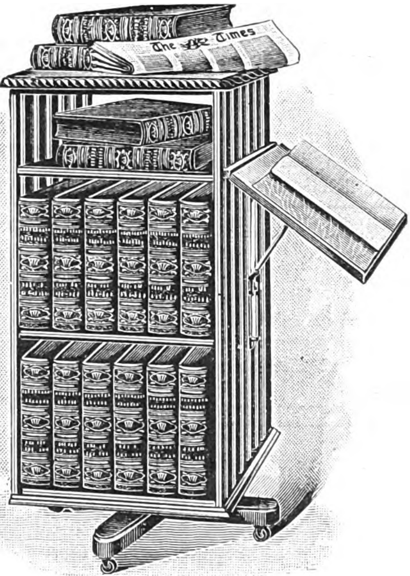

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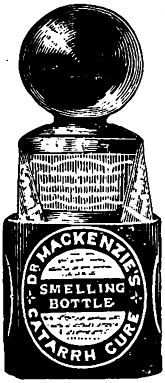

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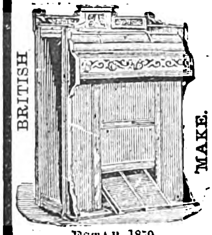

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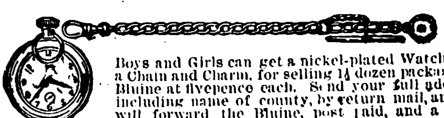

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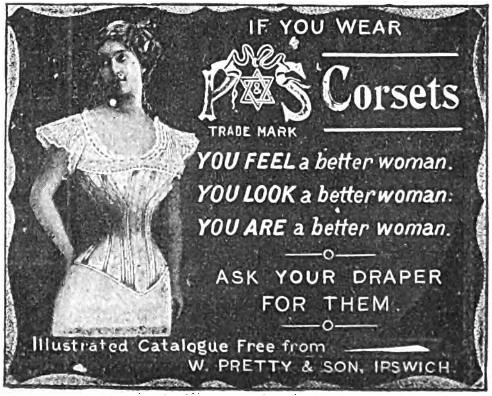

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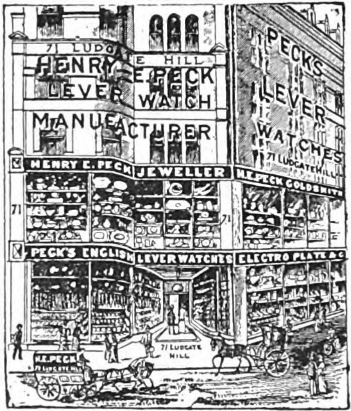

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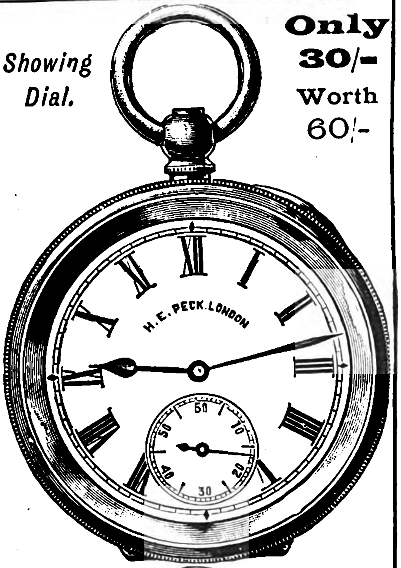

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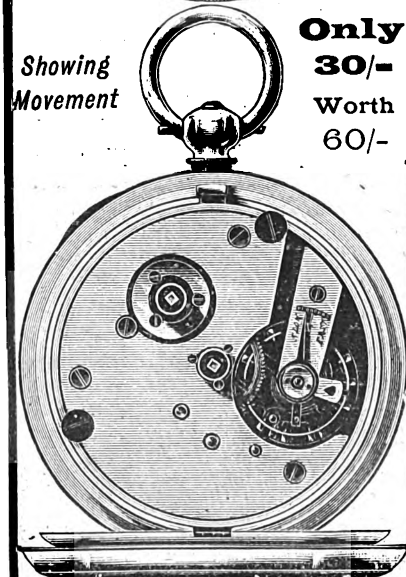

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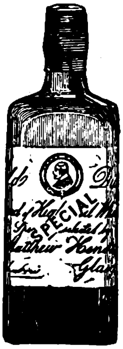

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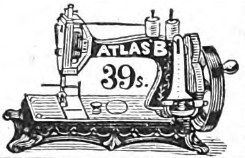

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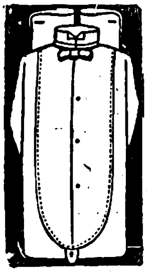

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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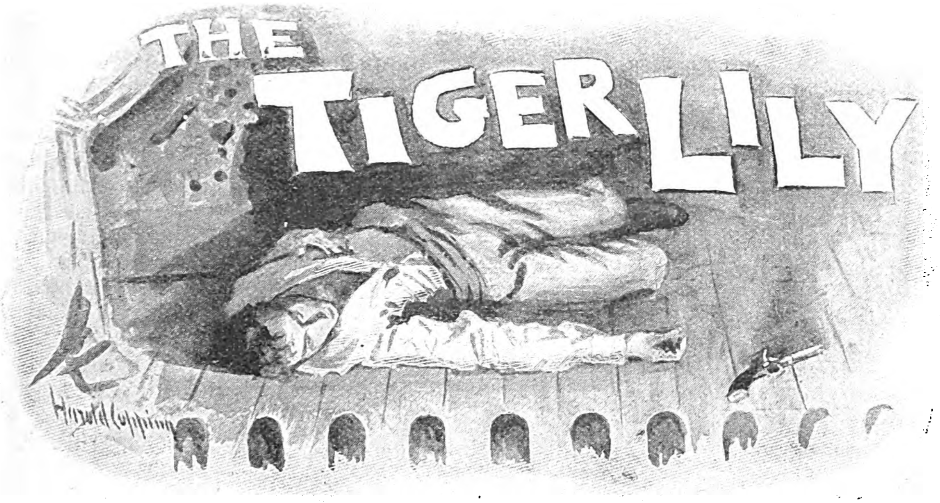

THE TIGER LILY

By E. and H. Heron.

PART I.

The tremendous facts of life and death are somewhat lightly esteemed in Mexico, and when it comes to be considered that to each one of us life is the supreme possession, to be held—so far as we certainly know—but once, why then, if a man must lose it, he is wise to get what value he can in exchange.

A red-eyed, sun-baked man, passing slowly through the streets of the city of Mexico, may have had some such thoughts as he threaded his way from one narrow lane to another without raising his eyes from the ground, until a national guard clattering past roused him and drew his gaze from the roadway.

It was the hour of the siesta, and the day was hot beyond description. A brief break in the rain had filled the air with golden radiance, and as the passer-by looked up at the barred and silent windows of the grey old Mexican houses, he felt that the brilliant environment of sunshine and flowers only served to deepen that vague suggestion of sorrow endured and dumb suffering which hangs for ever about the old city with its long record of immemorial wrongs.

Another turn, and the great white towers of the cathedral stood up fair and splendid against the deep blue of the sky. Quickening his pace, Alderson crossed to the gardens which lie like a many-coloured carpet about the feet of the cathedral, and took refuge under the shadow of the heavy trees. At that hour the Zocalo was silent and empty; the flower-scents hung on the stagnant air, and even the hum and drum of insect-life had sunk into an overpowering stillness.

Alderson threw himself upon a garden-bench in a remote corner, put his elbows on his knees, and fell once more to staring at the ground. He became so buried in thought as he sat waiting, that the hurrying footsteps of a man coming from the palm-bordered terrace failed to arouse him. The newcomer was handsome with the extreme beauty often seen in the Spanish type during adolescence and for some few, very few years after, but which too readily ages into fleshiness and jowls. Under his black brows his swarthy skin showed the lemon-white pallor of excitement. He reached Alderson's side unnoticed and stood for a moment gazing down with dark, unhappy eyes on the Englishman's bent head.

"I have come," he said at last abruptly.

Carlos Carpio spoke English with a scarcely perceptible accent, for he was the son of an English mother, although his father had been a Cuban. Alderson moved along the bench as if to make room for the other beside him, but Carpio drew back with a brusque movement.

Alderson smiled slightly under the shade of his wide-leaved hat.

"Well?" he said.

"I have arranged everything."

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"All right," replied Alderson. "Now I want to ask you a question. For five years we have been a good deal together, and there may as well be plain speaking in this last transaction between us. You struck me after rehearsal this morning, which means, of course, that—we fight." He leant back and looked up. His face was thin with fine rather than correct outlines, and there was a suspicion of humorous cynicism about the lips. "The Señorita, I suppose?"

Carpio trusted himself to no reply in words—he nodded.

"Just so—a woman!" went on Alderson, with a tinge of bitterness. "However, the stage of reasoning is past now. But listen—I have been thinking the matter out, and I suggest that we do not fight—"

"I'm sorry for it, but you must!" broke in Carpio insolently, as much to whip his own anger as anything else. "You don't mean to give up your claim; I shall never give up mine! So there is only one way, you see."

Again Alderson smiled.

"Naturally," he remarked in the same tone of good-humoured indifference he had used throughout, "I merely proposed to devise a plan for the benefit of one of us—for the benefit of the survivor, in fact."

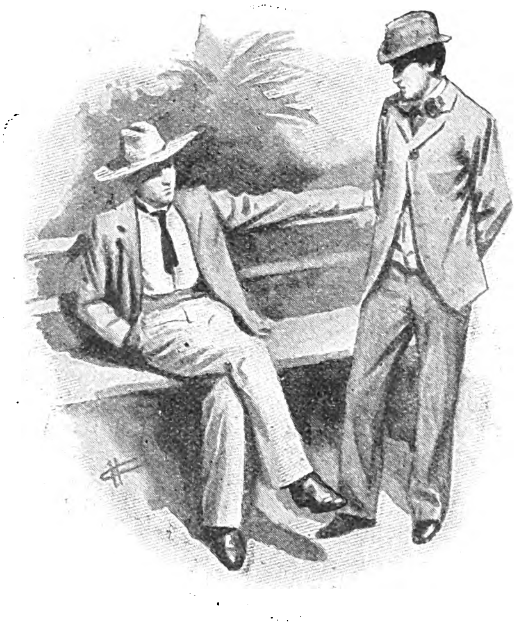
"Go on."

"If I kill you to-morrow at Sapecha, I have no money; if you kill me, you have none, and the Señorita's tastes are expensive."

"Yes," continued Alderson, after a pause as if the other had spoken, and he shrugged his narrow, high shoulders. "You and I have made very little capital out of our lives so far; perhaps one of us may make something out of the other's death. I want coin because it means good cigars, and—if you will—the Señorita. Failing money, I want death, for that means escape into a land where it is for ever shady."

Carpio's fingers betrayed his almost uncontrollable impatience.

"We are to fight in any case," resumed the other, "why not on the stage? The caste of the new play meets the case—rival lovers and all the rest of it. For the duel in the last act let us substitute ball for blank cartridge, and these bloodthirsty beggars will bring the house down in their delight at the relish of a murderous wind-up. Old Le Lacheur is clever enough to catch on to a paying notion, and he'll see what an advertisement this will be for the opening night at the new theatre. We'll draw a crowded house, and Le Lacheur can be made to come down handsomely to the survivor. D'you see?"



"I want coin," said Alderson, "because it means good cigars and—the Señorita."

Carpio sat down rather suddenly at the extreme end of the bench. The cold-blooded simplicity of Alderson's scheme took him unawares. A rush of conflicting thoughts and feelings shook him. For the first time, seen in the light of this horrible suggestion, the prospect of the duel he had provoked, shocked him. When he spoke there was a sharp note in his voice, and his words ran athwart Alderson's.

"What is there between you and—and her? Why did you deceive me? I saw her look at you, and my brain seemed on fire. You are of a different race; you cannot understand! I did not believe you could have deceived me, but you know what you have done! And I am not to blame, for I love her!—I love her!"

The passionate voice died upon the still air. It was only after an interval that Alderson replied.

"Life has not held so many pleasures for either of us that we need shrink from the loss of it," he said with a laugh; "if you kill me I shall be infinitely obliged to you. As for the survivor, he will have a short life and a merry one—as far as the company of the Tiger-Lily is concerned. The most that Le Lacheur could give us will not long meet the Señorita's demands. I'm afraid she's hardly built for domestic bliss."

Carpio sighed irritably.

"Cheer up, Charlie," said Alderson lightly, as he stood up. "After all, the affair will help to break the monotony of the hot weather."

The sound of the flippant voice bit like an acid into the young man's consciousness. He also rose.

"Alderson——" he began.

But Alderson did not meet the reproachful eyes.

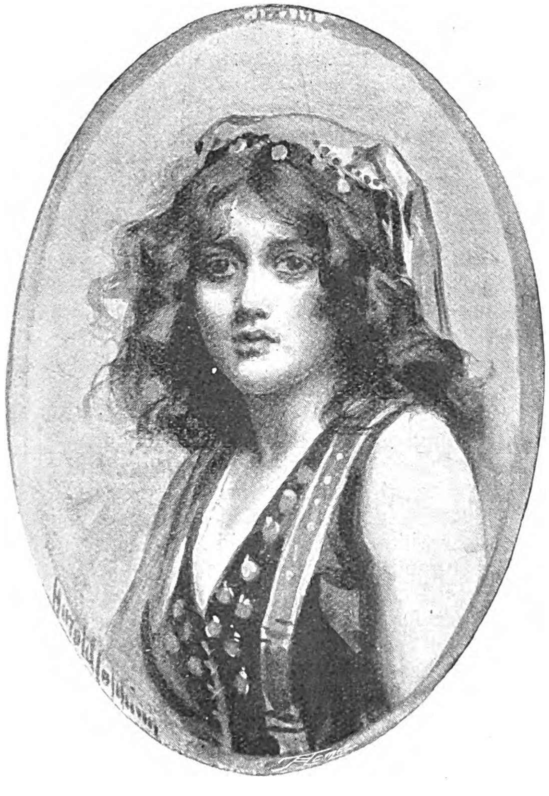
"Do you agree, then?" he asked more coldly.

"Oh, yes!" cried Carpio, flinging away.

"Hold on a minute. We must see the manager at once. Let's go round now."

For some time past Carlos Carpio and Hal Alderson of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company, which happened to be touring in Mexico at that time, had for separate and various reasons felt sick of life. Their only comfort was that they found a certain pleasure in being miserable together. But of late this alleviation had been withdrawn as one result of the bewildering smiles of the leading lady, a singularly beautiful girl, whom Le Lacheur had picked up in Peru. In recognition of her numerous attributes, he had, very happily, named her the Tiger-Lily, and by this title the audience and the playbills knew her.

Under the circumstances, the end for Carpio was a foregone conclusion. All the phases of a passion, perfervid as became his age and nationality, were poured into Alderson's ears, until a casual word dropped by someone, he had forgotten whom, aroused a sudden suspicion. Of all the varying moods and wiles which went to make up her fascinating personality, the Tiger-Lily reserved one, a scornful petulance, for Alderson alone, who met it with the same manner of gentle unconcern and raillery that he habitually used towards the world in general.



A girl Le Lacheur had discovered in Peru and named "The Tiger Lily."

Inconsistently enough, it was this indifference on Alderson's part which, more than anything else, fed the Cuban's jealousy. He had many rivals, but Carpio felt that his treacherous friend was the one whom he could not forgive, whose success would be intolerable.

PART II.

Without exchanging a word, the two men walked along the flowery paths of the Zocalo. Alderson, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, uttered only one sentence as they parted at the entrance.

"We'll need a few paragraphs in the papers about it," he remarked thoughtfully.

Carpio flung a look at him, and their glances met. Something in the other man's eyes struck the Cuban with misgiving, they were the same kind eyes that had watched him through long nights of fever at Santos. Yet it was Alderson who had suggested taking blood-money.

Alderson walked on in silence. Presently he came to a blotched red door in a dismal side-street. This led into a passage, through which, leaving the stage on his left, he turned into a second passage, where Carpio joined him. Alderson stopped at a door overhung by a grimy curtain; a nasal voice bade them enter, and the two men filed into the office of the manager of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company.

Le Lacheur was seated on an old cane chair, smoking a cigarette, while a packing case opposite was occupied by the cause of all the trouble, the Tiger-Lily herself, in a clinging flame-coloured robe, just as she had appeared at the rehearsal an hour or two earlier.

She looked up with a flash in her dark eyes.

"There is a man," and she pointed a slender brown finger at Le Lacheur, "who refuses me another ten dollars a week!"

Le Lacheur smiled fatuously, and threw a glance of admiration at his leading lady, which was intended to have the effect of softening the unpleasantness of his refusal, and deprecatingly shook his big head.

"I can but what I can, Señorita," he said.

"Chut!" she cried, springing up into a superb pose, the soft folds of the flame-tinted gown accentuating its grace. Then, putting her hands behind her, she challenged her audience of three.

"Am I not worth it?"

Alderson, seeing that a reply was expected from him, bowed in his courtly, careless way.

"Without doubt, Señorita!"

Carpio scowled, then, kneeling, he kissed the girl's hand passionately.

"What are you not worth?" he cried. "A man's soul!"

The Tiger-Lily dropped her white eyelids and looked down into his upturned face and smiled, as one smiles who sees a beautiful thing. Then she withdrew her fingers from his.

"Alas, Carlos; praise is the beggar's bag, and words won't fill it! But when it turns to a question of dollars," she snapped her fingers symbolically, "it becomes at once another matter. Is it not so?"

"I will prove to you that I mean what I have said," he replied with a strenuous quietness.

"Good luck to you, then," she laughed, "prove it to me in diamonds if you will; it is the most convincing way! Meantime," she nodded imperiously at the manager, "my ten dollars!"

Le Lacheur, with the same blandishing smile, shook his head.

"But you see, Señorita, I am a poor man. I do all I can for you!"

The Lily's moods changed like the wind.

"Oh, but I know that is false! You are rich, but you are mean—mean as the dust, and yet I work for you! Señor, tell him it is shameful to treat me so;" she swerved round upon Alderson, holding out her hands. "Help me!"

"Help you, Señorita? I wish I could, with all my heart," he answered, with his half-sad, half-quizzical smile. "Le Lacheur must be made of stone to refuse you."

But Le Lacheur was still shaking his head. This was too much for the Tiger Lily's patience. Her temper, though often charming, was never serene, and what she said was direct and forcible before she swept out of the room through the further door.

It almost seemed as if the light went with her. The dark, beetle-haunted den, with its squalid, whitewashed walls, its dirty floor and thick atmosphere, seemed at once to grow more squalid, more unsightly without her presence. Le Lacheur's fat figure squirmed for a moment under the lash of her anger, but he quickly recovered himself, rattled the money in his pocket, raised his shoulders and his eyebrows together, and spat expansively upon the stained floor.

"What will you?" he remarked, philosophically. "The charming creatures are created to worry us. She is, indeed, a fine actress and a pretty woman, but every hour of every day a difficulty. If I could coin the Pacific, she would but cry 'More.' And now for your business, señores?"

"We have a proposition to make to you," said Alderson.

Le Lacheur's face clouded. He was only the manager of a travelling company, and, after the manner of his kind, perennially short of cash.

"Let me hear what it is," he said, dubiously.

Alderson took his seat upon the packing case, and rolled a cigarette, while Carpio, leaning his shoulder against the wall, fell to studying a flaming poster of the new play which had been laid out on the floor for the inspection and approval of the Tiger-Lily.

"We move into the new theatre next Thursday?" began Alderson.

The manager rubbed his close-cropped, greasy black head impatiently.

"How can I tell? The decorators do nothing, absolutely nothing. I could have finished the auditorium from floor to ceiling ten times over single-handed since I let loose those lazy ruffians on it."

"I daresay you'll have it ready. But that is not the matter we came to discuss. In the first place, you must provide understudies for

Señor Carpio and myself, as one of us may not be available on the second night of the play."

Le Lacheur's mouth set grimly.

"Look here, Alderson," he said, shortly, "if it's a case of a rise of salary, don't be afraid to say so. I've my answer handy."

"Stop! There are certain matters between Señor Carpio and myself which we have agreed to settle in the way usual with gentlemen. Think what an advertisement it would be for your opening night if we were to fight—actually—in the last act? It would bring the house down."

A light shot into the manager's heavy eyes. This was something like a notion. But he replied, warily:

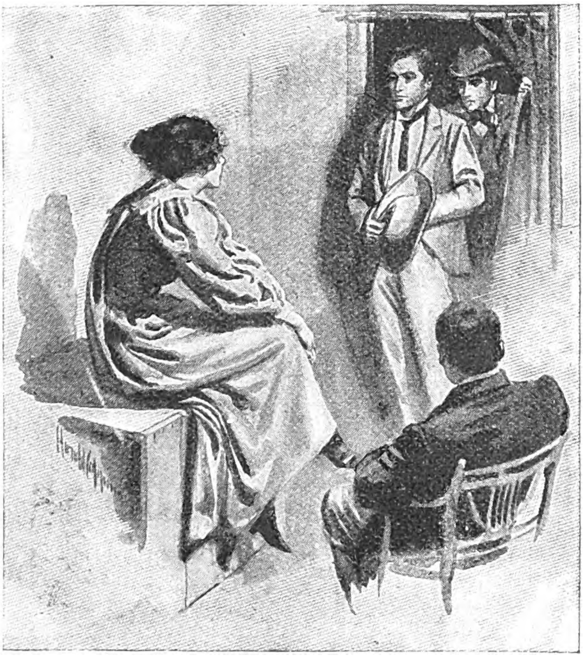
"It might also chance to bring the National Guard down on us."

"You know better! It is just a matter of business — nothing more. We propose to give you a boom, on condition that you pay the survivor handsomely."

"My dear sir, is not this rather a one-sided arrangement?" began the manager. "You and Carpio will no doubt fight elsewhere if not on the stage. You simply shift the scene of your little affair to the boards instead of carrying it through in some one of the usual places. I agree with you in thinking that it may prove a draw, and whichever of you happens to survive, will benefit in due course by the increased takings.

"Not good enough," said Alderson, conclusively.

Carpio listened to Alderson's relentless bargaining and sickened at the sordid details. It was almost incomprehensible! Alderson, who was generally so careless about money, now held out stiffly, increasing his demand at every fresh objection urged by Le Lacheur.



The two men filed into the office of the manager of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company.

"This is the last offer I will make," said Alderson at last. "We want to fight and are willing to make the affair public for your benefit, but—you must make it worth our while."

Le Lacheur thumped his fist down upon the arm of his chair.

"I give in to your monstrous demands!" he roared, "but what shall I gain by it?—Nothing—not one single *centavo*! You desire to ruin me. I leave it to your sense of honour to arrange that one of you shall be killed outright, otherwise—" and the manager enacted a pantomime of ruin and despair.

"Ah, that's a vital part of our programme," returned Alderson hardly, "and as we fight at fifteen paces, the contingency is not too remote."

"The quarrel shall be well advertised," continued Le Lacheur. "And you, señores, must endeavour by your behaviour to heighten the excitement and the expectations of the public."

Carpio had had enough by this time. With a curt nod to the manager, he left them. Le Lacheur looked relieved.

"These young fellows are so absurdly in earnest," he said. "Now that he has gone, may I ask you, señor, the cause of the quarrel?"

Alderson stood up before he replied.

"A private matter."

"Quite so. A natural and interesting sequence of events—shall we say?" the manager smiled meaningly. "We may trust the public to draw their own conclusions."

"If the name of any lady appears in any of your inspired paragraphs, the thing is off," said Alderson, turning towards him abruptly.

"But my dear Alderson, the whole point lies in that," remonstrated the Frenchman.

"Remember what I've said," was Alderson's reply as the filthy red curtain swung to behind his tall figure.

Le Lacheur first groaned, then laughed.

"It is the Tiger-Lily who is at the bottom of all this solemn folly! I wonder if she knows. It is a good joke without doubt."

The inner door opened quietly, and the Lily stepped out into the office. She wore a large coquettish black hat which lent an added charm to her soft dark face.

"Those two fellows are going to fight," chuckled Le Lacheur, nodding towards the door.

"Actors are always jealous of one another," she remarked indifferently.

"This time it seems they are jealous of you"—and he laughed again—"you who have promised to be my wife," he added in an altered manner, as he put out his hand and drew her to his side. Then he noticed the flush on her cheeks and the radiance of her eyes. "How happy you look, Inez! You are lovely, *ma belle!* No wonder they fight for your sake!"

The girl stood quite still, with who knows what dream of impossible love in her woman's heart.

"You say you love me," she said at last in a low voice. "Would you fight for me—at fifteen paces?"

"In my case," he replied with a smirk, "there is no need to do so. Why discuss the notion, then? At the least, Inez, I can give you that ten dollars which you asked me for."

She sighed, and put on her gloves with conspicuous care, and darted an ambiguous glance at Le Lacheur from under her long lashes.

"Many men might be ready to spend money upon me," she said, "but perhaps only one would die for me."

The Frenchman looked after her as she walked out, and blessed the particular saint to whose care he committed himself and his concerns, and said below his breath:

"After her first youth, one woman is worth exactly as much as another, as I shall live to teach you, *ma toute-belle!*"

PART III.

The opening of the new theatre was an event of considerable interest in the city. For some days the wildest rumours had been going round of a quarrel between the two leading actors about—with a laugh and a nod—it was easy to guess whom. The local papers published carefully-worded but suggestive paragraphs on the subject, for Le Lacheur kept well inside the letter of his agreement with Alderson; but, indeed, there was no need to specify the name of the lady concerned. Thus, the first night of the play which ran so much upon the lines of fact was awaited with immense excitement.

The Tiger-Lily's popularity rapidly increased. Her beauty, her charm of voice and manner, and her dramatic possibilities were the chief topics of conversation in all the *cafés*. Le Lacheur hugged himself with delight, and doubled his prices, yet every seat was taken within forty-eight hours.

On the eventful evening the streets were strings of stagnant pools, for the rainy season was in full swing; but, in spite of all drawbacks, the last of the rainbow-hued sunset was still adding its glory to the flaring posters outside the theatre when the crowd began to collect round the entrances.

Behind the scenes Le Lacheur was hurrying hither and thither, ordering, scolding and cursing, while the rising hum of voices from the other side of the curtain came pleasantly to his ears. He had seen the heavy pistols loaded, each with a smashing cartridge, and, acting on the advice of the Señorita, had carried them for safe custody into her dressing-room. As he entered the Tiger Lily was belting her slender figure with a jewelled girdle of pliable goldwork, the offering of a coterie of prominent citizens.

"See, how exquisite it is!" she exclaimed as the manager entered. An unusual note in her voice drew his attention. He surveyed her with anxiety.

"Pull yourself together, Inez!" he said roughly; "you are pale, and your eyes are blazing. Pull yourself together, or you will break down and ruin us both by giving way to an absurd excitement."

He laid his hand on her delicate shoulder as he spoke, and even shook her gently in his irritation. She shrank from him with a petulant disgust.

"I am quite well. Let me alone!"

The manager had sense enough to see that this was perhaps the best course, so he turned to the pistols, and placing them before her, he said: "Take care of them. Tell the dresser to allow no one to come in here during your absence. You were right to warn me, for I heard Carpio and Alderson talking to each other as I passed their room just now."

"You may leave the pistols to me. I promise to be careful," said the girl as he left her.

As a matter of fact, the talk carried on in the dressing-room allotted to Carpio and Alderson was of the most meagre kind. Carpio, in a picturesque costume, was seated astride a bench pulling on a loose, spurred riding-boot. Alderson, whose turn came after Carpio's, was laying some accessories for his make-up on the ricketty table under the hanging mirror.

"By the way, Charlie," he said suddenly, "you should know where to find my will in case of a casualty. It's in the tin box, you know it, and the key is here." He touched his breast pocket.

Carpio started at the sound of the familiar "Charlie," and tugged savagely at his boot.

"I hope you'll be the one to shoot straight," he said.

The intense bitterness of the tone arrested Alderson's hand. He stopped, and looked at him over his shoulder.

"You are taking this affair very hardly, Carpio, but it is the common lot of friends when a woman comes in the way. We have no right to growl if we are forced to share and share alike with the rest of the world. You are a younger man than I am, and it's to be hoped, therefore, the luck will fall to you. Put your heart into it—think what victory means to you!"

Carpio raised his haggard eyes to his companion's face.

"Have I not thought of it over and over? It's driving me mad!" he replied violently, then dropping into a calmer tone, he went on, "This is the last talk we are likely to have, and you shall be told one truth. I can't refer to the cause of our quarrel; but it is plain from your conduct since I challenged you, that you have all along been false. You listened to my confidences, and I trusted you; but I can believe now that you laughed over them afterwards with her! Jealousy and—and love are bitter things, Heaven knows; but, I swear to you, not half so bitter to me as the awful deception you have played off upon me!"

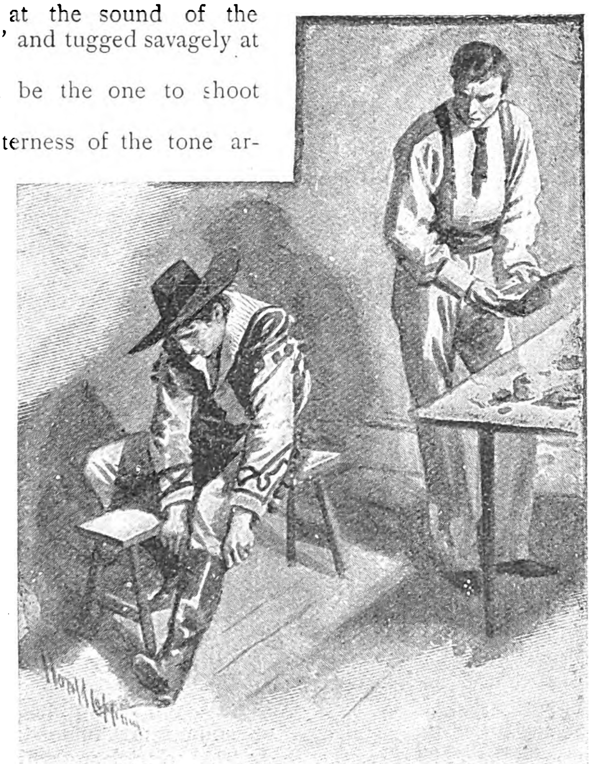
Carpio looked very handsome and boyish as he stood waiting for some reply. But Alderson sat down before the glass without turning.

"A callous, treacherous brute, in fact!" he rejoined, with an odd laugh. "Well, well, it can't be helped!"

By his accusation, Carpio had perhaps meant to appeal once more to feelings that now seemed dead in Alderson; but that Alderson should meet his blasting words with a jest, virtually accepting their truth, was worse than anything he had anticipated. With a sudden oath he was rushing from the room, when the other called to him.

"It is a mere matter of sentiment, Charlie," Alderson said, with an unmoved face, while the younger man stood almost breathless beside him. "But shall we shake hands, now?"

Carpio looked at him with a kind of horror and, turning on his heel, left the room. A few minutes later the theatre shook with the applause accorded to a very tolerable opening scene,



Carpio started at the sound of the familiar "Charlie," and tugged savagely at his boot.

The play was good, and, for the locality, the caste might be called remarkable. The Tiger Lily, untrained and ignorant of much of the technique of the stage, was nevertheless convincing, for she was more than half a natural actress; and Carpio rendered his part with an intensity and abandon that was magnetic, and fired the audience, whose southern passions responded readily to such a stimulus.

It has been said that the tenour of the play was suited to the occasion. Alderson and Carpio were rivals, whose love for the Tiger Lily culminated in a duel during the last act. In the original play Alderson, as the villain of the piece, fell mortally wounded. To-night the question thrilled the benches—how would the revised version run?

As the fourth act approached its conclusion the excitement rose, and it was amidst a breathless pause that Alderson and Carpio faced each other in bad, greenish moonlight that projected those exaggerated shadows which renders stage night-scenes so difficult of arrangement.

Alderson saw the cavalier-like figure of Carpio thrown out in strong relief against the dark funnel-mouth of the wings.

Each man advanced five paces and halted. The second dropped the handkerchief, and the last thing Alderson remembered was the kick of the pistol in his hand, followed immediately by a blinding red mist—then nothing more.

A tumult of applause went up as Alderson staggered a step backwards and fell on his side, with his bloodstained face turned towards the spectators; for Carpio, the handsome hero, was a great favourite with the public, who shouted again and again because his enemy, the villain, had got his deserts.

Thus the play had after all been carried out in its integrity.

Again the curtain rose. This time Carpio was seen kneeling beside the wounded man in an attitude of despair, while the face of a well-known English doctor, forcing his way through the throng of supers at the back of the stage, was quickly recognised. Then the crowd knew it had tasted blood, and trooped out jesting, and laughing, and satisfied. From all the exits the stream of tossing lives was vomited forth into the Plaza. Only a few Press representatives remained, clambering as rapidly as they could across the empty stalls towards the stage.

Under the limelight Le Lacheur was venting an assumed rage upon the scene-shifters; the doctor, upon his knees, was placing a temporary bandage round Alderson's brows with a gentle adroitness; while Carpio, sick and shivering, looked on helplessly.

Presently they carried Alderson away, and then someone detained Carpio with a message from the Tiger-Lily.

He went to her dressing-room. She opened the door herself and bolted it behind him. Le Lacheur knocked almost at the same instant, but she bade him go, in a tone which he recognised as one it might be well to submit to for the moment. She listened until his footsteps died away, and then she turned to Carpio.

The young man gazed back into her wild, gleaming eyes, and a sudden blank yawned in his life, the worst and most hopeless blank of all—the blank of a dead desire. He had loved, and raged, and hungered for her; and now, when she might be his—or so he fancied—he knew that he no longer cared to possess her. The face that ached in his heart was not hers, but that pinched, painted, blood-smeared face turned in a death-stare up to the garish ceiling of the auditorium.

"Tell me the truth!" commanded the girl sharply, all her entangling witcheries laid aside in the stark, terrible stress of her womanhood.

"We had had a quarrel ——" he began lamely.

"I know—I know—."

"We fought for you—but you know that too! If I won, you — I —"

"I was to be yours!" she laughed contemptuously. "Well, you have won! What next?"

He forced himself to look at her again. She seemed now so ineffably remote from every feeling he had ever experienced for her or associated with her.

"Nothing," he blurted out, "Nothing!"

She thrust her head forward like some beautiful angry bird.

"Then what had he done that you should kill him?" she cried out.

"He knew that I loved you and he tried to supplant me—" Carpio warmed as he went on, "not openly—I could have borne that!—but he duped me. You met, when or where I cannot tell, but I could see that there was some secret understanding between you. He tried to trick me while he pretended to be my friend, so I shot him;" the hot sullen blood surged up in him once more—"and I am glad!"

"Fool! fool! Beast that you are!" screamed the girl, clenching her hands as she held them out stiffly behind her, "He died for you!"

Carpio eyed her suspiciously from under his black brows.

"Listen!" she went on rapidly, "I had charge of the pistols, and I drew the ball cartridges and replaced them by the blank ones we always use. And now judge how much I love you," she bent forward again, her white teeth showing through her scarlet lips, her whole lithe body tense with significance, "I reloaded the ball in one, so that he might kill you! For I am tired of you! Oh, how you have wearied me!—I told old Gaspár, but he made a mistake, he handed you the wrong pistol!"

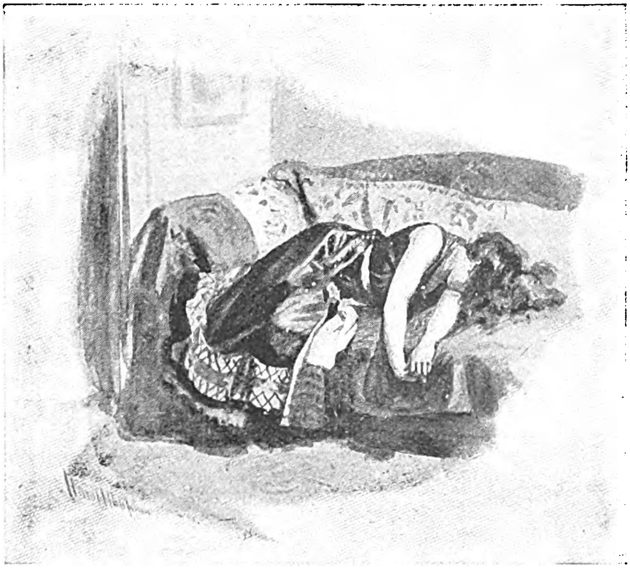
Carpio stood staring before him, he was beginning to comprehend.

"Yet—yet—had you been anything but the blundering fool you are—he might have escaped! But you aimed at his head. And he—" she sobbed out suddenly, "he, not knowing what I had done, fired into the air!"

"It cannot be true!"

"Ask old Gaspár. He was present, he told me; but what does it matter now, when you have killed him! For I loved him—how I loved him! He never treated me as other men did and—I loved him! And at last because he would not understand—I sent for him," she stretched out her arms, "at least he knew—he may die, but he will have known that I loved him!"

Still Carpio waited.



The girl flung herself down on to the couch and broke into wild sobbing.

"I taunted him with loving some other, and he answered with that sad smile of his, that perhaps I was right—that there was one who must for ever stand between us. Now I know who that one was! It was you! I would tear you into pieces if I could!"

She sprang at him at the last word, and stabbed viciously at his throat. But Carpio was too quick for her. He leaped aside, and, seizing her by the wrist, shook the stiletto to the ground.

"You came between us! Curse you!" she panted.

Then she caught her breath to listen, for a voice was calling for admission. She flew to the door and drew the bolt with eager hands. The English doctor stood outside.

"I have brought you news of Alderson, Señorita," he said, "as you asked me to do. He is not dead—not even seriously wounded, I hope."

The girl flung herself face downwards on the couch and broke into wild sobbing.

"How came it that you had bullets in your pistols?" asked the doctor, with a keen glance at Carpio. "Had you fired the eighth of an inch lower you would have blown the top of his head off. As it is, he has a severe scalp wound and slight concussion of the brain."

"There was some mistake—some unlucky mistake," stammered Carpio.

The doctor said good-night, and walked thoughtfully home through the steaming, streaming streets. He had heard some hints of the affair, he had guessed a good deal more, and was now fairly certain of the main facts of the story.

"Alderson fired up into the air," he reflected, "which proves that he knew the pistols were loaded with ball. It was a question of love—or hate. Who knows? But in this corrupt country it's always well to let sleeping dogs lie," he ended cynically as he crossed his own threshold.

That night Carpio, sitting beside Alderson's tossing head, heard the same weak murmur again and again.

"I never had a thought about her—I never cared for her, Charlie. Win her if you can, lad, and good luck."

Carlos Carpio looked down on the drawn, unconscious face.

"May God forbid!" he said, piously, raising his eyes to the dirty ceiling.

Which was a very good ending to the matter for him and for Alderson, no doubt. But for the Tiger-Lily it was a whole week's tragedy.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Miss Kate Cutler.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

Madame Garet-Charles.

There are few, if any, photographers who produce more charming work than Madame Garet-Charles. There is a distinct air of refinement in all her pictures, and a grace and easiness of pose that is the outcome of a peculiarly artistic temperament. Madame Charles, in fact, is an instance of how sure an element towards success in photography is a really artistic taste. She makes no claim whatever to a profound knowledge of the technique of photography. What she does know by intuition is the easiest and most charming pose that will not only create a picture, but, in the case of portraiture, will result in a production which does full justice to the individuality of the sitter. She has all a woman's taste and faculty for arranging the folds of soft drapery, and herein she is very strong in her belief that photography is more than a legitimate profession for her sex. She avers—and there is much justice in her opinion—that a woman's taste in the arrangement and manipulation of a skirt or curtains, or any loose material, is not to be equalled by a man.

The requirements for a woman who desires to set up as a professional photographer are, Madame Charles has often been heard to remark, artistic feeling, patience and personality—and, she will add—money. Success does not come to many without a period of waiting, and it is while the grass of coming prosperity is growing that the enterprising artist perishes. Another assertion of Madame Charles is that there is no such thing as an ugly woman; that the very plainest of her sex has invariably some redeeming feature. Perhaps, on reflection, the assertion can scarcely be termed original, for the truth of it is so abundantly visible to anyone who looks around.

Experience seems to have demonstrated to Madame Charles the fact that men are far more difficult to photograph than women. There are such limitations in a man, and he is, in his ordinary nineteenth century attire, almost incapable of developing into a real picture. On the other hand, children are delightful, although they require unlimited patience. It is essentially a question of mood with them, and given that they are not in the mood to

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Very thoughtful!

be photographed, discretion suggests an abandonment of the effort.

Except for the camera itself, there is little of the stereotyped photographic establishment in Madame Charles's studio. Once an ordinary conservatory, it is without the stiff-backed chairs and impossible, elaborately carved pedestal and tables one is so accustomed to. In fact, the whole secret of her success, or a very large portion of it, lies in the lighting, whereby she obtains the wonderfully soft shadows which are so characteristic of her pictures. Her methods are peculiarly her own, and often enough decidedly daring; yet they are invariably justified by success.

The Camera as an Illustrator.

The modern illustrated magazine has opened up a wonderful field for the photographer, whether amateur or professional. There are few portions of the globe into which the camera has not been brought, and there is no doubt but that photography has worked miracles by way of easy education. Apart altogether from the standpoint of art, a most mediocre photograph will convey to the ordinary mind a more vivid idea of a place than a masterpiece of word-painting. Not but what photography has distinct limitations, and one of them is in attempting to act as a substitute for the black-and-white artist in illustrating short stories or novels. So long as a picture is illustrative of an imaginary situation, or an imaginary hero or heroine, the work of a good artist is not to be equalled by anything done with the camera. But when the subject is a tangible and definite thing, an exact representation of which the reader would like to have before him, then the camera takes up the running, and, to use a racy simile, comes right away and wins in a common canter.

A glance through this number proves this assertion. The description of a detonator factory, fascinating as the letterpress is, would, without the photographs, lose its real interest. If the pictures were the work of an artist, there would be lacking just that grim and, possibly, inartistic realism, which is

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Just a little summer shower.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

WHEN WILL HE BE HERE?

summed up in the belief that "the camera cannot lie."

Of course, it can. We all of us know that. And, what is more, a number of magazines have, with questionable wisdom, set to work to prove that there is no limit to the unreliableness of a photo. It is a pity, because, properly used, the photo does bring with it an air of reality, and honestly used it is reliable. The everlasting harping on, and proving by ridiculous pictures, the capacity of the camera for falsehood is likely to shake the confidence of the average reader, and quite spoil the enjoyment which he now derives from a photograph of any incident.

However, there is still a market for an interesting photo; indeed, great as is the rage for taking photographs, still greater is the demand for good ones—that is to say, photos which are not only well taken and properly developed, but which also have a distinctly unique or interesting subject. There are many people nowadays earning excellent incomes by their skill in collecting or taking a series of photographs which will serve as illustrations to a magazine article. The article on "Detonators" is an excellent instance of one description of work, whilst "Whales" and "A Crypt of Skulls" comprise a different class. With a little judgment a thirty-shilling camera is capable of providing anyone with an excellent livelihood. This, of course, does not mean aimlessly walking about and snapshooting anything and everything that comes into view. The essence of success is careful selection.

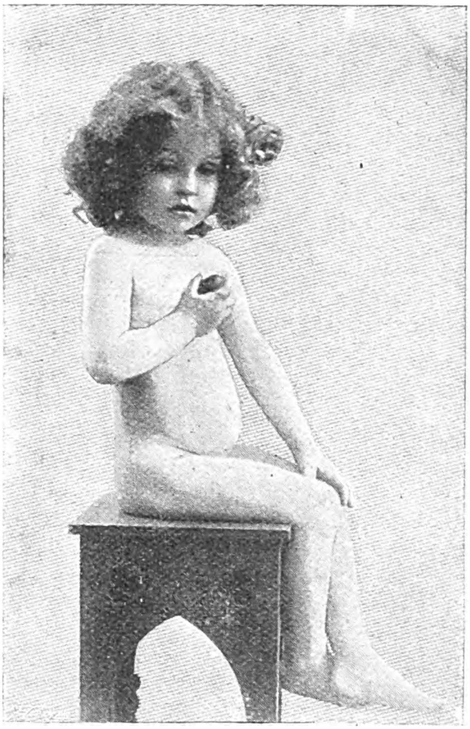


Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Baby Eve.

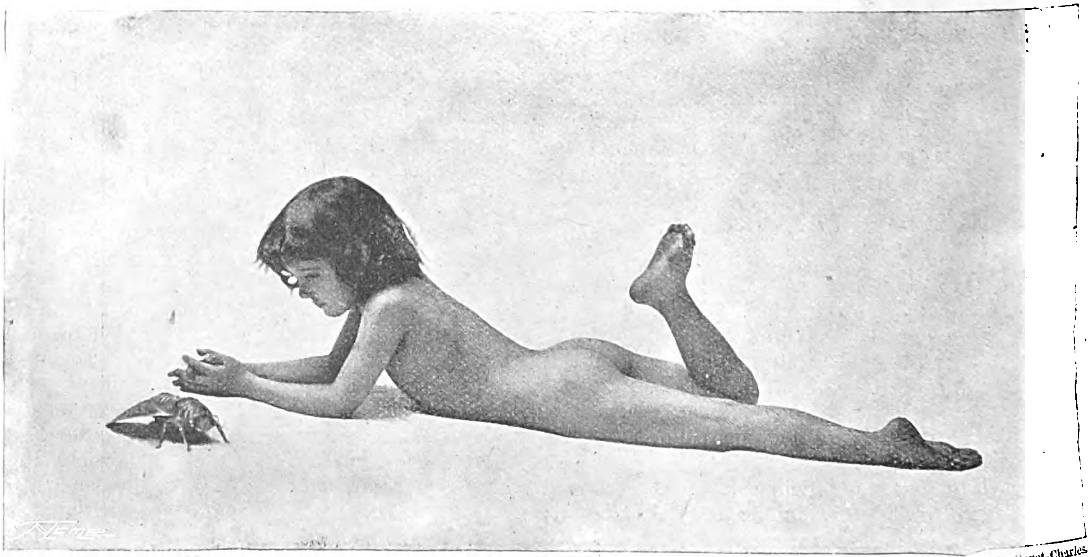


Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"I wonder what you're thinking of"

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

WASHING-DAY.

Tennyson's Statue.

THE news that Mr. Watts, R.A., has undertaken a large-sized statue of the late Poet-Laureate is not only good news, but records a remarkable illustration of how great a man Mr. Watts really is. To enter on such an undertaking at the age of 81 is truly astounding, and, what is even more wonderful, there can be little doubt but that no one could do better justice to the subject. In a sense, Mr. Watts has had peculiar advantages, inasmuch as he was an old and intimate friend of the late Lord Tennyson. The poet constantly sat to him, and some six famous pictures are the result. Curiously enough, Lord Tennyson never sat to any sculptor except Woolner, and then only for busts and medallions. All the world will watch and wait for the completion of the task Mr. Watts has taken in hand, and it may well eventuate that the venerable artist will crown his career with his greatest masterpiece.

A Wonderful Machine.

A TRULY unique specimen of portraiture is likely to be available to anyone visiting the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and one that is likely to herald a most remarkable revolution in an enormous industry. Wonderful as have been the strides in the machinery used for the weaving of patterns and designs, it is still a by no means simple or rapid process. Once the looms are at work, the progress is quick enough, but between the designing by the artist of the pattern to be worked and the commencement of the loom at its task, there is a very considerable period of time.

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

The Lord of the Manor.

It would be impossible, and probably not very interesting, for me to enter at any length into all the steps which have to be taken from the moment when the artist's sketch is finally approved to the time when the loom commences its work. Suffice it to say, that the design has to be drawn out to a scale and squared off into the most minute subdivisions. Each one of these subdivisions ultimately has an equivalent perforation in a large sheet of metal, which sheet of metal forms, as it were, the guide of the loom on its road to the completion of the design. All this, done as it is chiefly by hand, takes a very considerable amount of time—indeed, in the case of some of the large tapestries, it becomes almost a matter of years.

The invention which is likely to revolutionise a process unquestionably capable of improvement has for an essential feature photography; whilst a further and almost equally important improvement is effected by means of electricity. The machine which has been constructed for the Paris Exhibition represents the most complete form of the new invention. It will be possible, having slipped a certain coin into a slot, and

taken up a certain position in front of the machine, to be photographed, and a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards to receive a copy of one's photograph, not printed in the ordinary way upon paper, and thus easily perishable, but in the form of a pocket handkerchief, with one's features weaved into the material with all the exactitude of a silver-print.

The inventor of this wonderful machine has proved himself to be a little more shrewd than the average inventor. Whilst realising the revolutionary effect of his methods, he was quite aware that their magnitude might prove their undoing. The substitution of entirely new machinery in the great weaving establishments of the world is a thing not likely to be brought to pass for many a long year, or without terrific opposition. He, therefore, set himself at once to work to devise a means of readily adapting the existing looms so that they might reap, to some extent, at any rate, the benefit of his invention. This the inventor has succeeded in doing, and whilst one of the existing machines modified by his improvement may not be as economical or efficacious as an entirely new machine, it will, at any rate, enable the material to be produced with a rapidity which will result in a marked decrease in the cost to the general public. This ought to be distinctly pleasant reading to those of my lady friends who delight in fabrics beautified with elaborate designs.

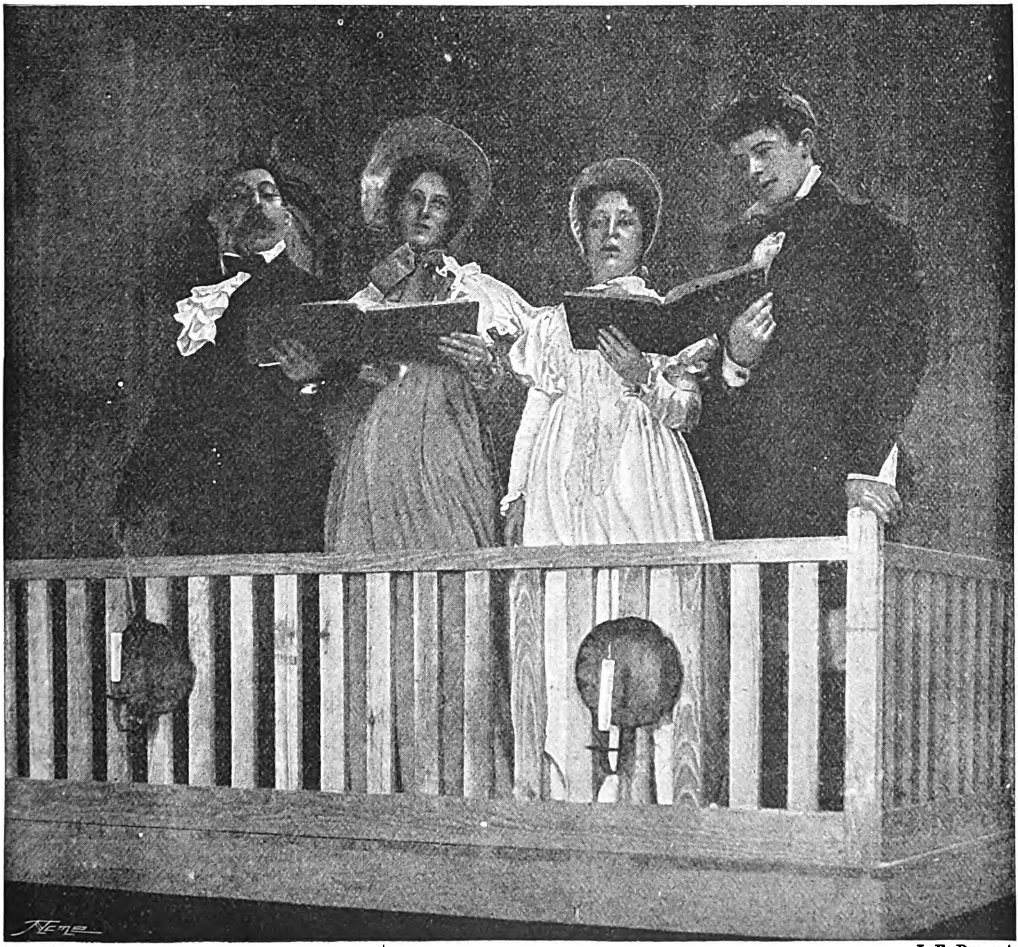


Photo by J. E. Dumont.

The Village Choir.

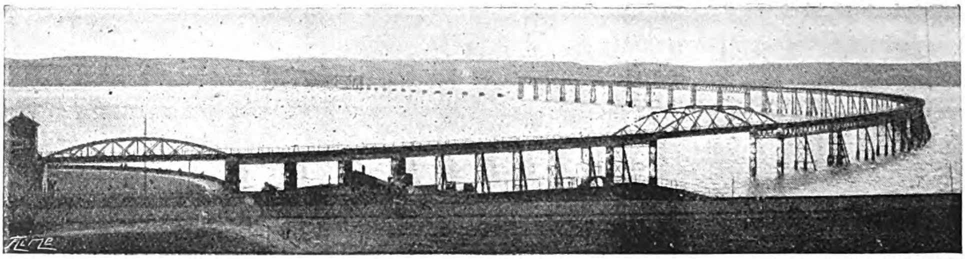


Photo by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

The Tay Bridge, after the terrible gale of 28th December, 1879, when a portion of the bridge was blown away and a whole train engulfed.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE RISKS WE RUN.

By Jeffery Denison.

No. III.

It has been proved conclusively within the past few months that accidents come, not singly, but in battalions. The thrill of horror caused by the news of the loss of the French liner *La Bourgogne* with 565 lives, had hardly passed away, when another appalling wreck occurred—that of the *Mohegan*, which foundered on the Manacles Rocks, and resulted in nearly a hundred English families being thrown into mourning.

Railway accidents, too, within our shores, seem to have occurred lately with terrible frequency and the number of lives lost during the latter half of the year, has been considerably above the average.

It is the suddenness and completeness of an accident which impresses itself so indelibly upon the public mind. Who, for instance, has forgotten the awful Tay Bridge disaster, which occurred in 1879, only three days after Christmas? How intense was the horror on the morning of December 29th, when it became known all over the kingdom that a North British mail train had been dashed ruthlessly into the swiftly flowing river and nearly a hundred people had perished. This disaster was the most appalling to be found in the records of British railway catastrophes. A terrific gale had blown in the mouth of the Tay throughout that fatal Sunday, but never had it crossed the mind of any of the local officials that the great iron bridge which spanned the Tay for more than two miles, and had cost over £350,000 to build, was in any danger.

But after darkness had set in, a portion of the bridge, which must have been weakened during the day, was carried away, and an awful fate awaited the next train which should essay to cross the river. The accident to the bridge passed undiscovered, and the mail train carrying between eighty and ninety passengers, was allowed to leave its last stopping place, and set out on the fatal journey. At the inquest it transpired that certain people standing at or near the

From a Photo.

Collapse of a Bridge.

On 15th March, 1887, a bridge across a street of Boston, Mass., gave way under a train. Many lives were lost.

Copyright Stereo Photo of Underwood & Underwood.

Effect of a Tornado, Grinnell.

station which the train had just left, saw through the darkness and the gloom a large number of sparks coming from a spot about the middle of the bridge where the train would then be. Following this display, a line of tiny lights appeared to leave the bridge, and rush down into the water, after which all was darkness. This line of lights was evidently the train crashing down to its doom, and it afterwards transpired that the display of sparks must have been caused by the friction of the brakes as applied by the engine-driver in his frenzied and desperate attempt to stop the train. Efforts such as his would have proved effectual in ordinary circumstances, but the lines were slippery owing to the heavy rain, and the train was going at such a great speed, that it would have been impossible to have stopped it even in treble the distance.

The ill-fated train met its doom about a quarter past seven in the evening, but exactly how long before that time the bridge had been wrecked was never proven. For nearly six months the recovery of the bodies went on, but altogether only forty-six could be found, the others either being crushed below the *débris* of the train or washed out to sea. The old Tay Bridge, which, according to the Board of Trade report, was "badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained," had certainly received a heavy tribute of human lives during its short career. Not only was it responsible for the terrible disaster described above, but during its construction no fewer than twenty men were killed in one way or another.

Another terrible disaster caused by the collapse of a bridge occurred at Boston in Massachussets on March 15th, 1887. The scene after the catastrophe may be realised in some measure from the photograph which we publish. A street in the suburbs of Boston was spanned by a truss bridge, across which the railroad was carried. On the day in question a train approached the bridge, and the engine, with the three foremost carriages passed in safety. The driver stated that he felt no jerk or anything at all unusual, but happening to look round he discovered, to his horror,

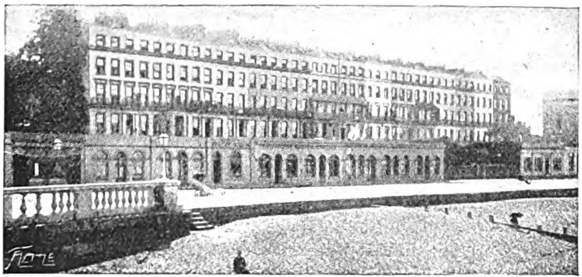


Photo by Craik, Herne Bay.

Herne Bay.

The Marine Parade before ——

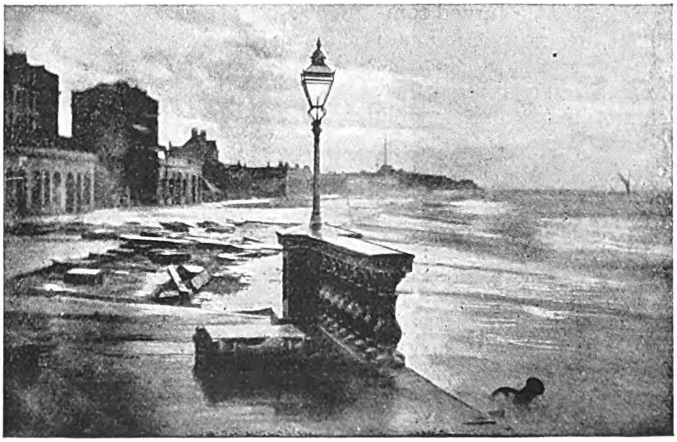
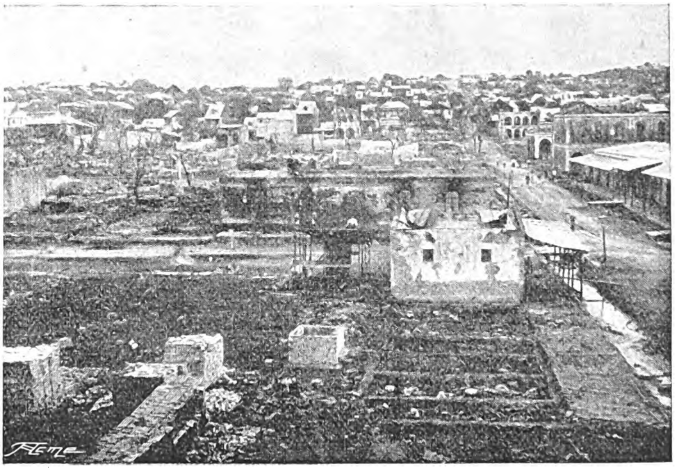


Photo by Craik, Herne Bay.

and after the great storm of September, 1897.

that the bridge, together with six of his carriages, had disappeared.



From a Photo.

Port au Prince, Hayti.

In December, 1897, a terrific fire threatened at one time to devastate almost the entire town. Fortunately the wind changed in the nick of time.

The man could scarcely believe his eyes, but he quickly brought his engine to a standstill, and on going to the edge of the embankment the full horror of the terrible catastrophe was visible. One carriage in falling into the street had struck a stone abutment, and was literally smashed to pieces, nearly every occupant being killed. Many other lives were lost, but there were also some miraculous escapes. The last car, for instance, a smoker, containing fifty people, turned completely over as it fell into the street; all the occupants were severely injured, but, extraordinary to relate, only one was killed. As in the case of the Tay Bridge, the accident at Boston was also caused by defects in the structure of the bridge.

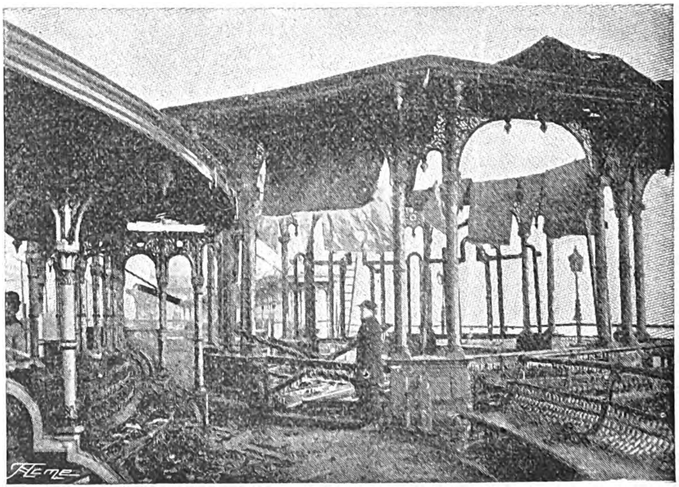


Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Brighton Pier after a Fire.

On 25th January, 1881, the refreshment pavilion at the end of the pier caught fire. The night was bitterly cold, and the water froze on the ironwork into icicles.

In this series of articles, we have published some interesting photographs showing the damage done by cyclones and tornadoes. This month we are able to give a unique photograph taken at Grinnell, Iowa, after the great tornado of June 17th, 1882. It shows the complete wreck of a house, the whole of the interior being laid open to view. In the background will be seen two chests of drawers, whilst in other parts are a feather bed, a pillow, a table, a broken bedstead, and other household articles reduced to wreckage.

Gales on the British coast, of so disastrous a character as to wreck the frontage of seaport and seaside towns, are fortunately of rare occurrence. Exactly a year ago, however, a terrific gale visited the South-East coast and did enormous damage to property in several towns. Herne Bay seems to have borne the brunt of this battle with the elements, and it is estimated that property to the value of more than £10,000 was destroyed. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitants had such a calamity come upon the town. The wind reached its height at the same time that the full tide was due, and this combination resulted in a flood which swamped half the streets and houses in Herne Bay.

The waves, which frequently rose to a height

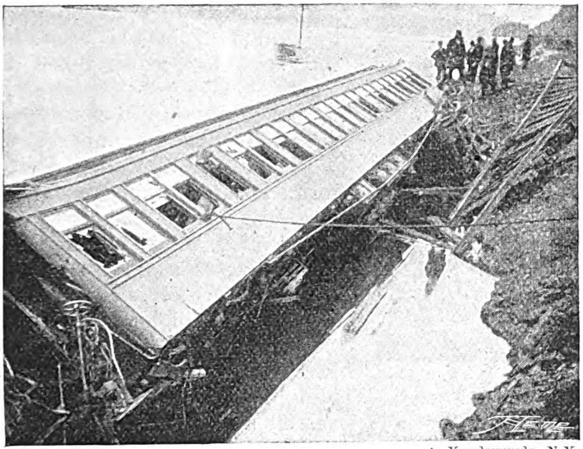


Photo by A. Vanderwyde, N.Y.

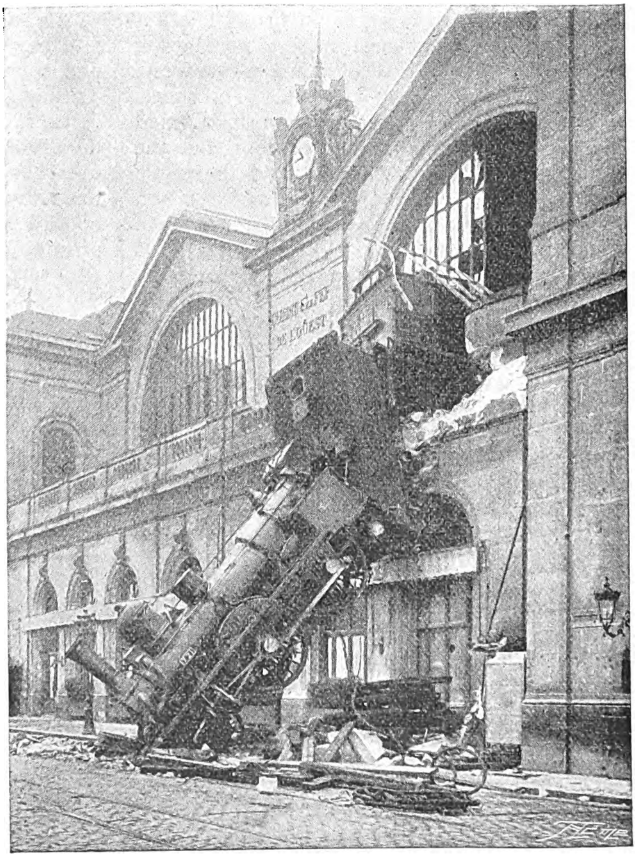
Effect of a Flood.

This carriage was portion of a New York Central Railway train, which was pitched over an embankment, owing to a flood having undermined the rails.

of 30ft. or 40ft., beat with terrific force against the breast-work of the parade, and so fierce was this cannonade that it was not long before a great portion of the stonework was carried away. This was unfortunate, as the balustrade at the west end of the Parade was a relic of old London Bridge. The entrance to the pier was partly destroyed and washed away, the remaining portions being terribly battered.

Some idea of how far the tremendous tide penetrated into the town, may be gained from the fact that a plot of building land lying between Beech Street and the High Street was covered with water to a depth of 10ft. Garden walls were broken down, chapels and schools and houses were filled with water, and the main streets became for the time being, swiftly flowing rivers. When the water had subsided, the terrible damage to the town was apparent and the sea front appeared as though it had sustained a severe bombardment.

Our photograph of Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti, gives the idea of a ruined city of the ancients. The whole of the foreground, which shows the western portion of the city, is in ruins, and this state of affairs was brought about by a terrible fire, which raged in December last, destroying eight hundred houses, a church, a number of large shops, and rendering five thousand unfortunate people homeless. Port au Prince seems to be at the mercy of incendiaries, and it is supposed that the fire referred to above, like many scores of smaller fires, was started by some malicious person or political malcontent. The flames raged with terrific vehemence and had it not been for the fact that the wind changed while the fire was in progress, probably the whole city would have been reduced to a heap of cinders. There is no efficient fire brigade in Port au Prince and the people were quite powerless to stop the flames.



From a Photograph.

A Parisian Catastrophe.

The train failed to come to a standstill on entering the station and ran through the stops and across the platform, and finally fell with its tender into the street.

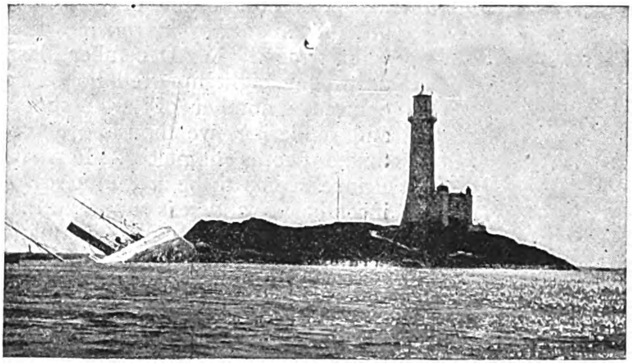


Photo by B. Pettigrew, Wexford.

An Uncomfortable Position.

The *Mermeriss*, a brand new steamer, bound down Channel for Turkey, ran, during a fog, on to the rocks at the foot of the Tuskar lighthouse. A couple of days later she broke in two.

A good deal of excitement was caused in Brighton on 25th January, 1881, when the fine refreshment pavilion at the end of the West Pier was discovered on fire. The utmost efforts were at once made to put out the flames, but what a deal of damage was done will be seen by our photograph. The sheets hanging from the upper ironwork formed the copper covering to the pavilion, but the great heat melted the seams, and the whole roof fell in, as shown, whilst it was red hot. The fire occurred on the coldest night which Brighton has experienced in the whole of its annals, and, after the flames had been put out, the water froze on the ironwork forming countless icicles. These will be noticed in our photograph.

A truly curious photograph taken after an accident is that which shows the result of a disaster some time ago at the Montparnasse Terminus in Paris. A heavy locomotive and tender with a train of carriages failed to stop in time, and, crashing past the buffers, penetrated the front wall of the station and fell into the street below. The engine stood almost upon end in the roadway, the tender remained suspended above the entrance to the station, and the first carriage, which consisted of a brake van, projected over the coping. Previous to the removal of the *débris* and the suspended locomotive, thousands of people went to the spot to see so novel a sight.

Although shipwrecks were very frequent at one time on the Tuskar Rock, off County Wexford, Ireland, such casualties rarely occur now that the rock is provided with a lighthouse. This beacon stands upon the principal rock, which rises some 15ft. above high-water mark. Several smaller rocks lie between that and the shore, and, although coasters and small vessels may freely pass through the channel, formed by the rocks and the shore, large vessels are recommended to sail or steam outside the Tuskar.

The steamer shown in our photograph, which has come to grief, is the *Mermeriss*, a fine new vessel, which was on her first trip. She was going down channel bound for Turkey, and ran upon the rock during a dense fog. The vessel went so far up that the crew had no difficulty in getting ashore over her bows. The unfortunate vessel was fixed so tightly that no efforts to get her off could be effective, and after remaining in this position for some days she broke in two, and was washed off during a storm. This

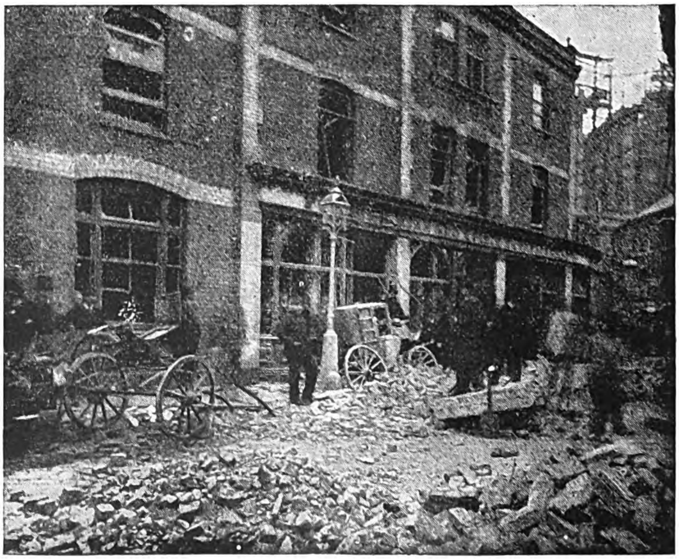


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Dynamite at Scotland Yard.

On May 30th, 1884, a terrific explosion took place at Scotland Yard with the above effect. The unfortunate public house sustained the worst damage.

occurred in the year 1895. The Tuskar light consists of an oil lamp which has three rings; one only being used in ordinary weather. The other two are lighted in thick or foggy weather. The light is a revolving one, showing red and white alternately at intervals of a minute, and is visible in clear weather at a distance of nineteen miles. During very thick weather an explosive rocket is discharged every five minutes, and when a vessel is seen standing into danger a warning in the international code is hoisted, and a special explosive signal discharged. These warnings are repeated until they are observed from the ship, and in this way much loss of life is saved.

Explosions are, happily, little known in this country. At the time of the dynamite scare, however, a great deal of damage was done in London by explosions at the Government Offices and at various railway stations. We reproduce a photograph taken after the attempt upon the Detective Department of Scotland Yard. This explosion took place on May 30th, 1884, and resulted in a large number of people being injured. A portion of the wall of the official building was blown down, and the windows broken; but the greatest damage was done to a public house next door, which was almost completely wrecked. Two vehicles standing by the roadside at the time of the explosion were also wrecked. Some of our readers may remember that it was on the same evening, and at about the same time, that an explosion occurred at the Junior Carlton Club, resulting in much damage and injury to several people.

The Spanish Cemetery at Las Palmas.

The illustration we are enabled to give represents the Spanish Cemetery at Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary. There are a few handsome monuments to be seen in the cemetery, but not many. These comprise those erected to the old Spanish family. The majority of those who have been buried here have been laid to their final rest in the stone walls, the wide slabs which cover the recesses appearing in the picture like a series of large windows.

The poor are placed one on top of another in the waste ground in front, and at the end of twelve months if the annual rental is not paid by the relatives they are disinterred, and with their coffins are thrown into the Bone Yard, a place presenting such a dreadful spectacle that it has been closed to the public.

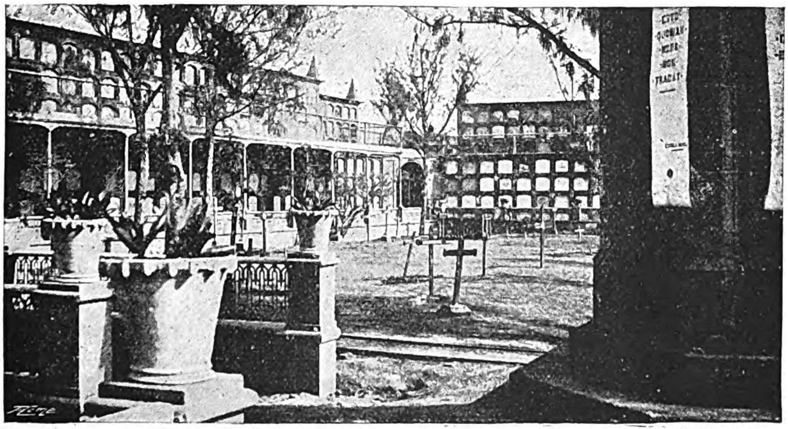
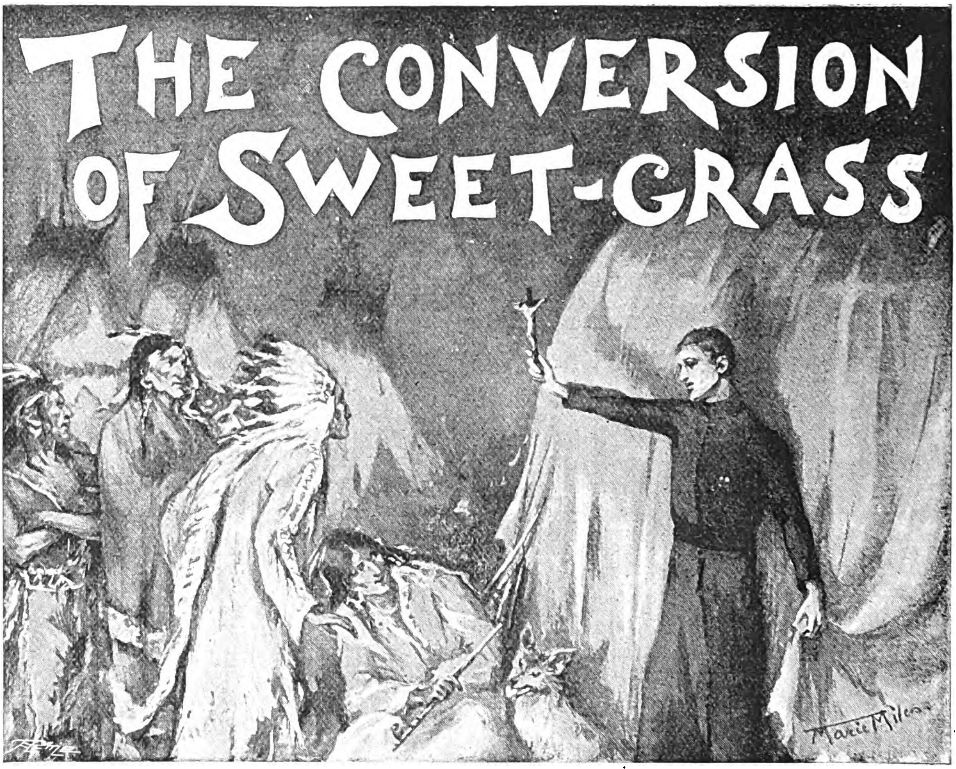


Photo by A. M. Richardson.

The Cemetery at Las Palmas.

The white marks in the walls are tomb stones.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS



The light from the aspen camp-fire flickered against the brass image.

By W. A. Fraser.

THE CHILDHOOD OF SWEET-GRASS.

What the great chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot, was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-coloured Pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and gleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult; but when hunger stalked through the flapping tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gleaning was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papoose became a struggle with the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name—he was only the Nokum's child; nobody had time even to dream a name for him.

If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo he and the dogs fell out, and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate—the dogs were in the right of it; it was only the Nokum's child anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody after a fashion—so many to each tepee; but Sweet-Grass was only the Nokum's child.

His mother carried wood, and smoked meat for others; stripped the red willow and made Kinnikinick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor-woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes, and does all the village drudgery. Sweet-Grass was the boy.

As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight. This conviction deepened as he grew older; and the village outcast always grows old fast. His years outstretched his stature: at fourteen he was small but hard as nails; fighting for existence had not tended to soften him.

At fourteen he said to the Nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior; I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whispers to me through the grass and the purple moose flowers, and asks me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?

"I answer that I am the Nokum's child; and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack-dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother—a brave; and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is knocking that it may grow—grow big, and strong, and fierce, like Black Wolf's.

"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that is like the yellow gold. He flew towards the sun, mother—South, toward the land of the Blackfoot—and he called to me. I looked up, and I saw his eyes—they were bright and fierce, just like Black Wolf's.

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp, as though the Great Spirit called me to follow.

"To-night I am going, mother. In five nights, if I do not return, it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The Nokum's eyes were old and blurred; the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast, and the whites were streaked yellow and red—so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought — they were like badly-coloured beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment; her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of mere pain.

So the boy looked in the poor gnarled eyes and saw nothing. The white, withered lips told him nothing; and he thought, "the Nokum is glad—she would like her boy to have a name."

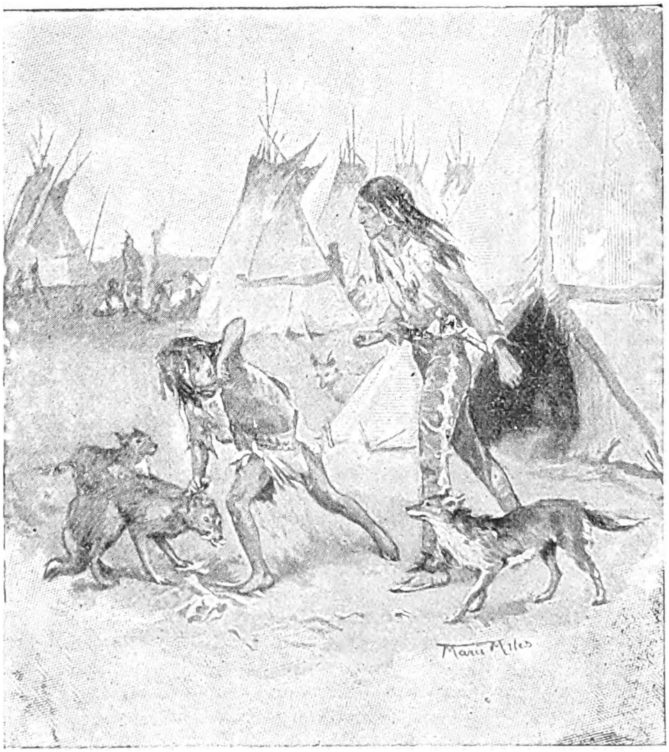
He took his bow, and his knife, and his tenderly-feathered arrows, and held them in his arms as a lover fondles the roses he takes to his lady love. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the dogs and everything else in the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he togged himself out with; trifles of brass tied in his long, black shining hair; a little remnant of bead work, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deer-skin shirt of his worthless father, he fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start the Nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately-beaded moccassins; they had been worked for a young chief.

"For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The Nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she sat in the rent of her battered old



If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo he struck his canine rivals someone would retaliate—he was only the Nokum's child.

tepee, and looked toward the land of the Blackfoot.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.

THE NAMING OF SWEET-GRASS.

The Chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and rubbed against his cheek. How light his heart was! For fourteen years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one, and wearing the beautiful moccassins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted them affectionately. As he did so he came to earth with a smash that shook his body—he had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose-pink flowers which hid the hole. They were the badger-hole sentinel — the cleome.

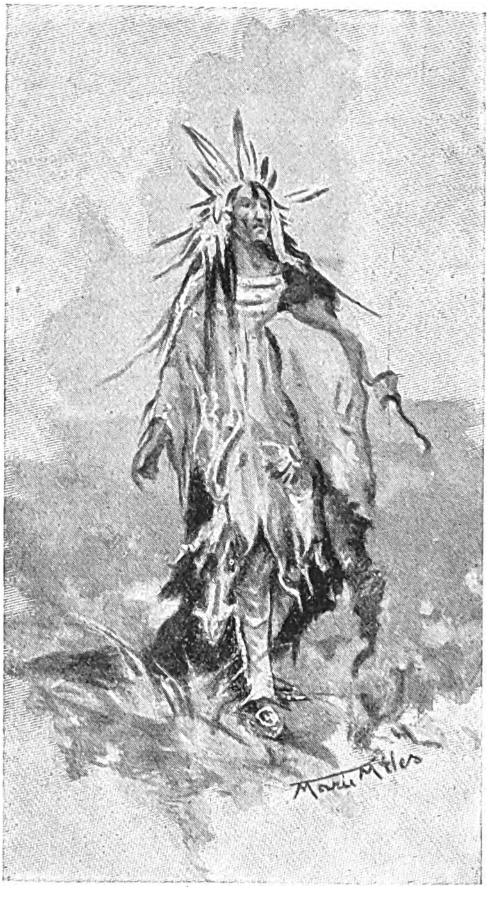
"Why did you not tell me, little brothers?" he said, as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered, as he sped on again.

The thought stopped him — he turned and called back to the crushed blossoms: "When I come again this way you will know my name."

All night he travelled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch-grass and the silvered wolf-willow; the long purple-tipped wild pea caught at his legs and caressed them gently. The gaillardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a grey shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the East he crawled down into a coulee, and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he travelled again, across the shallow "Battle River" and the shallower "Nose Creek;" until before morning he knew that he was close to Sounding Lake, and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been travelling toward.



It was a Medicine Man in all the awful grandeur of his barbaric splendour.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day——the day that was to give him a name, or see his scalp hang drying in the tepee of some Blackfoot.

Close to where he crouched the Indians' ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the grey light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange, his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited, and strung his bow taut as a musician keys up his harp.

"They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them; for I must have scalps as well as ponies."

His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the Nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt, and a share of the buffalo would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a Medicine Man in all the awful grandeur of his barbaric splendour. Eagle feathers, paint, bead work, and charms seemed to have been poured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia.

He was coming straight toward the boy—coming to commune with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a grey willow bush, forty yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the Medicine Man's propitiatory offerings.

Behind the Medicine Man stalked a brave.

"He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver, held it up toward the East, and let the sunlight kiss its V-shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the Medicine Man.

Then he knelt reverently, and kissed the earth.

The steel-nerved arm drew the bow string until the arrow-head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The Medicine Man was standing in front of his red-streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death-shaft.

"For mother's sake!" hissed the boy; and "twang" went the stretched sinew string. The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body ground of blue, almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave — only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumbled heap, and writhed over on his back, where he lay staring up at the smiling sky.

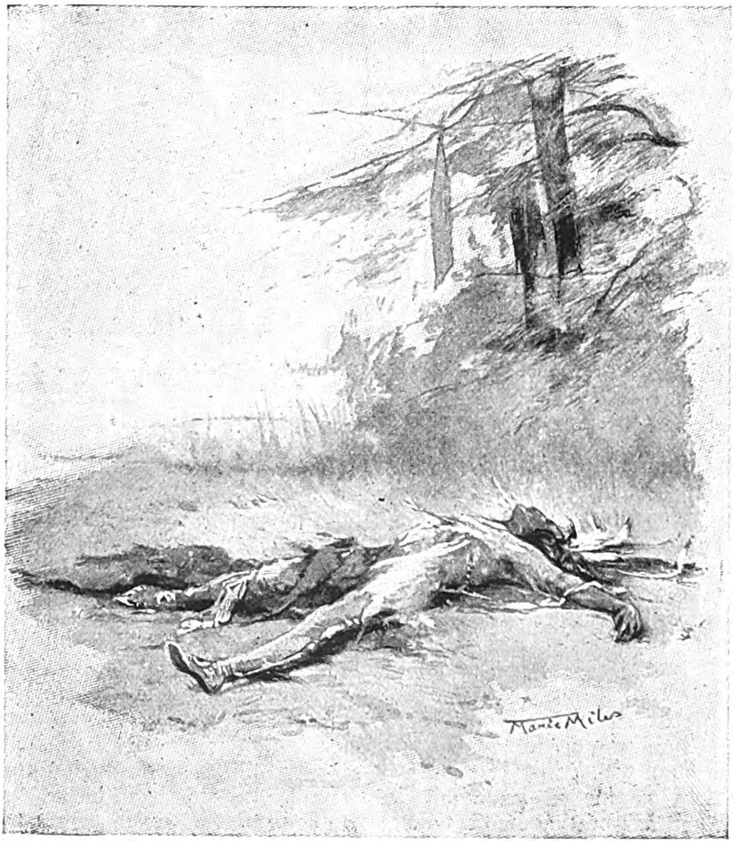
The boy's brain surged hot with a blood-like fury. He rushed from his concealment, and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark, but only through the shoulder; and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives, and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy—he had been blooded; while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot scalps were dangling from the boy's shirt-front, and he was taking breath after his fierce struggle. He was mad with delight; the delirium of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment; he wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass,"



Never a sound he gave, but lay staring up at the smiling sky.

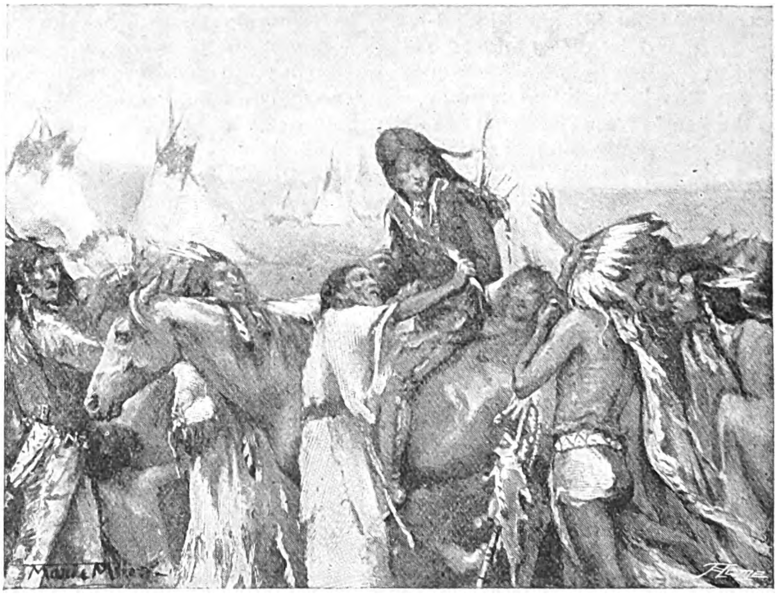
and dabbled it in the blood of the Medicine Man.

He held it aloft, and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi——!" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battlefield.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast, and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from amongst the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

In his pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies and dogs in his own camp—their ways were his ways.



The Nokum pressed forward. She thrust her hand in at the opening of the deerskin shirt and drew out a bunch of blood-stained grass. "It's sweet-grass!" she cried, and there arose a cry of "Sweet-Grass! Sweet-Grass!"

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off—from the chestnut stallion last; then, grasping the strong mane, he swung himself on to the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded he swung into the lead. Their fast-beating hoofs pounded the grass-knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurtling after him. A few of the Blackfoot had muzzle-loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up to one side or in front of him told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot; they had no choice, for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day and all the next night he rode resting his band of horses after he had forded the Battle River the first evening.

At daybreak on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses on the distance excited the Crees. They thought their enemy, the Blackfoot, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

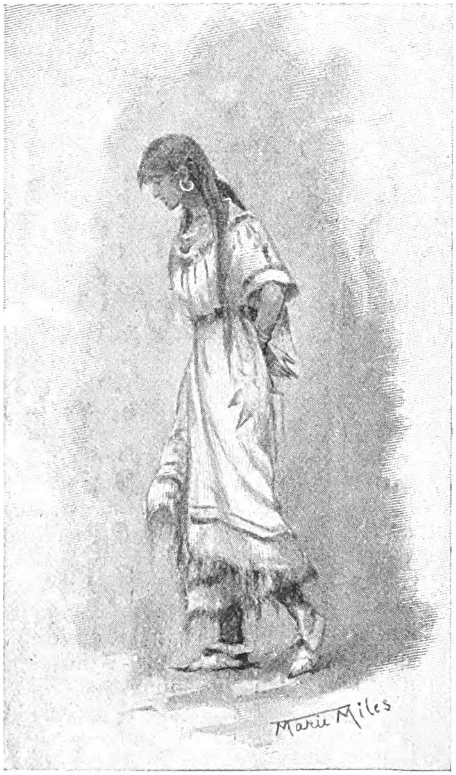
Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quieted down his spirits.

He showed them the scalps and his band of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely, and felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the Nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy!" She stopped, her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast. "Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deerskin shirt, and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood-stained grass.



They had a captive—a Cree maiden.

"No," replied the boy, "that's Blackfoot blood, Nokum."

"It's sweet-grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well-known grass aloft in her hand.

Contagiously the others took up the cry, "Sweet-Grass! Sweet-Grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe Medicine Man stepped forward and said, "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

Thus was the naming of the great chief "Sweet-Grass."

THE RULING OF SWEET-GRASS.

That was the beginning. Sweet-grass had graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model, was soon outclassed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal Pagan. No glinting of a light that illuminated the wrong-doing side of horse stealing and killing shot athwart the narrow pathway of his mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree Pantheon they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe, the Blackfoot.

So Sweet-Grass served the Great Spirit with an eager vigour that left many scalps hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the Medicine Man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he reduced the census of his neighbours, his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen Chief, and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the Nokum, for Sweet-Grass honoured her in his prosperity, even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the scraps.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

Father Lacombe was as great a warrior as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a fearless brave. His bow was the Christian religion, and his arrows God's love, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Cree's tepees he wandered at will, and with the Blackfoot he slept back to back on the sky-kissed prairie.

As a rule an Indian does not receive religion with open arms—he is not looking for it. He has other things to think of.

And though they received the Father for his own sake, his Master's commands they cared not much about.

Father Lacombe was working his way Southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May.

He came upon a small party of Blackfoot. With them they had a captive—a Cree maiden.

Practical Christianity was part of the Father's creed, and he determined to rescue the girl if he had to pawn his Red River carts to the Indians. So he bargained with them.

In the end he gave an order on the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum sufficient to bankrupt his small means.

He took the girl with him on his southern trip, for there was no way of sending her to her people till he should return in the autumn.

It had been the usual order of Blackfoot enterprise; the war party had swooped down upon the few Crees she had been with at the time, and killed them all but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Father Lacombe went North again—back among the Crees.

One evening, after he had camped, he saw a large outfit of Indians trailing towards him. He hid the girl under a cart, the sides of which were draped by a large canvas.

It was Sweet-Grass's party. They encamped beside the Father for the night.

To Father Lacombe the Indians were as children: to him their lives were an open book, and the misery that was in one old couple's hearts was soon poured into his sympathetic ear.

To an Indian there is no loss so great as the loss of a child; even horses are less to be lamented.

And Many-Herbs had lost a daughter. The Blackfoot had attacked the party she was with in the spring and all had been murdered, even the daughter. Father Lacombe had opened up a gold mine, and he knew it. The priest had several gifts besides his great generosity and his wide humanity. He had that fine dramatic instinct which makes the most of an opportunity. Evidently God had delivered the captive into his hands that good might come of the evil which had been done.

When the Father spoke of hope, Many-Herbs scoffed. Alive there might be hope, yes; but was not Two-Winds dead? Could the priest take a stripped wand of the red willow and change it into the form of Two-Winds, and alive?

Was not Sweet-Grass also like a stricken buffalo? Two-Winds was to have gone to the chief's lodge even at that time—at the time of the great hunts.

"Surely," thought the priest, "the Father has given these people into my hands. If Sweet-Grass also loved the maid much good must come of the rescue."

Then he spoke aloud to the Crees and prayed silently in his heart the while.

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give me back Two-Winds?" cried Many-Herbs. "Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the Priest. "You have forgotten one thing—you have forgotten the power of this!" And he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen camp-fire flickered against the brass image of the Saviour drooping from the cruel, holding nails.

It was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call on your Medicine Man to give us Two-Winds. If it can do that I will believe—I and my tribe. The Little Father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The Chief and the Priest were old friends—almost old antagonists on the question. Pere Lacombe knew that the Sweet-Grass's words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

"And I have heard!" he said, as the Cree Chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips, "I have heard, and my Master has heard, and the power of the Cross is for good!"

Among the Whites, Pere Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted; and as the Priest spoke he started forward eagerly in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two-Winds," he whispered huskily, expectantly.

"Yes!" answered the Priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

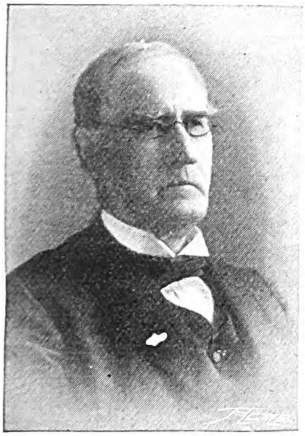
It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp, as Two-Winds came and stood in the light of the camp fire; the same light that had flickered at the brass Saviour, streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair, and showed the great love-light in the sparkling eyes.

Pere Lacombe stood a little to one side with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour as he held it against his breast. The power of the Cross had come to pass.

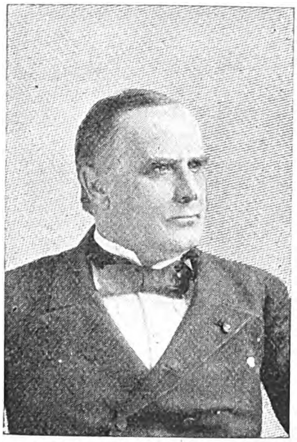
Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

* * *

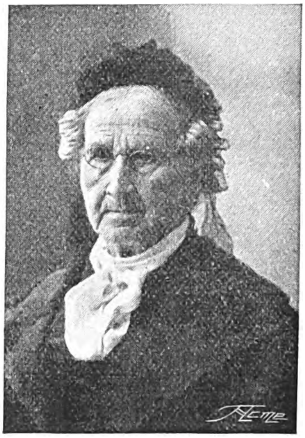
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS



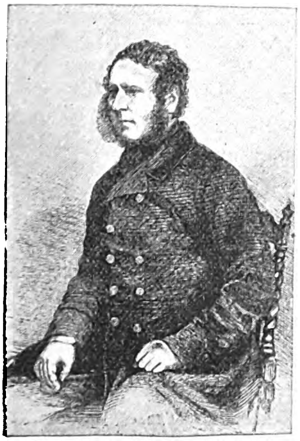
His Father.



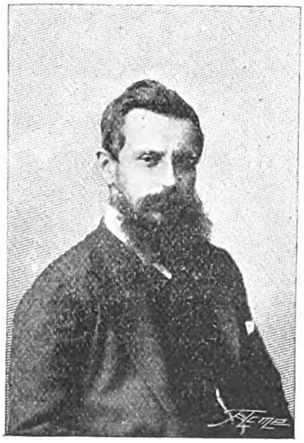
President McKinley.



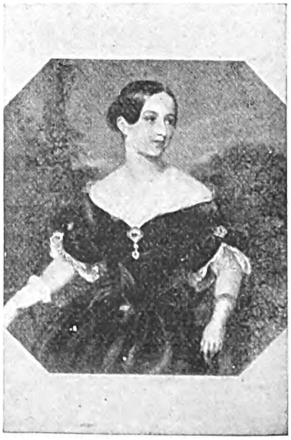
His Mother.



His Father.



Duke of Norfolk.

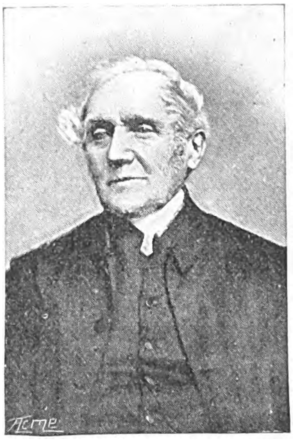


His Mother.

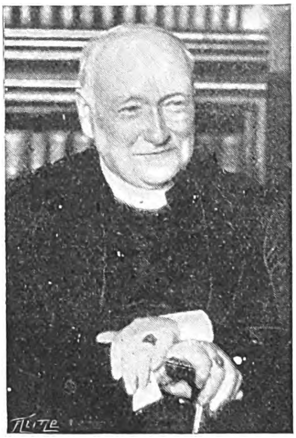
His Father.

Alfred Harmsworth.

His Mother.



His Father.



The Archbishop of Armagh.

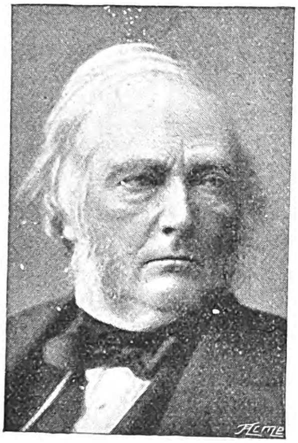
His Mother.

His Father.

Sir George Baden-Powell.

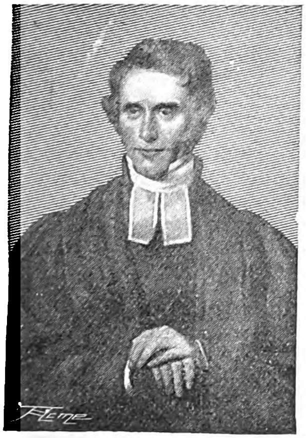
His Mother.

His Father.

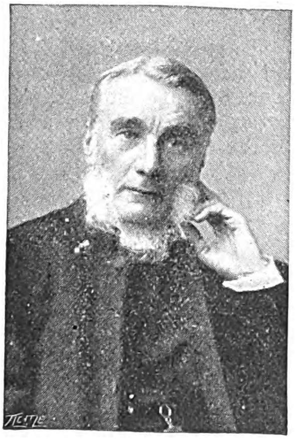


Duke of Argyll.

His Mother.

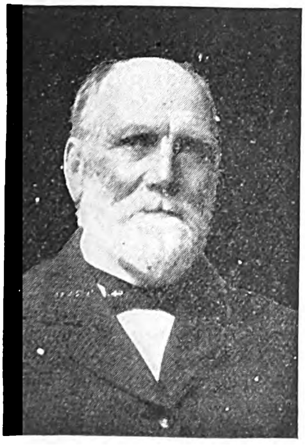


His Father.



The Bishop of Exeter.

His Mother.



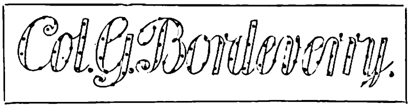
His Father.

Robert Barr.

His Mother.

Photographs by Russell & Sons, Watson, London Stereoscopic Company, Walery, Williams, Caldesi & Co., W. & D. Downey, A. Vignos, Sarony, N.Y., Ayton, Browning, Elliott & Co., Lombard & Co.

THE BEST SHOT IN THE WORLD.

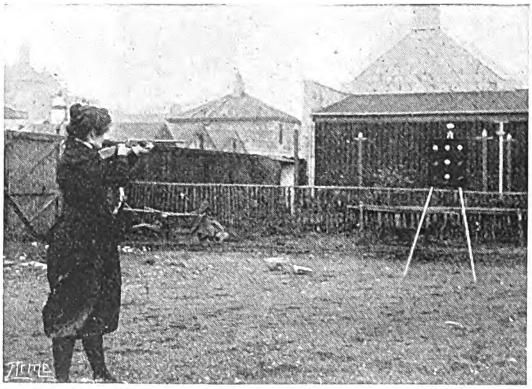

Col. G. Bordeverry.

Written in bull's-eyes.

By William Will.

About eighteen years ago Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry made a vow that he would be the best pistol and rifle shot in the world. At that time he was champion of the particular part of France in which he lived; but he was ambitious. He knew that in the land of duels there were hundreds of accomplished shots; but he knew also that he had the eye and the muscle and the time for practice that are absolutely necessary to those who would shoot well. The Scots have a proverb, "He that tholeth (endureth) overcometh"; and the Scots and the French have had many things in common since the day that Mary Queen of Scots married the Dauphin of France. Gaston Bordeverry "tholed," and he overcame.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry was born at Pau. "To teach the young idea how to shoot" did not mean the same to Bordeverry as it did to Thomson of "The Seasons." When quite a boy Bordeverry was shooting away his spare cash at fairs and markets, and was in consequence made the target of his parents' scorn. At that time all his prizes were blanks.



Madame Bordeverry, at a distance of thirty feet, can hit five bull's-eyes with five successive shots.

When he grew to manhood Bordeverry became an interpreter at Pau, and subsequently at Bordeaux; and it was when at the latter place that he was "discovered." He had been taking all the first prizes at meetings far and near, and was practising assiduously at other times. He was strongly advised to go to Paris, where, his friends said, he was sure to create a sensation. He had influential friends in the capital. Armaud Silvestre, the litterateur, and Charles Toché, the painter, told many of their friends that they were bringing to Paris someone who could shoot a little, and an exhibition was arranged for in the magnificent hall of the influential *Figaro* newspaper. Here many deputies to the French Chamber naturally met, for shooting is an important item in the "Home" policy of almost every French Parliamentarian; and with them were the principal pistol shots in France, Britain, America, and Germany. The Comte de Montgou, Comte Henri d'Havrincourt, the Comte d'Elva, Ernest Carnot, the ex-President's son, and many others were there and stood spellbound while Gaston Bordeverry went through his wonderful performance. Next morning the young man from Bordeaux found himself famous. The *Figaro*, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Gaulois*, and the other papers praised him. Paris talked about him in the Cafés, and variety hall managers prayed for dates,

M. Bordeverry hits nine bull's-eyes within seven seconds

That was eighteen months ago—in June, 1897—soon after which M. Bordeverry came to London.

In his exhibitions, M. Bordeverry is assisted by his wife and daughter. Madame Bordeverry is a sure shot at small targets, and, with the rifle, at a distance of 30ft. bursts five miniature balloons with five successive shots; and another balloon held in her husband's hand, is also destroyed.

M. Gaston Bordeverry begins his exhibition by shooting, in something like six or seven seconds, nine small "bull's-eyes," the distance being about 30ft. From the balcony or gallery of a hall, 70ft. or 80ft. distant, he picks off the "bull" with just as much ease.

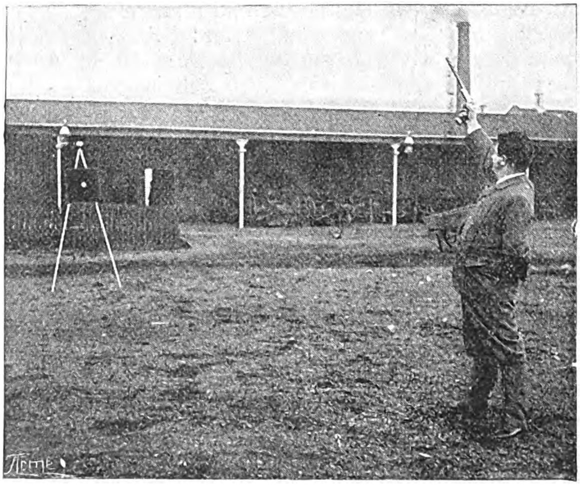
From these comparatively simple tests, he passes to the shooting of a balloon by *commandement*, in imitation of the duel. And M. Bordeverry is not without his experiences of duelling, which, however, have taken a humorous rather than a serious turn. An elderly nobleman of M. Bordeverry's acquaintance, whom we shall call Count A——, was insulted by a young man, Monsieur C——. In a passion, the Count exclaimed: "Bordeverry, if I could shoot like you, I should kill that man!" In order to satisfy the Count and get a little fun at his expense, Bordeverry and M. C—— arranged a mock duel. The Count beamed. The day came, and with it the principals, seconds, and doctors. Bordeverry's pistol was loaded, but the ball was in his pocket. He fired first, and, with a groan, M. C—— fell "wounded."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Bordeverry, "I have killed M. C——! What shall I do? What shall I do?" and he slapped his brow with his hand.

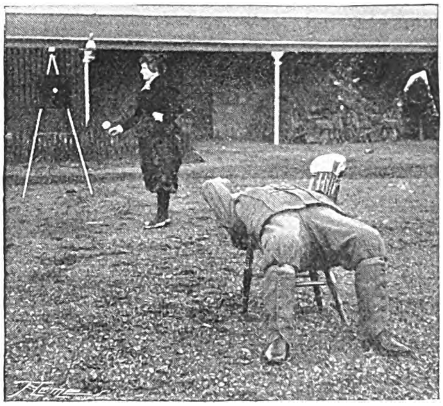
"You'll get the guillotine sure enough!" exclaimed Count A——, now anxious to dissociate himself from the business; "and serve you right."

M. C—— "recovered," and the Count treated Bordeverry to a fine dinner for saving his honour; but a few days after, one of the Paris papers came out with a picture of the duel, and with Count A—— peeping from behind a tree. The Count perspired with anger. He declared that he was not afraid; but, in the midst of his defence, someone told him that the whole thing was a joke. Then the nobleman declared that if he could shoot like Bordeverry, Bordeverry should be killed; but, as he could not shoot like Bordeverry, he had his revenge by excluding the sharpshooter from his list of nodding acquaintances.

M. Gaston Bordeverry has a rather taking item on his programme, namely, a double shot. That is, he, lying on his back on a chair, gets a small balloon, which is held by his wife, in line with a "bull's eye" on a target, and, with one pistol shot, bursts the balloon and hits the "bull's eye." Another double shot which Monsieur Bordeverry once



M. Bordeverry shooting by *commandement* as in a duel. He invariably hits the bull's-eye.



Lying on his back he hits with one shot the balloon held by his wife and also the bull's-eye.

made in a hall in France, upset a performer, and very nearly upset a performance. Before telling this story, however, let it be known that Gaston Bordeverry has humour as explosive as the powder he puts in his pistol; but this the performer referred to did not quite understand. He was a conductor of orchestra, and a bit of a nuisance. He was slow and disagreeable; but M. Bordeverry determined to wake him up, "for one night only." At the performance the hall was packed, and the old man was as sleepy as ever. A temporary platform went from the stage into the hall, for the purpose of giving the shooter distance. The bullet thus passed over the heads of the musicians. The sleepy old conductor held his baton poised ready to take up the music at the right time, and M. Bordeverry was aiming behind him. The shooter took a long aim. Puff! Smash went the top of the conductor's baton, and in a twinkling the old man was down in the region of powder-puffs and music, swearing that if he got an opportunity he would kill the sharpshooter.

A particularly smart piece of work is partly shown in another of our illustrations. Here M. Bordeverry is seen in the act of hitting with one shot a spring, which sends up a ball, and with the other shot putting a hole in the ball when it rises.

Perhaps that shown in the next picture* is the finest shooting that M. Bordeverry does. A bell is suspended by a thread, and while the bell is swinging he shoots at and breaks the thread.

A picturesque item in the programme of M. Bordeverry is where Madame Bordeverry stands 30ft. from her husband, with a piece of sugar and two small balloons fixed on her head. M. Bordeverry, standing, first picks off one balloon; then, with his pistol upside down, he bursts the other one; and, finally, lying on his back on a chair, he picks off the sugar. M. Bordeverry performs this feat while from his arm depends a 40lb. weight; but for this he trains specially. When the shooter is at this item, he will tell you that when he engages a male assistant he puts him to the sugar test. The first shot misses (not by accident); the second shot misses, and the probability is that the would-be assistant fears that the next may be a hit—in the wrong place—so he begs to be excused. When a man can stand steady after five or six successive misses, M. Bordeverry considers that he can be trusted to do anything.

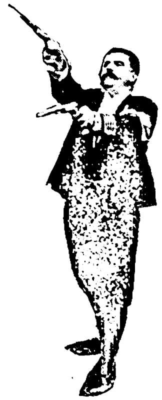
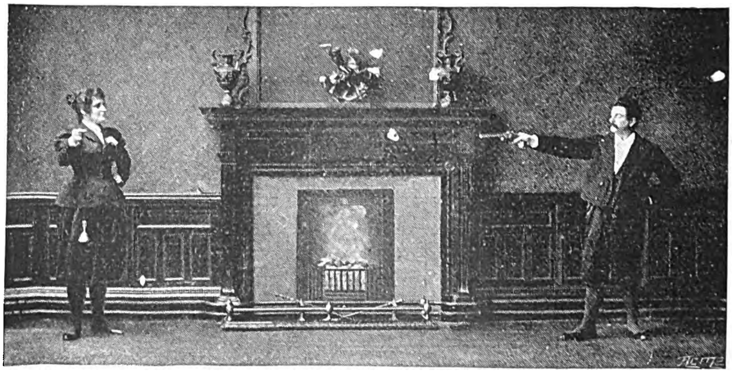


Photo by C.A.P.LD.

With the pistol in his left hand he hits the trigger of a spring, whilst with that in his right he hits the projected ball.

A feat, perhaps, as fine as the breaking of the thread is where Madame Bordeverry, having a piece of paper or card fixed



At a distance of thirty feet he cuts, as it swings, a single thread sustaining a bell.

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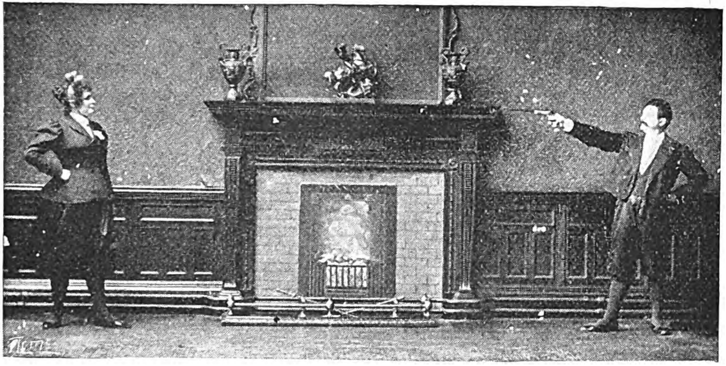
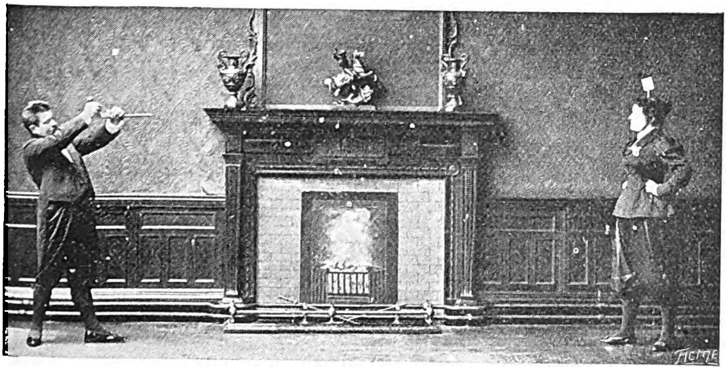
* This and the following photographs were taken in a drawing-room. M. Bordeverry is obliged to stand nearer the object than is usual. In the music halls his distance is not less than 30ft.



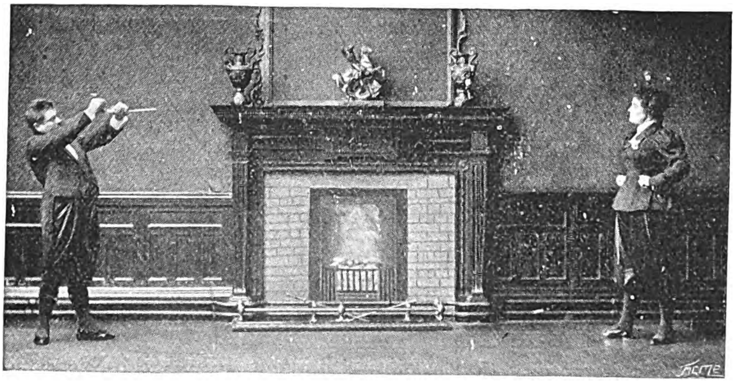
With successive shots he hits two small balloons and a piece of sugar.

on her head, stands at a distance of 30ft. from her husband, with the *edge* alone visible to the shooter. Holding his pistol upside down, M. Bordeverry fires, and cuts the paper or card in two. And not only that, but cuts through a bull's-eye in the middle of the card! To the man or woman unaccustomed to this sort of thing, the swish of the bullet as it slashes through the paper has a disagreeable noise. The pompous conductor of a music hall in the North of England has some idea of this. "In the opinion of this conductor," says Bordeverry, "there is but one man in the world; and I wished him to understand that there were at least two men —and one bullet." In place of leaving the orchestra seats like the other musicians, the leader remained behind; and it was Bordeverry's duty to remove him. He had to shoot over the conductor's head. The first shot at the target missed. The conductor remained. The second shot also missed the target, but made a palpable hit; for the bullet whizzed past the conductor's ear, and in a minute he was downstairs, his hurried departure being greeted with great merriment by the large audience.

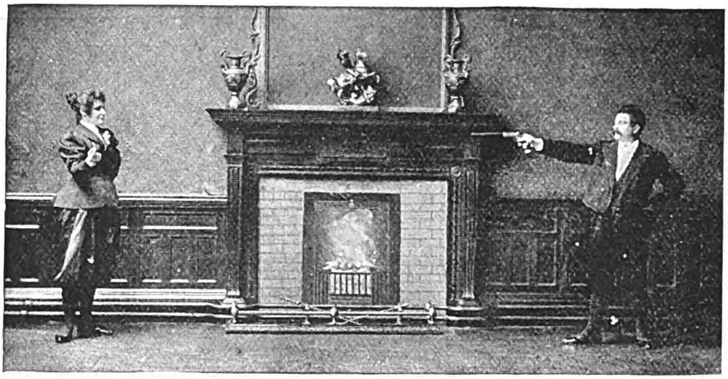


With inverted pistol he hits a bull's-eye on a small card, not in the ordinary manner, but through the edge of the card.

What is unquestionably M. Bordeverry's most wonderful piece of work is shown in the next picture. Here Madame Bordeverry is seen with a cork fixed on an iron band, which rests on her head. A piece of sugar lies on the cork, and a grape completes the tower. Lying on his back, again thirty feet distant, M. Bordeverry knocks off the grape without touching the sugar; then, standing, but with the pistol turned over, he picks the sugar off the cork; and, finally, with the pistol in the normal position, he topples over



The most delicate feat of all. With one shot, lying on his back, he hits off a grape which is resting on a piece of sugar balanced on a cork. With the second shot, standing with inverted pistol, he picks off the sugar, and finally he hits the cork.



One method of lighting a match not to be performed by every smoker.

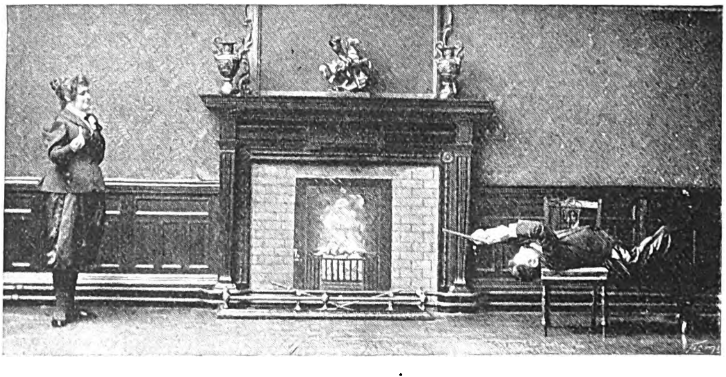
the cork. This item is always performed amid death-like stillness, for if it be not so dangerous as certain other things which M. Bordeverry does, the fact that a miss by a hair's breadth would ruin the feat is impressed upon the audience.

Another illustration shows the Frenchman and his wife immediately after M. Bordeverry has struck and lit a wax vesta held in the hand of Madame Bordeverry.

From lighting a wax vesta M. Bordeverry proceeds to extinguish a burning cigarette, also held in Madame Bordeverry's hand. While, however, the vesta was struck from the standing position, the cigarette is extinguished by a bullet fired by the shooter when lying on his back.

M. Bordeverry puts out pipes as well as cigarettes, one of the former having been extinguished to the amazement of the keeper of a hall in which the sharpshooter practised when a youth. This keeper was a lazy, grumbling old fellow, who would not "hurry up" unless his joints were well greased, the necessary greasing being "two drinks." Now Bordeverry resolved to make him move more quickly. One day the hall-keeper sat lazily smoking his pipe, which hung shaking from his toothless jaws. It was a delightful profile — and target. M. Bordeverry took up his pistol and aimed. "One, two, three—puff!" Away went the old hall-keeper's pipe in a thousand pieces. And then the air was full of smoke and French oaths.

Whether William Tell be a myth and the apple story a lie, I do not know; but this I do know that William Tell has not been credited with anything so sensational as Monsieur Gaston's Bordeverry's feat of shooting a threepenny piece from his daughter's head, and this while the shooter lies on his back on a chair. In the picture the coin appears to be about an inch from the girl's head; but from the position in which M. Bordeverry lies, he can just see the threepenny piece over his daughter's temple. Monsieur Bordeverry is excusably proud of this feat, and explains that before he found courage to shoot at the coin on his daughter's head, he practised for eighteen months at a coin stuck in a board; and although he fired a thousand shots daily, he never once struck the board. M. Bordeverry says he believes there are many men who could hit a threepenny piece; but he does not believe that, even in pistol-loving France, there is one other man who has the courage to fire at a threepenny piece on a human being's head. This leads me to say that even when shooting in an ordinary drawing-room, there is no danger from this gentleman's pistol, for a small square of iron hung on the wall catches the spent bullets. Nevertheless, even with this safeguard, the manager of the *Figaro* had an anxious time when last year at M. Bordeverry's *début* in public, the sound of

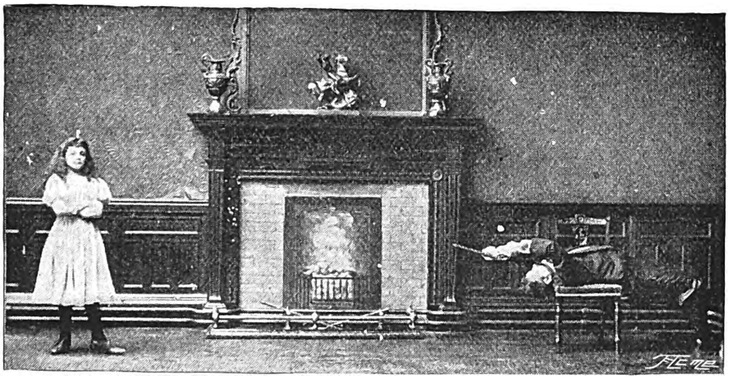


A prompt, effectual, but distinctly difficult method of putting out a cigarette.

the shooting rang among the precious works of art; and in consequence of that excitement it is not likely that another pistol shooting will be held in the *Figaro's* Hall—at least, without the element of provocation.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry's success in 1897, although wonderful, did not satisfy him. Seventeen years previously he had set out with the intention of becoming the champion shot of the world, and ere he could call himself by this proud title it was necessary for him to challenge the world. This he did on his arrival in London last year. He issued a challenge, the conditions of which were: A stipulated number of shots (bullets) from a pistol; distance ten yards; firing at the edge of a card in three positions; target not to be more than three inches square; ten seconds between each shot; £100 a side. Since that challenge was issued, M. Bordeverry has increased the money to £1,000.

Naturally, M. Bordeverry uses cartridges, for the hard ramming of a ball, or the slightest deficiency in a charge, might prove detrimental to the health of his assistant; moreover, he uses a different pistol for each feat. The style of shooting at duels, where misses are prayed for and hits are few, does not suit M. Gaston Bordeverry. He is not by any means like that erratic countryman of his —Mons. B—, who fought a duel with a bitter enemy. The enemy fired first and missed; and when he saw the man who had insulted him in his power, Monsieur B— had bowels of compassion opened within him, and, pointing his pistol in the air, shouted, "I will be generous!" He fired, and killed a doctor!"



Lying on his back at an angle that only just shows the threepenny piece above the forehead of his daughter, he hits the coin from a distance of thirty feet.

If his countrymen generally were as fine shots as Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry, there would be fewer duels in France.

All the photographs of this article, except where otherwise noted, are by Messrs. G. and W. Morgan, of Aberdeen.

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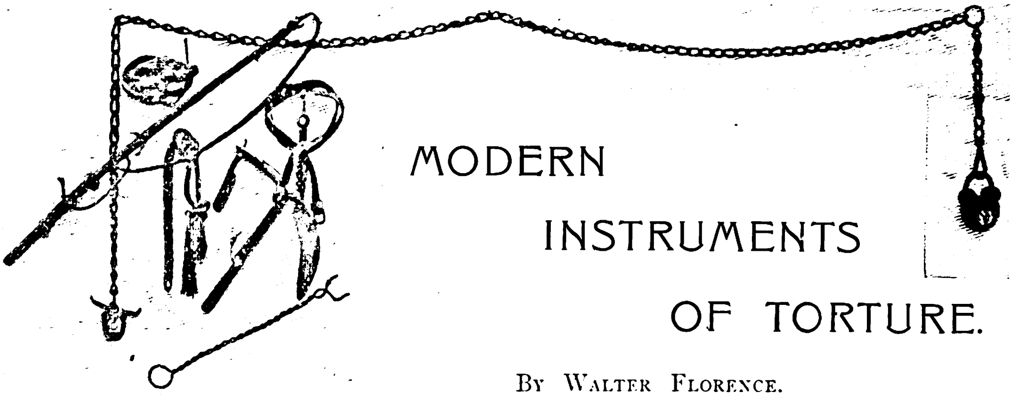
Photo by W. D. Welford.

Watering the Streets in Brussels.



MODERN INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

By Walter Florence.

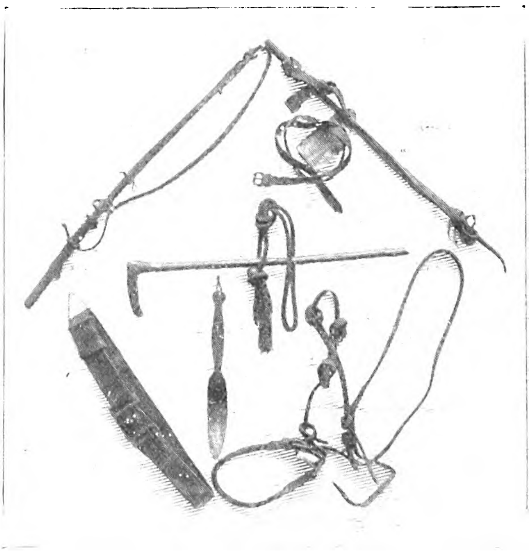
Some time ago an exhibition was held in London of torture-implements, taken from the terrible and notorious dungeons of Nuremburg, and everywhere were heard expressions of horror that practices so cruel as those which the instruments indicated should have been common, even in the dark ages of Europe's history.

And yet, even to-day, a museum is to be seen in London of torture-implements used, not by barbarous Easterns, or by Europeans of the Middle Ages, but by Britons of the latter end of the nineteenth century. The photographs which we present on these pages were taken at the headquarters of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and represent sticks and straps and miscellaneous weapons with which poor little children have been unmercifully beaten and tortured, oftentimes nigh unto death.

At the bottom of the first illustration will be seen a guardsman's belt. Shame that such an article, belonging to the outfit of the gallant "Soldiers of the Queen," should be put to a base and cowardly use! The owner, in a fit of drunken rage, one day assaulted his little eleven year old daughter with brutal savagery, and the case luckily coming before the inspectors of the National Society, the unnatural father received the all too lenient sentence of a month's hard labour.

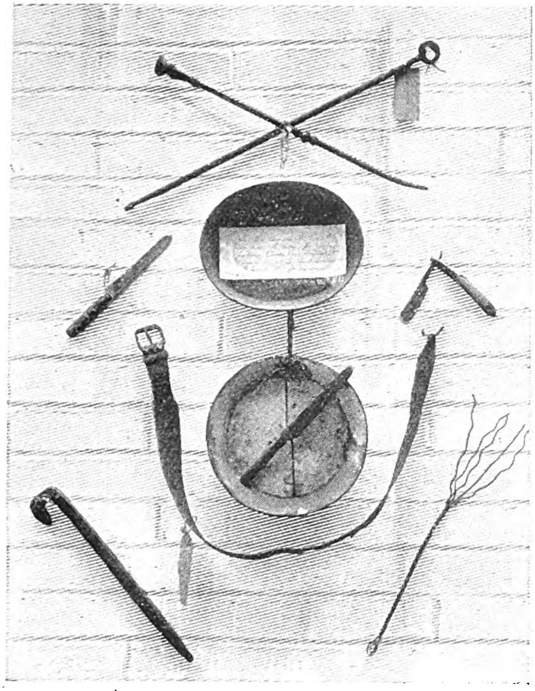
The strap fastened round a stick in the right-hand top corner of this illustration was used by a drunken mother for the systematic ill-treatment of her three little sons. At last she so severely injured one boy's head with the buckle-end that she was brought within the reach of the law's arm, and was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

The broken stick in the centre was used by a father for the brutal castigation of his son. But the ill-treatment was not confined to beating. The lad was thrown upon a bedstead, and fastened by the arms and feet in crucifixion fashion, and then burned with lighted matches. The magistrate awarded the unnatural parent four months' hard labour.



A few instruments with which poor little children have been unmercifully tortured. The belt at the left hand corner belonged to a soldier who disgraced his uniform.

In the next illustration, the most interesting object is the top frying-pan, which, extra-



The top frying-pan was the only utensil used in a family of eight for both washing and cooking.

ordinary as it may seem, was the only utensil for washing and cooking purposes used in the family of a man with a wife and six children. It is hardly necessary to say that the man was a habitual drunkard and brute. He was charged with the manslaughter of one of his children, and the sentence of nine months' passed upon him was well-merited. The frying-pan below was thrown at a child by its father, and resulted in severe injuries to the head.

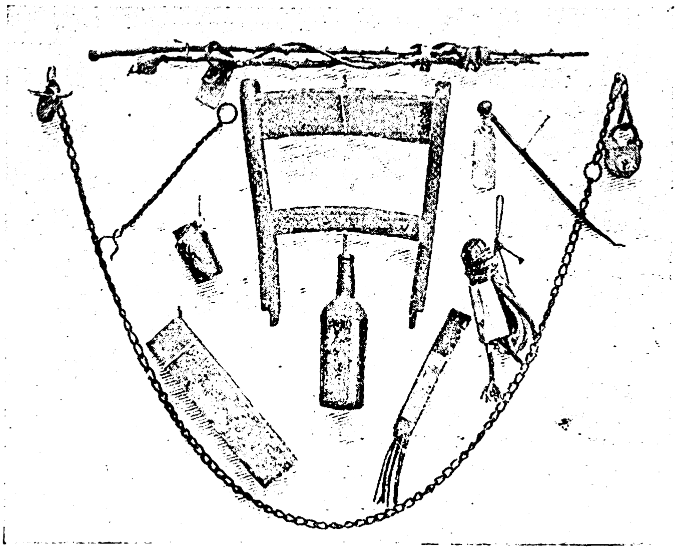
The wire birch shown underneath these pans, which was formerly the handle of a lamp brush was used for the brutal beating of a little child, and the heavy iron bar opposite was thrown at a poor little martyr.

In the last illustration the most conspicuous object is the heavy chain and padlocks suspended around the other things. With this an unfortunate idiot lad, aged fifteen years, was fastened in an outhouse by his guardians, a man and a woman, and kept for hours chopping wood. Even when brought into the house he was chained to the wall. It is almost unnecessary to remark that his life was insured. Strong influence was brought to bear upon the Society not to prosecute, and the poor lad was removed to the workhouse, the man agreeing to pay certain sum per week for his maintenance.

The chair-back and the bottle shown were used by a drunken mother for assaulting her children, some terrible injuries resulting. She received the sentence of six months' hard labour.

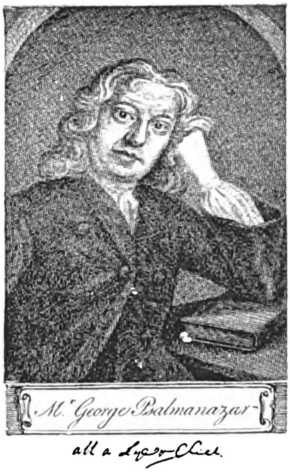
The little cream jug on the left of the chair back has a miserable history attached to it. A drunken woman, living apart from her husband, threw the jug at her daughter and cut the girl's head open. She also cut another daughter's nose by throwing a teapot at her; injured her son by striking him violently with a picture frame; and thrashed her other children unmercifully with a poker. She was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

To go on enumerating these shocking cases would serve no good purpose. The chief feature that presents itself in the particulars given above is the extraordinarily lenient sentences awarded to the criminals. Till the punishments meted out to such scoundrels are more in proportion to their crimes, cruelty to children can never be stamped out.



The most interesting object here is the long chain with padlocks, which was used to chain up an idiot lad, like a dog in an outhouse.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.


Mr. George Psalmanazar
all a Lye & Cheat.

"All a Lye & Cheat," an opinion written on the flyleaf of the Memoirs by some early reader.

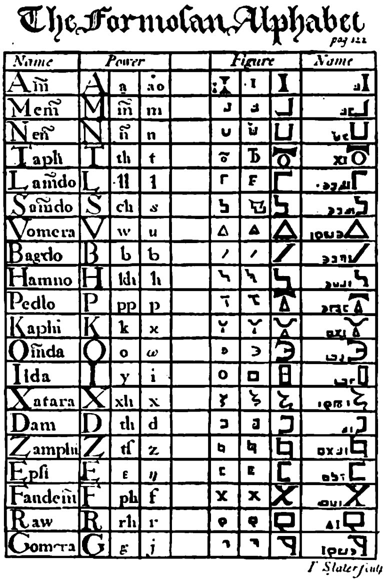
A FORGOTTEN LIAR.

By Caley Wainright.

Almost exactly two hundred years ago all London was agog with curiosity concerning a certain Formosan, who passed by the name of George Psalmanazar. He was the lion of the year 1704, whose history and distant home was discussed in every drawing room and coffee-house of the metropolis. He was a veritable hero, a most excellent Jap; for, apart from the interesting story which he told, he was a triumph of proselytism on the part of a certain Doctor Innes, and altogether an Indian, as he called himself, of erudition and keen intellect.

The erudition of Mr. George Psalmanazar, we may perhaps question, but that he was a decidedly clever young gentleman when he first appeared in public, we need have no hesitation in admitting. He was a distinctly original rogue, who, though he died a penitent and pious historian, succeeded in imposing on a credulous, and even incredulous public to an extent that has perhaps never since been equalled.

George Psalmanazar was not a Formosan, nor yet the slightest relation to one. He had never seen the country, nor been within thousands of miles of it. His history was entirely a work of romance—the freak of an idle and excessively vain temperament.


The Formosan Alphabet
pag 122
Name
Power
Figure
Name
Am A a ao
Mem M m m
Nen N n n
Taph T th t
Lamdo L ll l
Samdo S ch s
Vomera V w u
Bagdo B b b
Hamno H kh h
Pedlo P pp p
Kaphi K k x
Omda O o ω
Ilda I y i
Xatara X xh x
Dam D th d
Zamphi Z tſ z
Epſi E ε η
Fandem F ph f
Raw R rh r
Gomera G g j
I Slater ſculp

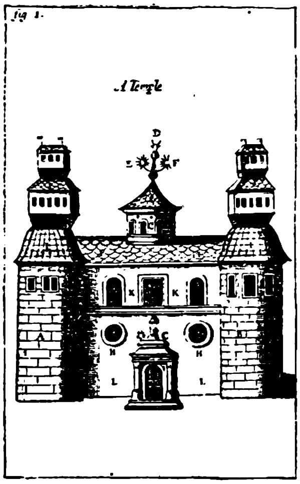
A Formosan Alphabet.

As composed by Psalmanazar. He was only sixteen when he composed his first alphabet.

Who the gentleman really was is unknown; nor has his true name passed into the possession of posterity. All he tells us about himself, in the memoirs which he wrote, is that he was a Frenchman. He was the son of people in humble life, although his father came of an ancient family. For some reason or another this gentleman resided some five hundred miles or so from his wife, and it was with his mother that our hero was reared.

George was not a genius, but he succeeded in acquiring a certain amount of general knowledge at his school even to the extent of writing and speaking Latin with considerable ease. The humdrum nature of his surroundings commenced, however, to pall upon him, and he soon cast about for something more worthy—or unworthy—of his abilities. The account brought over by Dutch Jesuits returning from the far East fired George's imagination, until he decided that there was money and a profession in being a Formosan.

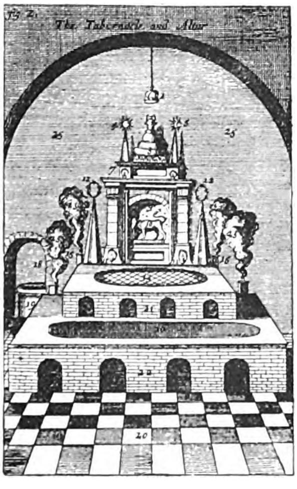
Having arrived at that conclusion, and knowing nothing whatever about Formosa or its inhabitants,



The Temple.

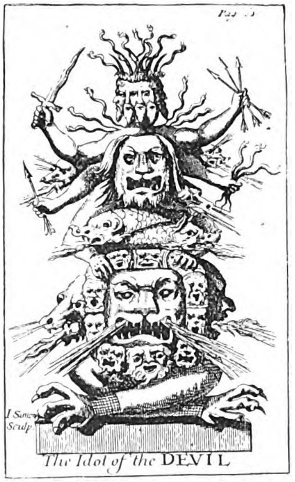
20,000 hearts of young children under nine years of age were burnt here annually.

he commenced to evolve sundry necessary details out of his imagination. He composed an alphabet, an illustration of which we give taken from the "History of Formosa," which he subsequently wrote. He appears to have had rather a difficulty in building up this alphabet, inasmuch as he had decided that the proper thing for Eastern writing was to run from right to left. The original designs of some of his characters were ill-adapted for such method of procedure, and had to be altered. George was sixteen when he completed this unique task, and armed with this and a comfortable story of having been brought from Formosa and converted by Jesuits, and, even more important, armed with a forged passport, he entered on a pilgrimage through Europe.



The Tabernacle of the Temple.

The circular opening in front is a gigantic cauldron for boiling the flesh of sacrifices. The ox in the recess is a form assumed by the god.


The Idol of the DEVIL

The Devil of Formosa.

The imaginary idol to which the Formosans were said to offer sacrifices in order to avert earthquakes, wind, hail, rain, storms, etc.

We have no space to accompany our friend through his various wanderings, which included a visit to his father; suffice it to say that, after having essayed various employments, from that of a sturdy beggar to a tutor, he eventually enlisted as a soldier in a British regiment, in the pay of the Dutch, stationed at Sluys. There he became acquainted with one Innes, the chaplain of the regiment, a rogue of originality and subtle cunning. The imposture of the lesser scamp, for Psalmanazar still persisted in calling himself a Jap, was quickly penetrated by Innes, who at once saw that chance had brought in his way an excellent opportunity for furthering his own prospects in life. He entered into the spirit of Psalmanazar's pretended origin, improved somewhat upon it, and then communicated with the Bishop of London to the effect that he had converted this wonderful heathen into a good Christian.

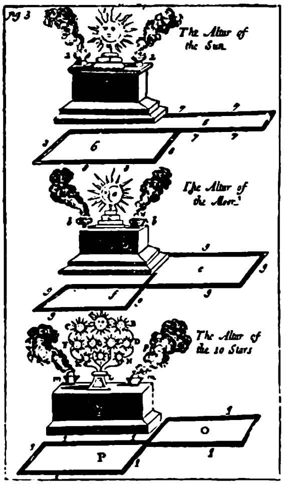


fig 3
The Altar of the Sun
The Altar of the Moon
The Altar of the 10 Stars
O
P

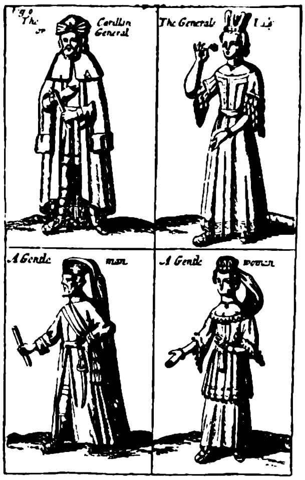
The Altar of the Sun, Moon, and Ten Stars.

The space to the right of each altar is where the beasts were slain, whilst in the enclosure in front they were burnt. Psalmanazar actually contrived names for each of the ten stars.

As the enterprising divine had anticipated, the Bishop soon expressed a desire to see and meet Psalmanazar, and in due course the worthy pair arrived in London.

By this time Psalmanazar had schooled himself into a more perfect knowledge of the language which he had invented and asserted to be Formosan. It seems, indeed, to be a fact that this lad, for he was only nineteen when he reached London, really did compile a language, which the most erudite grammarians in

England decided to be genuine and complete.



Imaginary Formosans.

A general and a gentleman, with their respective wives.

The following gives some idea of George's home-made language:—

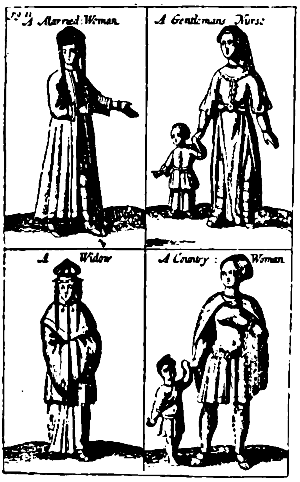
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

KORIAKIA VOMERA.

Our Father who
Amy Pornio dan
in Heaven art,
chin Ornio viey,
Hallowed
Gnayjorhe
be thy Name,
sai Lory,
Come thy
Eyfodere sai
Kingdom, Be done th
Bagalin, Jorhe sai
Will as in Heaven also in Earth so,
domion apo chin Ornio, kay chin Badi eyen.

In 1703, George Psalmanazar published an historical and geographical description of Formosa. Every detail of it was evolved out of the vivid imagination of this barefaced imposter. The island he declared to be subject to the Emperor of Japan, and he gives a wonderful account of how a gentleman, rejoicing in the highly euphonious name of Meryaandanoo, by birth a Chinaman, usurped the Empire of Japan, and became King of Formosa.

Following on this account comes a detailed description of the various laws made by the new Emperor for the Island of Formosa, and these laws are set forth with a minuteness that brought down upon George the very obvious question of how, seeing how young he was when he left his native country, he could possibly know as much as he did.

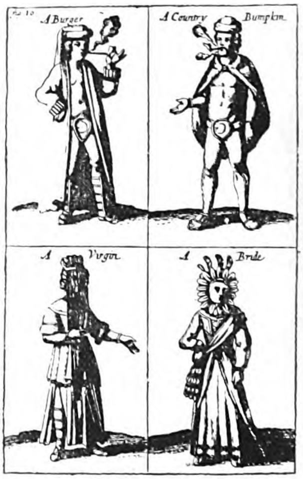


More Formosans.

People of humbler life. The widow's dress is decidedly severe.

Some of these laws seem a trifle severe, for instance: "Whosoever shall reproach or slander any man shall have his tongue bored through with a hot iron; but whosoever shall refuse to obey his superiour, in things lawful, he shall be beheaded." Moreover, any gentleman found guilty of treason against the Emperor or any of the kings, of whom there were several, was to be tortured with all imaginable torment, an enactment somewhat vague in its punishment, but allowing most delicious scope to any bloodthirsty but ingenious administrator of the law.

Psalmanazar details the religion of the Formosan at particular length, dividing it into three kinds, the first being idolatry, the second being a religion that acknowledges a Supreme Being so sublime as only to be worshipped indirectly through the sun and also the moon and stars, and, thirdly, a religion which was no religion, but merely the superstition of sacrificing to evil spirits.



Other Formosans.

Observe the pipes, and also the yashmak worn by the young lady.

Infanticide plays rather a large part in Psalmanazar's religion, and a habit which he had contracted of answering, in a reckless, off-hand manner, questions which were put to him, and then persisting in his statement, whatever it was, landed him in somewhat of a difficulty in the matter of the infant mortality of Formosa.

He stated that every year 18,000 male children under the age of nine years were sacrificed. This seemed just a little bit more than the most credulous could believe. Yet Psalmanazar stuck to his guns, only excusing himself to the extent of admitting that, whilst 18,000 was the number of victims the priests were directed to sacrifice, there was no doubt that they were open to bribery on the part of any fond parent, and did not always treat the gods to their full allowance

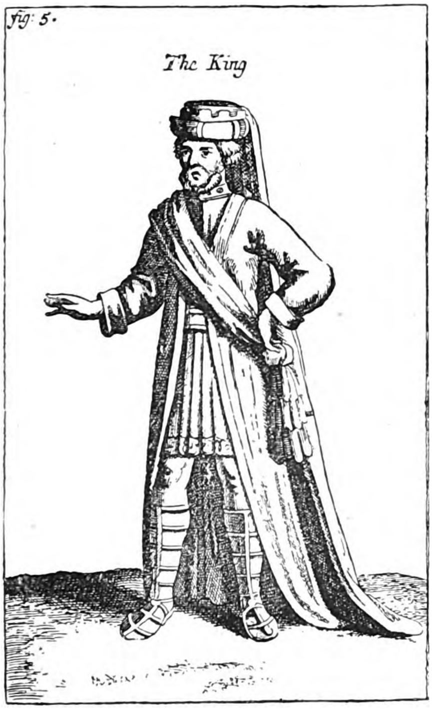


fig: 5.
The King

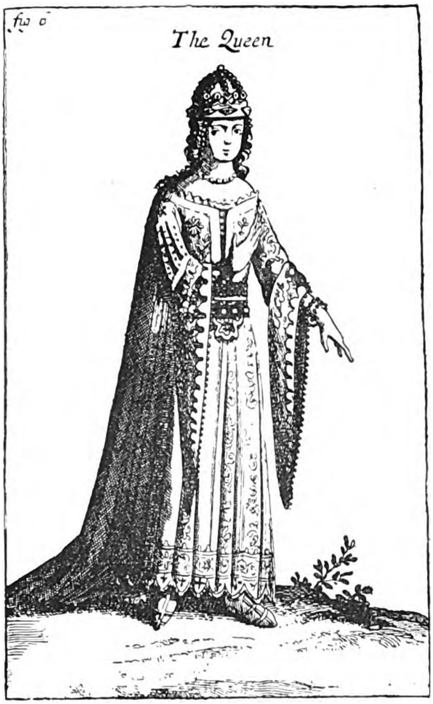


fig 6
The Queen

Pag: 82.

Pag: 83.

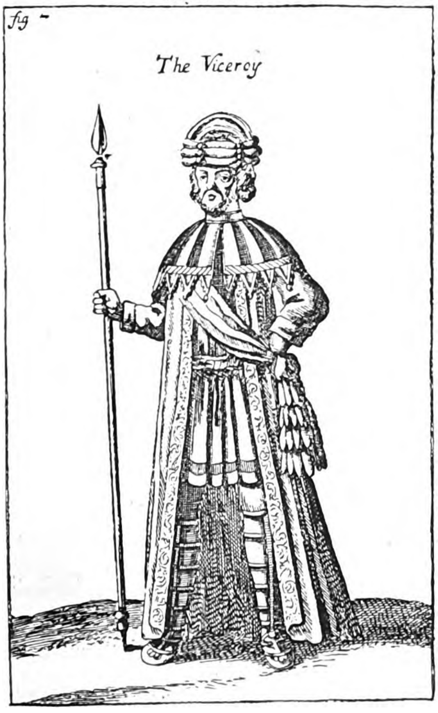


fig
The Viceroy

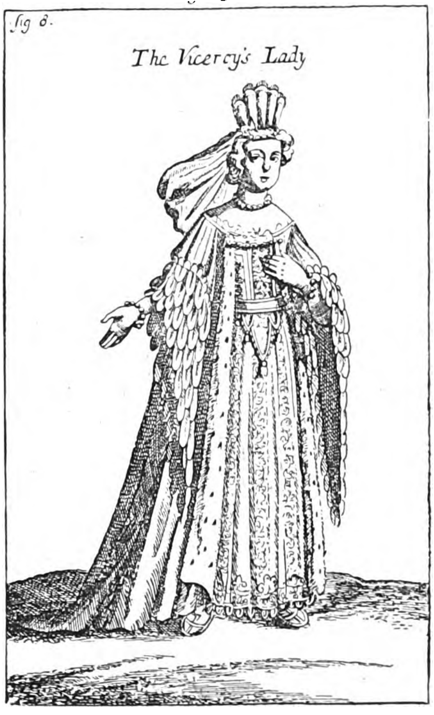
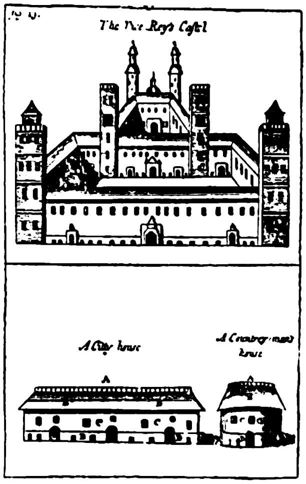


fig 8.
The Viceroy's Lady

These are not representations of real people, but simply creatures of an impostor's perverted imagination.

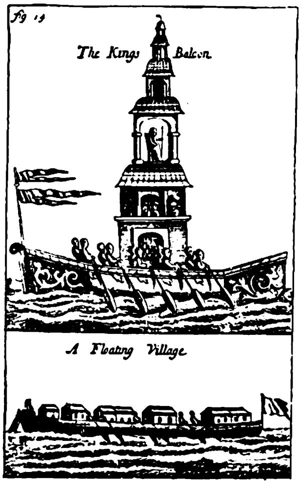
of infant hearts. But just as the American refused to take off another crow, so no amount of heckling would induce our friend to go one infant under 18,000.

This extraordinary book of Psalmanazar gives a detailed description of the various festivals of his imaginary Formosans, of their fasting days, of the priestly elections, of the worship of the sun, the moon and the stars, and even of the various postures of the body during adoration. He described their funeral ceremonies, the garments of the priests, and the national manners and customs.



Formosan Architecture.
A castle, a city house, and country cottage.

With respect to appearance, he described the men as being fair in spite of the country being so hot, whilst the women, he asserted, were wonderfully beautiful. In very cold weather he described the rich people as living underground, whilst for the summer they had gardens and groves so thickly planted with trees that the sun could not penetrate them. In very hot weather, the Formosan millionaire was wont to have a tent, made of thick cloth, pitched in one of his fields. This tent was kept soaked with water, so that inside it remained like a cool cellar, until, in the evening, the family was carried home in litters.



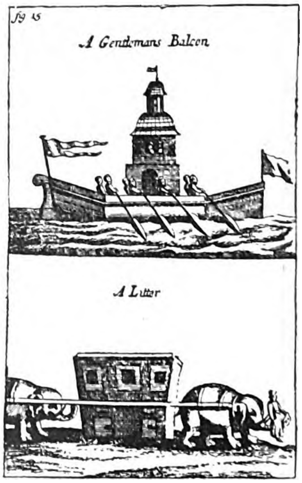
Formosan Shipping.
The king's state craft, and a species of houseboat used by all noblemen for their retinues.

Psalmanazar vouchsafed the fullest particulars with reference to the wearing apparel of the Formosans, and even went so far as to give illustrations in his book, which illustrations we reproduce. Psalmanazar evidently had no sympathy with that mighty Juggernaut of modern times, Fashion. They knew of no such thing in his Formosa, although the distinction between the costume of a nobleman and a commoner was most marked.

The King, he tells us, wore a short coat of silk, which he tied with a most precious girdle; and above it was a long, open gown of costly silk wrought with gold and silver. Gold and silver and precious stones, it may at once be said, form a distinct feature in the costumes of Psalmanazar's gentry and nobility. Possibly from a personal experience of its economy, Psalmanazar decided that his King always had bare knees, with stockings made of silk, and adorned with many ribbons. His bonnet was also an important item, with a long veil affair carried over the left arm. The Queen, it is needless to state, simply glittered with precious stones. Her clothes were curiously wrought with the needle, and were long enough to reach to her heels; whilst her sleeves almost touched the ground. Around her waist was a precious girdle, and down her back flowed curls, but—Psalmanazar hastens to add—not too many of them. Her manto—it sounds somewhat like mantle—reached to the ground.

Children were not allowed to wear a bonnet until they were nine years of age, although daughters were permitted to indulge in small crowns of flowers or feathers, but the manto was forbidden.

The Viceroy also dressed splendidly, but silver in lieu of gold was his staple adornment, although his bonnet seemed to have been a truly gorgeous affair, for we are told



Travelling in Formosa.
Besides boats, litters were used, there being no coaches. Thirty men would go in each litter. Observe the gentleman on the elephant's trunk.

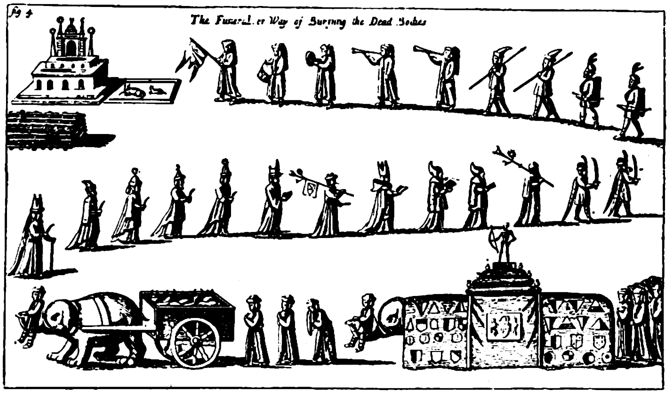


Fig 4
The Funeral, or Way of Burning the Dead Bodies

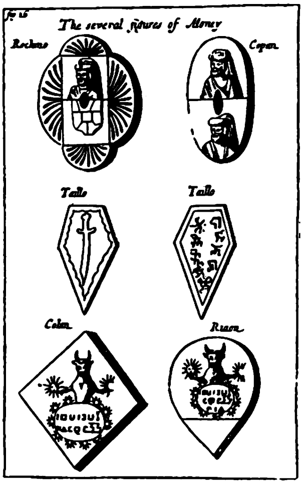
A Rich Man's Funeral.

The cart contains sacrifices, the body itself being carried in the elephant litter, which is draped in black, with the shield and arms of the deceased on it.

that it was very great, of curious workmanship, and adorned with precious stones.

With reference to the geography of the island, we are informed that there were only six cities, two of which were on the principle island, these, it is interesting to note, are called respectively Xternetsa and Bigno.

With respect to the architecture we are informed that we may take the Viceroy's palace as a sample of extreme grandeur. It was faced with square stone, curiously carved, whilst the inside was wainscotted with fine wood, adorned with japanned work and China ware. The Royal apartments alone were two bayks in circumference, a bayk being about an English mile and a half.



Formosan Money.

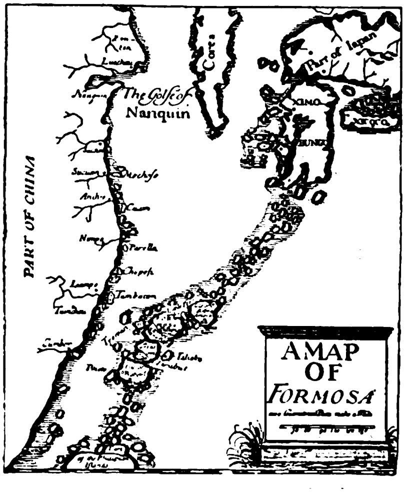
The Rochmo and Copan were gold, the Taillo silver, the Colan and the Riaon iron.

According to Psalmanazar, the Formosans had no numbers amongst them but counted on their fingers, until with the arrival of the Dutch they were able to compile names. Their money was made of gold, silver, and brass, also of iron and of steel. The highest piece of gold was a Rockmoo, equal to nine copans and a half; a Copan was a piece of gold worth seven taillos; a Taillo being a silver coin worth fifty-eight stivers, or about five shillings.

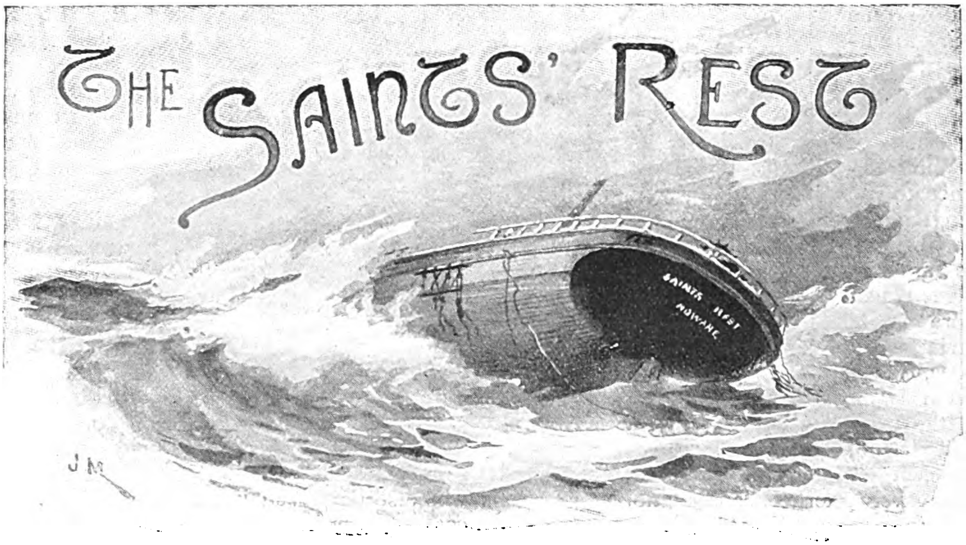
The Formosans apparently were possessed of ships capable of travelling a long distance, in addition to these, they had other vessels called balconos, which were used as private galleys by the gentry and nobility, who also possessed houseboats called Arcasseos, wherein they housed their suites. On land there were no coaches but only litters, carried by two elephants or camels or horses, into which fifty people could enter.

Such, very briefly, is the extraordinary story of this remarkable impostor. His romance was never really proved to be the fraud he himself afterwards confessed it to be. Gradually, public excitement died out, and an impression grew up that Psalmanazar was, after all, a liar, and so, as a converted Formosan, he disappeared from public notice.

Before his death, in May, 1763, he compiled a complete confession of his imposture, which confession was published subsequent to his decease in the form of memoirs.



Psalmanazar's Formosa.



By W. L. Alden.

Captain Potter was not a popular man with his crew. He was believed to be extremely penurious, and the food served out on board his ship was scanty and of poor quality. While he could not be said to be positively cruel in his treatment of his men, he made them work hard, and never, even by accident, showed the slightest appreciation of good conduct on their part. Nobody could charge Potter with having committed any dishonest or criminal act, but public opinion, both afloat and ashore, was unanimous in condemning him as a hard, narrow, old man.

Captain Potter lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, when he was at home. He had no family whatever. He had never had a brother or a sister, and he had never married. At the age of sixty-five he was absolutely alone and friendless. He was a good seaman, and as he owned a third of his ship—the *Thomas C. Winthrop*—no one thought of disturbing him in his command. His partners were sure that he would not spend an unnecessary dollar, and that his accounts would be strictly accurate. They congratulated themselves that the *Thomas C Winthrop* had so excellent a commander, but they never asked him to dinner, and always felt that the sun shone brighter in Newburyport when Captain Potter was no longer in port.

The *Thomas C. Winthrop* sailed from Newburyport in the summer of 1891, bound to Canton, with a general cargo. Off Cape St. Roque she was struck by a cyclone that drove her for five days with her nose pointed straight for Africa. The Captain, judging that the gale would be a short one, had put his ship directly before it when it struck, and when he found that he had made a mistake, and that he was in for a long and heavy blow, it was already too late to heave the ship to. He had kept a reefed foresail set—it being one of his pet theories that a foresail should never be furled—until the sail blew away. After that the *Winthrop* scudded under bare poles, and as the sea grew worse and worse, she rolled more and more heavily. The end of it was that about noon on the fifth day she rolled the mainmast out of her—the stick being none of the soundest, and the rigging having worked slack. The mainmast went not two feet above the deck, and took with it the mizzenmast and the foretopmast. Also the two mates went overboard with the wreckage. At least it was supposed that the first mate must have been knocked overboard when the mizzen-mast went, for he was last seen standing near the mizzen rigging. As for the second mate, he was aloft in the foretop when the accident happened, and of course that was the last of him.

The crew worked well in clearing away the

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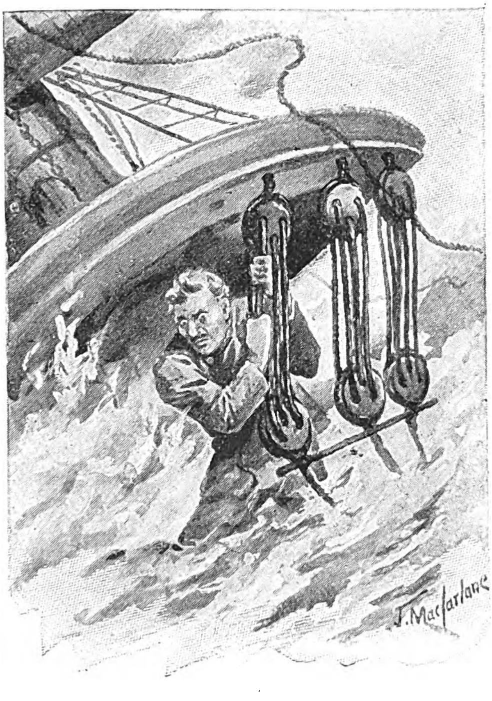
wreckage, and the gale having done its worst so far as the *Thomas C. Winthrop* was concerned, began to subside. Towards evening the wind had dropped to a full topsail breeze, and the sea was rapidly going down. Captain Potter told the men that as it promised to be a moonlight night, they would begin the work of jury rigging the ship as soon as they had had their suppers, and that he should keep all hands at work until midnight. Naturally this announcement was welcomed with anything but enthusiasm. It is true that the men had been able to do but little work during the gale, but they had been continually wet and hungry and anxious for five consecutive days, and their nerves were exhausted. It did not take them very long to come to an agreement that they would see Captain Potter in a very uncomfortable situation before they would consent to get up jury masts in the night watches.

Accordingly, when at eight o'clock the Captain ordered the starboard watch, whose turn it was to go below, to remain on deck and work with the rest of the men, the watch sullenly declined to obey the order, and informed Captain Potter that they meant to turn in, and would do nothing beyond the ordinary work of the ship until daylight. The port watch joined in the mutiny, and refused to touch the spare spars until morning. This, of course, exasperated Captain Potter who, being without subordinate officers, saw that he was helpless. He therefore eased his mind by denouncing the men as a set of lazy, cowardly rascals, whom he promised to bring before the Consul at the next port, by whom they would be properly punished for refusing to do duty. The Captain had quite a gift in satire, and he singled out one after another of his crew for personal ridicule and insult. Finally having said all that he had to say he turned to go aft, when a belaying pin, flung by some unknown hand, hit him on the back of the head. The force of the blow staggered him. He lost his footing, and, in falling, struck his forehead against a ring bolt. The frighened crew, seeing him lying senseless and bleeding on the deck, picked him up, and carried him to his room, where they left him, and hurriedly decided that it would be better to trust themselves to the boats than to run the risk of being taken from the wreck only to be hanged for the murder of their captain.

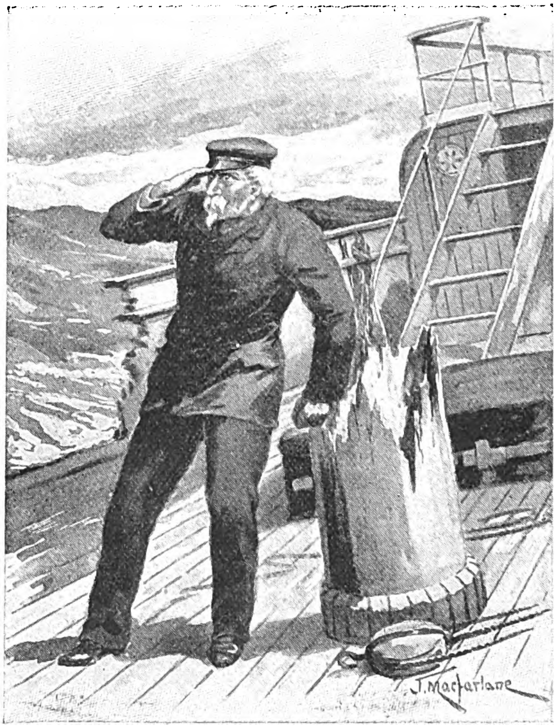
When Captain Potter regained his senses, he found himself lying stiff and weak in his berth. Looking at his watch he saw that it was five o'clock. He called loudly for the steward. No one answered him. He tried to hammer the deck above his head with a spare boot, but the effort was beyond his strength. The silence gradually alarmed him, and by a great effort he succeded in getting on his feet, and making his way to the deck. A moment's glance showed him that the two boats which had survived the storm were both missing, and he realised the fact that his crew had deserted him. His first thought was that the vessel must have sprung a leak, and that the crew had taken to the boats without waiting for him. But when he sounded the well he found that the *Winthrop*, which had always been an exceptionally tight ship, had only a few inches of water in her. He carefully swept the horizon, but the boats were not in sight. "Those scoundrels," said he to himself, "tried to kill me last night, and now they've deserted the ship." He was alone on a dismasted vessel, far from the track of commerce. Had he been accustomed to swear he would have heartily cursed his men, but it was one of their grievances that Captain Potter never swore. "He aint even got common humanity enough about him to



The second mate was aloft when the accident happened, and that was the last of him.

swear" was a common remark in the forecastle of the *Winthrop*. However, there is no doubt that had the captain been within hearing of his mutinous crew, he would have used language that would have hurt them far more than the most brutal of oaths.

After washing his wounds, and making a cup of coffee in the galley where the fire was still burning, Captain Potter calmly surveyed the situation. "The ship's tight, and her deck is as sound as ever. No weather is going to hurt her. She's got water and provisions for six months for twenty-seven men. That means that there is enough aboard her now to support one man for the next ten years. I can't do anything with her alone, except to let her drift: so nobody can find fault with me for not bringing her into port. I've always wanted to have a good long rest where there wern't no men or women to bother me, and now, b'gosh, I'm going to have it. This is the best stroke of luck that I've had in many a year, and I'd be a fool if I didn't enjoy it."



He was alone on a dismasted vessel far from the tracks of commerce.

For the next few days the Captain occupied himself in sawing off the splintered stumps of masts that disfigured the deck, and in rebuilding as best he was able the bulwarks where the falling spars had crushed them. When the deck once more presented a satisfactory appearance, he rigged up a small awning over part of the quarter deck, and, bringing up an arm-chair from the cabin, spent the greater part of his time in sitting wrapt up in a comfortable rug, smoking his pipe, and reading one of the dozen volumes that formed his library. The weather was fine, and although he hung a lantern to the stump of the foremast every night, he had not the slightest expectation that he would be discovered and disturbed by any passing vessel. The *Winthrop* was drifting slowly with the great equatorial current towards the Gulf of Mexico, but it would be many months before she would reach a frequented part of the ocean.

"If anybody does overhaul me, and try to rescue me," said Captain Potter, "we'll see whether a man can be rescued from his own ship against his will. I ain't no Emin Pasha, and there ain't no Stanley who can make me quit my own quarter-deck."

Though the Captain was quite alone so far as human beings were concerned, there was one other living being on board the *Winthrop*. The steward had, under pretence of providing the ship with the regulation cat, given that responsible berth to a small and incompetent kitten. The first time that the Captain ate his solitary dinner in his cabin he was startled by feeling something touch his leg. He looked down, and saw a grey kitten arching its back, and sidling against him. "Get out, you beast!" he cried, indignantly, and as the kitten paid no attention to his order he gave it a kick that sent it across the cabin. "I hate cats," thought Captain Potter. "They're most as mean as men, and I won't have that beast coming around me."

But a cat is the most persistent of animals. The *Winthrop's* kitten was lonesome as well as hungry, and it determined to make a companion of the Captain, no matter what might be the latter's views of cats. Accordingly it waited on him every time he sat down to eat, and, in order to induce it to keep quiet, Captain Potter gradually fell into the way of tossing it small morsels of meat. The kitten would eat, and then purr its gratitude, and as it was a gentlemanly cat, and never took objectionable liberties, the Captain tolerated it. One day the kitten did not come to dinner, having been accidentally shut into the pantry. The Captain ate a few mouthfuls, and then got up and searched for the cat. When he found it, he remarked that it was a stupid little brute, and he had a great mind to throw it overboard and get rid of it. However, he did not put his threat into execution, but returned to his dinner, and gave an unusually large share of it to the kitten.

After a time the kitten ventured on deck, and finally climbed into the Captain's lap. He looked carefully around, as if he feared to be seen by someone, and then patted the kitten and permitted it to keep its place. After that the kitten knew that its victory was won. It climbed into the Captain's lap not only on deck, but at dinner, and, before a month had passed, the kitten dined regularly seated on the Captain's shoulder, and securing the very choicest bits of food.

The *Winthrop* had drifted westward for two months, when, early one morning, the Captain saw a long line of smoke on the horizon. He had got at last into the track of vessels, and he foresaw that if the steamer sighted him she would probably scent a salvage job. Before noon a large tramp steamer stopped her engines within a short distance from the *Winthrop*, and sent a boat to the wreck to rescue her people, and to tow the vessel into port. The boat was in charge of the mate, who greeted Captain Potter warmly, and asked how many men he had with him, and what was his cargo.

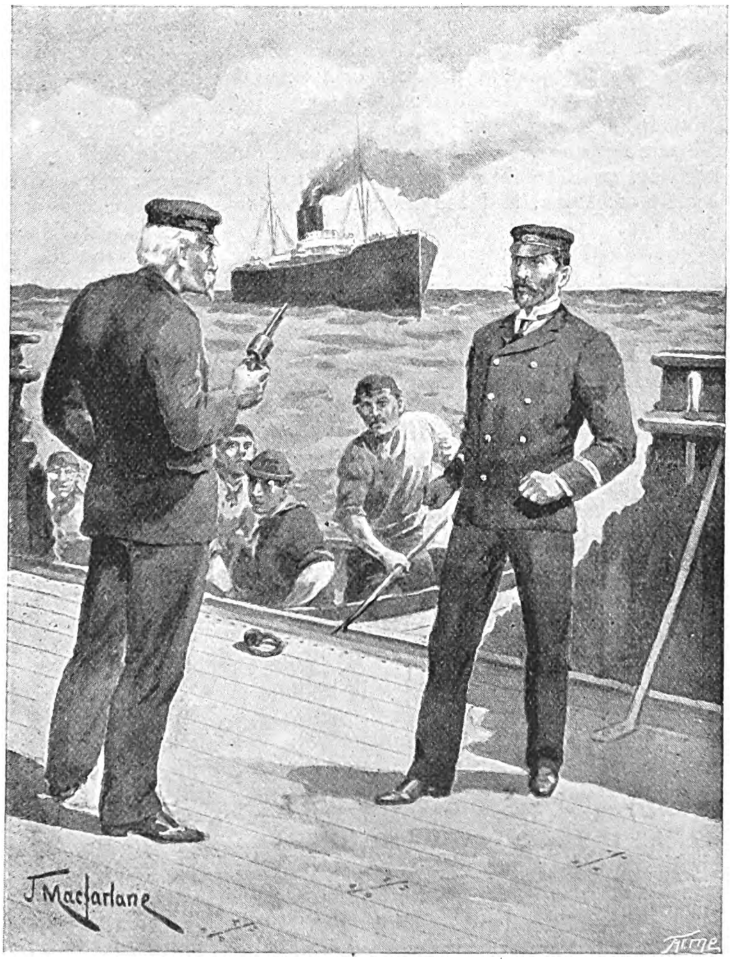
"There ain't nobody but me aboard this ship," replied the Captain, "and I don't seem to have any call to show you my manifest."

"What's become of your people?" asked the mate. "Didn't they find the ship comfortable?"

"I don't know as I am obliged to answer all your questions," returned the Captain. "Seems to me that if you've anything to do aboard your steamboat you might as well turn to and do it."

"I'm here to find out," said the mate, "if you want to be taken off, or if you want your vessel towed into the nearest port."

"I don't want to be taken off," replied the Captain, "and I don't want to be towed nowhere by nobody. This is my ship, and



Captain Potter quietly drew his revolver. "I'll give you just two minutes to quit this ship," he said in his coolest manner.

I calculate to manage her without any advice or interference from no man."

"My own idea is," said the mate, after a moment's silence, "that your intellects is sprung, and that you aint fit to be left alone. Consequently I'm going to put you aboard the steamer, and tow your ship into Rio, if so be that she seems to be worth the trouble."

Captain Potter quietly drew his revolver. "I'll give you just two minutes," he said, in his coolest manner, "to quit this ship. If you lay your hand on me, or try to capture my ship, you'll be committing piracy and suicide at the same minute. I know what I'm doing. I'm on my own quarter-deck, and the man that interferes with me does it at his peril."

The mate was an intelligent man, and he lost no time in getting into his boat and returning to his steamer. He reported to his commander that Captain Potter was stark mad, but they finally agreed that it would be dangerous to make a prisoner of him, and that it was just possible that he was expecting help from some other vessel belonging to the same owners. So the steamer went on her way, and Captain Potter returned to the society of his cat, and the monotony of his daily life.

Twice within the month the *Winthrop* was spoken by other vessels, but the Captain successfully rejected their offers of aid, and managed to escape the annoyance of being boarded by them. In order to prevent any vessel from reporting the *Winthrop* as a floating wreck, he lowered himself over the stern with a paint pot, and after painting out the legend "*Thomas C. Winthrop*, of Newbury port" he substituted the name "*Saints' Rest*, of Noware." Let it not be supposed that the Captain did not know how to spell "Nowhere." He purposely changed the spelling of the word so that it might be mistaken for the name of a real port. "Now let them report me if they want to," he said, after rechristening his ship. "There ain't nobody in Newburyport who will recognise the *Saints' Rest* as the *Thomas C. Winthrop*."

As the kitten grew more intimate with the Captain, it formed the habit of waking him in the morning, for it need hardly be said that Captain Potter took "all night in." Every morning the kitten's cold nose touched his cheek, and, after making sure that he was awake, the kitten curled up on his broad chest for a brief nap. Having no one else to talk to, Captain Potter soon became accustomed to holding long conversations with Elisha, as the cat was called, and the animal would answer his remarks with acquiescent or interrogative mews that were far more satisfactory to him than the conversation of human beings had hitherto been.

"You and me, Elisha," he would often say, "gets along together better than I ever got along with any one else. This ship's good enough for us, and we won't be in any hurry to quit it."

At the end of five months the *Saints' Rest* was not far from the Gulf of Mexico. During all that time the weather had never been sufficiently bad to cause the *Saints' Rest* any damage. Several times there had been sea enough to make the deck an extremely uncomfortable place, for, as the vessel lay in the trough of the sea, sheets of spray broke over her weather-rail. On such occasions the Captain retreated to his cabin, where, with the door of the companion way securely closed, he felt no uneasiness as the safety of the ship. He was now, however, approaching the region where heavy gales were to be looked for, and he began to think that perhaps he had taken as long a vacation as he had a right to take in justice to his partners in the ownership of the vessel. He had often said to himself, "I'm the owner of a third of this ship, and I'm doing as I choose with that third. If them as owns the other thirds wants to have them in port all they've got to do is to come and get them." But doubts as to the strict justice of this argument were beginning to assail him, and it is not improbable that unknown and unacknowledged weariness, bred of his long and solitary voyage, was having its effect upon him. "I dunno exactly what I ought to do," he remarked as he turned around after a prolonged look in search of a sail. Just then he trod heavily on the kitten's tail, seriously impairing the symmetry of that sensitive appendage.

The cry of the outraged kitten smote the place where another man would have kept his heart. The Captain had already learnt, through his intimacy with Elisha, that a cat's tail is its most sacred possession, and that any liberties taken with it are exceedingly painful to a self-respecting cat. He felt not only that he had insulted Elisha, but that he had seriously hurt him. He caught the kitten in his arms and kissed his head, "I didn't mean to do it, my darling," he cried. "Please forgive me. You don't know how I love you."

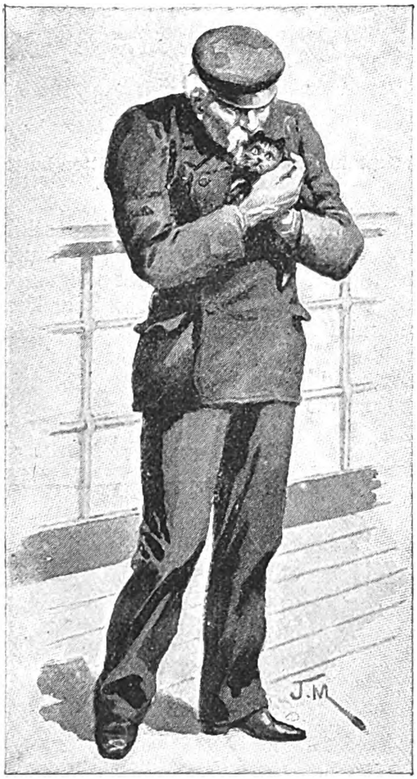
The kitten understood him, and magnanimously forgave him. For an hour or two the Captain walked the deck with Elisha nestling in his arms. Never before had

Captain Potter loved anything. Never had he thought it possible that he should live to use the words "I love you." But it had come to him at last, and the hard old man was for once melted.

To say that Captain Potter was astonished at himself would do but faint justice to his feelings. He was dimly conscious that he had experienced a sort of new birth. Everything seemed changed to him since he had felt that rush of tender emotion. When he put the cat down in order to go to the galley to cook his dinner, he said, "Elisha, this cruise of ours is about finished. There ain't nothing in life worth having except being loved, and there must be folks ashore that will love a man if he gives them a chance. You and me is going ashore pretty soon, where there's birds that you can chase all day, and mice till you can't rest. We'll live ashore for a spell, and we'll have a bang-up time, and mebbe I'll find some woman that'll set up housekeeping with me, and then we won't go to sea no more."

A few days later the *Saints' Rest* was overtaken by a steamer bound northward, and the usual offer to tow was made. Captain Potter said that he didn't know as it was worth while for him to bother about being towed. He rather calculated to drift norrard with the Gulf stream till he came up to about the latitude of Savannah, where he could be towed into port without its costing him very much. However, if the steamer would make a reasonable offer he might consider it. The result of the conference between the two Captains was that the steamer was engaged to tow the *Saints' Rest* into Key West for a lump sum in lieu of salvage, and Captain Potter congratulated himself on having made an excellent bargain.

Two men were sent on board the *Saints' Rest* to relieve each other at the wheel; the hawser was passed, and the two vessels proceeded on their way. For three days all went well, but as the fourth day dawned, a south-west gale sprang up, and promised to freshen into a hurricane. When the steamer Captain found that he could no longer tow the *Saints' Rest* without imminent peril to his vessel, he stopped his engines, cast off the hawser, and sent a boat to take his two men and the Captain from the disabled ship. But Captain Potter stoutly refused to quit the ship; and no argument had any effect upon him. Reluctantly the steamer abandoned him to his fate, and Captain Potter and his cat were once more alone.

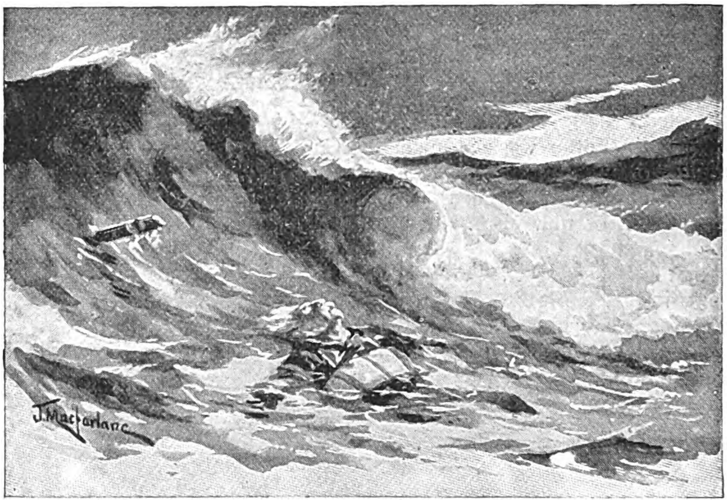


He caught Elisha in his arms and kissed him.

The Captain was not altogether the lunatic that the steamer Captain believed him to be. He had made up his mind that he was on the outer edge of a cyclone, and in its revolution he would be carried clear of the coast. As the ship was tight, and no water could get below, he had not the slightest fear that the tempest could do her any injury beyond sweeping her decks. He, therefore, calmly shut himself down below, and chuckled to think that he had been towed several hundred miles without incurring a penny of expense.

But Captain Potter was for once out in his reckoning, careful navigator as he was. The *Saints' Rest* was much nearer the Florida reef than he imagined her to be. All night the wreck drove before the gale, and at daybreak she struck with a tremendous crash. Seizing Elisha, the Captain made his way to the companion-way, and cautiously unfastened the door. He saw that the ship was on a reef three miles from the Fowey Light, which stands on the mainland. It was clear that the *Saints' Rest* would go to pieces in a very short time, for she was grinding heavily, and tremendous seas were breaking over her.

"Tell you what we'll do, Elisha," said the Captain. "I'll put on a life-belt, and



The body of Captain Potter, with a dead kitten buttoned inside his jacket, came ashore.

when she breaks up we'll take our chances of fetching the shore. It's my duty to tell you that you're mighty slim, and that at the best you'll get terrible wet, which you don't like; but you just cling fast to me, and if we drown, b'gosh, we'll drown together!"

The *Saints' Rest* did not hold together many hours, and in the sea that was running it was impossible for the men at the lighthouse to venture to launch a boat. Toward sunset the ship suddenly disappeared, and half an hour later the body of Captain Potter, with a dead kitten buttoned inside his jacket, came ashore. The two had died together, and the look on the Captain's face was that of peace and contentment.

WASTED AFFECTION

She was fair, she was false. I adored her,
  Yet in vain was the passion I felt;
All the strength of my tender disorder
  Failed her adamant spirit to melt.
I wooed her with varied attractions,
  No queen was more firmly enthroned,
Yet viewed she my amorous actions
  With torpor a sloth had disowned.

And now I have lost her for ever,
  No more will she feel my caress,
For fate has decided that never
  Am I her proud heart to possess.
She died—can I make the confession?—
  From intensification of fat,
In sorrow I've learnt the sad lesson:
  "Over-feeding spells death to a cat."

PHILIP HEMERY.

DETONATORS.

The Smallest, Deadliest, and Most Sensitive Article Manufactured.

By W. G. Tarbet.

Much has been written of dynamite, blasting gelatine, and other high explosives, but very few people understand how useless these would be except for the insignificant little detonator. It is an almost perfect simile of the parable of the mouse and the lion. The lion is lying helpless, bound by strong bonds; the mouse, a thousandth part of its size, gnaws the rope, and sets free the lion in all its fury. The same way is it with high explosives and detonators. 10,000lb. of dynamite may lie secure, bound by the strong bond of affinity; put a light to it, and it will burn quietly away; yet if the smallest detonator—less than a millionth part of its size—is exploded in the mass, the terrible resistless power of the dynamite is set free in all its fury. Thus and thus only can high explosives be used. In the mines of the world—in the guns of the navy—in the "nose" of the torpedo—in the submarine mines of harbours—everywhere the little detonator accompanies its giant companion—fit comrades, truly, for if the one is so terrible in its strength, the other is just as dangerous by reason of its extreme sensitiveness.

Photo by Ramsay.

Mr. Smith,

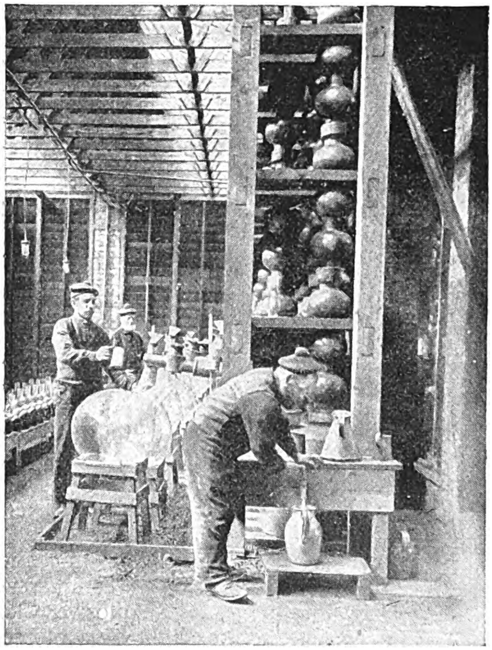
Manager of Westquarter Factory, belonging to Nobels Explosives Company.

Moreover, in bulk the substance which practically constitutes a detonator, outrivals even dynamite in its capacity for destruction. As we shall presently see, even a minute portion of the chief constituent of a detonator is capable of exerting a power which is scarcely to be credited without actually seeing or witnessing an explosion.

Imagine manufacturing on a commercial scale an explosive which the slightest scratch of a pin would explode, of which five grains would suffice to shatter the hand! It seems incredible, yet it is true; and here for the first time in any magazine or paper appears an account of the largest detonator manufactory in the world. It was not got without great labour, for, while I was received with great courtesy, the reader can clearly understand that the officials of Nobels Explosives Company do not care for visitors.

The possibility of anyone being guilty of an action which might be productive of some horrible accident is, of course, remote. Nevertheless, in so dangerous an occupation the various hands must of necessity rely upon the care and skill of each other for their safety. Naturally enough, therefore, the presence of a stranger is not welcome.

Nor, may I add, are the visitors particularly happy even when they get admission to the factory. They view with the greatest suspicion that grey crystalline powder which lies in little heaps, and a shudder runs over them when they see the workman, with a dexterity born of long experience, handle the deadly powder as if it were salt, for they know full well that its maxim is, "You handle us roughly—*and we'll do the rest.*"



The Manufacture of Fulminate of Mercury.

The process is carried out in large glass flasks, each fitted with a thermometer and two tubes, one to lead away the fumes into a long series of condensers, the other for the purpose of adding alcohol for cooling and precipitating purposes.

Westquarter Factory, Stirlingshire, is the name of the manufactory. It lies in a little valley about a mile distant from Polmont Station. While being the largest factory of its kind in the world, it by no means impresses the onlooker with its importance, for the huts are scattered over some 16 acres of ground, and are hidden as much as possible from view by immense grass-covered mounds. At each and all of the entrances day or night you are confronted by a constable, and if your credentials are satisfactory you are passed on to the office, with visible reluctance.

There I was received by Mr. Smith, the manager of the factory, who, while being one of the most genial of men, is at the same time one of the most rigid disciplinarians.

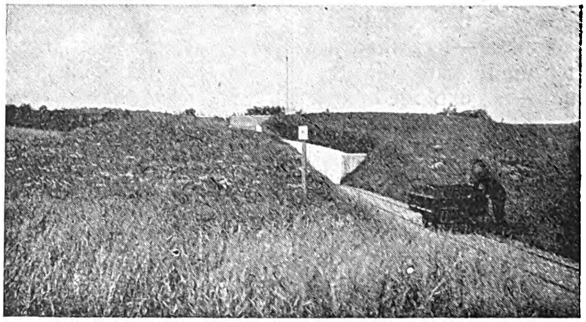
"You want to see how detonators are made, do you?" he asked after some conversation. "Well, first of all the explosive used is fulminate of mercury. If you will come up to the factory on the hill I will show you the manufacture going on there."

The Top Factory is situated some distance from the other, and upon a hill. It consists mainly of one long high chamber, the sides of which are composed of slats of wood resembling Venetian blinds.

"You see in the manufacture very heavy choking fumes are continually being given off, and we have adopted this method of securing a perfect ventilation," Mr. Smith explains. "Fulminate of mercury is prepared by dissolving mercury in very strong nitric acid. Alcohol is added to this, and after some manipulation a crystalline powder settles to the bottom."

The process is carried out in large glass flasks, each fitted with a thermometer and two tubes, one to lead away the fumes into a long series of condensers, the other for the purpose of adding alcohol for cooling and precipitating purposes.

"It looks very simple," said Mr. Smith, "but it is not so in reality, for it requires great care and precaution with regard to the purity of the ingredients, the proper temperature, and even the shape of the flask. The least variation in any of these suffices to spoil the 'make,' for, as you will understand, it is only the perfectly pure fulminate of mercury which we use. After the precipitate has



A Typical Hut.

The huts are scattered over some 16 acres of ground, and are hidden as much as possible from view by immense grass-covered mounds. The entrance through the mound is either formed by a tunnel or by an extra extension of the circular mound, so that in either case no part of the hut viewed from any angle is open.

settled it is filtered and washed until perfectly free from acid. If the faintest trace of acid was left in it as soon as it became dry it would explode."

"Then is fulminate of mercury harmless so long as it is wet?"

Mr. Smith smiled a little as he answered:

"It is considered harmless, but—we take no risks."

As we went into the washing room he explained that necessarily washing was as important as the manufacture.

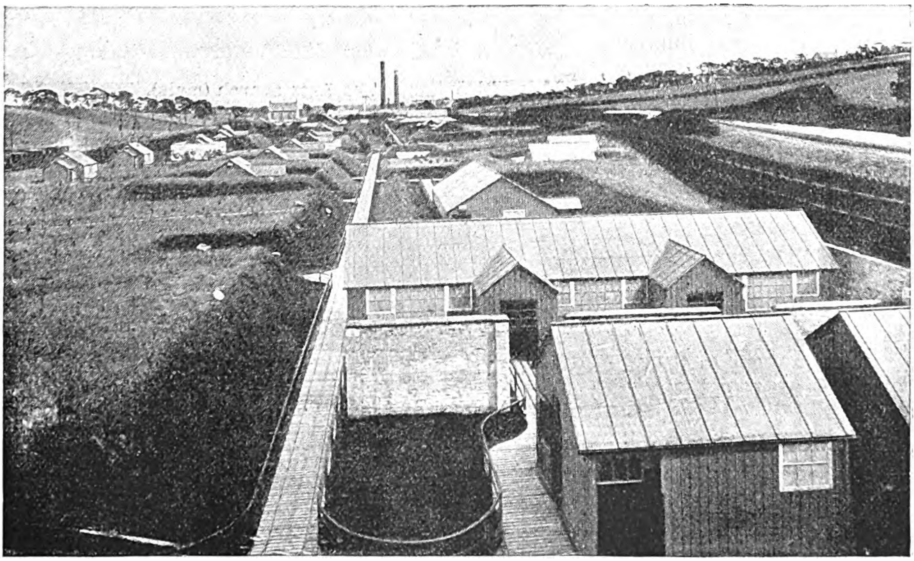
"It is in this room that the fulminate is examined, and it is here that it is passed, if correct, by the chemist on duty. For two hours it is constantly subjected to a stream of distilled water until every trace of acid is removed, then it is mixed with the rest of the day's make, packed in ten pound cotton bags, and, still immersed in water, is sent to the magazine to lie there in water tanks until it is required. When that happens two bags are taken out and put into two wooden buckets, and carried down to the lower factory to be dried. Suppose we follow it there and through the various stages."

The Lower Factory consists of a long strip of land about a quarter of a mile in length. Right down the centre of this runs a wooden gangway, six feet wide, and protected on either side by wooden railing. From this centre gangway, side gangways at intervals branch out on each side to the sheds or "huts" as they are called. This gangway is white and spotless. No grit is allowed to remain upon its surface, and none of the workpeople must step from it to the ground on any pretence. Each hut is hidden

Photo by Thomas Greig.

Mr. Corrie,

The Assistant Manager of the Westquarter Factory



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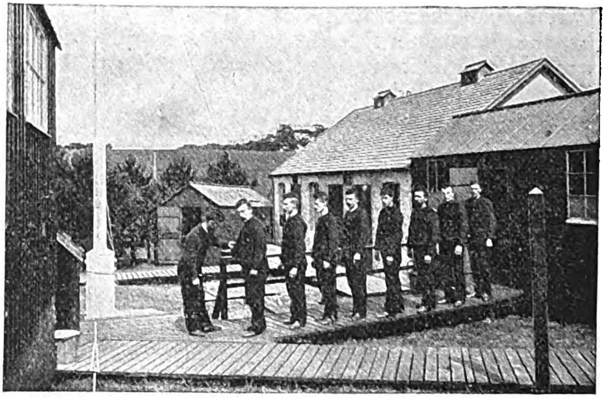
The Last Search (female).

This searching is conducted in the most rigorous manner, the men and women employed in the danger area being subjected to it each time they pass in and out. The girls are searched for the last time by forewomen as they enter the danger area, in order to see that they have no hairpins still concealed in their hair.

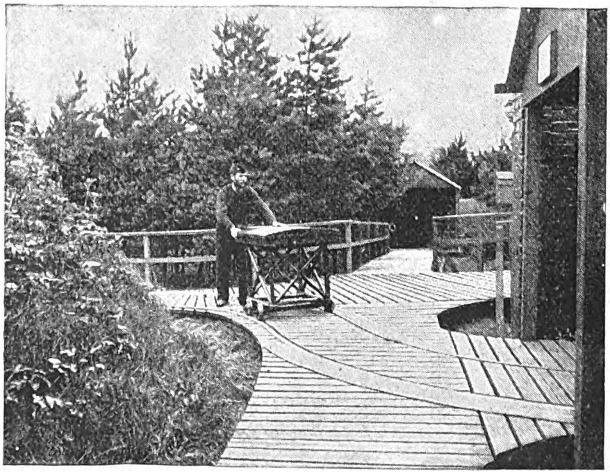
up to its eaves by the great mounds of earth so that nothing of its walls can be seen. The entrance through the mound is either formed by a tunnel or by an extra extension of the circular mound, so that in either case no part of the hut viewed from any angle is open. Most of these huts are built of the same size; square, strong structures of wood, lined outside and inside by dove-tailed boards.

The inside boards are papered and varnished, so that no dust can lodge on the walls. These, like the floors, are washed and scrubbed thoroughly every week. The floors of all the sheds are covered with three thicknesses of carpet, the top carpet consisting of very fine white linen, and twice a day these coverings are lifted outside and thoroughly shaken. The windows of all the huts are of obscured glass, so that no direct rays of the sun can reach the powder, and, in addition, closely woven brass screens are fitted so that no stones or débris could possibly enter. There are over fifty of these huts scattered over the sixteen acres, and of each of them the above description is correct.



The Last Search (male).

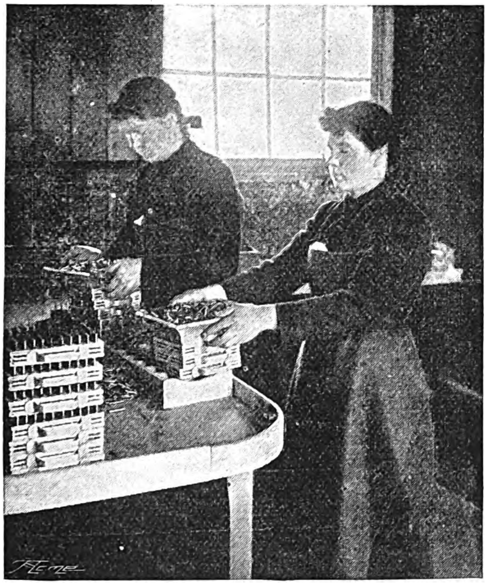
Besides this precaution they have to change their entire outer clothing, and don an uninflammable, pocketless, uniform suit of blue, put on shoes containing no metal nails, and have on their underclothing no pockets or metal buttons whatever. The men are under the direct charge of several foremen, who are responsible for the conduct of these precautions.



Transporting Fulminate.

In the factory the main idea is to minimise risk; therefore, wherever possible, no explosive is carried in the hand, but is conveyed on little waggons running on brass rails from one shed to another.

Before you can enter upon this gangway, you must pass the searcher, and leave all articles of metal with him, down to your scarf-pin, also any matches which you may have; in fact, it is much easier just to empty your pockets of everything before you leave the outer world. Here Mr. Smith handed me over to Mr. Corrie, the assistant manager, with the warning that I was on no account to leave his side, or touch any article however harmless looking. The searcher in the meantime looked disapprovingly at my camera, and it was only with the most apparent disapproval on his face that he let me past, shod with large boats of boots which clattered clumsily as I marched away.



The Plating Shed.

The copper tubes that are required to hold the fulminate are conveyed to the plating shed after having been examined to see that they are perfectly clean and of a high polish. No roughness or dirt upon them is allowed.

This searching is conducted in the most rigorous manner, the men and women employed in the danger area being subjected to it each time they pass in and out. Besides this precaution they have to change their entire outer clothing, and don uninflammable, pocketless, uniform suits of blue, put on shoes containing no metal nails, and have on their underclothing no pockets or metal buttons whatever. The men are under the direct charge of several foremen, who are responsible for the conduct of these precautions; and the girls are searched for the last time by forewomen as they enter the danger area, in order to see that they have no hairpins still concealed in their hair.

"This is the drying shed," said Mr. Corrie, as we entered into the mound; and, looking up at the doorway, I saw the painted inscription:

No. 12A.
Explosive, 30lbs.
Persons, 1

"What does this mean?" I asked; and Mr. Corrie explained that according to law each hut must bear on the outside a distinguishing number, the amount of explosive which it is licensed for, and the maximum number of persons who may be in it at one time.

"And suppose you exceed that?"

"The supposition is useless," he answered, "for we are just every bit as careful as the inspectors who framed the laws."

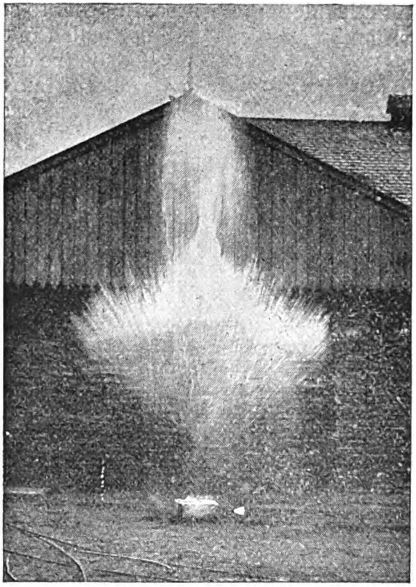
"And yet suppose that some hitch took place in the manufacture, and you wanted to put more in here than——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Corrie. "No hitches do take place here. If an accident occurs, then all the work is stopped until we can resume again the clockwork regularity of the entire system. Hitches, like followers, are not allowed. Each man or woman works in the exact manner in which he or she has been instructed. He or she does that and no more, and each of the parts of the manufacture fits in perfectly with the others. This man here dries the powder and places it in the magazine. That is his entire duty."

The Packing Shed.

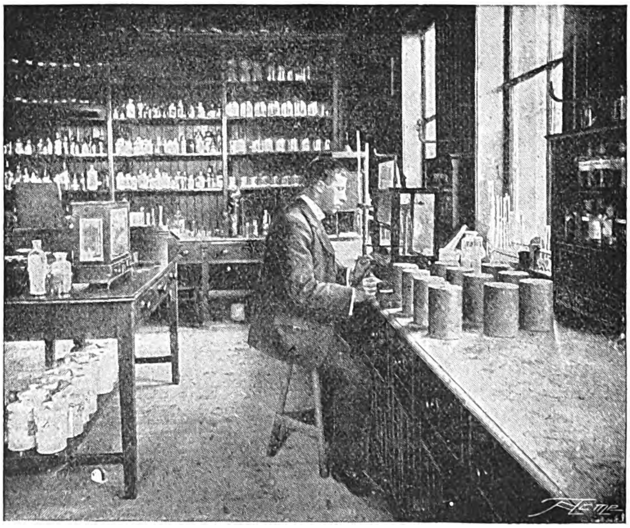
A woman, who does nothing else, picks up the boxes and examines every detonator in order to see that it is full, that the compression has been sufficient, and that the surface of the powder is not broken. Then the box is filled with sawdust, and the lid and a strap of paper bearing its number are put on.

I looked through the inner wire door of the drying shed, and saw two tables covered with sheets, and on these sheets was spread out a large quantity of fulminate. It was not until I had seen the steam rising from them that I realised that what I thought were tables were really copper chests heated by steam. I saw a thermometer on each table, and the man looking anxiously at it. I saw a broad red line marked on the scale, and it appeared to me that the mercury was above it, so I hurriedly withdrew, and was glad to get round the corner of the mound in safety. There was no explosion, but all the same, I was quite content to become aware of that fact at a safe distance. Thirty pounds of such a sensitive explosive lying on a hot chest, and five grains of it enough to shatter one's hand! Enough there to shatter 40,000 hands! I admired the man who was watching the thermometer, but—I was quite content to admire him from a distance.



An Explosion of 5 Grains of Fulminate.

A heavy iron pot, 18in. in diameter, was filled with water and a five-grain detonator was exploded in it. The water was driven up to a height of 25ft., and the pot shattered.



A Chemist Testing the Fulminate.

The cylinders in the foreground of the photograph are blocks of a certain strength of lead. In the centre of these is a measured hole into which is placed twenty grains of explosive. This is then fired and the increased capacity of the hole measured.

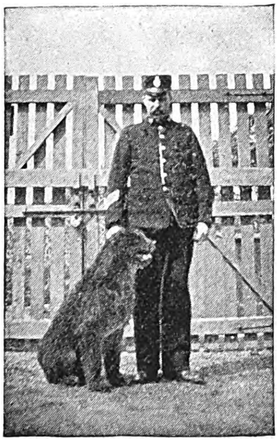
"The powder is mixed with chlorate of potash," resumed Mr. Corrie. "Then it is taken by means of bogie to the chargers, that is, the men who fill the copper tubes with the fulminate."

In the factory the main idea is to minimise risk; therefore, wherever possible, no explosive is carried in the hand, but is conveyed on little waggons running on brass rails from one shed to another.

"You see," said Mr. Corrie, "the copper tubes that are required to hold the fulminate are conveyed to the plating shed after having been examined to see that they are perfectly clean and of a high polish. As you can understand, any roughness or dirt upon them would not be allowed. The length of these tubes varies from three-quarters of an inch to two and a half inches, and the diameter from a sixteenth to three-eighths of an inch. If you measure off $2\frac{1}{2}$in of an ordinary lead pencil, you will obtain a good idea of the length and diameter of the largest detonators. The placing of the tubes into the carrying plates, and the charging of them with fulminate, is a secret process, and it is sufficient to say that the tubes leave these sheds standing upright and filled to the brim with the deadly substance. From thence they go on to the pressing shed where the powder is compressed to half its bulk.

"You see how the man, from behind this high iron screen, pulls down this lever. Well, the plungers go down until they press upon each tube; then, when the maximum weight is arrived at, a strong spring is released and presses the plungers back into their places. The plate is withdrawn, the tubes emptied into a bag of sawdust and sent on to the cleaning hut. Here all the loose powder is got rid of and then the detonators are put into a revolving drum along with some sawdust from which all the dust has been sifted. After twenty minutes revolving the sawdust is removed, and the detonators, perfectly free from loose powder, are carried to the packing shed, where they are packed in boxes of one hundred, the boxes being made of tin, lined with cardboard and felt."

A woman, who does nothing else, picks up the boxes and examines every detonator in order to see that it is full, that the compression has been sufficient, and that the surface of the powder is not broken. Then the box is filled with sawdust, the lid and a strap of paper bearing its number are put on; five of these boxes are wrapped in a parcel and labels attached to either end; twenty of these parcels are packed up in a wooden case, sawdust is rammed hard all round them; then the case is put inside a much larger one, fitted with a "cradle," so that 3in. of air space lie between it and the smaller one. It is then stencilled and becomes one of Nobel's 10,000 cases of Detonator, known all the world over.



The Guardians of the Gate.

This and indeed all gates to the factory, are always kept locked and most rigorously watched.

"And how many detonators can be turned out in a year?" I asked.

"Fifty millions."

"And each of them could be exploded by a scratch of a pin or the least friction."

"Yes."

"Then how do you account for your comparative immunity from accidents. Surely if in one year there are fifty million of chances at least of an explosion it is very strange that you escape as well as you do."

"The only reason for it is this. We minimise every risk, protect the workmen by shields, and maintain such a perfect discipline and supervision that no man or woman can work in a careless manner."

Afterwards in the laboratory Mr. Corrie showed me a chemist testing the fulminate. The cylinders in the foreground of the photograph are blocks of a certain strength of lead. In the centre of these is a measured hole into which is placed twenty grains of explosive. This is then fired and the increased capacity of the hole measured. Placing a grain of fulminate of mercury on an iron plate, Mr. Corrie, by means of a pin fastened to a long pole, scratched it slightly twice, and with a loud report and a smother of dense white smoke the powder exploded.

Then in order to show the strength of five grains, he procured a heavy iron pot about 18in. in diameter, and filling it with water he exploded a five-grain detonator in it. The water was driven up to a height of 25ft., the pot shattered, and a shower of spray driven over us.

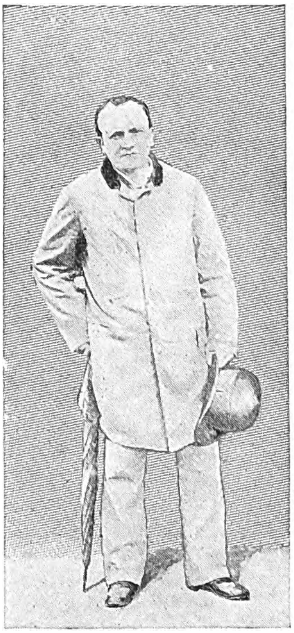
These detonators are fired either by electricity or by safety fuses, consisting of a slow-burning strand of material, which, when lighted at one end, carries the fire to the detonator.

When I had bidden good-bye to Mr. Smith and was making for the station, I could not help but think what an infinite capacity for taking pains must be his to have brought the manufacturing of detonators to such a degree of perfection, not only in the precautions used, but also in the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of detonators manufactured, never one misses fire.

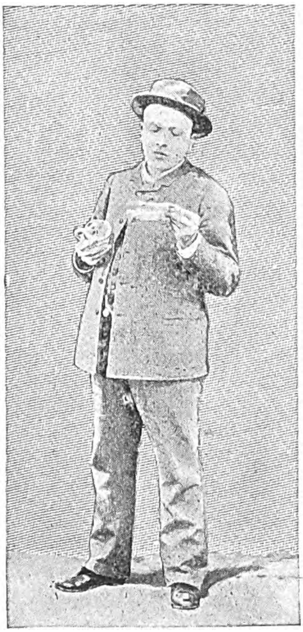
SNAP SHOT
INTERVIEWS

NUMBER III.

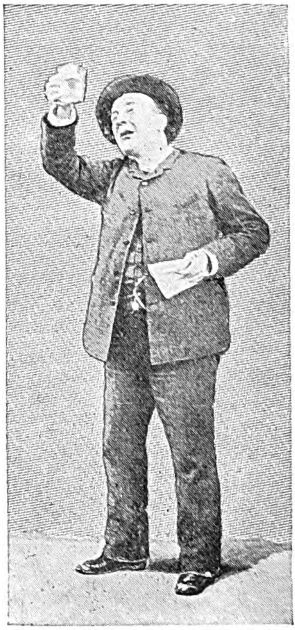
MONSIEUR COQUELIN.



1. This is M. Coquelin, the great French actor at Aix-le-Bains, where he has gone to take the waters. He receives an invitation from our snap-shooter to be interviewed. He is not well acquainted with English, and our man is not too well versed in French.



2 Happy thought! Why talk at all? M Coquelin will take his first drink.



3. "One has to be exceedingly careful in these matters. The exact quantity is essential."

4. "Um! Don't fancy I shall like it."

5. Well—

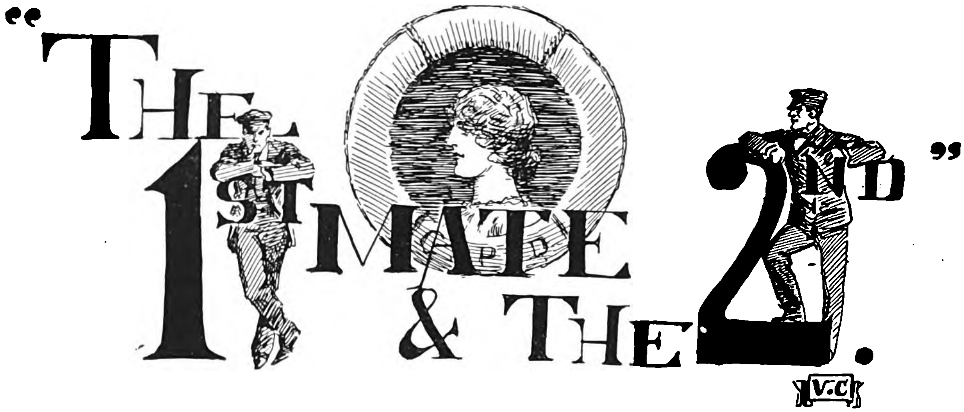
6. here—

7. goes.

8. Finis—

9. of the shortest interview ever held.

"THE 1ST MATE & THE 2ND."



BY ALFRED SLADE.

AND yet, dearest Gladys, you love me, one little bit? Tell me that, at least."

"Yes; and that is why I am so vexed. I love you a little bit; but then I did not want to love you at all. You see, I had formed such a different notion of the man I intended to marry; he was to have been a hero, and to have lifted me up to romance. A Perseus, a Sir Galahad, at the very least; a giant in stature, a poet in sweetness, knight-errantry incarnated, a prince among men. And, of course, he was to do something perfectly wonderful to win my hand, he was to slay his rivals, overcome all our enemies, rescue me from my dungeon-bower, cut his way back through the host that opposed him; and then he would carry me off in triumph; and henceforth we would live in the clouds, he my hero, and I his queen."

Her eyes of blue strained across the water, and for a moment she stood there dreaming, then turned quickly to her companion, and said in another tone of voice:

"And you are not like that, now are you?"

The Second Mate protested stoutly. "No," he said, "I'm not; and I know I'm not. And I don't see what good it would be if I were. You haven't any enemies for me to slay, and a ship's saloon isn't a castle, and there's only the sea to carry you off into, anyway."

"I know, dear," said Gladys more tenderly. "But it is a terrible disappointment nevertheless, for I love you, if only a little, and would love you more if I could; but I cannot, I cannot. Everything is so commonplace, I can find no inspiration as I wish."

And she gave him her hand, only her hand, and went wearily down to her cabin. And the second mate turned moodily on to the poop, where he met the First Mate, a man of grizzled appearance and shabby attire, who walked on the heels of his boots and had his eyes screwed well inwards.

"Hello, Nelson," cried the First Mate, whose name was Grey, "what's wanting?"

"Lots of things—and nothing," answered the Second.

"Then if I were you, I should go and turn in," advised the First. "I don't hold with a man mooning around decks when it's his watch below."

"Look here, Grey," cried the Second, "I don't know if you've ever been young yourself, but do you know how it feels to be in love?"

"Look here, Mr. Nelson," retorted the First, "I don't want you coming interfering with my work asking idiotic questions. Let her off a point," he added to the man at the wheel, which order was quite unnecessary; they were getting into the Doldrums, and what wind there was came well aft. The sails were beginning to flap idly on their squared masts, the ship had just got steering-way, and scarcely a knot beyond.

"Grey," said the Second, staying where he was, "I've got to talk to someone or burst. So you had better listen and hear it."

"Well, get it over as quickly as you can manage," growled the First, "because these sort of yarns are not at all in my line."

"It's Miss Vincent," confessed the Second, apologetically.

"I know that," exclaimed the First, "seeing that she's the only lady on board as anyone *could* fall in love with. Do get on."

"I love her, Grey; and Grey, she loves me. Only not so much as I should like, for she reckons a man ought to be a hero, and how can one be a hero on an old windjammer?"

"Well, for myself," said the First, "I don't try. I just take my watch and see the men don't skulk their duty, and reckon up how much pay'll be coming due to me at the end of the trip."

"But I've got to do something!" moaned the Second. "If there was only a mutiny, or some of those silly things that happen in books. Then I could come out with a dozen revolvers and cover myself with glory in the most approved stage-nautical style."

"Don't dwell on that idea," said the First; "there's not going to be any mutiny on this boat while I'm on her. If you want adventures, you ship in another packet."

"Well, Grey, what can I do?"

"Just wait, laddie, and see. The little lady's a queer body, though I dare say worth her weight in gold; and I shouldn't be surprised if she puts a chance in your way sooner than you think. So keep your weather-eye open, and be ready to jump. And now, if you'll lend me a plug of tobacco, I'll go forward to see how the men are getting on with their work. Thanks."

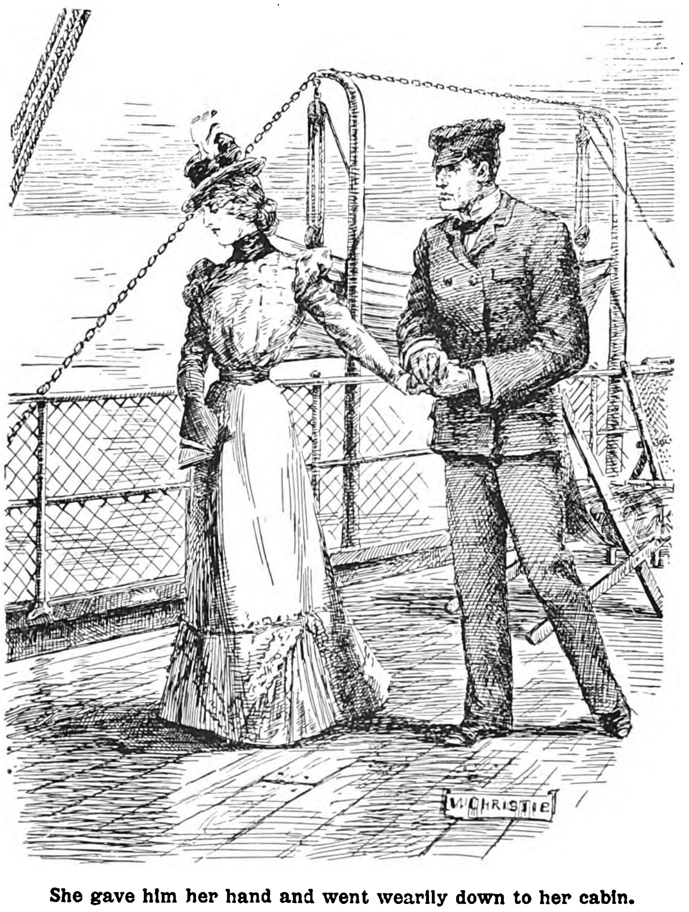
And the First Mate took his plug and went down into the waist, where he appeared to be busy with the foremast, but was surreptitiously smoking.

The good ship *Cupid* was an old teak tea-clipper, renowned in the days of bounties for the quickest passage round the Cape; but steam and the Suez Canal had spoiled her China trade, and she was now cultivating a small "miscellaneous" connection between Adelaide and the West India Docks. That did not pay to any alarming extent; so the owners painted up the saloon, moved the two officers to a house amidships, and advertised themselves prepared to receive a few select passengers for health or pleasure.

The passengers came, mostly middle-aged, unattached persons with illnesses of imagination; young old fogies (males) with enough to live on, and consequently no aim or pleasure to make life worth living; giddy mature spinsters, (poor relations provided for), whom it was inconvenient to acknowledge in the season, and a nuisance to receive out of it; representatives of the great leisured unclassed, who, having no sphere on land to become impressive in, emigrate on the strength of the dignity of their connections.

They read the ship's advertisement, and were enchanted. The trip to Australia would be a hundred days of delightful sailing; no dirt of coal nor motion of screw; quite a romantic voyage, with nothing but the blue sky and sea and sun. The advertisement, however, omitted to mention the dreadful monotony and utter stagnation, and surfeit of salt and tinned provisions.

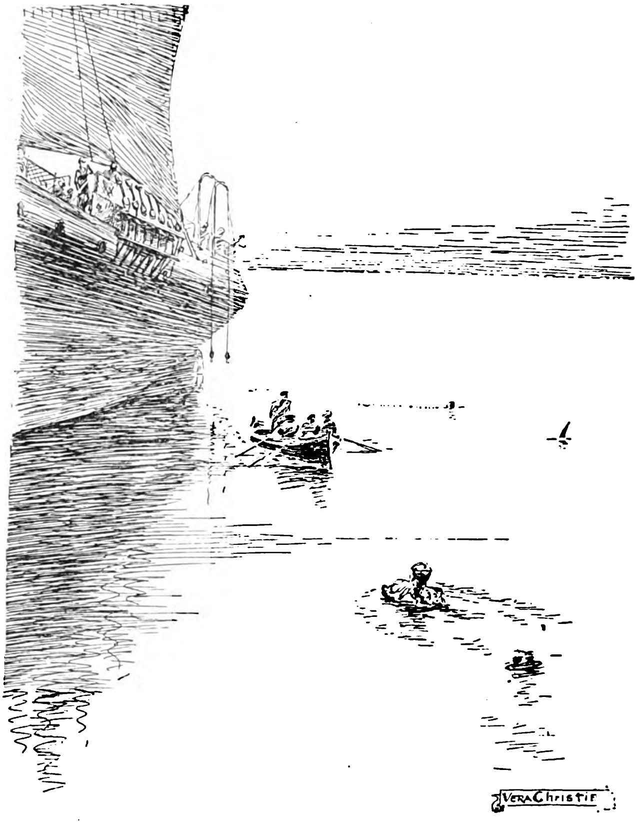
Then they read the special mention of a doctor, and promptly coughed and hastened to the nearest agent to book their passages. They bought guide-books of ports they would never see, and ordered outfits they could



She gave him her hand and went wearily down to her cabin.

never possibly wear; and altogether used every means in their power to persuade themselves they were going to do something wonderful. And the owners began to get fat.

Miss Vincent was, as the First Mate had tersely expressed, the only lady on board that anyone *could* fall in love with. The others were really too painful; and so may in mercy be ignored. But Miss Vincent was a bright and beautiful accident there. She was growing, and so, of course, was slight; and she read too much, and so became pale. Her father, who naturally doted on her, pooh-poohed the physicians, and declared she must be consumptive; and bought her cod liver oil, which she invariably poured out of the window.



The Second Mate was easily floating with the girl.

The next things he bought were two tickets for the *Cupid*; and those she accepted without much protestation. A trip in a sailing vessel! Just fancy! It was quite romantic, positively mediæval. A cruise as in the olden time, in a vessel built of wood, and propelled with sails—it was just like a leaf from a story book. And who knew what might happen before it ended?

What *did* happen was three weeks of dreadful weather, and work-stained sailors, and grumbling sea-sick passengers; and Miss Vincent found the novel too modern and realistic to be enjoyable. But through the middle of all this disillusionment burst the Second Mate; a burly young fellow just out of his apprenticeship, marvellous in the glamour of his new uniform, full of life and the enthusiasm of his promotion.

Miss Vincent was a beautiful girl, and the Second Mate loved her. She, with emotions primed to passion, was forced to love him or nobody—and so she loved him.

The ship surged slowly on, and the heat of the afternoon began to cool; and below all the passengers were sleeping, and forward the First Mate was enjoying his pipe. On the poop the Second waited.

Miss Vincent came slowly up the companion, with a book in her hand; she glanced slily round and smiled. The First Mate climbed on the forecastle, turned round by the cathead, and smiled too.

Miss Vincent passed up to the poop, walking by the Second, he sprang forward to meet her, but she waved him to one side.

"No," she said. "I am going to read."

She sat on a deck-chair and opened her book; the Second remained where he was, and watched her wistfully. On the cathead, the First was watching too; and yet he saw that all his men were all handy, working round him.

Suddenly Miss Vincent stood up and leaned over the side, seeming to look on something under the vessel's stern; and suddenly again, though how she could never afterwards explain, she lost her balance, and with a shriek had fallen into the sea.

The Second Mate sprang forward; without waiting to take off even his coat he had dived after her. With a few swift strokes he reached her and seized her round the waist. And the First Mate smiled again.

"Let go the lifeboat!" he shouted; and

in a moment the lashings were cut and the chocks loosened and the boat swung outward over the sea, whilst the ship rounded to.

The First Mate was on the starboard cathead; he happened to glance round and then of a sudden gave a start and swore beneath his breath. For there on the calm smooth water loomed a tiny black projection; and it moved and came nearer, and it was the fin of a shark.

He looked down over the side of the ship. The Second Mate had Miss Vincent on his shoulder, and was easily floating with her; they ran no risk of sinking, and the boat would be with them in an instant.

He turned again and looked at the fin of the shark, and with his eye measured the distance.

The boat would reach them first, but the shark would be there too, before they could be lifted in.

That was not in his calculations; and so he swore again. Then he flung off his coat and waistcoat. "Give me your belt," he said to a seaman standing near. And quickly put it on, sheath-knife and all.

Meanwhile the lifeboat had been lowered, with four men inside; they were waiting for him to take the helm. He motioned the man who had given him his belt to go in his place. The man swarmed down, hand over hand, and the Mate cried "Give way!" The sailors bent to their oars, and the boat pulled quickly astern.

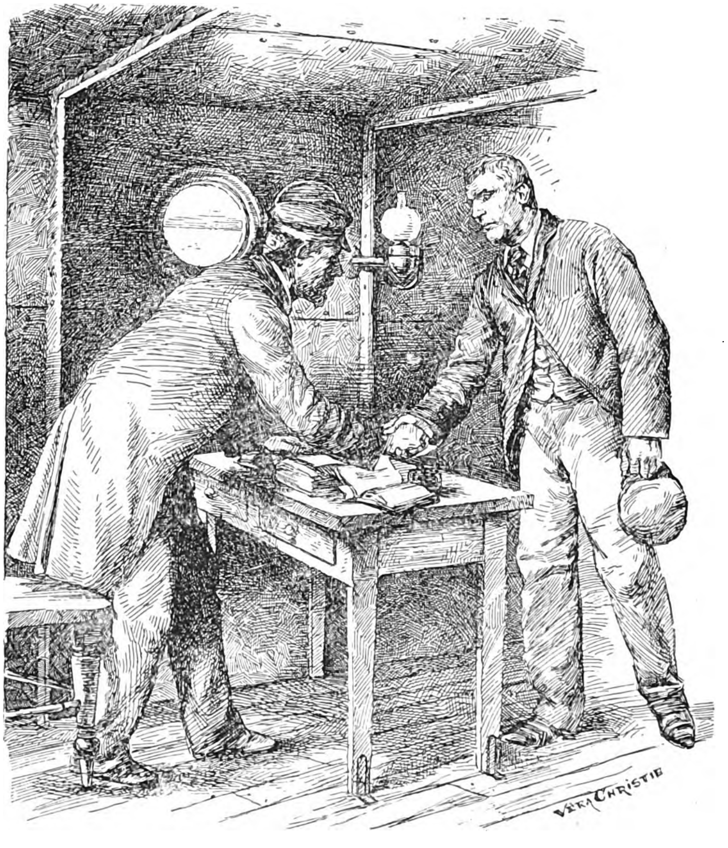
The passengers, who had by now crowded up on the deck, watched and cheered, and followed the boat with their eyes; but they did not notice the Second Mate grow pale, and strain strenuously to swim towards the ship. He, too, had seen the fin.

At that the First Mate made a motion to him, and forthwith dived and started towards the shark. It came pelting forwards, and the First Mate crossed in front; it smelt him, and veered clumsily in pursuit. The First Mate went on with a leisurely side-stroke, the knife glistening in his hand. The shark overhauled him, and turned on its back to bite, showing a belly glistening white, and a horrible gleam of teeth. Quick as lightning then, the man raised his arms and sank, and as the monster flashed by plunged in the knife.

The fierce brute lashed with his tail, and the circle of water around it foamed red and redder still with its own life-blood. Then it plunged down and disappeared beneath the surface, dying or dead.

And the First Mate put his knife back into the sheath, and swam leisurely back to the ship, climbed up the martingale over the cut-water bow, and went to his own cabin to change his dripping clothes. And nobody was any the wiser, for they were all too interested in the boat.

The Second Mate commenced to show signs of exhaustion. "Bear up," shouted



The Captain grasped the First Mate's hand.

the skipper, who, of course, had been roused. "Stay where you are a minute, and wait for the boat."

"Bravo!" shouted the passengers, "they're nearly there."

The boat came rapidly on; a couple of men at the bows were leaning forward ready to catch them. One of them clutched the Second Mate by the arm; he shook him off.

"No," he managed to splutter. "Take the lady first."

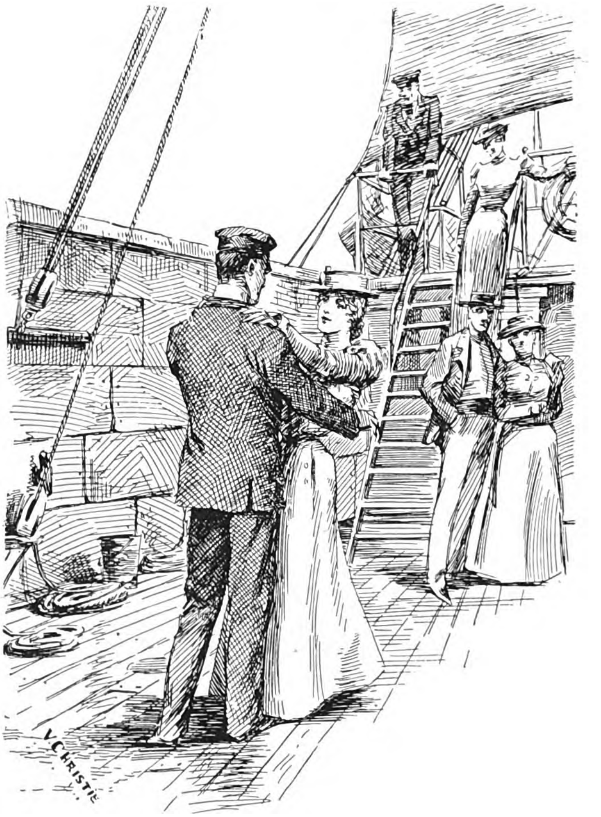
"My king," whispered Miss Vincent, as she was pulled over the side, "my king," and promptly fainted at the bottom of the boat.

The Second Mate followed, with his mouth full of salt water; and the passengers cried "Bravo" once more.

The boat rowed back, and they let the gangway down, and the Second Mate bore Miss Vincent up in triumphal procession as far as the door of her cabin, where the much-advertised doctor, now of use for the first time, took charge of her, and shut everyone else out.

Then the skipper publicly shook hands with the Second Mate, and complimented him on his action; and the Second Mate could not speak for the water he had swallowed, and protested in dumb show, which was construed into modesty; and the passengers shook hands with him, too, and talked vaguely of a subscription; and Miss Vincent's father, who came last, took him on one side, and said with much emotion, "My boy, she's yours, and God bless you!"

And then they let him go to change his clothes, too.



"My king!" she cried, "my hero and my king!"

The first burst of admiration over, a reaction came, and the passengers commenced to talk of Mr. Nelson's superior officer, meaning Mr. Grey. Why was he not in the boat? Why did he shirk at the last minute? What a coward! And what a shame! So they went to the skipper, and told him all about it; and the skipper sent a steward, and would Mr. Grey please step to his room.

Mr. Grey was endeavouring to dress. He had but a poor wardrobe at the best of times; and now, with one suit temporarily disabled, it was hard to get another together. He managed a compromise at last, however, with white drill trousers and tar stained jacket; and so stolidly presented himself before his commander.

The Captain was indignant at his conduct; and the First Mate was forced to explain the whole matter.

"You will understand, sir," he added, at the end, "I am telling you this in your official capacity. I don't see that it need be known outside, for, after all, it really doesn't matter."

The Captain argued; so the First Mate brought forward another argument.

"And, then, you see, sir, it might spoil young Nelson's chance; and he's a good fellow, and deserves his happiness, any way."

At that the Captain grasped the First Mate's hand even more vigorously than he had grasped the Second's; and he said: "Grey, if I ever catch you sailing in any other ship than with me, I'll knock the top of your head off."

Then he wrote up his log, and omitted

any mention of the First Mate, as requested; but he was part owner of the ship, and carried weight with the other owners; and the First Mate signed on next trip, and every other trip afterwards, at a greatly increased salary.

And eight bells sounded on the forecastle head, and the First Mate went out to change the watches.

The Second was on the poop waiting for him, in another resplendent suit of uniform; but his face was pale and his manner uneasy.

They changed the watches as usual; a new man took the wheel, and the officers passed along the order for the course. And the First Mate was walking away to turn in; but the Second had stopped him at the gangway.

"Mr. Grey. Grey, old chap, I saw it, you know. You are a better man than I am."

"Older, you mean, Nelson."

"*You* saved her life, not I. You saved her life, and for that I thank you. And she will thank you too, when she knows, and she will worship you."

"But I don't want her to worship me," retorted the First Mate testily. "I'm a married man with three children, and there's as much worship as I can manage waiting for me at Leytonstone every time I get home."

"I should have told her before, but she had fainted," continued the Second slowly; "and she thinks that I alone have rescued her."

"And why shouldn't she think so, stupid?" interrupted the First. "It don't matter to me what she thinks, does it? So leave it like that, and be blessed to you!"

"No, no," cried the Second, still slowly, but with determination. "I shall tell her the truth, I *must* tell her, even though I lose her."

"Don't be a fool, youngster," said the First, with a fine assumption of annoyance. "You've done all *one* man could do, haven't you? And what more does she want, I should like to know! You've won her, my boy, and you shall have her; and if ever you say another word about the matter, I'll swear it's not true, and get the doctor to say you've had sunstroke and gone mad."

The Second Mate looked happier, in a half reluctant way.

"But the skipper?" he suggested feebly.

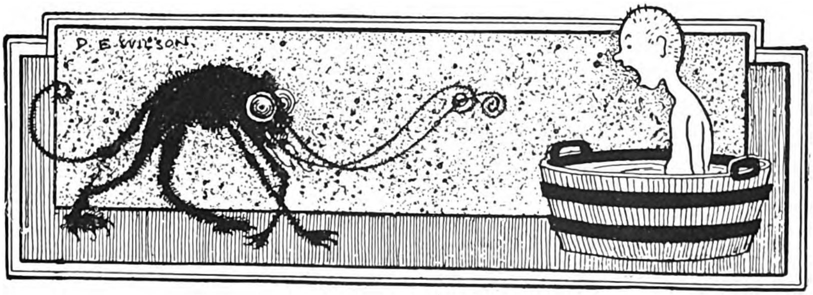
"Oh, he knows," said the First. "I had to tell him, of course, to clear myself. But he isn't going to tell, so you'd better not either, or else it's mutiny. So shut up, now, and lend me some more of that plug; and, if you like, I'll take this watch for you."

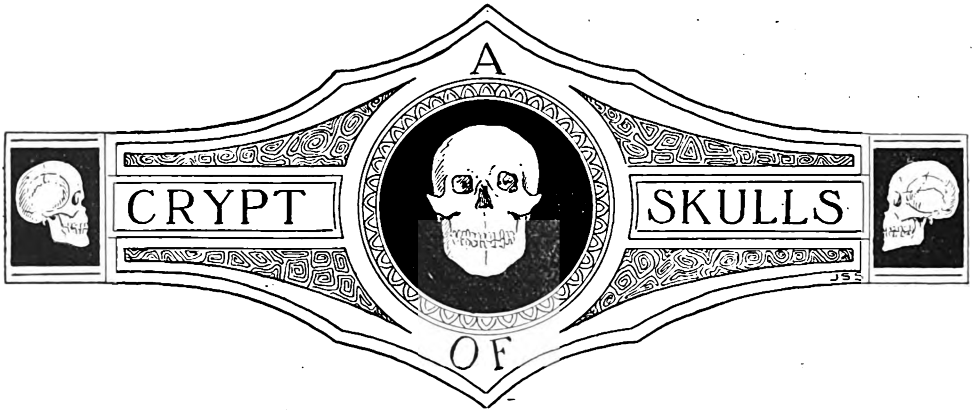
For he had seen Miss Vincent emerge on deck. Slowly up the companion she came, still pale, but walking very upright. In her eyes was the sparkle of happiness and of the tears of happiness; her mouth arched fuller and quivered, but not with grief; and her face was transformed into a more perfect beauty still.

Slowly she came up to the Second Mate, who dared not go to meet her; softly she put her little arms around his neck, and raised herself towards him; and there, before the whole ship, she kissed his lips and crowned him with the glory of her love.

"My hero," she cried; "my hero, and my king!"

Her face was aglow with rapture; and the First Mate chuckled and went down to have a smoke.





A CRYPT OF SKULLS

By Leslie McGregor.

We have all heard about the *Ossuaris*, or, as it is better known by its other name, the "Chapel of Bones" in Malta, but very few know that England can boast of a similar institution, which, if not equally well arranged, is at least equally interesting.

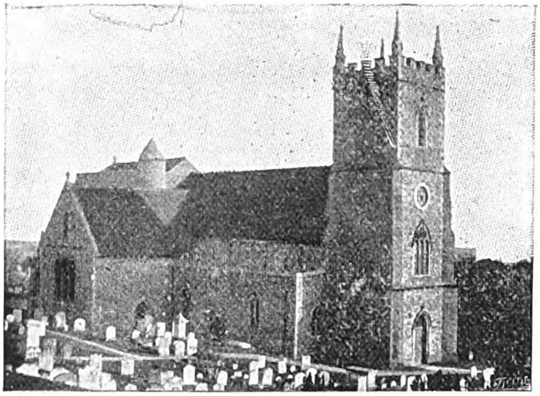


Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

The Church of St. Leonard's, Hythe.

Down at the Church of St. Leonard's, in the old Cinque port of Hythe, there is a vast collection of human remains deposited in a crypt beneath the high altar. As you enter the great oaken doors, half hidden below the surface of the ground, you come upon a cellar literally lined with skulls arranged on ledges; whilst blocking your further progress is a great pile of bones 25ft. in length, 8ft. high, and 6½ft. thick.

The ledges contain over 600 skulls, and it has been calculated that the pile represents the sole remains of what had been 7000 good men and—let us hope—true.

Now, when I say 7000 *men* I mean *men*, which is the most curious fact about it. If there had been some women or children among them, those in authority would have said that the bones came from a graveyard. But this not being the case, and nobody knowing how they came to the crypt, the whole matter had to be tracked out scientifically. Of course, they were not found in the crypt in the manner spick and span in which they are now to be seen, but all littered about anyhow, covered with earth and broken Roman pottery.

The theory which science had to go upon was that the bones were the remains of a great battle. The ground for this assumption can be explained by

Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd

The Interior of Hythe Church.

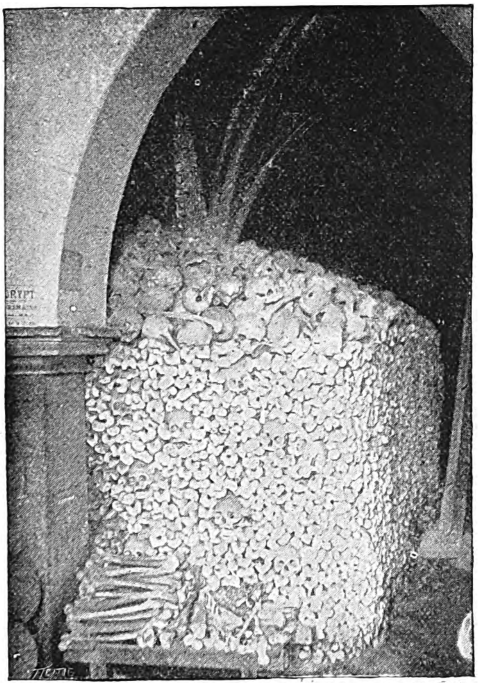


Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

A wonderful pile of human bones.

quoting from Hasted's "History of Kent," which is to the following effect:—

"Vortimer still followed the retreating Saxons, and coming up with them again on the seashore near Folkestone in the year 456, fought a third battle with them between that place and Hythe, gaining a complete victory. Nennius and others say it was fought in a field on the shores of the Gallic Sea, where stood the Lapis Populi" (another name for Folkestone).

The point that adds strength to this conjecture is that, firstly, the bones are all beautifully white, which whiteness they could only have obtained through lying unburied for some time exposed to the air; and secondly, several of the skulls have deep cuts in them, as if made by some heavy weapon—most likely those used by the Saxons. This, however, is only historic evidence—now for proof scientific.

To begin with, the bones and skulls are all those of men, with the exception of two, which belong to boys. The teeth are regular and sound, and must have belonged to men in the prime of life. Then again, there are the marks of violence. In one, even, there is a small hole which had penetrated right through the skull, and in this case Mr. Robert Knox, M.D., F.E.S., says that although it might have been caused by disease, it had certainly taken place long prior to the death of the person. In other words, the people to whom the skulls belonged must have, with this one exception, been killed instantaneously.

Furthermore, Mr. Pridaux, F.A.S., devoted ten days to the careful examination of these remains, during which time he accurately measured over 600 skulls. This search proved that a large portion of them were of the Celtic type, the remainder being Anglo-Saxon. Two skulls, however, he believed to be Roman, and two others Lap and Danish.

In short, proof seems to point to their being the death roll of a great battle—such a one, in fact, as the one referred to between the Britons and Saxons in the very neighbourhood of Hythe in 456. This being the case, it is quite in the natural course of events that among the warriors should be some Romans who had lingered in the camp at Lympne, while the Laps and Danes most probably came over with the Saxons.

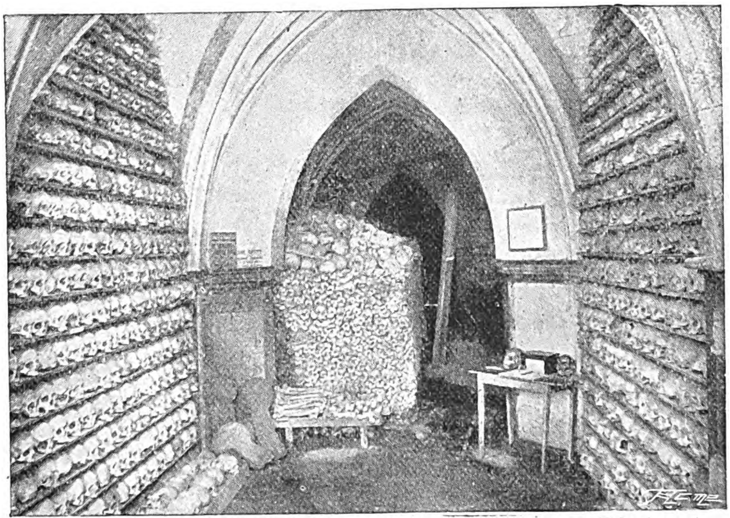
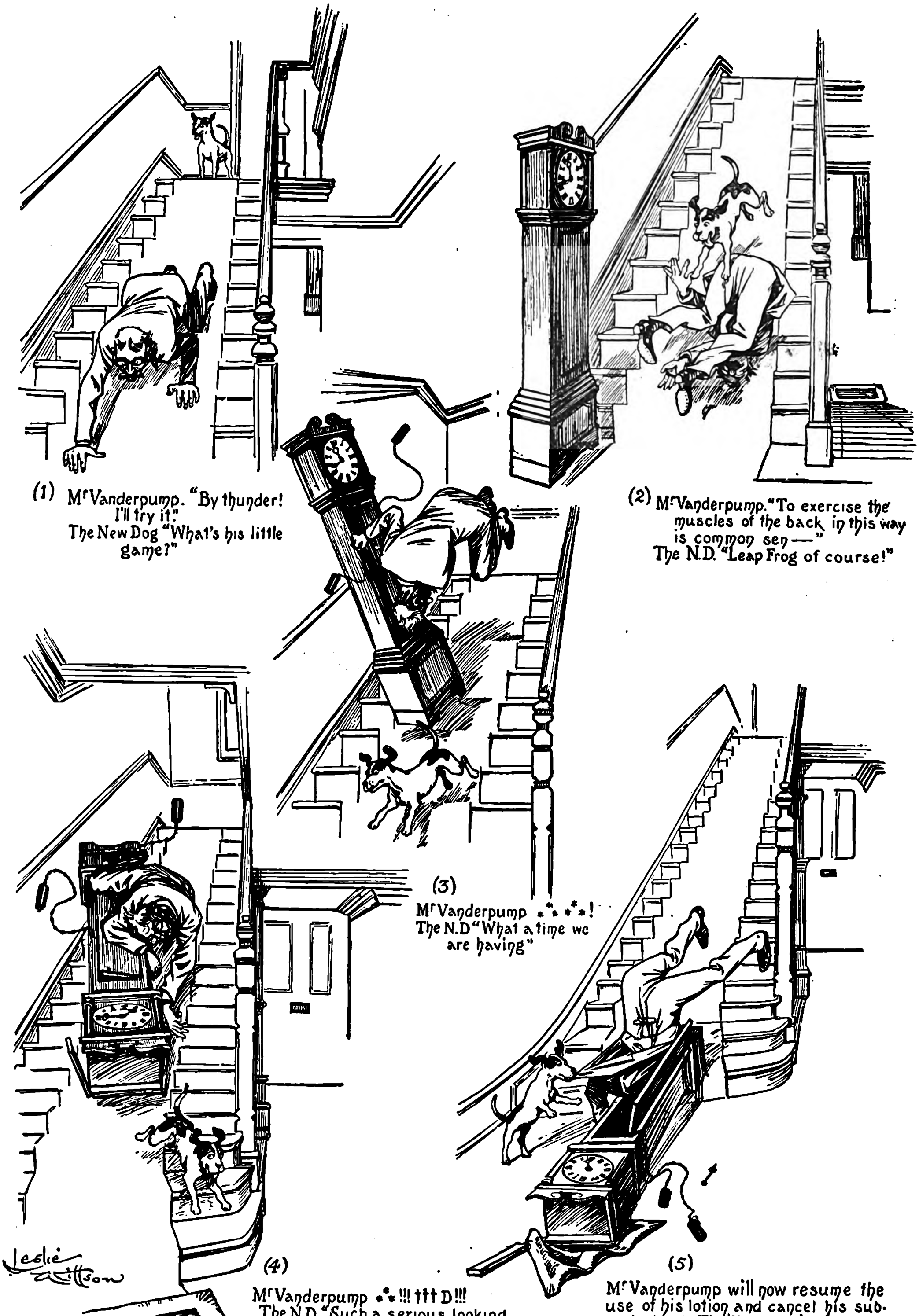


Photo by Valentine & Sons.

A general view of the crypt.



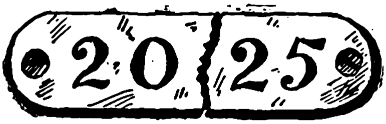
(1) Mr Vanderpump. "By thunder! I'll try it."
The New Dog "What's his little game?"
(2) Mr Vanderpump. "To exercise the muscles of the back in this way is common sen—"
The N.D. "Leap Frog of course!"
(3) Mr Vanderpump *****!
The N.D "What a time we are having"
(4) Mr Vanderpump **!!! †††D!!!
The N.D. "Such a serious looking man too!"
(5) Mr Vanderpump will now resume the use of his lotion and cancel his subscription to The Home Doctor
Leslie Willson

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO.

A BATCH OF PUZZLES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

Readers of “The Mill on the Floss” will remember that whenever Mr. Tulliver found himself confronted by any little difficulty he was accustomed to make the trite remark, “It’s a puzzling world.” There can be no denying the fact that we are surrounded on every hand by posers, some of which the intellect of man has mastered, and many of which may be said to be impossible of solution. Solomon himself, who may be supposed to have been as sharp as most men at solving a puzzle, had to admit “there be three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.”

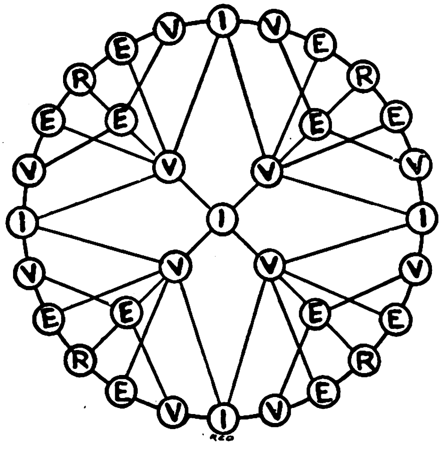


A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

To-day we add to these mysteries the quadrature of the circle, the constituent properties of “table delicacies,” the starting point of a train at Waterloo Station, the whereabouts of the suburban policeman, the position of the enemy’s navy, and innumerable other fascinating little items. From morning to night we are being perpetually brought face to face with puzzles. We start the day by trying to calculate the probable location of a fallen collar stud, and end in the attempt to give an entirely satisfactory solution to the problem, “Why have you come home so late, dear?”

It would be difficult to say which was the better (or, preferably, which was the less bad) of the two riddles propounded respectively by Samson and the Sphinx, but Samson’s is rather more interesting, because of its competitive character. When he published his riddle it was announced that solutions must be received within seven days, and that the prize would be “thirty sheets and thirty change of garments.”

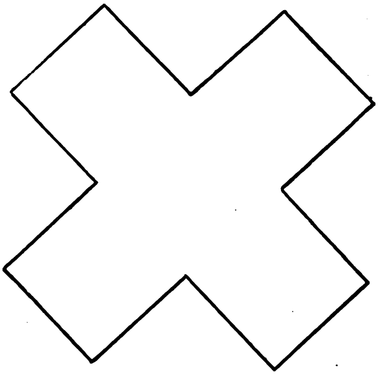
But there are puzzles and puzzles. Those that are usually devised for recreation and pastime may be roughly divided into two classes: Puzzles that are built up on some



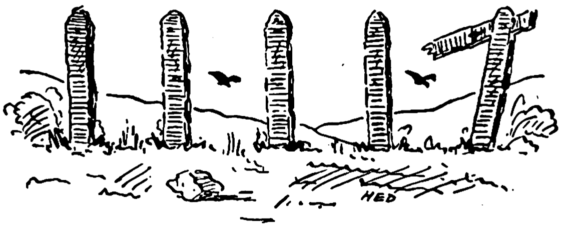
A “REVIVER” PUZZLE.

interesting or informing little principle, and puzzles that conceal no principle whatever—such as a picture cut at random into little bits to be put together again; or the juvenile imbecility known as the "Rebus," or "Picture Puzzle." The former species may be said to be adapted to the amusement of the sane man or woman; the latter can be confidently recommended to the feeble-minded.

Before presenting a batch of new puzzles to the readers of this magazine, it will, perhaps, be useful if I say one word on the question of difficulty of solution. Difficulty may be said to generally happen, rather than to be imparted to a puzzle: it is more an accident than anything else. You can never make sure when you set out to build up a poser on the foundation of some little recondite trick, no matter whether of an arithmetical, geometrical or mechanical kind, whether it will prove a very hard nut or a very soft one. And it is really a matter of minor importance in both cases, for the easiest puzzle is often the most entertaining, while an intensely difficult problem may be excessively stupid. Difficulty is often a useful feature in the case of a competition, but the maker of puzzles would never otherwise deliberately seek it. The following puzzles will be found to be of varying degrees of difficulty, and an attempt has been made to illustrate a variety of very different themes, so as to provide, if possible, something to the taste of every lover of this popular pastime.



SQUARES AND CROSS PUZZLE



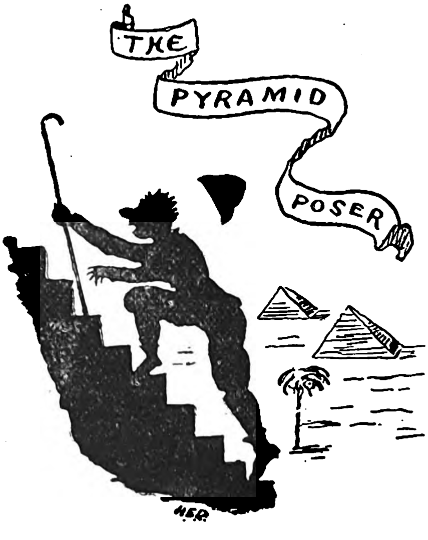
THE BROKEN PALINGS.

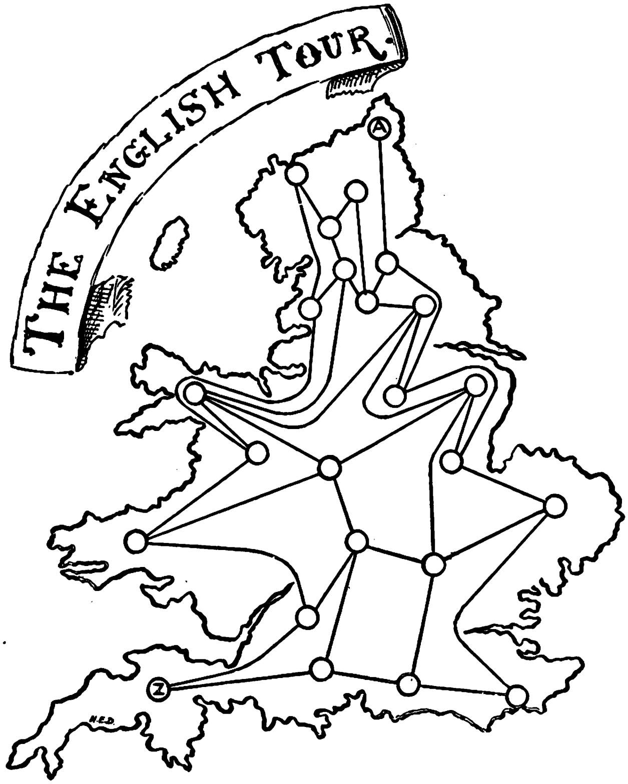
A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

In this case the illustration represents an enamelled number plate that I once saw on a railway carriage. It will be seen that it had got accidentally split in two. The peculiarity that I detected here is as follows: If we regard the 20 and the 25 as two separate numbers, add them together and square the sum (thus: $20+25=45$ and $45 \times 45=2025$), the result is the original number on the plate. Now, there are two other numbers of four figures that have the same peculiarity. Which are they?

A "REVIVER" PUZZLE.

This is an example of a puzzle that is not at all difficult, though it does seem a trifle bewildering at the first glance. It merely makes a demand on the reader's ability and accuracy in counting. But there are several ways of performing the operation of counting and the method we use should always be adapted to the circumstances of the particular case under consideration. If we want to count the number of labels in a sheet of

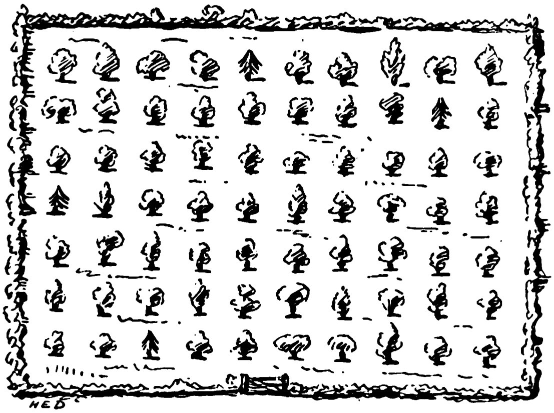




postage stamps, we multipiy the number of stamps on one side by the number on one of the contiguous sides. If we have to count a large flock of sheep, we work in a series of imaginary lines from one side of the field to the other. If it is required to find the sum of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., up to 50, we do not adopt the tedious process of writing them all down one under the other and adding them up. We know that the first and last numbers, 1 and 50, make 51; the second and last but one, 2 and 49, make 51; and so on through all the twenty-five pairs. We have therefore merely to multiply 51 by 25 to get the correct answer—1275.

Similarly, the present puzzle is very easy if you happen to hit on the simple method of solving it. Without some sort of method, one is liable, as in the operation of counting the sands of the sea shore, to leave out one or two little items. The question is simply this: in how many different ways may we spell out the word "Reviver" in the illustration? You may go upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards—in short in any way you like, subject to the simple condition that you must always pass along a line from one letter straight to another, and when you come to a letter you must use it and pass on again to the next letter in the word.

Place the point of your pencil on one of the R's and trace out the word once or twice. You will then realise that it is easier to lose count than to keep it, and much more difficult to avoid dropping a route than to find one. I shall try to show, when giving the solution next month, that it is as easy as shelling peas if properly attacked.



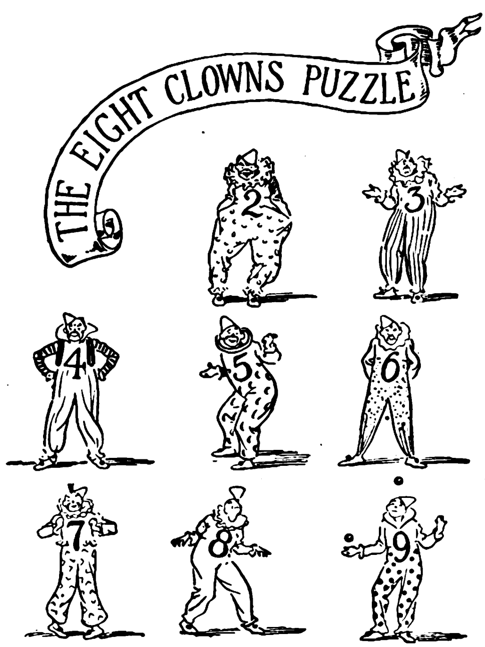
A PUZZLING PLANTATION.

SQUARES AND CROSS PUZZLE.

To those readers who have a special preference for puzzles of a geometrical kind, I present this new cross puzzle. Most of them will know the old problem requiring a Greek cross to be cut into four pieces that will fit together and form a square. The puzzle in the present case is to cut the cross into five pieces so as to form two separate squares, one of which will have exactly half the area of one of the arms of the cross. The solution is quite simple and pretty.

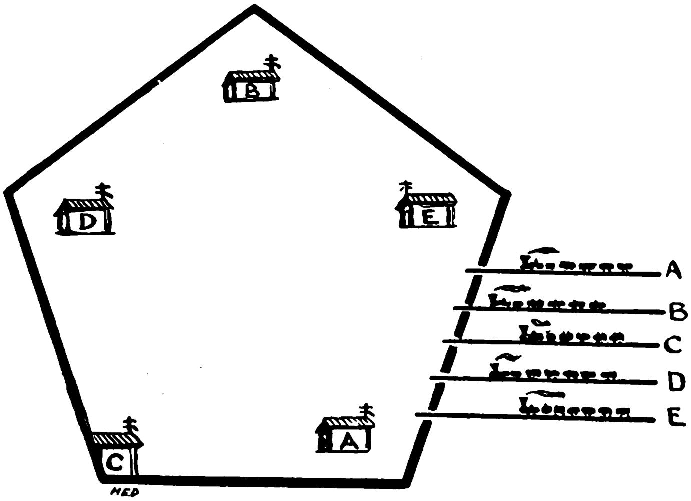
THE BROKEN PALINGS.

The manner in which one gets an idea for a puzzle is often very curious. I was once taking a rest during a walking tour at a spot where there happened to be in front of me some broken palings, of which I give a sketch. The two birds, flying in the line of sight, caused the posts to appear to my imagination as £11 : 11 : 7, but after they had flown away the posts became simply 11117. Reducing the £11 : 11 : 7 to farthings, I was surprised to find the result to be 11116. I then asked myself, is it possible to find a sum of money in pounds, shillings, and pence which may be reduced correctly to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the shillings from the pounds and the pence from the shillings? I will leave the reader to discover such a sum of money.



THE PYRAMID POSER.

Here we have a silhouette portrait of an English tourist flying up a pyramid four steps at a time. It is not his enthusiasm as a climber that urges him on so wildly, but some lower influence. I believe it is a lion. A singular feature in connection with this pyramid is that if you go up two steps at a time, there is one step left for the last bound; if you go up three at a time, there are two steps left; if you go up four at a time, there are three left; if five at a time, four are left; if six at a time, five are left; and if you go up seven steps at a time, there are actually six risers left for the last bound. Now, how many steps are there to that pyramid? There are fewer than 1500. I may mention as an interesting fact that the two smaller pyramids shown in the distance have the same peculiarity.



THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE.

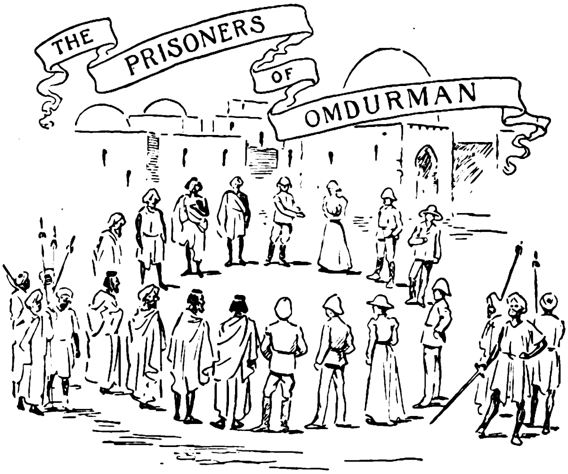
A PUZZLING PLANTATION.

Some of my readers would probably have said that this batch of posers was not complete if it had not included an "orchard" puzzle, or at any rate one dealing in some way with the "points and lines" principle. These problems usually take the form of requiring a certain number of lines with so many trees in each line to be formed with a given number of trees. On the present occasion I vary this by giving the trees actually planted, and asking the solver to simply cut down those that are not needed.

It will be seen that the plantation contains seventy trees. The puzzle is to cut down forty-eight trees so that the twenty-two that remain shall form twenty rows with four trees in every row.

THE ENGLISH TOUR.

This puzzle has to do with railway routes, and in these days of much travelling should prove useful. The map of England shows twenty-four towns, connected by a system of railways. A resident at the town marked A at the top of the map proposes to visit every one of the towns once and only once, and to finish up his tour at Z. This would be easy enough if he were able to cut across country by road, as well as by rail, but he is not. How does he perform the feat? Take your pencil and, starting from A, pass from town to town, making a dot in the towns you have visited, and see if you can end at Z.



THE EIGHT CLOWNS.

This illustration represents a troupe of clowns I once saw on the Continent. Each clown had one of the numbers 1 to 9 on his chest. After going through the usual tumbling, juggling, and other antics, they generally concluded with a few curious little numerical tricks, one of which was the rapid formation of a number of magic squares. It occurred to me that if clown No. 1 failed to appear (as happens in the illustration), this last item of their performance might not be so easy. The reader is asked to discover how these eight clowns may arrange themselves in the form of a square (one place being vacant), so that every one of the three columns, three rows, and each of the two diagonals shall add up the same. The vacant place may be at any part of the square, but it is No. 1 that must be absent.

THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE.

Our illustration shows the plan of a Chinese city protected by pentagonal fortifications. Five European Powers were scheming and clamouring for a concession to run a railway to the place; and at last one of the Emperor's more brilliant advisers said, "Let every one of them have a concession!" So the Celestial Government officials were kept busy arranging the details. The letters in the diagram show the different nationalities, and indicate not only just where each line must enter the city, but also where the station belonging to that line must be located. As it was agreed that the line of one company must never cross the line of another, the representatives of the various countries concerned were engaged so many weeks in trying to find a solution to the problem, that in the meantime a change in the Chinese Government was brought about, and the whole scheme fell through. Take your pencil, and trace out the route for the line A to A, B to B, C to C, and so on, without ever allowing one line to cross another or pass through another company's station.

THE PRISONERS OF OMDURMAN.

Just before the battle of Omdurman, the Kalipha gave orders for the prisoners to be brought before him. There were eight Europeans and eight Abyssinians. "Kill half of them," said the Kalipha, as he rode off with Osman Digna. This was all very fine, but he had not said which half—an unimportant matter to him, but not equally so to the prisoners. As the executioner (who had formerly been a barber) was sharpening his sword, he was heard to remark:

"Next, please!"

There was an awkward pause.

"Half a minute," said the European at the head of the picture; "I'm just arranging my friends in a circle."

"What is it? Kiss-in-the-ring?" asked the Dervish. "If so, I'll stand out."

"No; I propose to count a certain number, round and round, and you can dispatch each person in turn upon whom that number happens to fall. How does that suit you?"

He never got his reply, for at that moment a shell fell in the neighbourhood and altered the current of their thoughts. The British troops shortly afterwards entered Omdurman, and the sixteen prisoners were again free men and women.

The puzzle is this: Counting a certain number, beginning with the white man at the top of the picture, and going round and round the circle in the direction that individual is pointing, I am prepared to slay every man or woman on whom that number falls, and every person so slayed shall be an Abyssinian. What is the smallest possible number that will serve my purpose and kill all the Abyssinians in rotation? Of course, directly the number falls on a man he is slain and disappears from the merry circle, while the counting begins afresh.

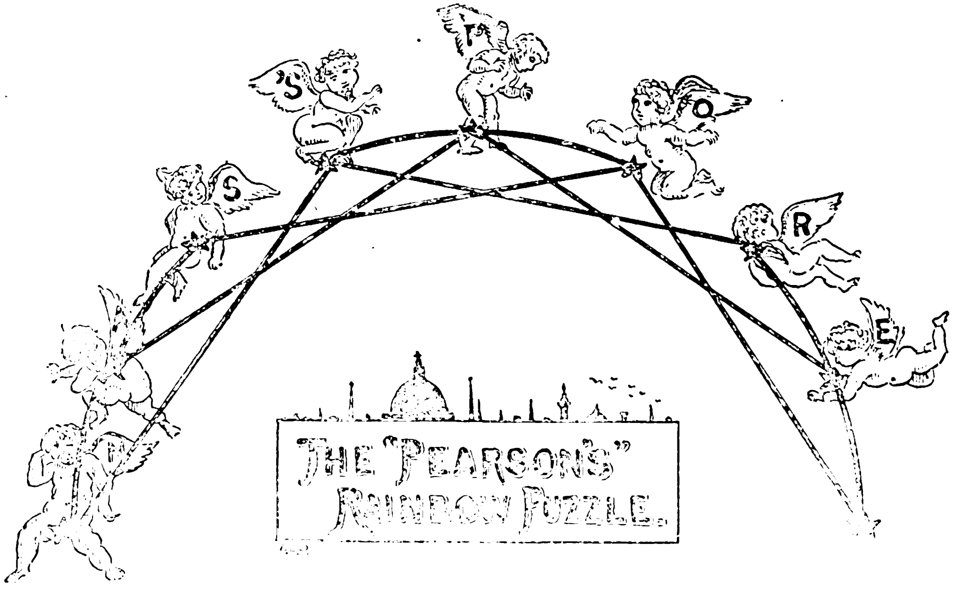
THE "PEARSON'S" RAINBOW PUZZLE.

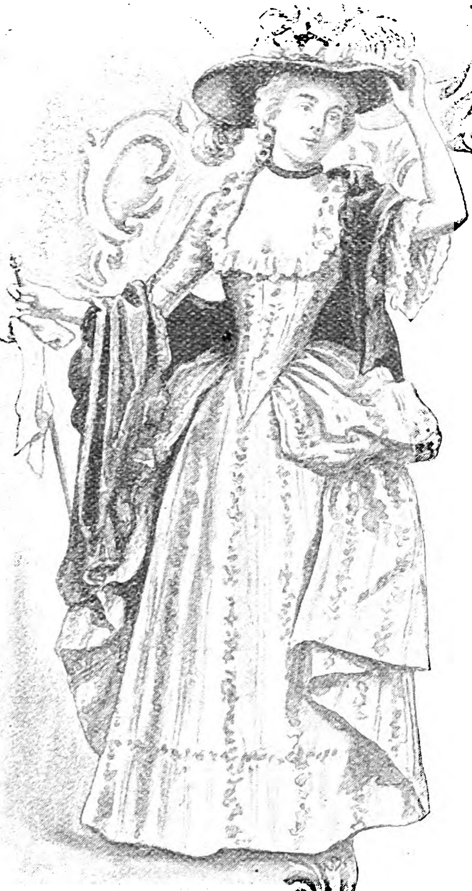
My last sketch represents a somewhat fanciful notion of eight little cherubs disporting themselves on a rainbow.

It will be noticed that each cherub bears a letter on his wing. There are nine gems, or stars, in the rainbow, and on the first eight of these the cherubs appear in the order "Nas'spore." This is not an Indian town, but merely a disarrangement of the letters in the word "Pearson's." The puzzle is to get these letters back into their proper order in the fewest possible moves. To do this we must lead the cherubs one at a time along the lines to the star that is for the time being vacant, but no two cherubs may ever be together on a star. As we must pass in a direct line from one star to another, it will be seen that the first move must be made either by O or E. Supposing we move O, then either P or S must move next. Supposing S moves, then A is compelled to move next. And so on, until all the letters are in proper order, and read "Pearson's," with the ninth star vacant. Notice that one S has the apostrophe before it, and must therefore be the S that comes at the end of the word.

The best way for the reader to attack this little puzzle is to make a copy of the lines and stars arrangement on a large sheet of paper or cardboard, and then use eight counters bearing the letters, and placed in the order shown, moving them from star to star in the manner explained. Try to do this in the fewest possible moves. As only one cherub can move at a time, and as there is never more than one star to which a move can be made, it will be found sufficient, in recording the moves, to say O-S-A, etc. I shall show the shortest possible solution to the puzzle. Can you find it?

The solutions to all the puzzles contained in this article will appear in The Royal Magazine for February, 1899.





GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

MARJORIE went to the masquerade,
Dressed in her grandmother's old brocade,
She was gaily powdered, and patched, and laced,
With a very long skirt, and a very short waist.

To the strains of the music we danced away;
The old gown rustled, and seemed to say:
"Young man, I am older by far than you.
Pray listen to me, and I'll tell you true,

"How Marjorie's grandmamma, years ago,
Served many a wigged and powdered beau.
She would sit on the stairs, and cut quadrilles
She had promised to gallants all satin and frills.

"She'd flirt with a judge or Lib'ral or Tory,
And each would tell her the old, old story:
As with maidenly art, she sat below
The snow-white berries of mistletoe.

"So beware of the granddaughter, young and fair,
What grandmother did, she'll also dare:
Don't let her wiles ensnare you, too,
For women are women, the ages through.

Marjorie wore my roses fair
In her quaint corsage, and golden hair;
But she answered "No," to my love that night,
And I ruefully pondered,
"Old gown, you're right."

MacGregor Jenkins

WHALES.

By Charles Ray.

Most of us in our childhood were taught two facts about the whale—firstly, that it is the largest of living creatures, and secondly, that it is not a fish, but an animal. Beyond these facts, however, it is astonishing how little is known of the gigantic creature that inhabits the deep, and is so much sought after for the valuable products of its body. It comes within the province of Natural History, of course, to describe in detail the habits of the whale, but there are many facts in connection with the creature itself and with the history of what has been misnamed the whale "fishery," which are well worth recording in the pages of a magazine.

Whales are by no means unknown in this country, as interesting specimens are, from time to time, stranded upon our coasts. The most recent example was that which was left high and dry upon the beach at Birchington near Margate. We publish below a photograph of this whale, and other interesting photographs will also be found of whales which have been stranded round the British coasts.

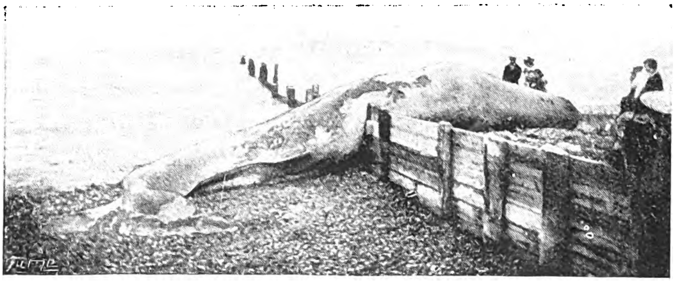


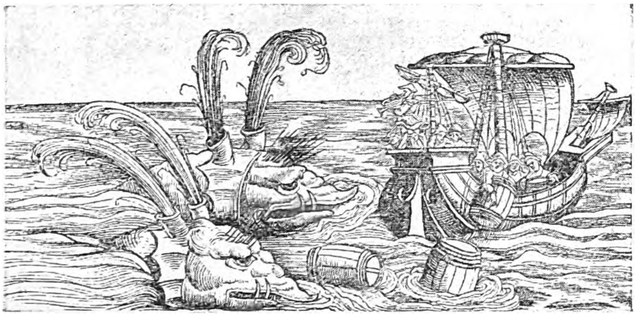
Photo by Geo. Cousins, Birchington.

Whale stranded on the beach at Birchington, near Margate. It took many days to cut up and dispose of the huge carcase.

The earliest instance of one of these monsters of the deep being washed ashore is recorded by that quaint though graphic writer, Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala. This is how he recounts the story told to him by "a certain noble Englishman":—

"In the moneth of August, 1532, our seas cast upon the shore at Tinmouth a dead beast of a vast magnitude, which is now the greatest part wasted; yet there remains still as much of it as about one hundred great waggons can draw. They that first saw this beast say it was about thirty ells long, that is, ninety feet; from the belly to the backbone, as it lay in the sands, it was about eight or nine ells, but the certain measure is not set down. I came thither the twenty-seventh of August, when this beast stank that we could scarce endure it. His wide chaps were six ells long and a half; his mandible contained seven ells and a half, in some places they were an ell and a half about, in some places lesse and were as great as an oke. He had thirty ribs on his sides, for the most part of them, twenty-one feet long apiece. It had three bellies like vast caves, and thirty throats, whereof five were very great. It had two fins, and each was fifteen feet long; ten oxen could scarce draw one of them away. His eyes and nostrils were like to an oxes, and were too small for so great a body. When a certain man rended off his share, he was like to be drowned falling into the belly of the beast, unless he had cotched hold on one of the ribs to support himself."

This amusing description of a whale, fanciful as it may seem to be in certain places, is, upon the whole, pretty accurate. It is evidently written by one who had seen the creature. Here, however, are some startling details of northern whales, given in all good faith by the guileless Archbishop. No doubt, as he tells us, the description was given to him by "mariners."



The ancient idea of a whirlpool was that it was a species of very cruel whale which cast floods of water above its head and flooded the ship.

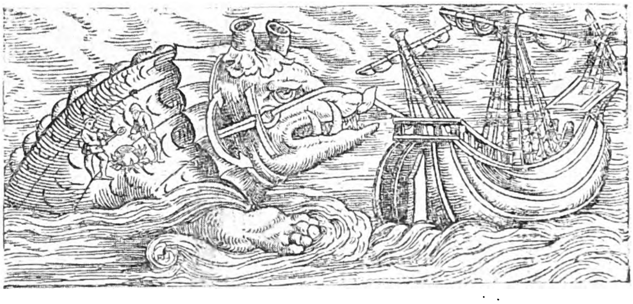
"There are," he says, "monstrous fish on the coasts or sea of Norway, who show their cruelty at first sight and make men afraid to see them, and if men looke long on them they will fright and amaze them. Their forms are horrible; their heads square, all set with prickles and they have sharp long horns roundabout, like a tree rooted up by the roots. They are ten or twelve cubits long, very black and with huge eyes. The apple of the eye is of one cubit, and is red and fiery coloured, which in the dark night appears to fishermen afar off under waters as a burning fire, having hairs like goose-feathers, thick and long, like a beard hanging down; the rest of the body, for the greatness of the head, which is square, is very small, not being over fourteen or fifteen cubits long; one of these sea monsters will drown easily many great ships provided with many strong mariners."

Startling as all this may seem, it is nothing to that which follows when Olaus is writing "of the many kinds of whales." "There are," he declares, "many kinds of whales; some are hairy and of four acres in bigness; the acre is 240ft. long and 120ft. broad; some have their jaws long and full of teeth, namely 12ft. or 14ft. long, and the teeth are 6ft. or 8ft. or 12ft. long. This kind of whale hath a fit mouth to eat, and his eyes are so large that fifteen men may sit in the room of each of them, and sometimes twenty or more, as the beast is in quantity. His horns are 6ft. or 7ft. long, and he hath 250 upon each eye. These grow together to defend his eye in tempestuous weather, or when any other beast that is his enemy sets upon him."

But what can we expect from a writer who actually describes the whirlpool as a living creature of the whale type? Olaus tells us that:

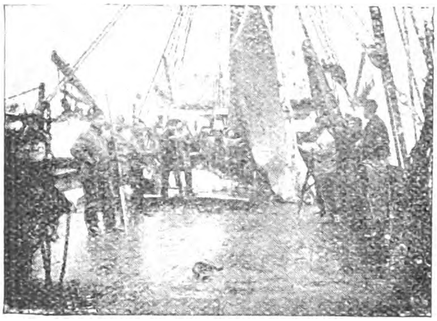
"The whirlpool, or prister is of the kind of whales, 200 cubits long and is very cruel. For to the danger of sea men, he will sometimes raise himself beyond the sail yards and cast such floods of waters above his head, which he had sucked in, that with a cloud of them he will often sink the strongest ships or expose the marriners to extream danger. This beast hath also a long and large round mouth, like a lamprey, whereby he sucks in his meat or water. He hath a thick black skin, all his body over; long fins like to broad feet and a forked tale fifteen or twenty foot broad, wherewith he forcibly binds any parts of the ship he twists it about."

Truly delightful are the rules laid down by the Archbishop for hunting this "creature." He says: "A trumpet of war is the fit remedy against him by reason of the sharp noise which he cannot endure; or a strong cannon or guns, with the sound whereof he is more frightened than with a stone or iron bullet, because this ball looseth its force, being hindered by its fat or by the water, or wounds but a little his most vast body that hath a rampart of mighty fat to defend it."



Another notion of old time chroniclers was that whales so closely resembled islands that ships frequently anchored to them, whilst the sailors landed and lit fires.

One of our illustrations from a contemporary print, shows a couple of whirlpools attacking a "great ship provided with many strong marriners." It will be noticed that one of the "strong marriners" is fighting the

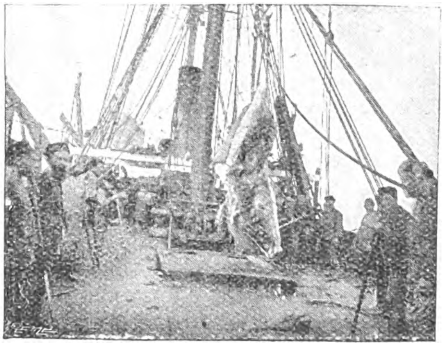


The lip of a whale. Its length is 20 feet.

whirlpools with "the fit remedy"—a trumpet of war.

Another contemporary print is very diverting. It illustrates the following passages from Olaus Magnus:

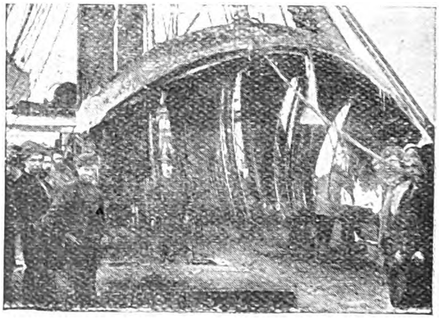
"The whale hath upon his skin a superficies like the gravel that is by the seaside; so that oft times it is when he raises his back above the waters saylors take it to be nothing else but an island, and sayl into it; and go down upon it, and strike in piles unto it, and fasten them to their ship; they kindle fires to boyl their meat; until, at length, the whale, feeling the fire, dives down to the bottome, and such as are upon his back, unless they can save themselves by ropes thrown forth of the ship, are drowned."



A whale's tongue; generally the first portion to be cut out. Its average weight is three tons.

Of course, the most ridiculous inaccuracy in the whole of these extracts is that referring to the eye of the whale. As will be noticed from some of our photographs, the eye is altogether out of proportion to the other parts of this monstrous creature; in fact, it is no larger than the eye of a horse or an ox, and this is a wise provision of Nature to protect the visionary organ of the whale from the tremendous weight of water, which presses upon it when the creature dives a great distance below the surface.

But if the eye is small, some of the other parts of the whale are enormously large. For instance, the tail is frequently over 100 square feet in extent, and although the length is only 6ft. or 7ft, the breadth frequently extends to 26ft. or 27ft. With its tail the whale can smash a powerfully built boat in a moment, and can lash the sea into such a fury of foam that the sound can be heard like a tempest for several miles distance. The whale's head is usually a third of the whole body, and the jawbones are 16ft. to 20ft. in length.



A whale's upper jaw, showing the whalebone.

One of our photographs shows the lip of a whale. It is 20ft. long, and has a cavity large enough to hold a ship's jolly boat with its crew. Another interesting photograph shows the tongue, which has just been hauled on board. It consists of a soft thick mass, and after the capture of a whale, this is the first portion which is cut from the body. The average weight of the tongue is about three tons. The fin of a whale is usually 9ft. long, and 4ft. or 5ft. broad; whilst the weight is several tons.

It is certainly a great nuisance for the local

A whale's fin. Usually it is about 9 feet long and 4 or 5 feet wide.

The above photos are by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

authorities when a great whale is stranded on the British coast. The creature is useless as a commercial commodity, owing to the lack of appliances for dealing with it, and decomposition sets in so rapidly that, if left for very long, it becomes a source of sanitary danger. And yet to get rid of a whale is no easy task. At Birchington, for example, many days were occupied in cutting up the whale, and disposing of the mighty carcase.

The whale washed ashore in the Tay, in 1884, was of the hump-backed tribe, whilst the Stonehaven whale was of the finner tribe.

Zoological gardens and aquariums always covet a live whale, but owing to its size, and the vast quantity of water which is necessary for its preservation, the creature cannot be kept alive in captivity. An attempt was made in 1877, when a live whale from Labrador, 9ft. 6in. in length, reached the Westminster Aquarium. It arrived on September 24th, and died five days later. A white whale arrived in the same year, and lived less than a month. One of the largest whales ever captured was towed into Ostend Harbour some half-century ago. It was considerably over 100ft. long, and the weight was 249 tons. Four thousand gallons of oil were obtained from the blubber. The skeleton, it is interesting to note, was brought to London and exhibited to the public on the site of what is now Trafalgar Square.

At the present time Londoners have a splendid opportunity of gaining an accurate idea of what the whale is like. A new Whale Gallery has just been opened at the Natural History Museum, and by the courtesy of the authorities the ROYAL MAGAZINE is able to publish a series of photographs, the first ever taken in the gallery. There is a fine specimen of the sperm whale, some 50ft. in length, which was washed ashore near Thurso, in Caithness Bay, in July, 1863. In addition, there are many specimens of smaller creatures, one of the most interesting of which is a specimen of the white whale, a small species of no commercial value. The creature is of the colour of milk, and it is caught in large nets by the Greenlander for use as food. The whales at the Natural History Museum are so arranged, that on one side may be seen a representation of the body, whilst on the other the skeleton is exhibited.

A remarkable trait of the whale's character is its timidity. A bird alighting on its back will sometimes send it off in great agitation and alarm. And yet so intense is its maternal

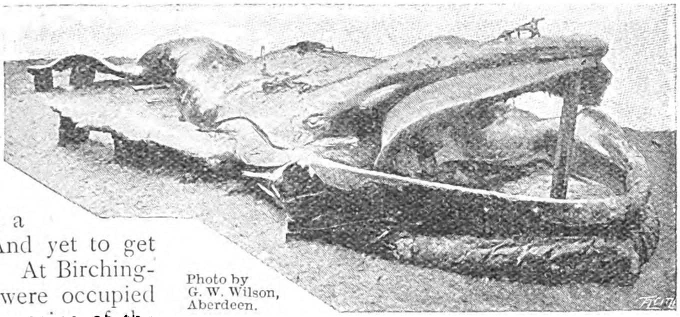


Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

A whale cast up at the mouth of the River Tay. It was one of the hump-backed tribe.

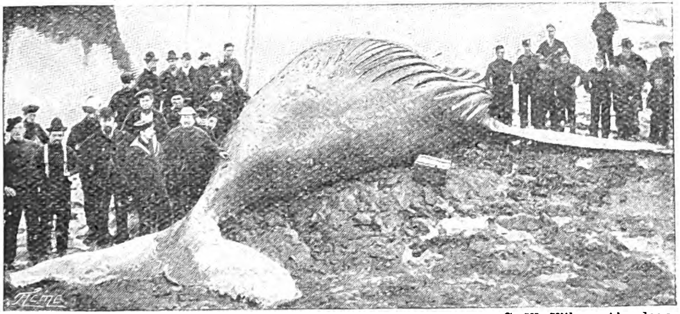


Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

The carcase of a Finner whale, stranded at Stonehaven.

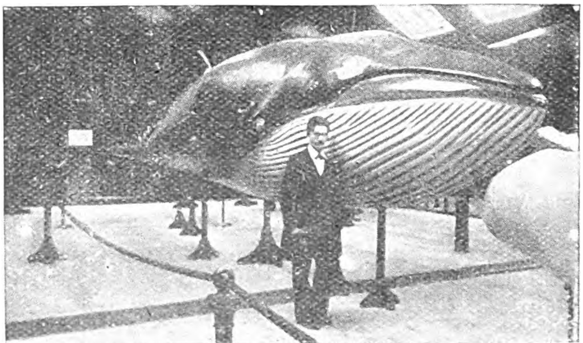
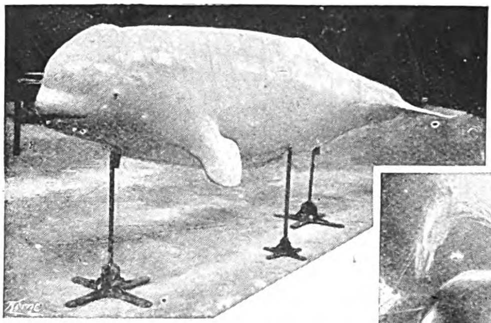


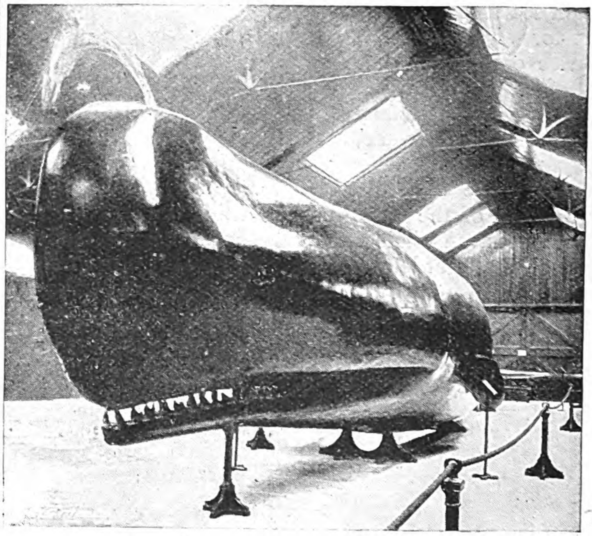
Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Northern Rorqual, 45ft. long, washed ashore at Tilbury, 19th October, 1887.

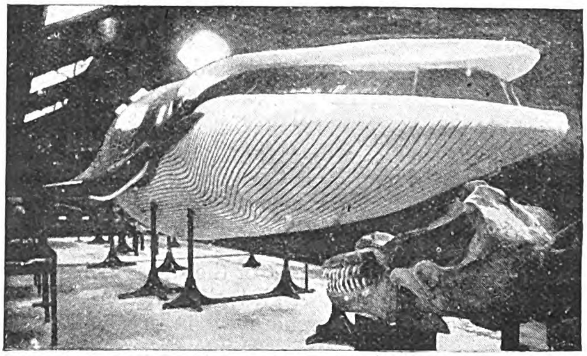


A white whale. These are caught by the Greenlanders in nets.

love, that, when its young is in danger, the whale will become as bold as a lion, and will often attack a boat's crew. Dr. Scoresby, one of the greatest authorities on whale life, in his account of the Arctic regions, makes the following remarks on the subject:—

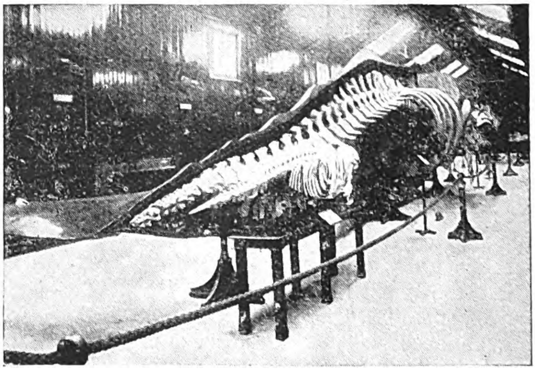


A sperm whale over 50 feet in length.



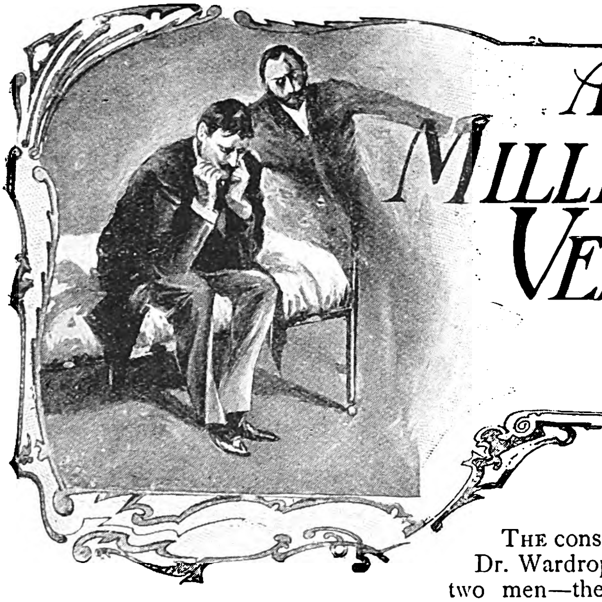
A common Rorqual, 69ft. long, stranded in Moray Firth 22nd March, 1880.

"The maternal affection of the whale, which in other respects is apparently a stupid animal, is striking and interesting. The cub (or young whale), being insensible to danger, is easily harpooned, when the tender attachment of the mother is so manifested as not infrequently to bring it within reach of the whalers. Hence, although a cub is of little value, seldom producing above a ton of oil and often less, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its mother. In this case she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration; encourages it to swim off; assists its flight by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach, but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her; and often voluntarily remains with her offspring after various attacks on herself from the harpoons of the fishers. . . . There is something extremely painful in the destruction of a whale when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human beings."



The skeleton of the sperm whale shown in the photo above.

The above photos are by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.



A MILLIONAIRE'S VENGEANCE.

By W. Alexander Ross.

The consulting room of the famous specialist, Dr. Wardroper, Harley Street, W. In it are two men—the doctor himself and Sir George Gilderoy, a millionaire twice told. The specialist has just finished his diagnosis, and an expression of pity flits across his face as he turns to his patient.

He sees before him a man of magnificent physique and in the prime of life, doomed to death. In spite of wealth which could purchase the highest medical skill in the universe, there is nothing, absolutely nothing which could save him from death within a few months—a year at most.

"Well?"

"I am sorry, Sir George, but we can do nothing."

There is silence for a few seconds while the two men sit facing each other. The specialist sees a sudden twitch of the muscles of the millionaire's face as the purport of his reply dawns on him. For an instant there is a look of terror in his eyes and a convulsive gulp in his throat, and then a bitter smile appears.

"Then I am doomed to death, doctor—no chance of a reprieve?"

"Humanly speaking, absolutely none," replies the specialist gravely.

The doomed millionaire shrugs his shoulders grimly.

"How long can you promise me in the world, doctor? You may as well be perfectly frank about it. A millionaire cannot afford to die in the careless way of most mortals. His interests are too many. He is always expected to set his house in order before allowing that to happen which will entitle an ungrateful country to the death duties on his estate."

"Six months for certain, I should say, but not more than a year at the outside."

Five minutes later Sir George Gilderoy steps into his carriage and is whirled rapidly away to his palatial home in Park Lane.

He laughs in a reckless bitter fashion to himself as he leans back and realises that life is over for him as surely as it is for the poor wretch whose sentence is being blazoned forth on every news placard his carriage passes—"The Vauxhall Murder—Sentence and Scene." Three clear Sundays for the murderer. Fifty-two at the outside for the millionaire. What a mockery it seemed. The murderer—a burly Lifeguardsman—full of life and vigour, with muscles of steel and the courage of a lion, to be sent to swift and violent death by the hangman. The millionaire in the prime of life, the moving spirit in half-a-dozen tremendous commercial ventures, head and shoulders above his fellow-men in shrewdness and intellectual ability, yet with bone and sinew enough for a pioneer in a new country—all that energy and ability to be wiped out of existence in a few weeks, simply because the medical skill of the century was powerless to arrest the insidious disease which had fastened upon him. This, while men and women and children, insignificant in strength or importance, were being patched up to last out an average lifetime in the thirty and odd hospitals of the metropolis.

"Penniless at one-and-twenty—a millionaire at thirty—son-in-law to a Duke at two-and-thirty—a baronet at four-and-thirty—and dead at six-and-thirty," he muttered to himself. "No child to bear my name, to inherit my wealth—and this is life!"

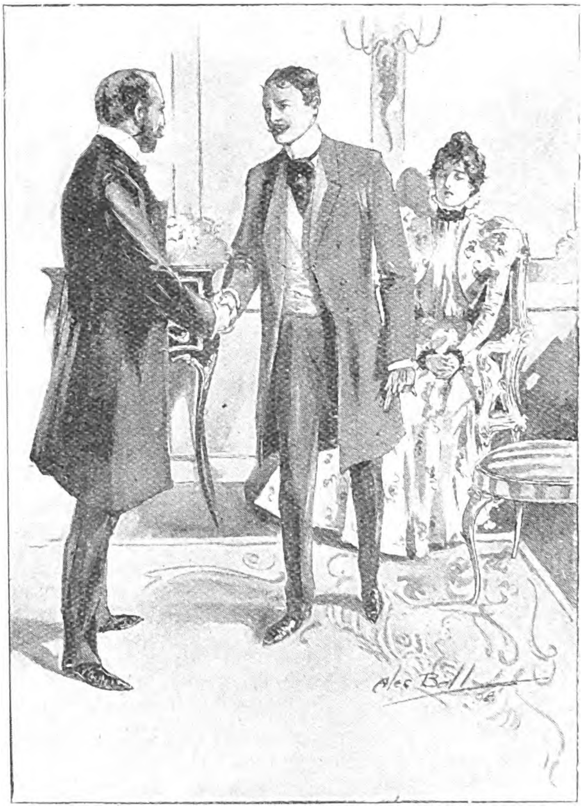
It is striking three as he enters the portals of the palace which will know him as its master but for so brief a space longer. The obsequious footman comes to relieve him of his hat and stick. It is a hideous dream to him. He feels a dead man already in the midst of all that splendour. He pauses at the foot of the priceless staircase for a moment, and sees his final coming down—in a casing of lead and oak—and he shudders.

"Where is her ladyship?"

"In the white drawing room, Sir George."

The millionaire goes swiftly up the stairs—he can smell the sickly odour of the funeral wreaths—and enters the white drawing room.

There is a quick rustle of skirts as he enters, and a pinker tinge than usual shows on his lady's cheek. She is alone, save for the presence of one visitor, a well-groomed young fellow who is the most popular society medico in the profession. He, too, shows just a glimmer of embarrassment as Sir George strides across the room. Lady Gilderoy watches her husband keenly as he greets his visitor.



The millionaire's face is as impassive as stone, and his greeting cordiality itself.

But the millionaire's face is as impassive as stone, and his greeting cordiality itself.

"Not a professional visit, Hensley, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Sir George! Lady Gilderoy never commits the *gaucherie* of requiring professional advice at such an unconscionable hour in the day as this."

Her ladyship sinks back into her chair with an almost imperceptible but, nevertheless, unmistakable sigh of relief, and watches her husband and Dr. Hensley between half-closed eyelids as they talk. Sir George does not stop long in the room. He exchanges just a few commonplaces with the doctor, and then excuses himself. Outside the drawing-room door he turns to a footman.

"When Dr. Hensley is leaving, ask him to come to me in the library. I wish to see him."

"Yes, Sir George," replies the man-servant, with the expressionless stare of his calling.

* *

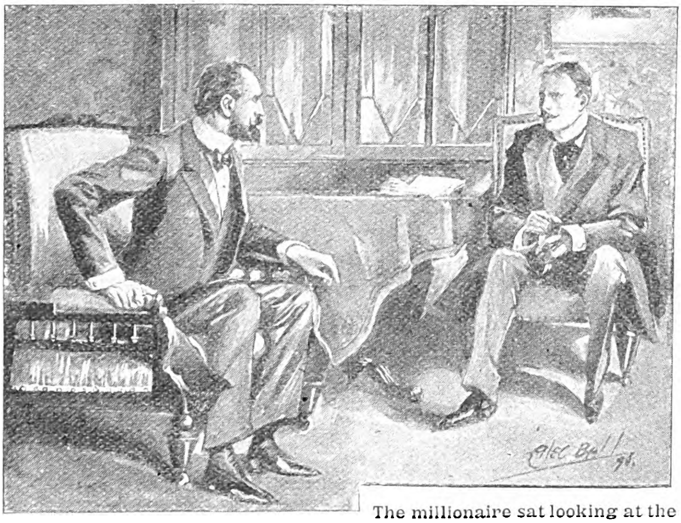
Sir George dropped heavily into a chair when he entered the library, and sat staring moodily into the fire. Thought was passing swiftly in his mind, and there was a sullen glare in his eyes and a rigid look about the muscles of his jaw which boded ill for someone.

"I'll find out the truth," he muttered savagely between his clenched teeth, "and if it is what I suspect, I'll have a grand revenge before the grave has me."

He sprang up, and paced the room for a time. A year at most was all he had to live. An hour ago it had seemed to him that his life's work was done, and that there was nothing left for him to do but wait in patience and sadness for the end. But now it was changed. Fate had singled him out from among mankind, as a victim upon whom to play one of its most fantastic ironies. It had made him a millionaire, and just when he had begun to realise the tremendous possibilities that life held for a modern Midas, it was quietly putting him to a slow but none the less certain death. The man was mad for vengeance against the world, against Fate, against everybody. And now Fate had given a man into his hands—his wife's lover.

Sir George had read that little drawing-room comedy like a page of an open book. Not a single thing had escaped him—not even the tiny fluttering sigh of relief of Lady Gilderoy when he greeted Dr. Hensley like a man who saw, who knew, who suspected nothing.

Backward and forward he strode, the sullen gleam in his eyes growing more intense, and the sinister set of his jaw more defined at every turn. The blood was racing through his brain like liquid fire, and he vainly racked it for a scheme of vengeance.



The millionaire sat looking at the smart young doctor with a smile which the latter could not translate.

Suddenly he burst into a wild laugh and flung himself into his chair.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "a scheme worthy of Sir George Gilderoy, the millionaire — the Napoleon of finance, as men call me. A wild death for me and for them——"

The library door swung open, and Dr. Hensley was announced.

"You wished to see me?"

The millionaire bowed, and pointed to a chair.

There was a long pause after the heavy door had closed before either of the two men spoke. Sir George sat looking at the smart young doctor with a smile, which the latter could not translate. There was something uncanny about it, and for the life of him he could not suppress a slight shudder. The millionaire saw it, and laughed quietly.

"You must forgive my laughter, Hensley, for I am going to ask you a question which will move you to mirth."

A warm glow of relief came over the doctor. He was beginning to fear that the interview with the millionaire would be unpleasant in that it would have reference to his flirtation with Lady Gilderoy. Even a popular and handsome young society physician could scarcely have stood the enmity of Sir George. A scandal, in which his name and that of the millionaire's wife were coupled, would spell social and financial ruin.

He could hardly trust himself to speak, and his only reply was an inclination of the head.

"Well, Dr. Hensley, look me straight in the face—look keenly with the eye of an expert, and tell me how long you think I have to live."

Hensley felt his face growing pale and his lips getting dry. There seemed so sinister a drift in the question.

"What was Sir George driving at?" he asked himself as in obedience to the request he looked him square in the face and noted its powerful lines, and the expression which showed what an awful amount of will-power the millionaire had. But he saw nothing in his face which gave a clue to the motive of the question.

"Well?"

"Are you serious, Sir George?"

"Serious! Serious! Why, man, is there anything more serious than the proximateness or otherwise of the day of dissolution? You think it a jest. Be it so—but your answer, Hensley, your answer!"

"The remainder of the allotted span, according to the Psalmist, ought to be yours, if appearances are any guide."

"Then, Dr. Hensley, as a physician you

have no reasonable hope of my demise occurring within—say a year?"

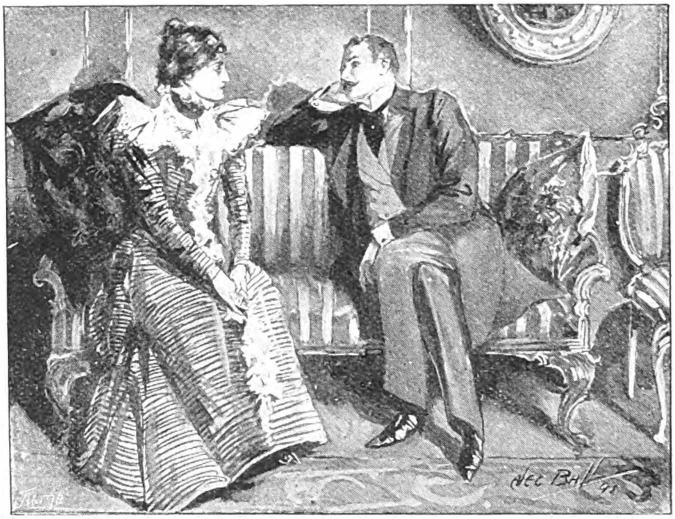
"Hope, Sir George?" echoed Hensley in astonishment.

The millionaire laughed in that uncomfortably sardonic fashion again.

"A curious expression, 'hope,' isn't it?" he said, half speaking to himself. "Why should you cherish a hope of my demise—why—why? A joke of mine, Hensley—a mere joke of mine. You must pardon it as the ill-timed pleasantry—not of a millionaire, but of a dying man," and he bent forward, scrutinizing the doctor's face as he spoke the last words slowly and gravely.

"You speak in riddles, Sir George. I fail to follow you."

"I will give you the solution in a single sentence—shall I?"



Dr. Hensley was an exceedingly frequent visitor to the palace in Park Lane.

Hensley did not reply for a few seconds. Nerving himself desperately, he strove to read what was in the other man's mind. But he could gather nothing from that set, stern face with its sardonic smile. The millionaire was as inscrutable as the Sphinx itself. It was no use hesitating any longer. He might just as well have it out without any more beating about the bush.

"The sentence——?"

"Was pronounced by Wardroper, of Harley Street, half an hour ago."

"Great Heavens! Not Dr. Wardroper?" exclaimed Hensley, nearly springing to his feet with surprise.

"The same. You know him, and in what he is a specialist. He gave me at most a year more of life."

Hensley was too dazed for the moment to utter a word. But his mind travelled on with the swiftness of light to the possibilities lying before him. He was a fashionable physician, but poor as fashionable physicians go. He was desperately enamoured of Lady Gilderoy, and believed she returned his love. At any rate, he knew that her millionaire husband had never possessed her heart. If she were Sir George's widow, and the possessor of all the dead man's vast wealth, he might—he could—he would win her. What more could any man desire than unbounded wealth and one of the most beautiful women in London for a wife?

The vision carried him completely away from the scene in which he was taking part. He ceased to see the face of the millionaire, smiling no longer, but reading, with cruel, glittering eyes, the thoughts that were sweeping through his half dazed brain, till his voice broke in on the dream and shattered it.

"Well, have you nothing to say?"

"Really, Sir George, I—I—" stammered Hensley.

"Yes, I know," said the other grimly, "you—you don't know what to say. Words fail you, and so on. It is difficult to congratulate a man on his death sentence."

Hensley began a deprecating answer, which was impatiently waved aside.

"For Heaven's sake, Hensley, no platitudes from you. What I am going to ask of you is the real sympathy of friendship during the few months I have to live. Will you give it?"

"With all my heart, Sir George," returned Hensley with an effusiveness that was not wholly assumed. He could well afford to cheer the few short weeks of life left to the millionaire with all the sympathy that a lively anticipation of the possession, in the near future, both of his wealth and his widow, could engender. He really felt sorry for the man whom he was going to succeed when he had buried him.

"Your hand on it, Hensley, your hand."

The two men clasped hands, and smilingly looked into each others faces, but there was a touch of mocking triumph in Sir George's smile which came back to Hensley long after, when it was too late.

"Now we will talk business, Hensley. In the first place I want the fact of my approaching demise kept a profound secret from everybody, and above all from my wife. She is not a particularly observant woman, you know, and a few assurances from you that there is nothing much wrong with me, should she notice anything by-and-by, will be sufficient to reassure her."

It was quite half an hour later that Dr. Hensley left the library. He felt on the best of terms with himself after his long talk with Sir George. The millionaire apparently trusted him thoroughly. He had asked Hensley to be his own familiar friend, and, what was more, to be Lady Gilderoy's friend, too, during the next few months, and he intimated with the utmost delicacy that the doctor would not find him ungrateful when the end came.

But while Hensley was building his castles in Spain, Sir George Gilderoy was sitting in the library, and nodding contentedly at the fire.

"I almost pity the poor devil when he knows," he mused.

* * *

Five months had elapsed since the Harley Street specialist had given the millionaire his death warrant. Dr. Hensley was an exceedingly frequent visitor to the palace in Park Lane now. Indeed he was a daily visitor. The tongues of an observant world wagged maliciously, but to all appearance Sir George saw and knew nothing of what passed between the doctor and his wife.

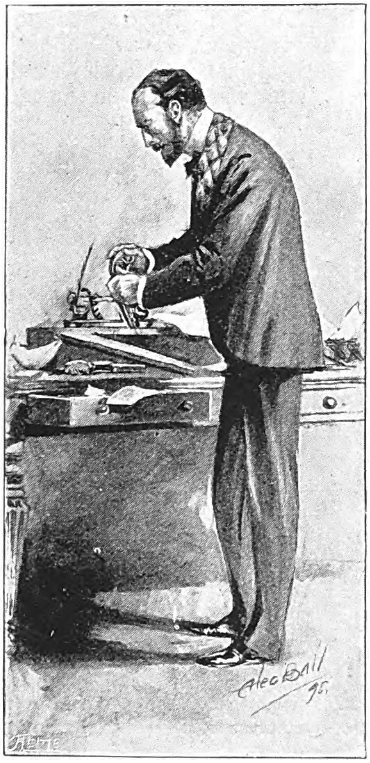
Hensley had not kept his word as far as regarded Lady Gilderoy. She knew that her husband was doomed. Had Hensley been a clever man and she a clever woman, they would have been content to possess their souls in patience and waited till the end came. But they had not, and the astute husband's object in throwing them together and giving the doctor the run of the house had been achieved.

He was sitting in the library and running through a sheaf of type-written reports which apparently afforded him considerable amusement from time to time, for now and again he stopped to laugh in a peculiarly grim way which had become a habit with him of late. Presently he laid the last of them down.

"These private inquiry agents are a remarkably clever race," he said to himself. "My good friend Hensley would be astounded to learn how very completely they have chronicled his and my lady's movements during the past few months."

He locked the reports away in a safe and then seated himself at a writing table littered with what was unmistakably the MS. of a play.

"Hensley declares there is genius in the idea of this miserable hotch-potch of a drama. He is nearer the truth than he knows. This idea of my writing a drama which will work up to a tragedy is really fairly original, though the *dénouement* will be just a trifle startling, and, perhaps, unpleasant for Hensley."



He opened a drawer in the table and took out a couple of revolvers.

Sir George had paid another visit to the Harley Street specialist the previous day.

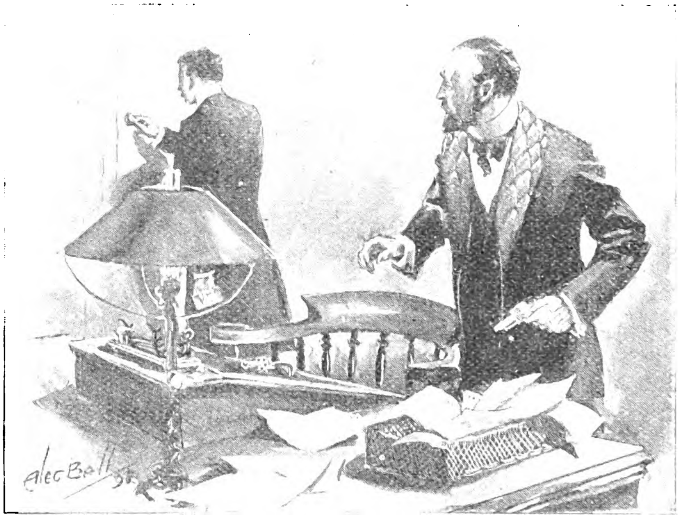
"I am sorry," the specialist had said to him, "but the turn is for the worse."

He knew what that meant—simply that his course was nearly run. He had gone straight from the specialist to the office of the private inquiry agents he was employing, and asked to be supplied with a complete set of their reports in reference to his wife and Dr. Hensley—those he had just locked away.

The play which Hensley had declared had a touch of genius in its idea was a duologue for two men, and was the work of the millionaire. It was a queer fancy for a dying man to go in for play-writing, but the fancies of a dying millionaire were not to be flouted. Hensley had humoured him to the top of his bent. He had even gone so far as to study one of the parts at Sir George's request, and had promised to be letter perfect in it that afternoon.

The clock on the massive overmantel chimed out four.

"Four o'clock," said the millionaire, grimly, "only another hour, and then the end. I wonder how it will all look an hour after—how he will look. I will write to Langley, and give him the instructions as to the divorce proceedings against my lady and my dear Hensley. That will complete the chain of evidence as to motive. Circumstantial evidence and an intelligent jury will do the rest. What a glorious revenge it will be. I must look to the revolvers."


The moment his back was turned the millionaire snatched up the unloaded revolver and slipped it into the letter basket.

He opened a drawer in the table and took out a couple of revolvers exactly alike in pattern save in one particular. The monogram on each was different. One bore the initials of Dr. Hensley. The other bore his own. He carefully tested whether they were in working order. He loaded in all its chambers that which bore Hensley's monogram, and placed it in a letter basket at his elbow, covering it with a sheet of MS. paper. The other revolver he placed unloaded on his blotting pad.

His next proceeding was to burn the MS. of the drama which littered up his table, and then he sat down and wrote to Langley, his solicitor.

"That completes everything," he said. "Now we wait for Hensley and our exit."

He walked round the room regarding an object here and there with the lingering look of a man who is taking his farewell, and when Hensley entered he was gazing out of the window on to Park Lane.

"Ah, Hensley, you are punctual. You see I am looking out on the world I shall so soon cease to see."

"That is morbid," said Hensley. "You should avoid that sort of thing."

"Quite right, but look at it, Hensley, look at the scene well. You are a successful man —a healthy man, with another forty years of life in front of you. Think what it would be if you were to leave this room doomed to death."

Hensley shuddered.

"Don't talk about it, Gilderoy, it is horrible."

The millionaire laughed oddly as he looked at the young medico.

"Have you seen my wife this afternoon?"

Hensley intimated that he had, and again the millionaire laughed in that odd way.

"You have not been reciting that precious scene from the drama to her?"

"Good gracious—no!"

"Have you got your script? Thanks." He took it, crumpled it up, and dropped it into the fire.

"That is the end of my drama, Hensley. It has served its purpose. It is very good of you to take the trouble to get up that big scene for me. You don't mind going through it, do you? I have got a revolver for you to do the murder with."

Hensley took up the revolver.

"It isn't loaded?"

Sir George laughed again.

"Well, as it is me you are going to shoot, it is not likely I should give you a loaded one to play with, is it?"

"Not very," laughed Hensley, pulling the trigger, and snapping the chambers right round.

"Well, we'll start—we won't do the whole scene, we will start at the quarrel between the husband and the lover. I should like to hear how it sounds. But before we start do you mind touching the bell. I want this letter posted to Langley."

Hensley laid down the revolver, and went over to the bell.

The moment his back was turned the millionaire snatched up the unloaded revolver which Hensley had laid down, slipped it into the letter basket, and put in its place the one which bore the doctor's monogram, and which was loaded in every chamber.

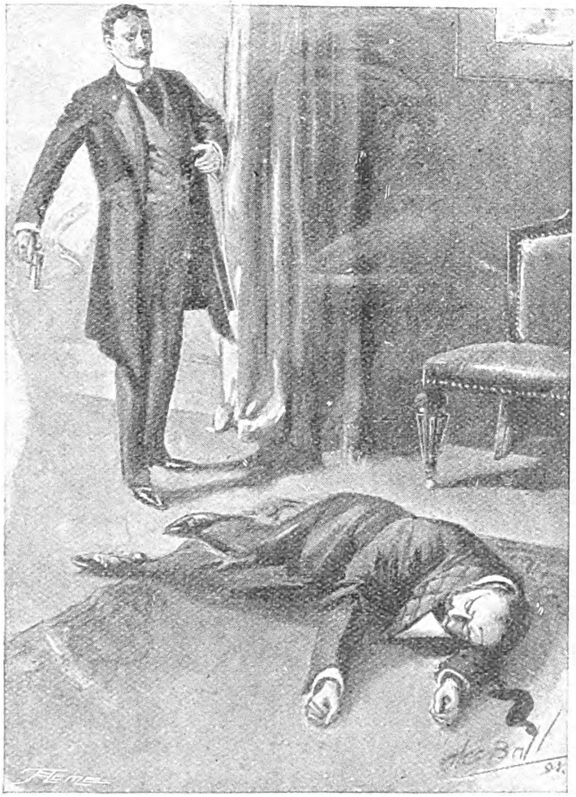
It was done in an instant, and Hensley had seen nothing.

"See that this is taken to Mr. Langley at once," said Sir George to the footman who answered the summons.

"Now, Hensley, we are free to begin. You know the business. The revolver lies on the table in front of me, so. We discuss your relations with my wife. You get excited. I insult you, and threaten to ruin you. You snatch up the revolver, and fire it point blank into my face. I stagger back dead into my chair, and that's the curtain."

"Now you will let yourself go just to please me, and don't muff the shooting business—I want the thing made exciting."

"By all means," said Hensley, and they started.



Hensley who is standing looking down on the dead man like one who is stunned.

Hensley was a smart amateur actor in his way, and he did his best. Sir George, too, spoke his lines with a dramatic force that surprised Hensley, who presently caught the infection, and the voices of the two men raised in mimic anger reached the footmen in the hall, who listened wonderingly.

"Hullo!" said one to the other, "hear Sir George and the doctor at it. Expect it has come out at last. He must have been blind not to have spotted it before." And they crept quietly to the library door and listened. It was Sir George who was speaking.

"I know you now for what you are — a scoundrel and a sneak, who has stolen into my house and wormed himself into my confidence that he might rob me of my wife."

"Have a care," shouts Hensley, fingering the revolver. "I'm a dangerous man if you drive me too far."

"Drive you too far, you miserable cur—what I know to-day the world shall know to-morrow. I'll hunt and hound you down as never a man has been hunted yet. You have ruined my life — I'll ruin yours, you leper——"

Hensley raises the revolver and levels it at Sir George's face.

There is a flash, a report, a groan from the millionaire as he staggers back and falls in a heap on the floor—dead.

The frightened footmen rush in and seize Hensley, who is standing looking down on the dead man like one who is stunned. In his hand he still holds the smoking revolver.

"It was an accident—I didn't know it was loaded," he protested.

"Maybe, sir, maybe," said the footman sharply; and something in his voice made Hensley start.

Like a flash a possibility occurred to him, only for it to disappear again. Pshaw! how could anything happen to him? It was all a pure accident.

He stepped forward and bent over the prostrate form. There was no question of life or death. The aim had been unerring.

He would have raised the body from the floor, but the butler, who had come upon the scene, interfered.

"We'll just wait, sir," he said, and a moment later the footman pressed his way through the small crowd of frightened servants standing at the door of the study. Behind him came a police constable.

Hensley at once essayed to speak to him, but ere he could utter a syllable the man-servant exclaimed:

"That's 'im, that's 'im I told you of."

Before Hensley could realise the exact meaning of the words, the constable laid his hand on the young doctor's shoulder, and the wretched man vaguely comprehended a stereotyped sentence, in which he caught only the word "arrest," and something in the manner of a warning with respect to anything he might say.

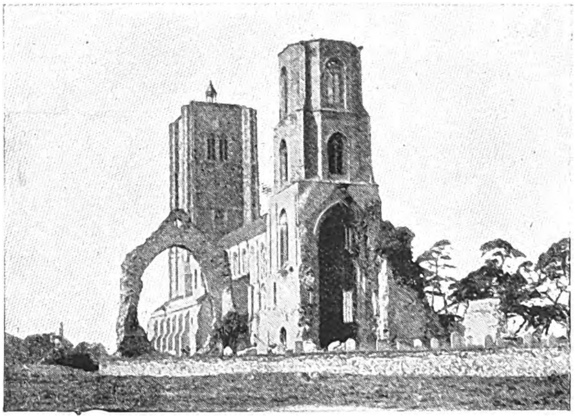
* * * *

An hour later all London was ringing with the news of the millionaire's death and the arrest of the fashionable physician, Dr. Hensley, on a charge of having murdered him. Hensley's explanation of the accident was believed by nobody, and least of all by the intelligent British jury before whom he was arraigned on the capital charge. The evidence of motive for the crime was overwhelming, and the story the footmen had to tell of the high words overheard between the two men when the fatal shot was fired left not a shadow of doubt in their minds. Hensley's story of the MS. play, which had been burnt, was too ridiculous for anybody to believe. He paid the death penalty, and the millionaire's revenge was complete.

A Church with Two Steeples.

The picturesque old church of Wymondham in Norfolk was originally in the joint use of the monks and of the inhabitants of Wymondham. It remained thus till after 1250, when it was agreed to divide the church, the monks taking the east, and the parishioners the west part, this latter to be used as the parish church.

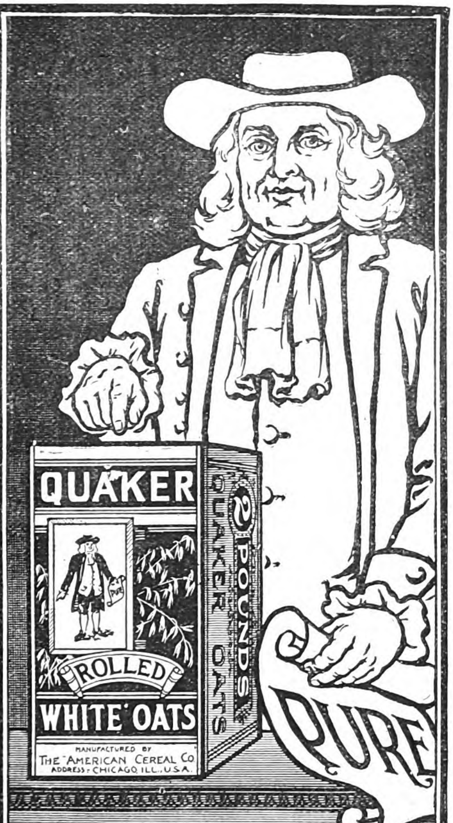
A difficulty, however, arose, with regard to the bells, and the parishioners having collected sufficient money, took down a porch in 1410, and began to build the present west tower. Upon this the monks indicted the townsmen for breaking the porch and walls, and for stopping up the door between the nave and chancel. The Archbishop of Canterbury settled the dispute by licensing the townsmen to build their tower and hang their bells, on condition that they never rang them to disturb the monks, *i.e.*, before six in the morning or after six at night. Moreover, they were to be rung only for service, on Christmas Day, at the coming of the King or Archbishop, or in case of public enemies or fire, etc.



From a Photo.

Wymondham Church.

The two steeples are the result of a quarrel between the monks and the parishioners.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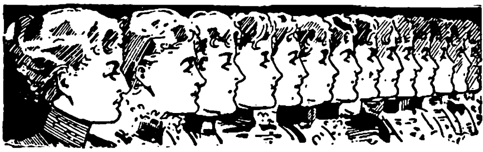

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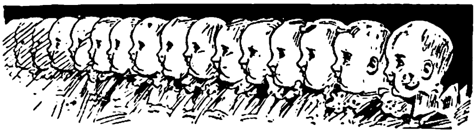

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It surely looked like a safe prediction. If you had stood by the doctor's side at the time, enlightened by his knowledge, you would have held his opinion. Other medical men said the same thing. Had you been the patient you would not only have considered yourself booked for the long and last journey, but as virtually on board the train. Even Wride's relations and friends were unable to find a peg to hang a hope on. As in the case of an unpopular gladiator, lying wounded and beaten in a Roman arena, nobody spoke up for him. Every thumb was turned down. If Luke Wride lived and got well under the circumstances he would do so in the very face and eyes of all whose judgment was worth a rusty sixpence. Yet see! On December 1st, 1897, about four years after the date of his death sentence, this very man writes a letter in which he says, "*I am now in the best of health and can walk twenty miles a day in my business.*"

Here is a fact which calls for an explanation It shows that *vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*, and weakens one's faith in majorities.

"In the spring of 1887," says Mr. Wride, "my health began to fail. I felt dull, heavy, and tired, having lost my usual energy and life. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was poor, and I was constantly retching. After meals I had an awful pain and weight at the chest. I soon became weak and emaciated. Often when I had got half way to my work I felt so weak I was obliged to turn back. For two years I struggled on and was then compelled to give up work altogether. I could hardly sleep or rest, and was in pain after every morsel I ate. I suffered so badly from palpitation of the heart I thought I should die.

"My breathing soon came to be so difficult I had to be propped up with pillows. Dropsy next set in, and my legs, feet, and body were so much swollen that I had to have my clothing let out. I was unable to wash or dress myself and had to be assisted to bed. For three years I passed most of my time in bed, and for over five years could only crawl across the room. As month after month passed I only grew more feeble and never expected to be better in this world. I was so wretched and miserable I often wished myself dead. All my relatives and friends thought I was in a consumption and doomed to die. I had one doctor after another who gave me medicines and cod liver oil, but I was none the better. I went to the Bristol Infirmary as an in-patient, where I was attended by several doctors, but after six weeks' treatment was discharged as incurable. I then attended the Guinea Street Hospital, where they gave me medicine without good result. All the doctors said there was no hope for me, and a physician from Bedminster, who visited me, said, "*Wride, I am sorry to say you will never do any more work.*"

"In a half dead, half alive state I continued until May, 1894, when my brother-in-law, Mr. Ford, of Clutton, visited me, and recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in that or in anything else, but to please him I got a bottle from Messrs. Hodder's stores and began taking it. In a few days I found great relief, which gave me some confidence in it. I continued taking it and soon I could eat well, the food causing no pain. I now gained strength slowly but surely, and never looked behind me. Of course my final recovery was gradual, as I was a complete wreck. In the course of a little time the dropsical condition left me and I have had no return of it since. I grew stronger and stronger daily and was able again to get about after eight years' illness.

"*I am now in the best of health and can walk twenty miles a day in my business as traveller.* I can eat anything and know nothing of the weakness that afflicted me for so many years. All my friends and neighbours wonder at my recovery. I tell them that Mother Seigel's Syrup alone has cured me, and but for it I am sure I should now be in my grave. You are at liberty to publish this statement as you like and refer any one to me. I will gladly answer inquiries."—(Signed) Luke Wride, 2, Bristol Place, Bryant's Hill, St. George, Bristol, Dec. 1st, 1897.

Mr. Wride has resided in his present house fifteen years and is well known and highly respected in the district. His disease was of the digestive organs, progressing until the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs, and practically the whole system was involved. Inasmuch as the dropsy, caused by kidney failure, is commonly one of the last and fatal symptoms in such cases, the doctors were fully justified in pronouncing this case incurable. And under the ordinary treatment no doubt it would have proved so ; but in this, as in so many like instances, Mother Seigel's Syrup showed that it possesses curative properties not shared by any other remedies. Hence the (fortunate) mistake of the doctors and the happy recovery of their patient.

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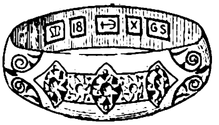

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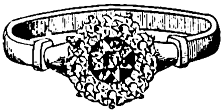

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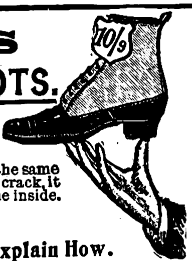

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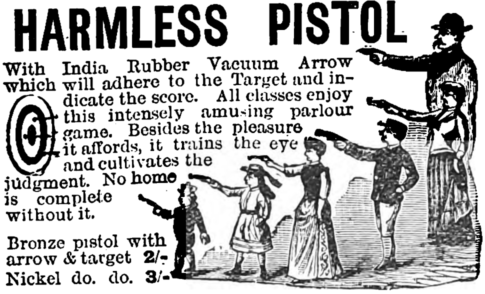

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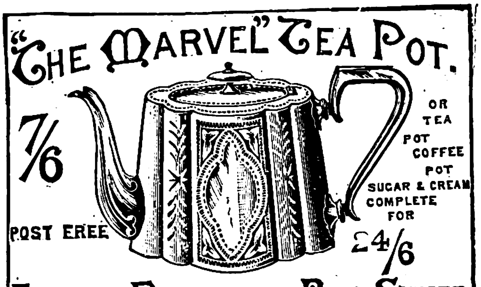
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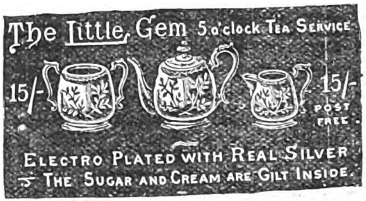
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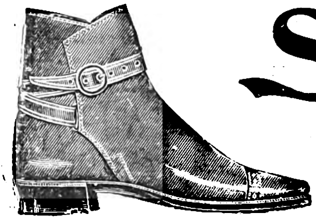

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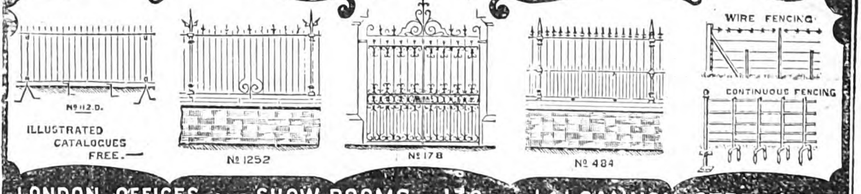

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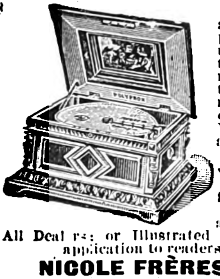

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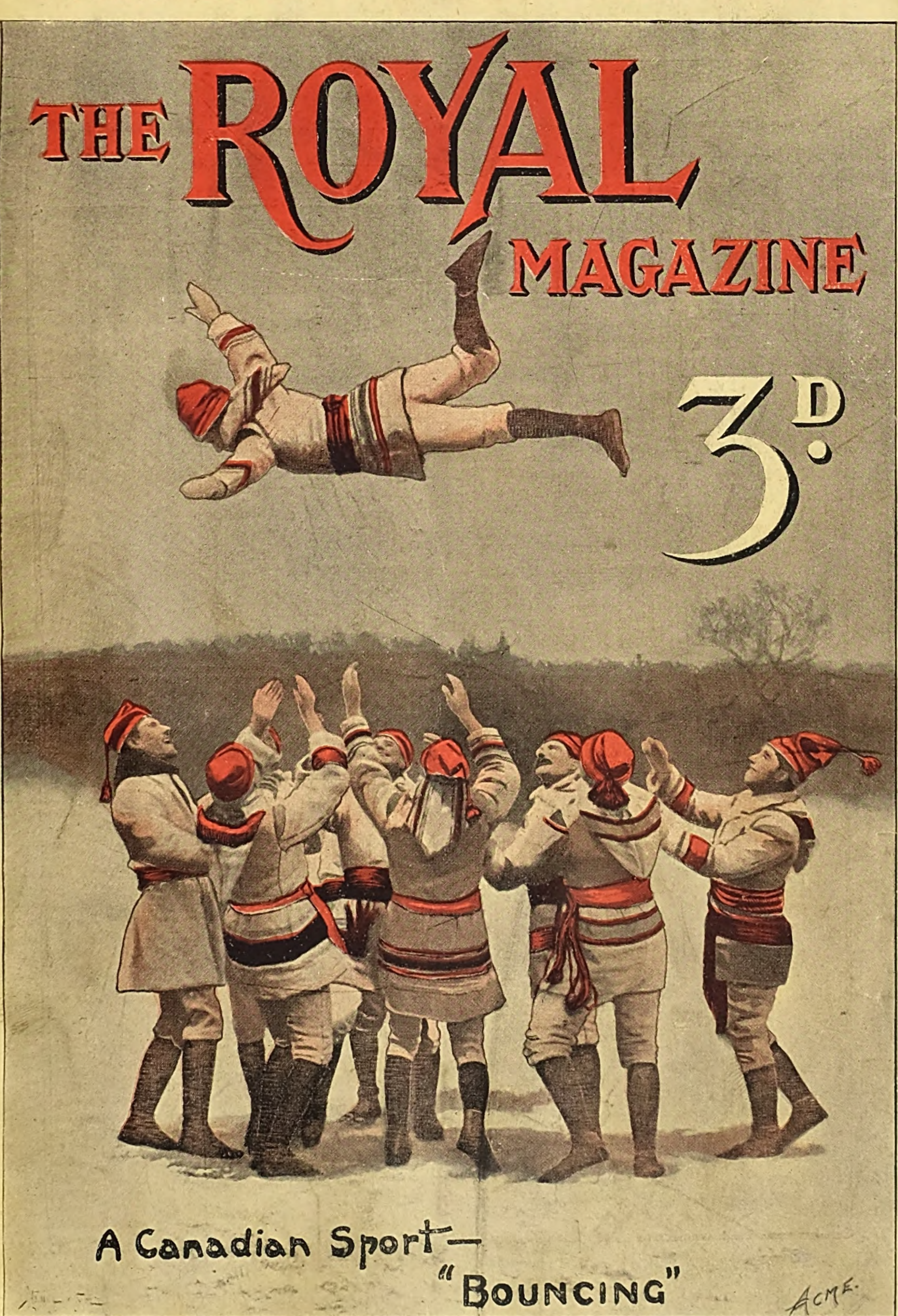

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No. 4. Vol. I.—February, 1899.

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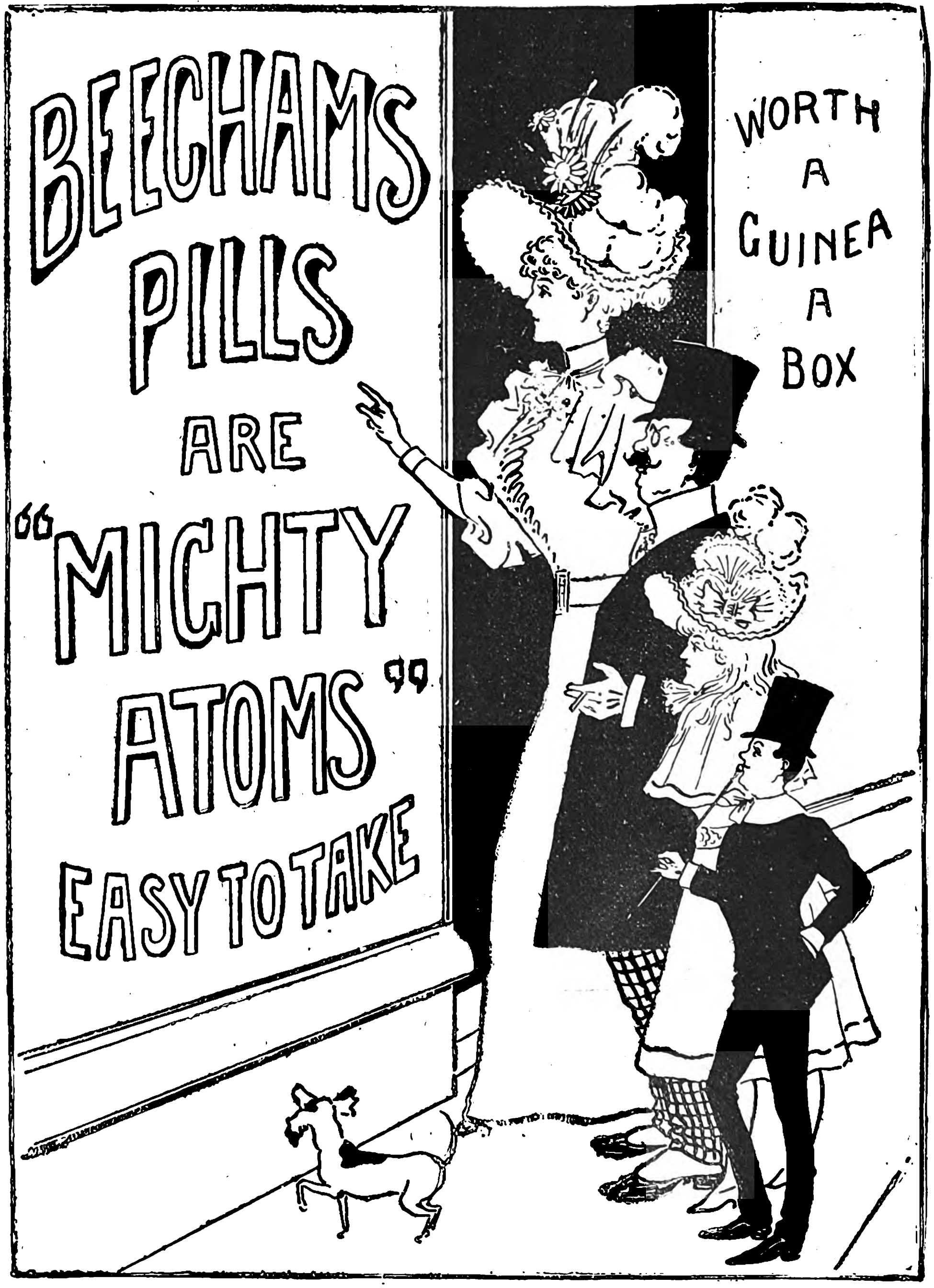
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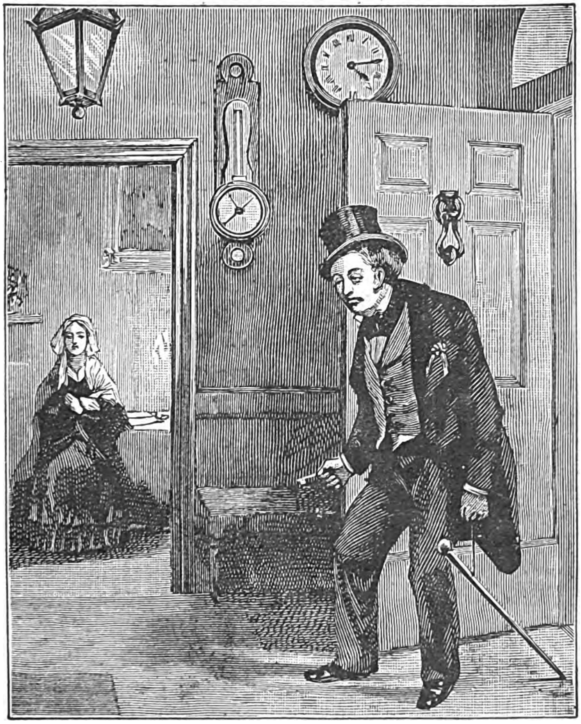

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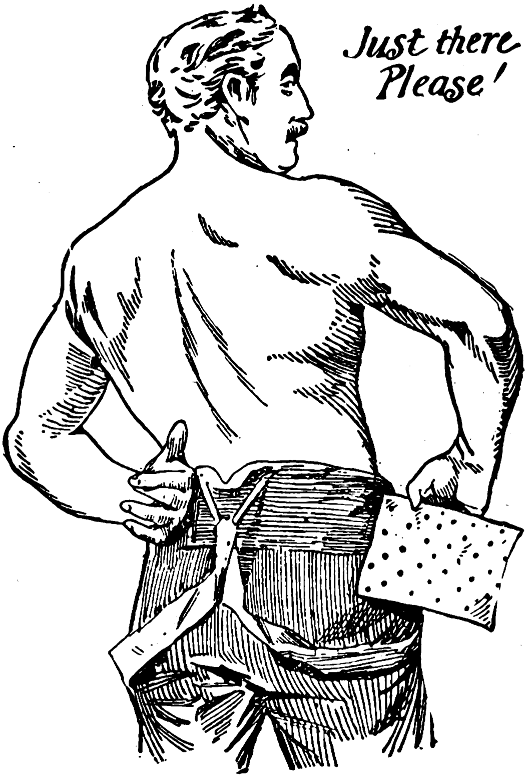
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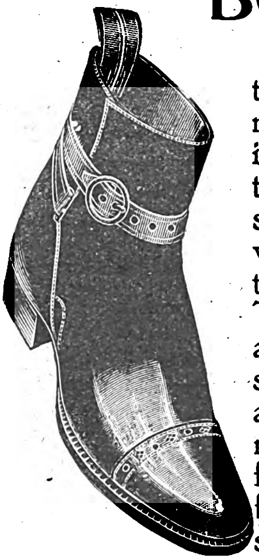

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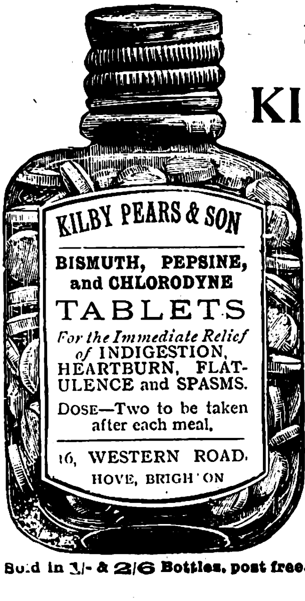
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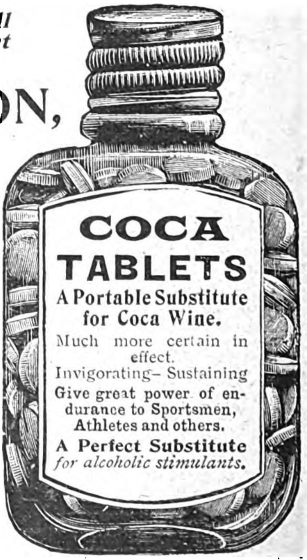
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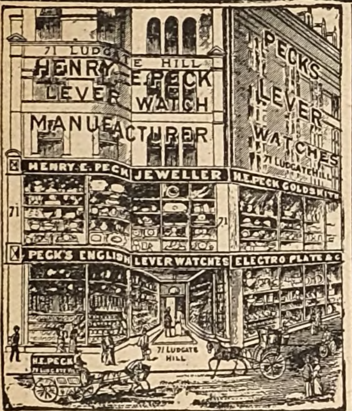

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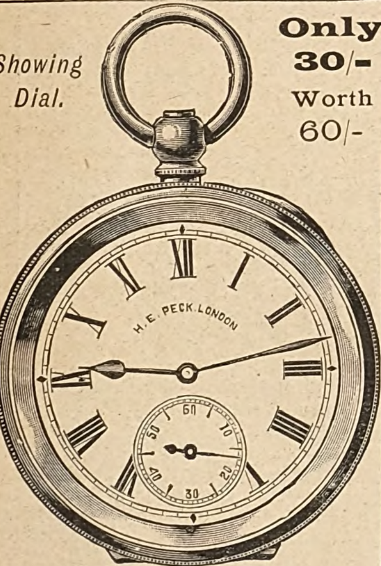

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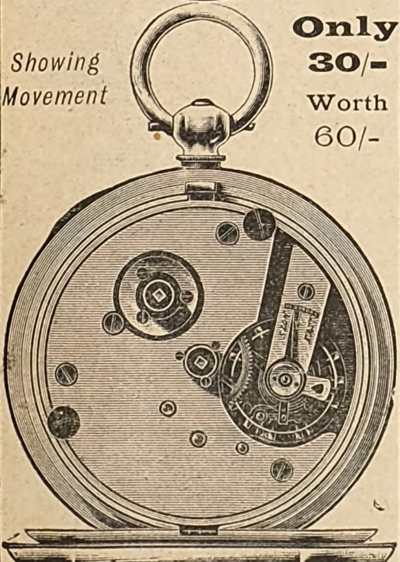

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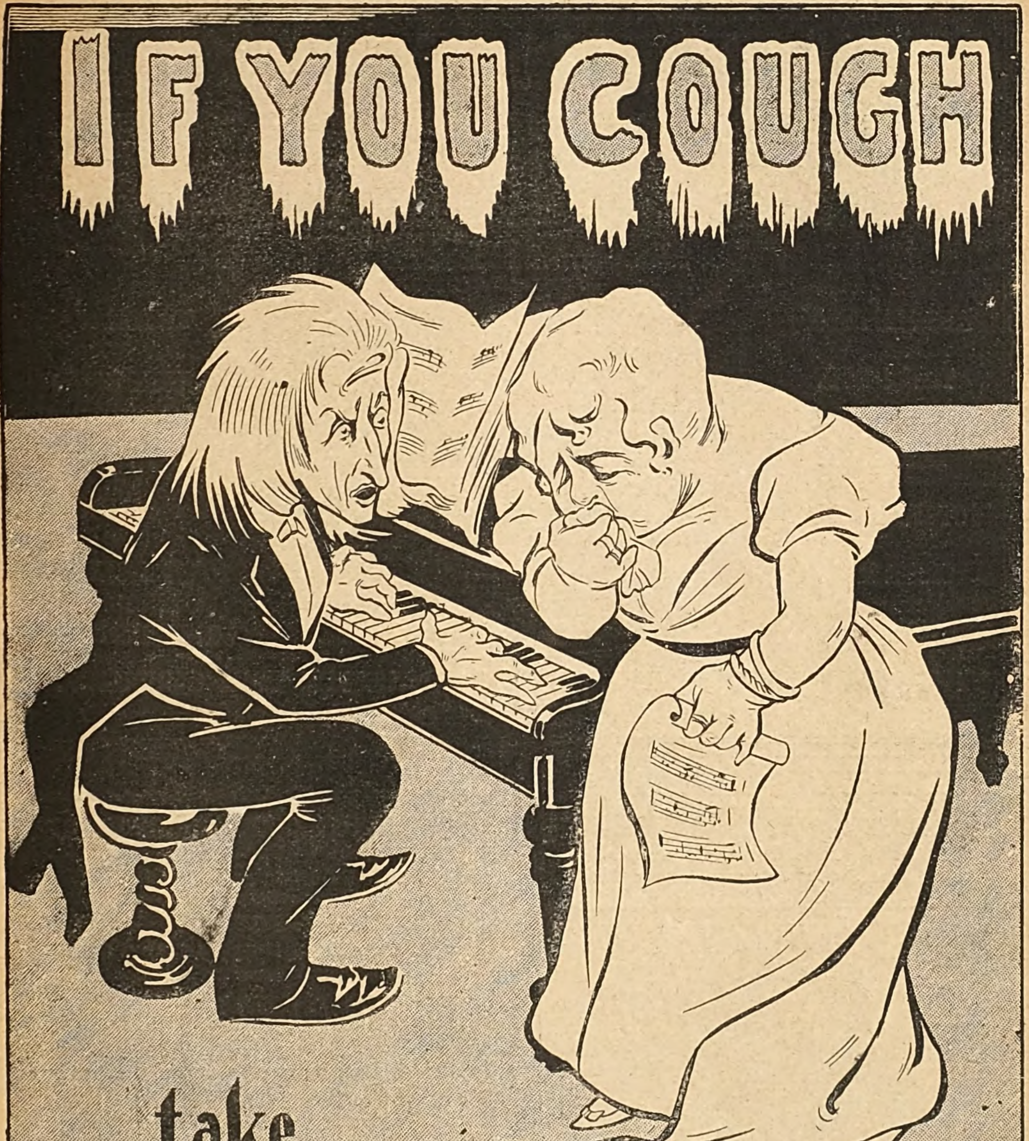
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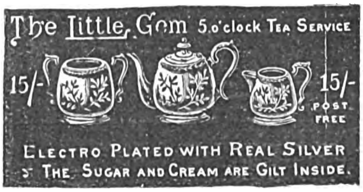
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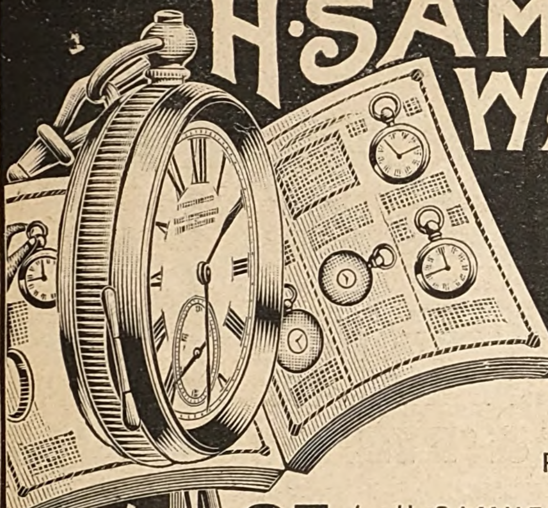

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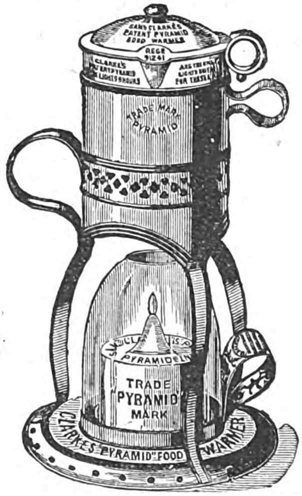
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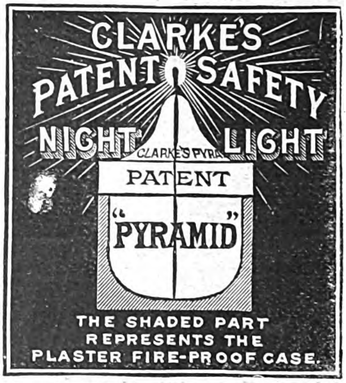
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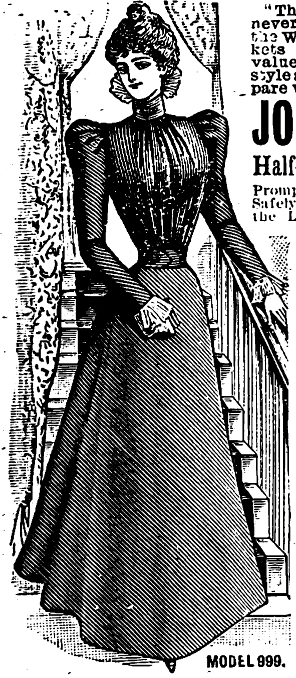

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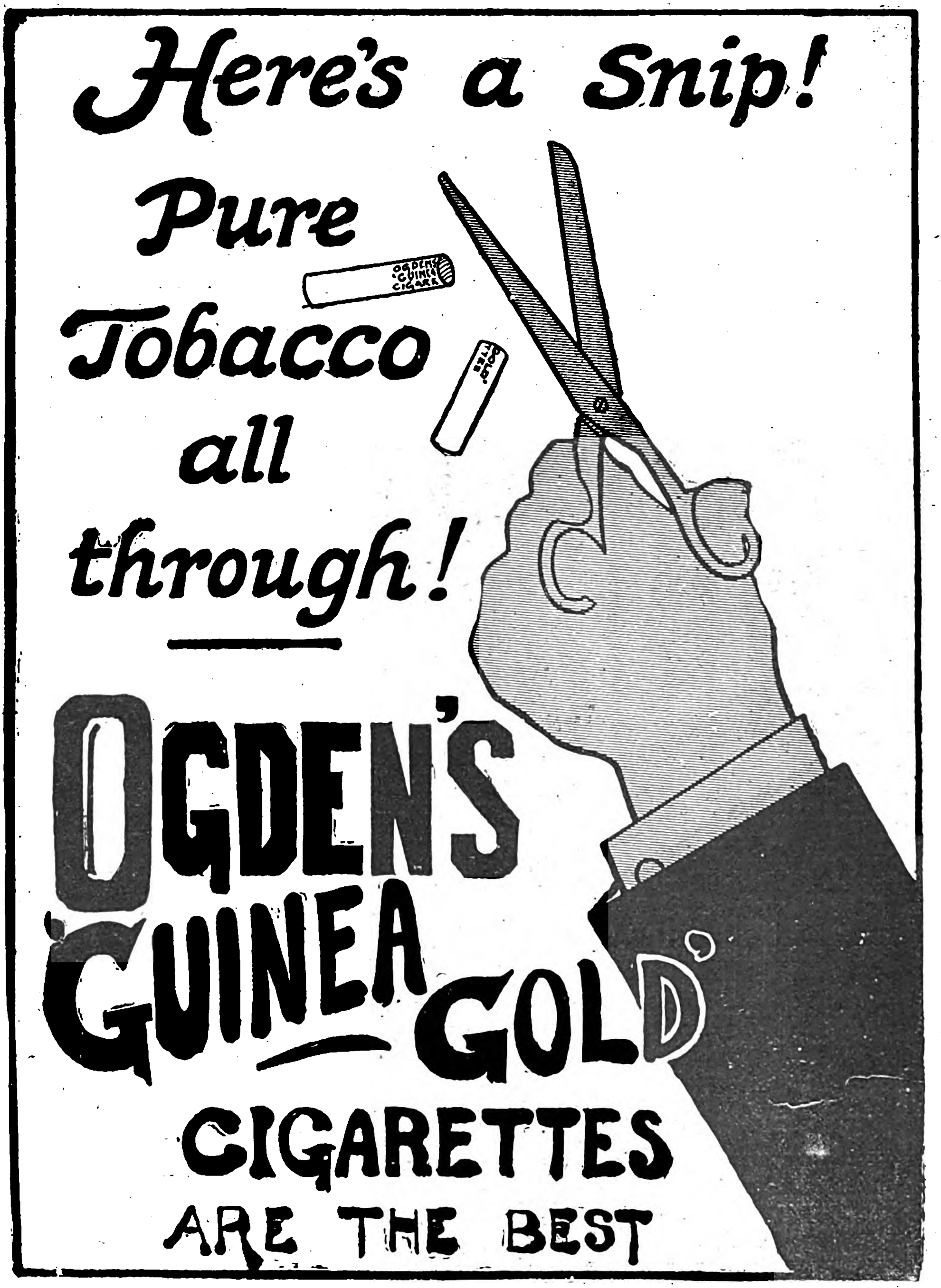
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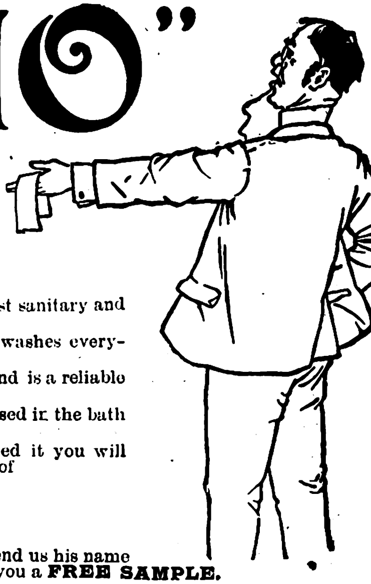

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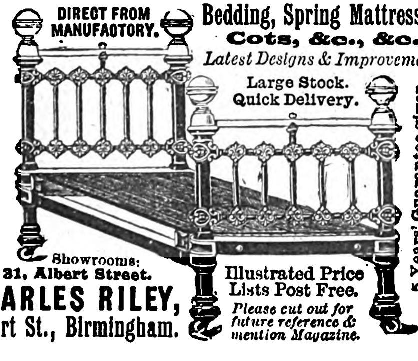

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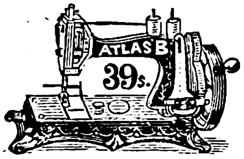

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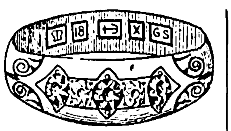

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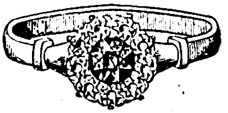

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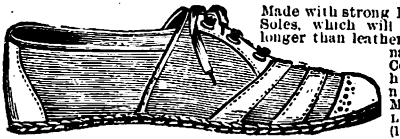

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Quality (colour Brown)—	Children's	Ladies'.	Gents'.
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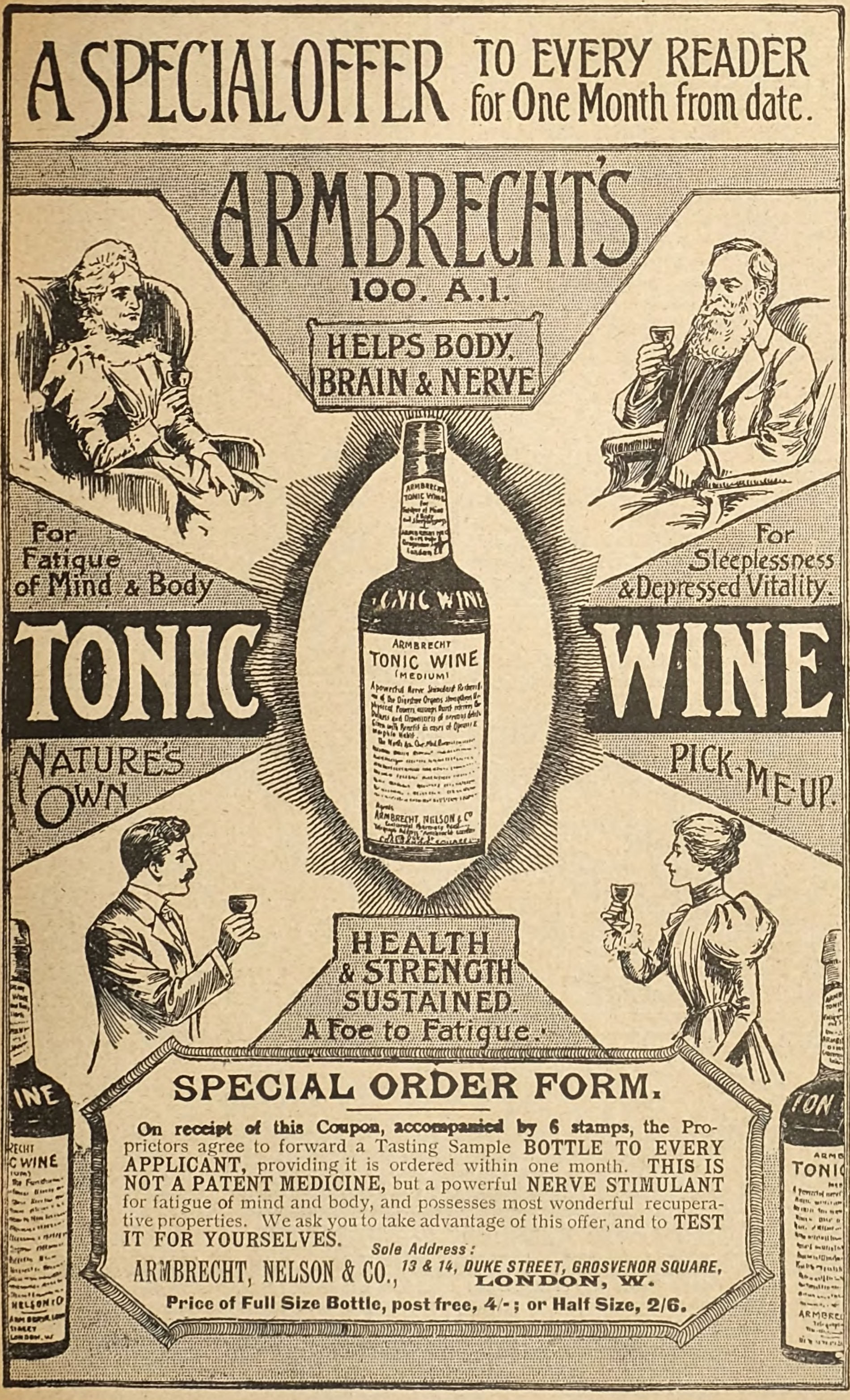

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What the Stomach cannot do for us when out of order, the Liver tries to set right. Within limits it can and does do this.

But if too much overworked, the Liver strikes, upsets its own functions, and we feel the Disorder in every painful way possible.

The usual Symptoms of sluggish or disordered Liver are Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, and Nausea, particularly on rising in the morning. Severe frontal Headache, pain between the Shoulders, and feelings of Faintness. The Appetite is poor, or altogether lost. The Temper is irritable, and there is often Palpitation, Sleeplesness, Weakness, with Nervousness and Low Spirits, verging on Melancholy.

Guy's Tonic has a stimulative power on a Sluggish Liver, and exerts a Tonic and corrective influence in all cases of Disordered Liver.

And while providing for benefit Guy's Tonic attains more lasting good by so strengthening and invigoratiug the stomach and its Digestive powers, that the Liver is relieved of overwork that is probably the cause of all the trouble.

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There are many Stylographic Pens but ONLY ONE which gives entire satisfaction THE "CALTON," because it is simple and faultless. All who use it say it is a JEWEL. Have you tried one? We send it complete in box, with filler and directions, post paid 3/-

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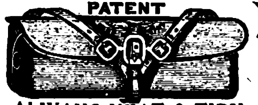

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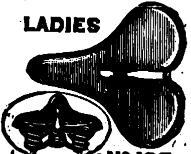

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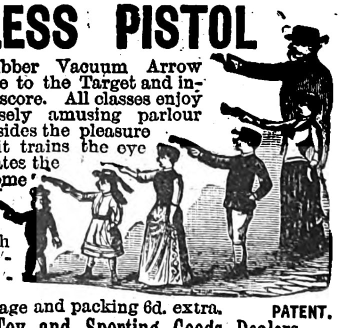

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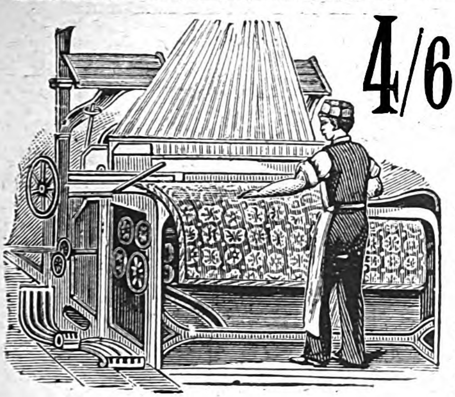

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[8037]

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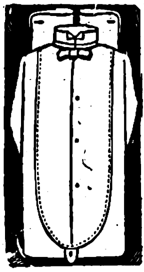

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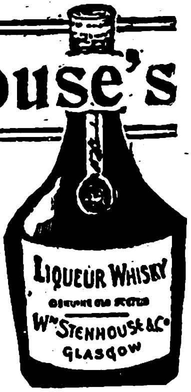

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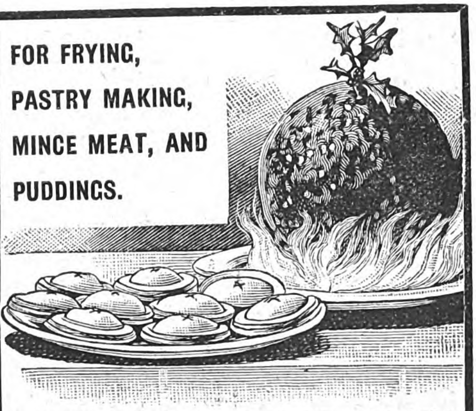

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Paisley Flour should therefore find a place in every household.

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Can be had from all Chemists and Grocers. Popular prices, **1/-, 1/9,** and **4/6** per Bottle. Do not take a substitute. "D.C.L." is the Cheapest as well as the Best. Adequate **Sample Bottle** sent on receipt of **3 Stamps** to cover.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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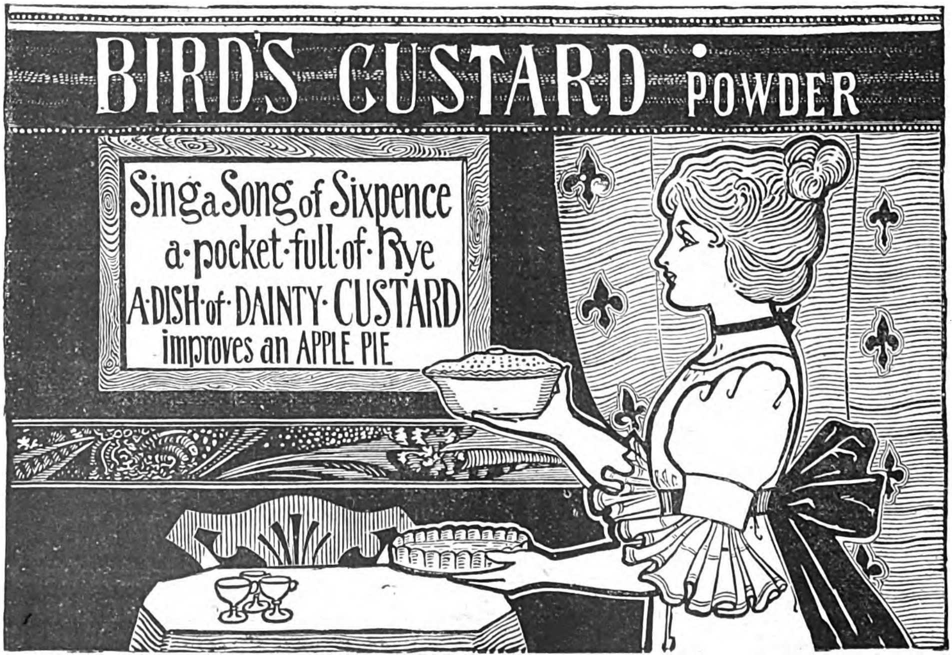

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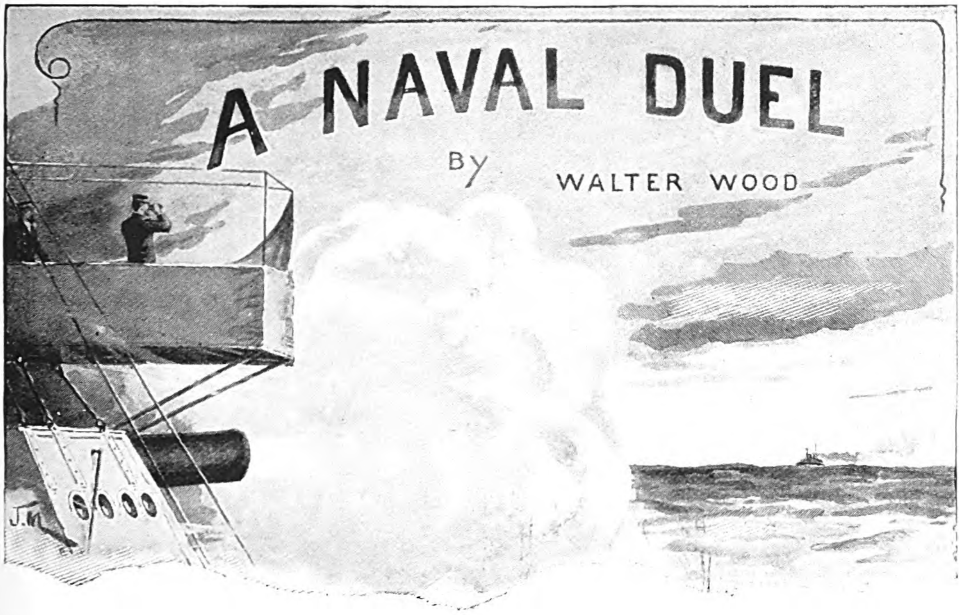
A NAVAL DUEL

BY WALTER WOOD



THE awful strain upon the public mind was snapped at last, and snapped—as most people feared it would, and prayed it might not be—by the declaration of war. It was a case of which of the belligerents—England or her foe—could strike first and hardest, and the battle spirit of the English people, roused at last to its highest pitch, animated every man and woman. The lesson had been long preached that it was, through God, upon its fleet that the strength and safety of the nation depended, and now that the hour of danger had come the country had learned its lesson well. It had spent with lavish hand upon its Navy, and entered with unfaltering heart upon the contest for the supremacy of the seas. Two powerful nations were combined against it, but its courage never wavered; all croaking was at rest, and the meanest Little Englander believed that in the end the British ships would triumph. But all the same, the country waited with intense anxiety to learn the issue of the first encounter on the seas, not knowing whether that meeting would be a fleet or single ship action.

One dark and stormy night the first-class battleship *Revenge* left Portsmouth to overtake the Special Flying Squadron, which had sailed that afternoon. In ordinary circumstances the battleship would have been detained until the gale went down, but war took precedence of the elements, and she steamed towards the Biscay through the great green waves as a fish carrier roars down the North Sea in bad weather to catch the London markets. The spray went in clouds over her fighting-tops and funnels, and her huge bulk forward fell into the hollows with the sound of thunder. She was driven through that black night, with a sublime trust in Providence, for she showed no lights, and did not know when she might run into or be collided with by some great ship as reckless, because of circumstances, as she was.

When the morning came it showed a cold, sullen sea, but brought no sign of sail or steamer. The most seasoned tramp, knowing that war was abroad, was hugging a friendly harbour, and the Channel and the Biscay were deserted.

As night fell again a great bulk was dimly seen ahead of the *Revenge*, and the sharpest eyes and best glasses on board were brought to bear to see what could be made of it.

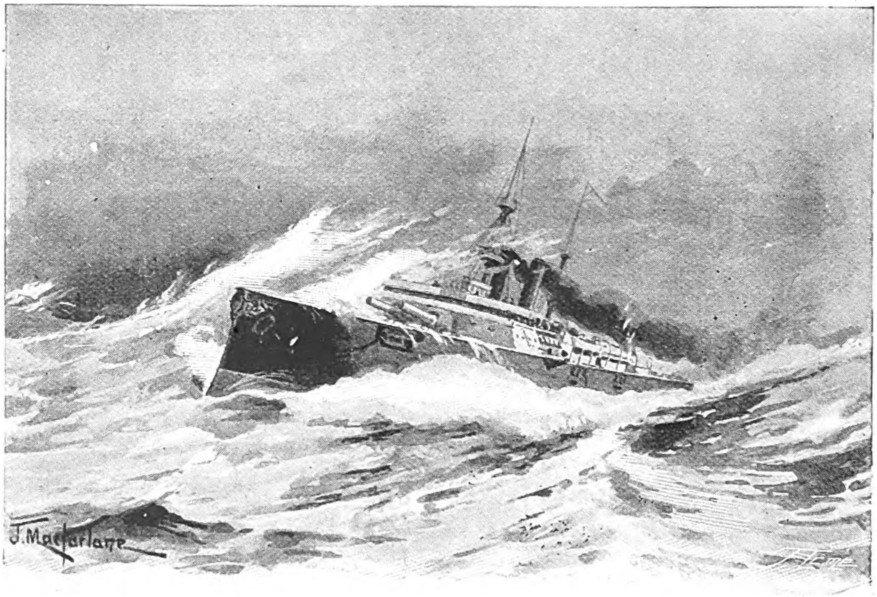
Captain Rendell and Commander Robb gazed long and closely at the shape, and at last the captain lowered his glass and asked what the commander made of it.

"I thought at first that she was the flagship of the squadron," he replied.

"And what now?" asked the Captain.

"Well, it seems to me that she's more like one of the enemy."

"You're right," said Rendell quietly; "she's the *Czar*, and gun for gun, ton for ton, and man for man, there couldn't be a



The spray went in clouds over the fighting tops and funnels.

fairer match on the seas. It is to be our honour to open this historic ball."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Fight her. By this time in the morning either the *Revenge* or the *Czar* will have been beaten."

"Please God, it won't be us," said Robb, with the faith of a good sailor in his ship and Captain.

"I hope not," said the Captain gravely. "I think not; but a sea-fight isn't what it used to be. There's more of luck in it, and till it's done you can't tell what's going to happen."

"I think the odds are a long way with us," Robb said stoutly. "Personally I should be disposed to give the Russian a bit more advantage."

"She can go a shade of a knot faster, and carries a few more men," said Rendell. "She's welcome to the pull. It's according to the traditions of our Navy that she should have it."

"She's not going to heel it—she's slowing down," said the Commander.

"Then there's no time to lose," remarked the Captain.

An hour later the *Revenge* was within range of the *Czar*, cleared for action, and her surgeons below were waiting for their work to be brought for them to deal with.

The *Revenge* had steamed down with the hearts of her whole company inspired with hope for the issue of the coming fight. The Captain, when he knew that his opponent was prepared for battle, had harangued his people and reminded them of what their predecessors had done. He had told them, as he had often told them previously, of what the "one and the fifty-three" did off the Azores three centuries before; how Granville, in his mastless, riddled hulk, filled with sick and slaughtered men, suffering himself from mortal hurts, had refused to yield; and had reminded them of the dates above their own quarter-deck, from 1588 to 1840, telling of fights in which *Revenges* of the past had borne themselves so well.

His courage inspired them, and with a great cheer they went to quarters, and the Captain took his station in the conning tower, and tried to realise the magnitude of the task that lay before him. In his keeping was a gigantic vessel, which, as she stood, represented not much short of a million sterling; but at a crisis like this her value was not to be reckoned in mere money. If she were lost she could, so far as the nation's wealth went, be replaced without so much as the poorest of the taxpayers feeling pinched; but the gap her absence would make in her country's defences might afford an opening for an almost national calamity. As a fighting unit, she was beyond price; and as for the officers and men—the Captain sighed as he thought of their vigorous health and strength, and of how many would before long be less useful than the metal about them. That, however much torn and twisted, could be employed again, while as for them—"but," he thought, checking himself, "their names and spirits live, and, please God, go marching on. Nelson, Grenville, and the rest are just as much alive to-day as they ever were."

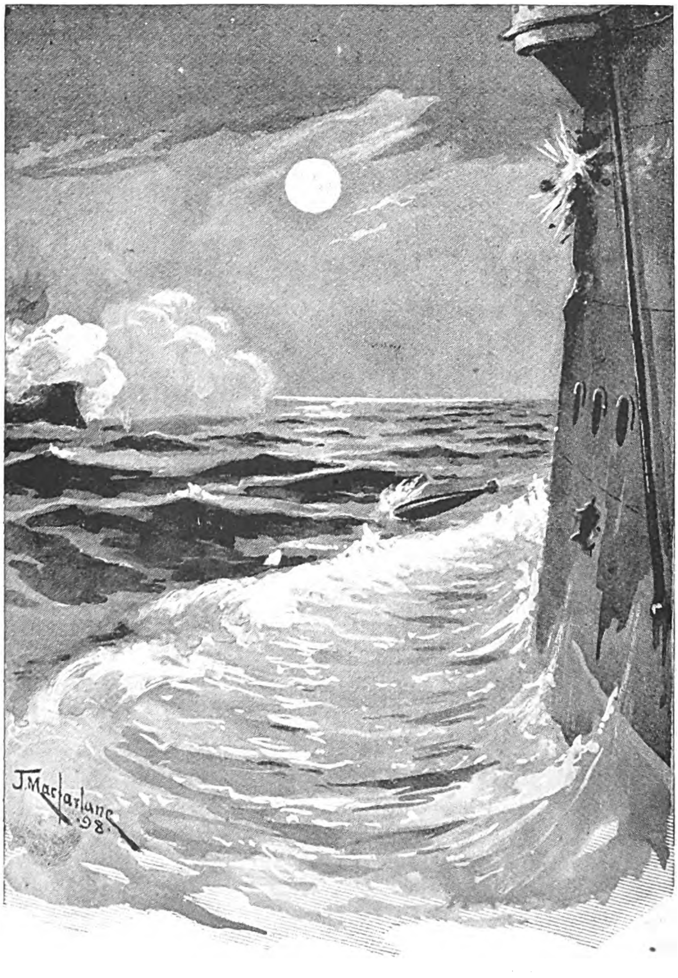
The opening of the battle was announced by the solemn boom of one of the forward pair of 67-ton guns of the *Revenge*, and the great white cloud of powder smoke. The shot rang forth at eventide, and the Captain, with nerves strained to their utmost tension, watched for its effect.

The gun had been truly aimed, and the shot struck the *Czar* amidships, and made a ragged hole in her armour. There was a shout of joy from the *Revenge*. The undefinable fear that comes before a battle had gone, and officers and men were settling down, as they might have done to a game, but more zealously, to that duel to the death upon the waters of the Biscay.

The Russian was slow in answering, for her crew was not in that complete readiness for conflict which the Captain of the *Revenge* had long insisted upon in time of peace. Never had he neglected to enforce the lesson that it was imperative at all times to be ready for the fray, and he was reaping even so soon the reward of his foresight and labour. In the struggle before him success was likely to be as much to the swift as the strong, and before the *Czar* was well in action the *Revenge* was steaming end on to her broadside, and sending the heavy shot from her forward barbette. Before the *Czar* could answer with effect, she had been lying for some minutes at the mercy of the *Revenge*, and the merciless guns of the British battleship had pierced and jagged her armour, and carried away much of her superstructure.

To Rendall and Robb, and every other officer and man on board the *Revenge*, the savage opening was an earnest of what the end would be. No enemy could live for long when held by such a fire, and it almost seemed as if the Russian was so paralysed that she would haul down her flag without replying at all. But, bruised and battered, with the dead lying in clusters about her decks, and the cries of the wounded rising from the depths to which they had been hurried, she seemed to shake herself free from her lethargy and surprise, and then set to work to grapple with her strong, relentless foe.

At first wildly, but afterwards with steadier aim, she got her heavy guns to bear. At the outset the shot screamed past or over the *Revenge*, but Rendell manœuvred her so skilfully that he still kept her end on, and showed



As she roared past, the "Revenge" fired a torpedo.

the least target to the *Czar*. As the clear night closed in the enemy had better fortune, and there came a shot which wrought such havoc in the forward barbette of the *Revenge* that from that moment the pair of guns was useless.

"It's a good thing we had the first look in," the Captain muttered, as he saw the nature of the calamity; then he went full speed astern. By this time the *Czar* was coming bows on, firing from her forward barbette upon the *Revenge*, which for the time was powerless to answer.

Rendell hesitated to show either his vessel's broadside or stern, but suddenly he brought her round, and the after pair of guns were trained upon the *Czar*, with express orders that they should try and cripple the heavy weapons which had done them so much mischief, and swiftly.

For a long time the issue was doubtful. Repeatedly the Russian tried to get ahead and keep the *Revenge* at her mercy; but Rendell was too quick and skilful; and more than once enabled the after guns to be fired with murderous effect. The gunnery of the *Revenge* was so far better than the *Czar's* that with his pair of heavy guns Rendell did as much material mischief as the Russian's four; while, although he did not know it, the number of the latter's killed and wounded was much greater than his own.

As the night grew the moon rose, and the combatants, seeing each other more clearly, fought the better and the harder. All fear had left the crews of both; no other spirit remained but the lust of conquest, and no thought of surrender entered the minds of the opposing captains. As yet the two were unhurt, and each from his armoured refuge directed the fight as he might have controlled a game of peace. To the Russian it was more a case of victory for victory's sake; to Rendell it was not a matter of his private glory, but of how best he could use and save his country's ship, and men, and correspondingly damage his opponent.

Upon the stillness of the night the boom of the ordnance and the sharper sound of lighter weapons rose incessantly; and without a break there came from side and deck of each colossal battleship the swift red glare of the exploded powder. It was a contest between steel-clad giants of the ocean, so well matched in power that not till each was torn and rent in hull and upperworks, and there was a mutual pause, could either Captain even wonder with whom the advantage lay.

There was light enough for Rendell to see how the *Revenge* had fared, and to estimate his loss in men. He knew that his ship had suffered heavily, and that her crew must have had a heavy drain upon it. Above deck she showed how terrible the Russian's fire had proved, but Rendell was encouraged when he recollected that as his own fire had been truer, so it must have been more destructive, and that bad as his own case was, that of his opponent must be worse.

Above the silence there rose a sound, which, brave as he was, appalled him—the sound which came from below, where the surgeons had been long and busily at work. Another sound—and he was thankful for it—distracted his attention—the deep bay of a bloodhound, his own most cherished pet. Before the ship went into action he had given orders that the dog should be locked in his cabin, but he had escaped, and was on deck, baying in his deep voice, partly for his master and partly at the unknown terror which surrounded him.

Rendell opened the door of the conning-tower, and whistled. The dog "Riv"—a playful contraction of the name of the ship, which had been bestowed upon him—came leaping forward, and hurried joyfully into the retreat.

"I've no time to bother with you," said the Captain, giving the grateful animal a pat on the head. "Lie there, and don't move till I bid you."

"Riv" lay down at the spot pointed out to him, at the Captain's feet; and until the end came made no sound, except a low moan at times.

It was the *Revenge* which resumed the fight. As yet neither Rendell nor the Russian had tried to ram or use the torpedo; but now the *Revenge* bore down, full speed ahead, towards the *Czar*.

The Russian, believing that his enemy's purpose was to crash into his broadside, got bows on and brought his forward guns to bear again. When he was within five hundred yards, with the shot flying fast but wild above him, Rendell put his helm down, and, as she roared past, the *Revenge* fired a torpedo which struck the Russian under the starboard bow.

As the *Revenge* went past, an awful, pitiless distributor of death and evil, there was a loud cry of terror from the *Czar*, and Rendell knew that the wicked missile had, to some extent at any rate, achieved its mission. Before the cry had gone, the after guns of the *Revenge* again sent forth their shot, and completed the havoc for which the torpedo had made such an easy opening.

With clenched teeth, and not without an overwhelming pity springing up within him, Rendell brought the *Revenge's* head round again, and prepared to finish with a ram the work which the torpedo and the after-guns had so well started. But he saw how badly crippled the *Czar* was, and stayed his hand, hoping that she would strike.

He forged slowly astern, but the enemy, stubborn and fatalistic, gave no sign of yielding or of further fight. Feeling that she must be sinking, and refusing to run the risk of entangling the *Revenge* with her, Rendell continued to lay off; but as still no sign of submission was made he ordered that the guns should resume their work.

And so the weapons roared again, and two or three spiritless replies were sent from the opposing battleship. She was still being fought bravely but feebly, and again her firing ceased. Rendell also stopped, shrinking from a cold-blooded cannonade of a death-struck foe.

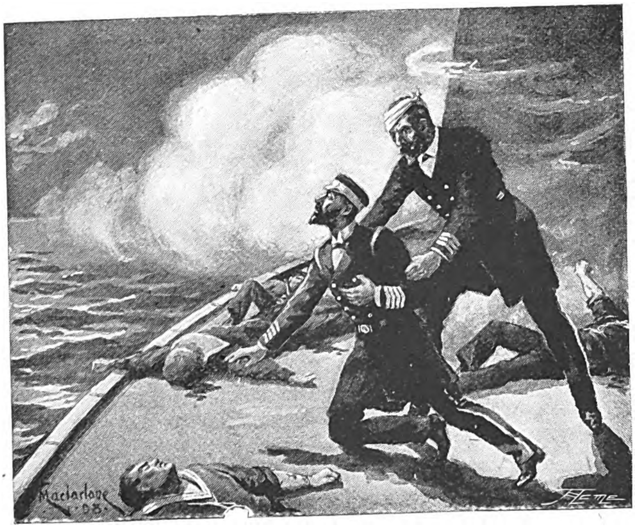
With an intense longing he looked to see if even yet the *Czar* had struck. So that he might see the better he stepped outside the conning-tower, believing that for a moment or two he could do so safely. He saw Robb forward, and made a sign for him to come and join him. Robb had been struck by a splinter on the temple, but he had bound his own injury up by tying his handkerchief round his face. Meanwhile the *Czar* had been stopped, and the engines of the *Revenge*, too, were given a rest.

"Riv" cast longing eyes at his master, but received no permission to join him, and so he crouched in his place within the little tower.

Rendell looked about his battered, bloody ship; and saw horrors that were intensified by the moonlight. The *Revenge* rose and fell slowly on the swell, helplessly for the moment, like some colossal creature that was spent in fight, and was resting until it could renew the struggle. She was an almost crippled mass; but had much of capability for battle still within her armoured sides. Her upper works were wrecked, her fighting-tops had gone, and one of her funnels had been shot through and through till it was useless, and the other tottered in its stays. The forward barbette, in which the guns had long been silenced, was a ruined mass of steel, and the gunners were lying in clusters around the great tubes of death that they had served so well. They, like their weapons, had fired their farewell shots.

The Captain took all in, and knew that the *Revenge* was badly mauled; but her hull was still comparatively sound, and her engines were serviceable. With fair or even moderate weather she could make Portsmouth safely, whilst he knew that the *Czar* was so severely crippled that she could not do more than float an hour or two.

"She must surrender or sink," he said to Robb; and the Commander, looking proudly from his bandaged face, said that it was so.


Macfarlane 98.

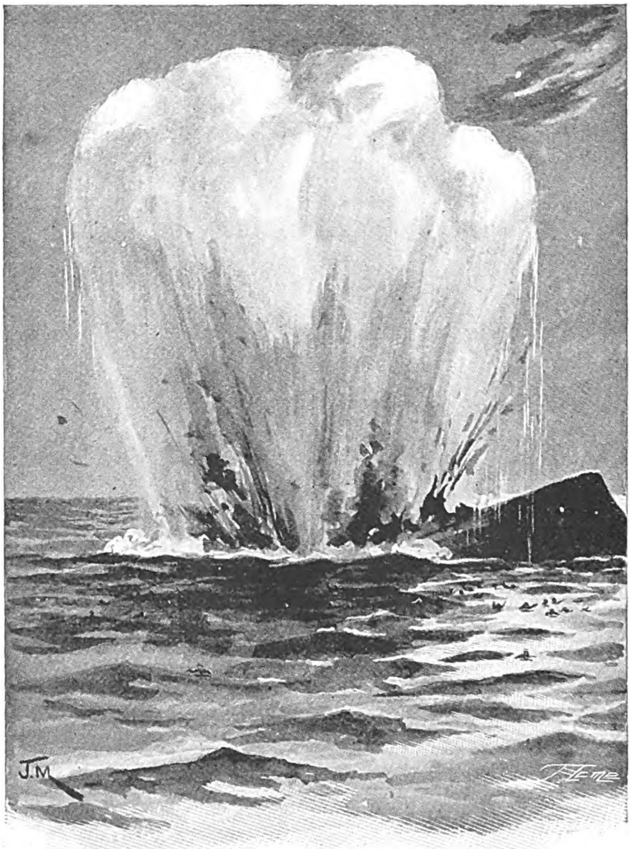
Rendell fell to th deck with a bullet near his heart.

"She surely can't show any more fight," continued Rendell. "I for one thank God that I have come through the awful business unhurt."

He had scarcely spoken, when from the remaining fighting top of their opponent came a discharge of musketry which rattled on the deck about him.

Two grimy midshipmen, who were looking at the *Czar*, and laughing because the end had come, were killed as they laughed; and Rendell fell to the deck with a bullet near his heart. As he tottered "Riv" sprang from the conning-tower, crouched near him, and bayed in angry grief.

Before the sound of the discharge had passed away, the guns of the *Revenge* were booming again, still by her Captain's orders. They were fired point blank, and their missiles rained remorselessly upon the *Czar's* ripped sides. Powerless to answer, she had to bear the cannonade until the gunners of the *Revenge* paused, so that their superior officers might see what the Russian's silence meant.



There was a sound as of thunder as the boilers burst.

"I don't think that musketry fire was intentional," said Robb, bending by his Captain. "I fancy it was done without orders. Are you badly hurt? Shall I send for one of the surgeons?"

"They can do nothing—let them stay below," the Captain answered. "It will soon be over with me. I'm sorry for those poor lads. The Navy has lost promising officers in both. They were very tiger's cubs. How goes it with the *Czar*? Does she strike?"

"Not yet, but she can't hold on long," responded the Commander. "Her starboard side is nearly battered in. It seems to me she's sinking fast."

"What brave fellows they are!" exclaimed Rendell, with the admiration of one true fighter for another. "How deathly still it is! What a calm after the storm! Not so much of it, old 'Riv.' Don't be too lavish with your tongue. Good dog—lie down." He patted the affectionate beast, and with his feeble strength pulled one of the great ears. "Riv" lay quiet, but watchful, wondering what it all meant.

"It is a strange silence," murmured the Commander, too much awed to raise his voice.

The noise of battle had departed, and the shot-torn ships rode placidly upon the swell. The full moon, well above the horizon, shone with clear and peaceful light, and made what looked like a silver river in the sea. On that bright stream the *Czar* rode, as silently as the *Revenge* herself. To Rendell's clouding mind she seemed a phantom, and he looked upon her fixedly as he raised his eyes.

"There's possibly some fight left in her yet," said Robb, following his Captain's eyes.

"And in us, too," said Rendell earnestly. He tried to raise himself, but his head fell back. "Robb," he added, "I'm no more good. Remember Grenville, and the fight 300 years ago. No surrender. Do you, whatever comes, refuse to yield, and if you must, go down with colours flying. You hear?"

"I shall do it," answered the Commander simply.

"We cannot give the ship away," continued Rendell. He was speaking in a hoarse whisper now, and with difficulty.

Robb made no answer in words, but he pressed the hand that lay within his own, and the Captain understood.

"It seems a hard thing to ask of you," said Rendell after a pause. "But you know the country has the first claim on your life, and that of every man on board."

"If we are to die, we will do so altogether," answered Robb.

There was silence again, and Rendell raised his head, and turned it towards the *Czar*. His dog regarded him with wondering eyes.

"What is that?" demanded Rendell, for a strange warning cry had suddenly arisen from some of the *Revenge's* crew.

The Commander sprang to his feet, and stared as if transfixed at their opponent.

There was another cry, but not from the *Revenge* this time. It came from the *Czar*—a long, loud wail of terror.

The Commander went upon his knees again, and raised his Captain's head. "See," he whispered, in horror. "She's going over!"

The *Czar* was turning slowly towards them. In the clear strong light they saw the men rush to the side, and cast themselves into the sea; and, meanwhile, the shouts of frenzy rose in the still air.

It was an appalling spectacle. The upper works of the battleship rolled towards them, and the funnels sank until they were level with the surface of the sea. Then they disappeared; the ship went round until her keel was uppermost; she took a plunge by the head; and, at last, went down, her screws revolving furiously in space. She gave a last plunge; the propellors ceased their revolutions; there was a sound like thunder as the boilers burst; a column of water rose, white and high; then fell, and joined the tumult of the waves. Before many seconds had passed the *Czar* had disappeared, and only a few of her company were struggling in the sea, swimming towards the *Revenge*, and, fatalists no longer, screaming to be saved.

"My God!" exclaimed the Commander, putting for a moment his hand across his eyes to shut the fearful vision out.

"But," said the Captain with his fleeting voice, "it is a great victory. Robb," he added rapidly, "get every soul on board you can, and then make straight for home. It has been a good fight, and I have tried to do my duty like an Englishman. Remember, get them all on board if you can."

He fell back, and spoke no more; but there was in death a smile of happiness upon his face. "Riv," wondering no longer, stood by the still form, and bayed his sorrow until they came and coaxed him into the dismantled cabin.

The dawn was breaking as the Commander rose to his feet, and, in a loud voice, gave orders for the work of rescue to begin. He was in the midst of all the ghastly tokens of a great and crushing fight at sea, but his heart beat cheerfully within him, for the first fruits of triumph were with him and his people.

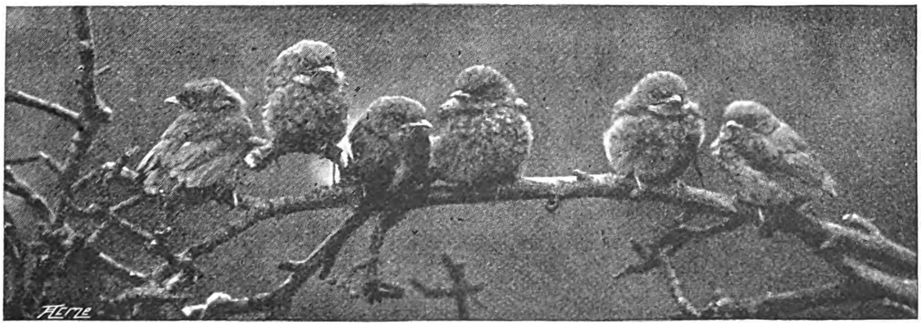


Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

Baby Robins.

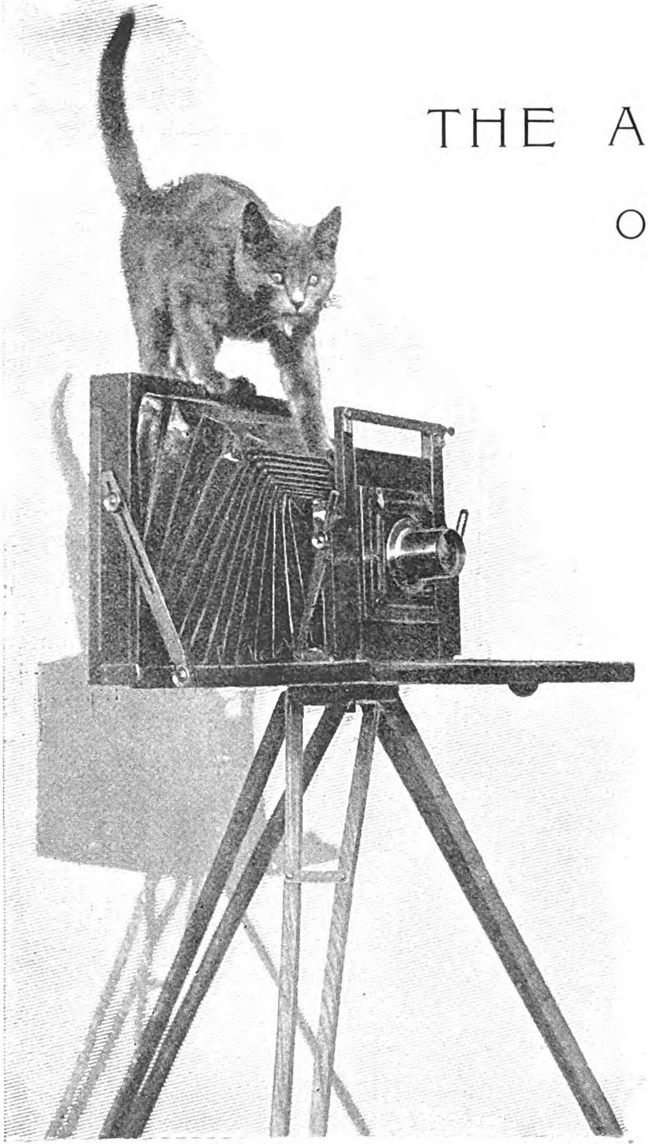


Photo by W. Bunnett.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

Moving Photographs.

Years ago, an exceedingly popular toy was the Zoetrope (I doubt not there may have been others of a similar sort with other names), which consisted of a cardboard cylinder on a vertical axis. By means of a slip of paper on which figures were printed, each one in a different position to its predecessor, the impression of the figures being in motion, was conveyed to the mind, when the rotating slip was peeped at through a hole.

Scientists appreciating the possibilities of this toy, went one better. A Frenchman named Marey obtained photographs of birds by the use of cameras, the shutters of which were operated by the wings of the birds as they flew across the room. Dr. Muybridge, of Philadelphia, further developed this idea until Messrs. Edison and Dixon jointly produced the vitascope. This was succeeded by the cinematograph and the animatograph, and lastly by the mutagraph, the mutascope, and the biograph, these last three being the invention of Herman Casler.

The biograph has apparently now become a permanency at one of our very largest music-halls, and the enterprise of the management and the skill of the operator of the machine have been evidenced on more than one occasion by exhibiting in the evening pictures of events which took place during the same day. Such pictures, of course, are apt to betray the haste in which they have been produced, but busy brains will doubtless before long overcome the thousand and one difficulties with which the workers of these wonderful machines have to contend.

The taking of pictures for subsequent exhibition is a business in itself. The class of pictures may perhaps be divided into three, the first being some actual and interesting event; the second, the portrayal of some phase of Nature, such as a rough sea; and the third, the

Photo by W. & A. H. Fry.

A Dream of Fair Maidens.

portrayal of people who in reality are performing miniature pantomimes. Such pictures as "A Skirt Dance," "A Sailor and his Lass," "Five o'clock Tea," and so on, are nothing more or less than pictures of people who are paid to play the parts in order that they may be photographed.

The studio, where a very considerable number of such pictures are taken, is situated in New York, and is a distinctly unique place. It is situated on the roof of an exceedingly high building, and it is as much a theatre on a small scale, as it is a studio on a large. In the first place, there is a complete circle of rail, resembling as it were the outside ring of a clock face. There is only one hand, which pivots from the centre. At the end of the hand is a large stage, whilst along the length travels a small building containing the photographic apparatus. In the main building itself, is a set of dressing rooms, with properties, costumes, and all the accessories of a modern performance. There is also an orchestra of one, equipped with a squeaky violin for use when singers and dancers are being portrayed.

The actual performance requires somewhat peculiar quickness on the part of the actors, for the whole operation takes but a few seconds. Two or three quick rehearsals are generally given and then, to the accompaniment of some execrably played popular tune, if the subject is a dance, the operation of photographing is effected. This done, the performers, looking garish and out of place in the bright sunshine, retire to their dressings rooms in order to get into their every day costumes or rags, as the case may be, and a fresh set of performers takes their place.

A strange mixture of individuals have sat and stood on this little stage and been photographed. Whilst some may have been poor "supers," others have included men and women of world-wide

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Heated Debate.

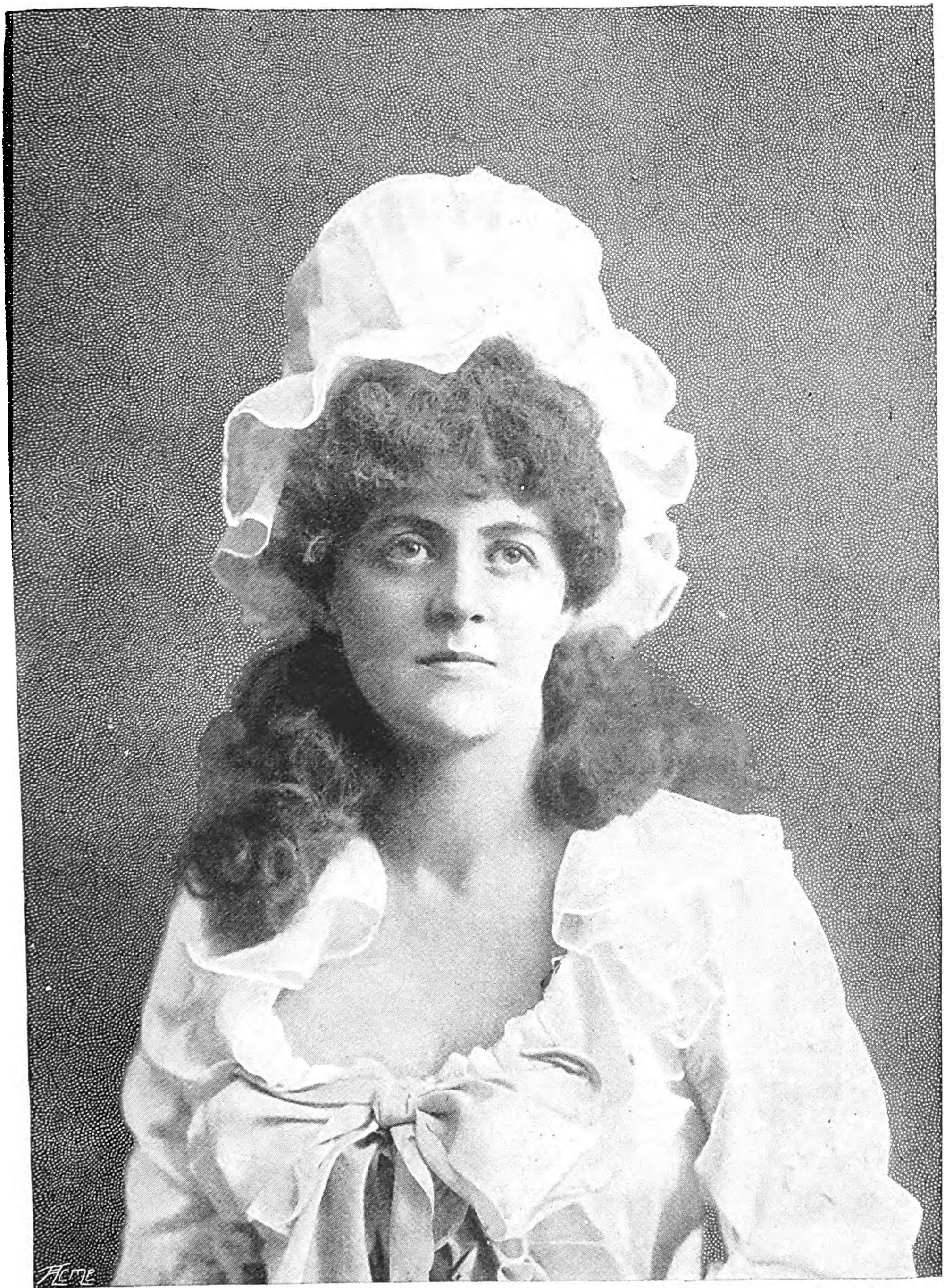


Photo by W. and D. Downey.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

renown. Politicians, lecturers, dancers, musicians, actors, actresses, indeed all manner of folks, have for a few seconds repeated the essence of their several achievements. Stump speeches have been pantomimed, brief lectures have been delivered—in silence; dances that nightly bewitch vast audiences are performed, feats of juggling are repeated, and all before the marvellous machine which will enable people throughout the world to see in apparent substance famous men and women whom they can never hope to see in person.

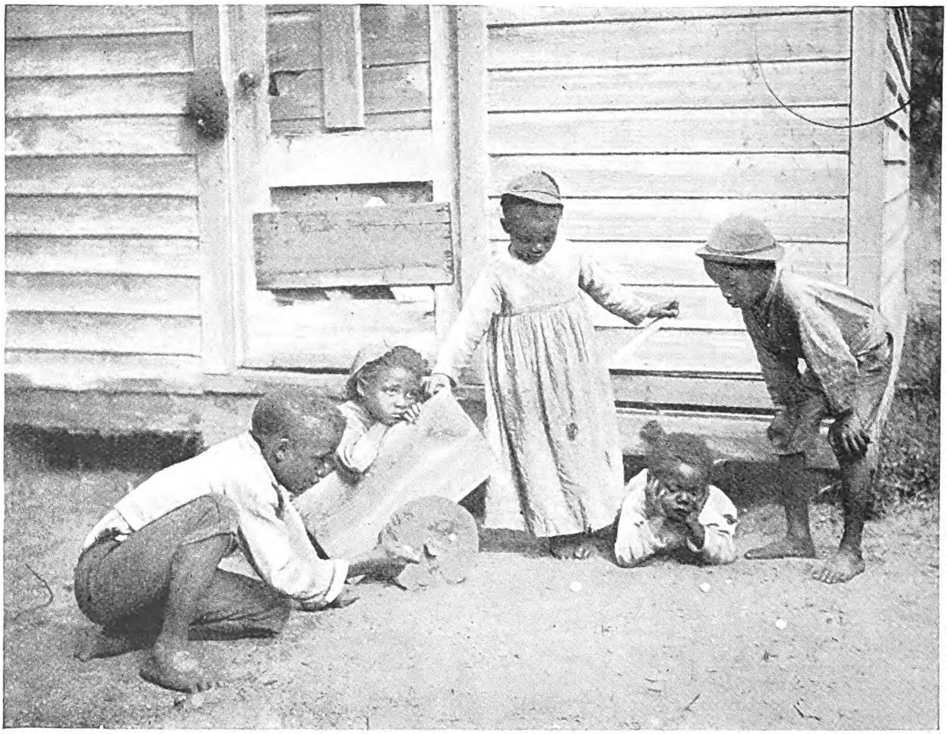


Photo by O. W. Huntingdon.

Piccaninies at Play.

The Cinematograph and Vivisection. A curious use of the cinematograph is said to have arisen in connection with the lectures given by a certain professor of Paris. During the course of one of his lectures, he appears to have given great offence to the lady students by performing an operation on a live rabbit. The professor, at his wits' end to render his lecture of adequate value, which it certainly would not have without an actual demonstration of the various operations which from time to time he might be describing, hit upon the happy idea of making use of the cinematograph. In the privacy of his laboratory he operated upon a live rabbit before a cinematograph, and then projected the results upon a screen in the lecture room. The result was a distinct success, apparently, and there is every reason that it should have been, for the full advantages of witnessing an operation on a living creature was attained without unnecessarily harrowing the feelings of the young ladies by an operation in the room on the animal itself. The idea was decidedly a happy one of the professor's.

A wonderful Invention. Not so very long ago, the news was bruited abroad that a Polish schoolmaster, with a distinctly unpronounceable name, had discovered a method and invented a machine whereby pictures could be sent by wire. For a wonder the rumour proved a fact, and not merely a phantom; for the machine itself not only existed, but was promised as one of the marvels of the great Paris Exhibition of 1900.

France has now, it is said, the satisfaction

of knowing that a machine capable of attaining the same ends as the Pole's, but differing essentially in detail, has been invented and completed by a Frenchman, and is likely to appear also at the Exhibition. Like the Polish invention, Mons. Dussaud's can be attached to an ordinary telephone, with the result that an individual at one end of the wire can see reflected on a screen an object or a person standing at the other end of the wire.

Dussaud is not unknown as a scientist. His microphonograph has done much for the deaf, and his new invention has received the approval of the Paris Academy of Sciences, where it has been privately exhibited and tested.

Believing that as electricity in varying currents is able to reproduce sound at great distances, so it could be made to reproduce light and shade, M. Dussaud made a series of experiments with selenium, which has the peculiar property of resisting the passage of the electric current, more or less, according to the amount of light thrown upon it. The result of his experiments were concentrated in a machine which received the name of "Dussaud's Telescope."

The instrument consists of a camera, at the opposite end to the lens being a revolving screen worked by clockwork and pierced with small openings arranged in spiral form. Behind this is a system of selenium layers connected with a battery, whose current traverses them, and also the primary circuit of the induction coil. By means of this machine an observer at the receiving station sees on the screen the exact image produced in the camera of the transmitter.

Photo by Thors. San Francisco.

A Fair American Actress.

The Lost Gainsborough.

Twenty-two years ago Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, forming one of the collection of Mr. Wynn Ellis, was sold to Messrs. Agnew for £10,000. The auction took place at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms on May 6th, and when the great Gainsborough picture was put up, a battle royal took place for its possession. Ultimately the Earl of Dudley and the Agnews were left in, the latter finally becoming the proud possessors.

The picture was placed on exhibition in Bond Street, and all fashionable London rushed to see it. Suddenly, during the night of May 24th, the picture was cut from its frame and carried off. A reward of £1000 was offered, but to no purpose, and the theft remained an unravelled mystery. Even the cleverest of the English detectives seemed unable to evolve even a theory—and a detective must indeed be at fault when he is unable to do that. Of course there arose from time to time ininnumerable rumours that the lost picture had been found. Quite lately a most circumstantial story was in circulation. The report ran that a vestryman, in the course of his duties, used to call at regular intervals at an old house in Smith Street, Chelsea. It was a dirty, tumble-down old place, occupied by a mysterious old woman, who, amidst poverty, seemed nevertheless to be possessed of articles suggestive of a once prosperous past.

One day the vestryman, when paying his usual visit, discovered the house untenanted. He entered, and, finally, having descended into the cellar, he knocked up against a light wooden frame. Striking a match, he discovered a picture—old, dirty, and in a state of sad neglect. Careful examination revealed to him the outline of a woman in a large hat with a flower at her breast, and under the circumstances of his discovery the vestryman jumped to the conclusion that the picture must have been stolen. It needed very little enquiry on his part to bring to his mind the story of the lost Gainsborough, and he got into communication with Messrs Agnew, with the result, so it is said, of the picture being recognised as the long lost treasure.

I happen to know on the very best authority that there is but a substratum of truth in this account. A picture was apparently found, but Mr. George Agnew at once saw that it was not the great Gainsborough.

As a matter of fact, the picture itself is, almost beyond doubt, in existence. Some two years ago, Sir George Lewis was on the very point of discovering its whereabouts, when an injudicious article appeared in a certain London paper, and destroyed the opportunity.

The real thief is known. He is at present in a prison on the Continent, under a sentence for a big robbery. He was no ordinary thief, for he used, when in England, to live in the best possible style, with rooms in Piccadilly. He gained possession of the picture by getting locked in during the night, having concealed himself in a recess. The work of ripping out the canvas was a matter of but moments.

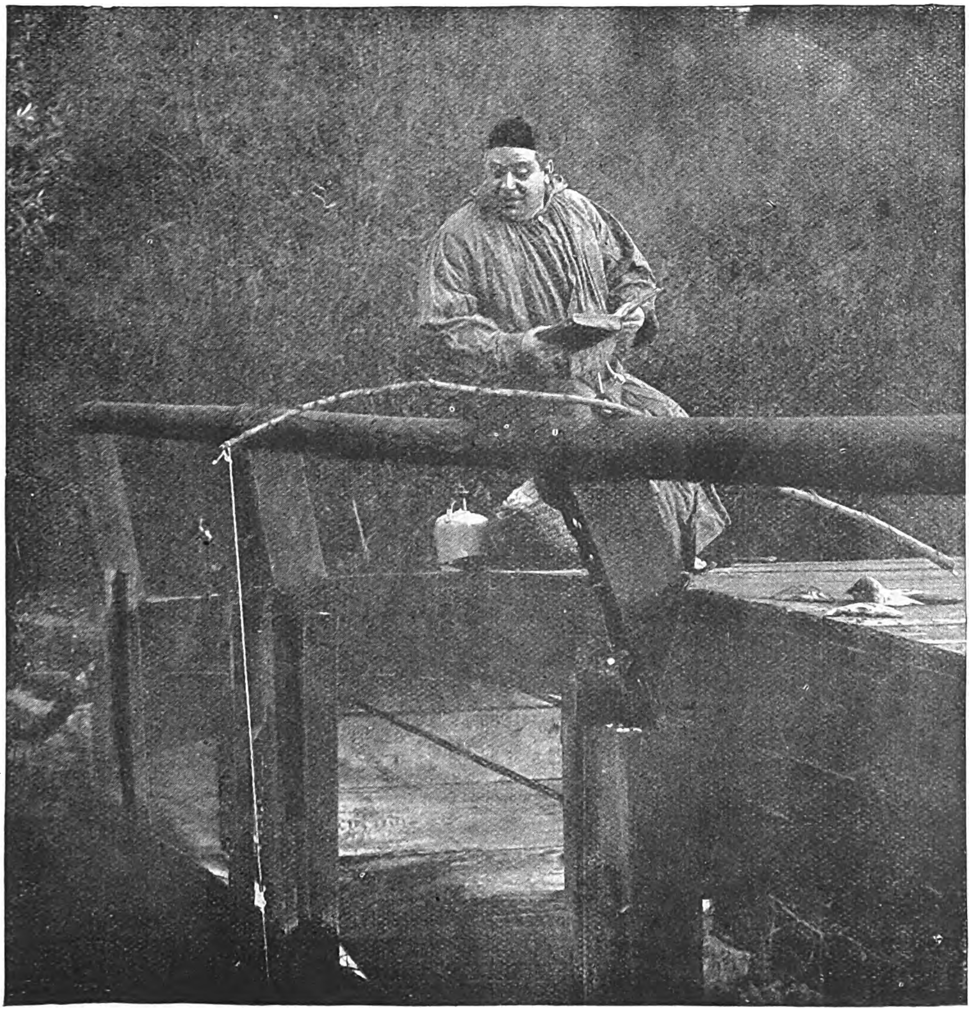
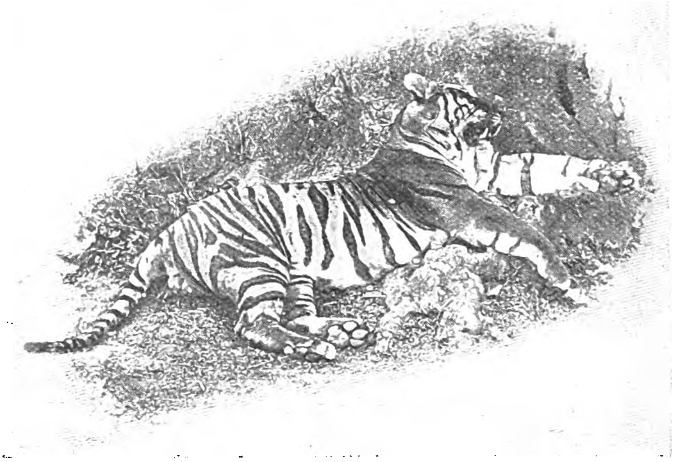


Photo by J. E. Dumont.

Ha! A Nibble!



His Majesty.

HOW TIGERS ARE HUNTED.

By B. Beaman.

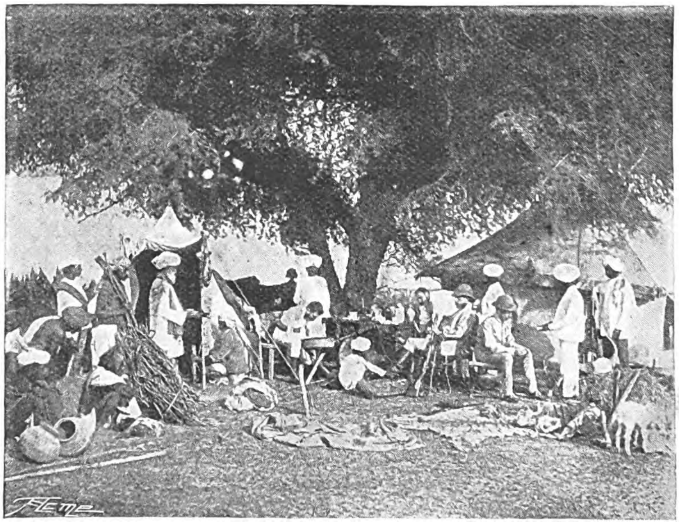
Of all the great hunting grounds in the world India and Africa easily hold pride of place; and if in the latter the game be more varied, in the former there is the incomparable excitement and pleasure of tiger hunting on a scale unequalled elsewhere.

Much as has been written on tiger hunting, the average dweller in England has very little detailed knowledge of the favourite sport of India. In the first place, tiger hunting is not usually indulged in throughout the entire year.

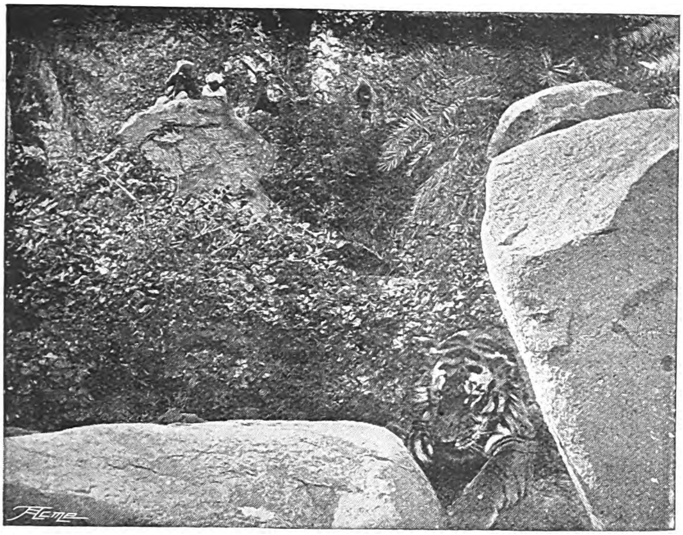
The best time for shooting tigers in Central India is in March or April; in the Southern Mahratta country rather earlier, and in the Terai in January or February.

The first thing to do is to make sure of your ground—as it is a case of first come, first served; and having fixed on a good bit of country, generally about one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles in area, to procure the services of the best local *shikari*.

A *shikari* is a sportsman, properly speaking, but when the term is applied to a native, means a servant-sportsman well acquainted with the



The Village Head-Man Bringing in Supplies.



A Tiger Marked Down by the Shikari.

modes of conducting a shoot and the general habits of the shikar (game).

It is all-important for the success of a shoot that your shikari should be a thoroughly capable and reliable man, hence the necessity of engaging him *early*, as good men are always in request.

Next to the shikari in importance come the elephants. These are nearly always procurable from the Government, but it is very necessary to see that you get good animals. Some will rush to the encounter and materially aid in the battle, others will stand immovable and calm as if nothing were happening. Some, if they have ever been mauled will turn tail and fly at the sight of a tiger, and this is especially the case with females. It is very dangerous to ride a coward elephant, for in its terror it will literally gallop and the pace is inconceivable to anyone who has not tried it!

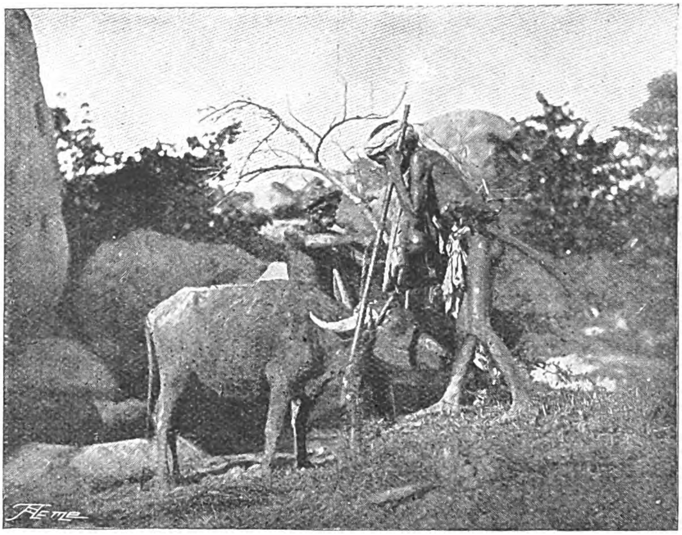
Tents are generally hired if one is unable to borrow them, but Government officials have their own.

Having arranged all these big details one's attention turns to minor points, no less important in the long run. A sportsman's first consideration is his guns. The most useful are a good 12-bore gun and 16-bore rifle; or else two 12-bore guns, as it is an advantage, amounting almost to necessity, that all the ammunition you have about you should fit whichever weapon you have in your hand.

An old hand as frequently as not carries a small thong-bound ladder, made of pieces of bamboo; five or six feet in length. This is of great use in climbing trees which would otherwise be inaccessible. Those who like comfort carry a small but strong leather cushion to fix in the uncomfortable forks of trees in which they are occasionally obliged to sit for great lengths of time whilst not a few provide themselves with a pair of strong gloves, with half the fingers cut off, for wear when the mid-day heat makes it a painful business to clasp the barrel of the gun.

A small leather water bottle and a big packet of sandwiches or biscuits are always sadly missed if forgotten. One's clothes are a great consideration—or, rather, the colour of them is! No vestige of white must anywhere appear, as it is so easily detected at a distance. One's whole "rig-out" should be of the same colour, a kharki yellow-brown being about the most suitable. The *sola tope*,

Telling the News.



Tying up a Buffalo as Bait for the Tiger.

or "sun hat," is an important item, and should be large but light.

Here, then, we have our hunter equipped. Now for the actual sport itself. On arrival at a camp, the shikari is despatched into the nearest village to find out what news he can of sport. The head-man of the village, often accompanied by almost the entire population, then comes to the *saheb lōg's* (gentlemen's) tents and informs them of any tigers known to be in the neighbourhood.

Through the head-man the beaters are engaged, between fifty and sixty up to as many as a hundred being required each day.

The beaters trace the "*pugs*," or footmarks of the tiger, and a good shikari (who is well versed in all jungle lore) can tell at once the freshness, or comparative freshness, of these marks. Sometimes claw-marks are found on tree-barks as high up as eight, nine, or even eleven feet.

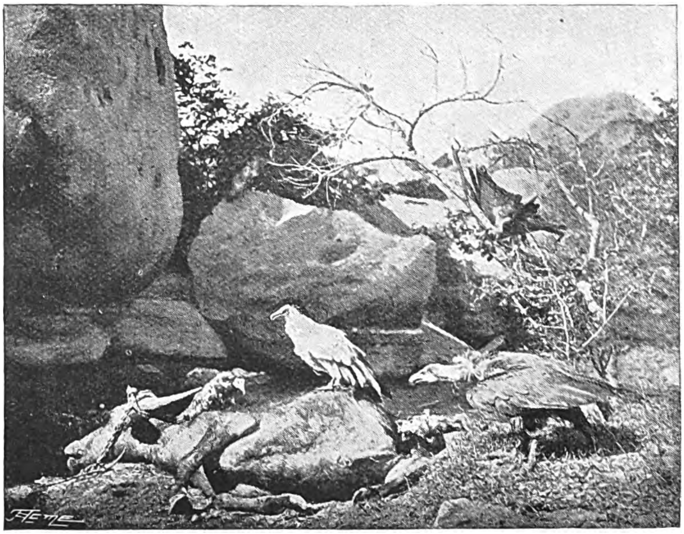
In many districts it is customary to tie up a young bull-buffaloe near the favourite drinking-place of the tiger, and in the early morning the place is spied out by the shikari from as great a distance as possible, so as not to disturb the tiger, should he have killed the animal. If he has killed it, he is sure to be somewhere near, and the joyful tidings are soon carried to the sahib.

In a well-organised camp, breakfast is generally a very substantial meal, taken at about 10 a.m., and sport is commenced directly afterwards, and continued till dinner-time in the evening.

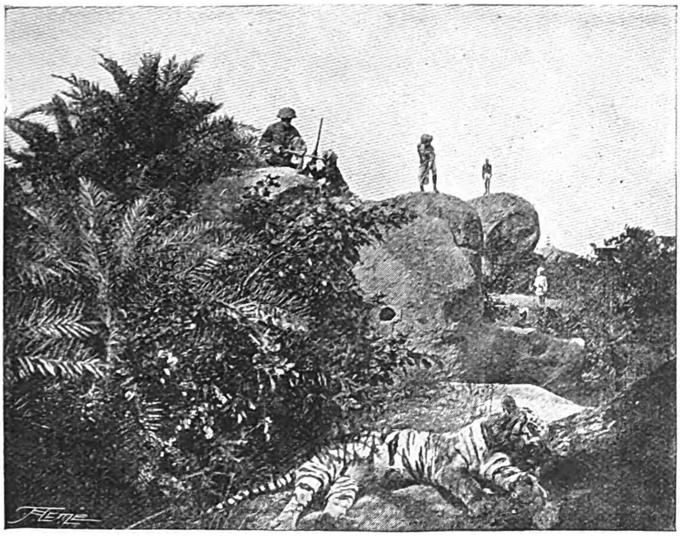
The sportsmen drive in bullock-*dumnies* (covered carts drawn by bullocks) or ride horses or elephants as far as the spot from which they intend to shoot, where they dismount and climb up convenient trees, a native *shikari* with a second gun accompanying each man.

Then the beat commences, each of the beaters banging about with a long staff or other handy instrument, and yelling and making a most hideous din. In some villages nearly the whole population turns out, provided with some weapon or other for banging and making a noise, and such is the babel they create that they often start the game before the regular beaters come up. At the first shot every beater makes for the nearest tree or other handy place of safety until further orders.

In districts where the tigers are very wild



The Buffalo Next Morning Killed and Partially Eaten by the Tiger.



Bagged!

they gallop past under the trees in which the sportsmen are seated at such a rate that it is almost impossible to shoot them.

If a tiger is wounded it is wisest to follow up the trail on elephants and this is always done unless the jungle is absolutely too thick to allow it. It is most foolhardy to follow up a wounded tiger on foot; or for that matter *any* tiger on foot if it can be done any other way.

If a sportsman is *obliged* to follow on foot he should hold his rifle at ready all the while, and be accompanied by his shikari with the second gun also at ready. Sometimes the jungle is so dense that one cannot see as far as twenty yards ahead!

I might mention here that it is the unfailing rule of a good sportsman to *always* reload before advancing, the omission of which rule has caused many an accident.

When wounded tigers betake themselves into caves, it is a ticklish job finishing them off.

Peering into the mouth of the cave one frequently sees the game crouching ready to spring, and it is a case of who is quicker.

In some parts of the country no "kill" is tied up, but the shooting is organised on merely a succession of beats from one camping ground to another.

In rocky country with but very little cover and few trees the shoot is generally done from the backs of elephants. Even when one is able to have their first shot from a low tree, if the game is only wounded it must be followed up and finished off from the back of an elephant.

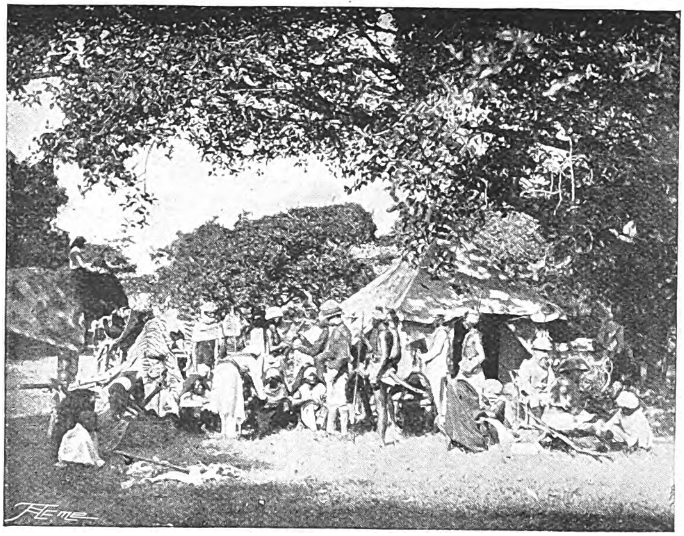
When riding timid females, sportsmen occasionally pull up some distance off, and pelt the place where the tiger is supposed to be with stones and bullets till he shows himself, and then shoot him down.

Sometimes the elephants are used to help in the beat, forming part of the line. When this is done the mahouts have to be careful not to get the least bit in front of the rest of the line, as this might put up the tiger and turn it on to the beaters behind.

If the shooting is in the Terai late in the season, when the jungle grass is long, the sportsmen often ride their elephants in a close line through the jungle, firing from their backs should they put up game.

Sometimes in very rocky country the practice is to hide behind boulders of stone,

Carrying in the Game.



Paying the Beaters.

and watch the beaten bushes for the prey. If it happens that the tiger is only wounded, it is wisest to immediately mount one's elephant. When shooting from the ground, the sportsman lies down and keeps as flat as possible, so as to remain unseen, but it is difficult to drive this necessity into the heads of native attendants, who occasionally jump up and run for their lives to the nearest shelter on catching sight of the tiger.

It is rather exciting work sitting over a kill at night—if you can induce your native extra gun-bearer to keep silence. Often he whispers, alas! too audibly, "Bagh hai" (there is a tiger), and immediately "Bagh hai" no longer.

People entertain a number of extraordinarily erroneous ideas about tigers and their habits, I believe chiefly spread by those who have attended perhaps one hunt only, or even none. So tales get spread about as to the awful man-eaters of great size, etc , etc.

As a matter of fact, a tiger is *not* a daring animal, but is a cunning, sneaking brute, with sense enough to know when the chances are against him. Man-eaters are invariably old, generally very lean and mangy, with worn-out fangs, and no longer possessing any power of speed. Their skins are never worth having. Somehow they have discovered that unarmed human beings are easy prey, and so they develop a taste for this food. They are very cunning, and choose the best possible moment for attack, when some poor man, woman, or child is alone.

If not interfered with, a tiger will always eat the whole of anything he kills, however bad it may become ; and if relatives would allow the mangled remains of the man-eater's victim to lie for a day, the man-eater would often be despatched before doing further harm. The natives, however, have such a terror of a man-eater, that they will withhold information as to his believed whereabouts for fear of incurring his wrath and ultimate vengeance. Prosperous villages have over and over again been wholly deserted and left to ruin, as all the terrified inhabitants have fled the place in fear of a man-eater that had begun its ravages amongst them.

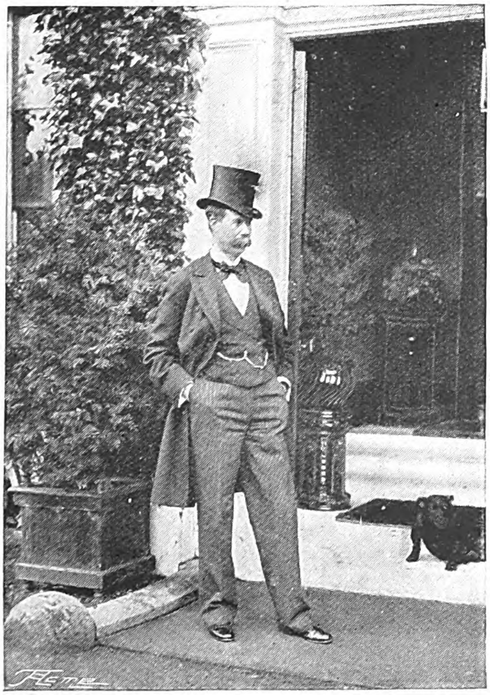
Tigers are measured in various ways, the fairest method being from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail before skinning. Males run to 119ins. in length, but the largest female I ever heard of measured only 107½ins.

Skinning the Tiger.

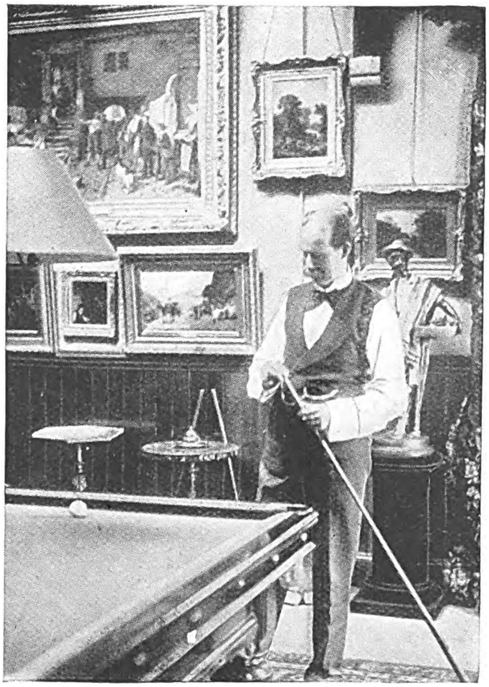
SNAP SHOT INTERVIEWS

NUMBER IV.

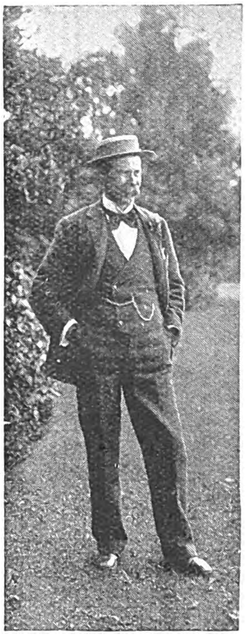
SIR THOMAS LIPTON.



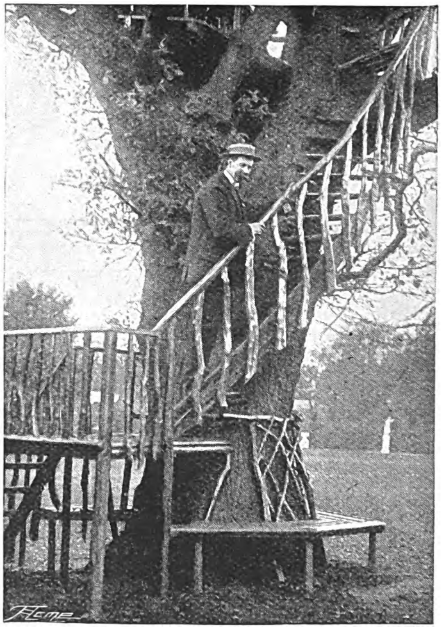
Ah! Here you are. Nothing like being punctual. Come inside.



My favourite amusements! Well, I don't get over much leisure, but a game of billiards after dinner is always enjoyable.



Now we'll go round the garden.



A rather unique summer-house. It has proved a most delightful idea.

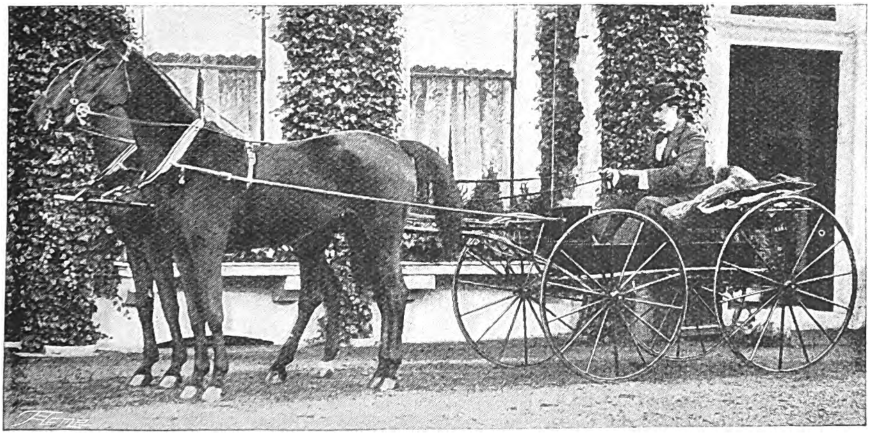
That's an odontoglossum album. Not particularly rare, as you know, but one of my favourite orchids.

Oh, yes! I'm a victim to the bicycling craze. And why not? It's an excellent amusement.

I've got golf fever, too, rather badly, indeed I've laid out a golf course on my grounds.

Bowls is more sedate, eh! But you can get a wonderful amount of enjoyment out of it, all the same, let me tell you.

But horses are my great hobby, especially good trotters.



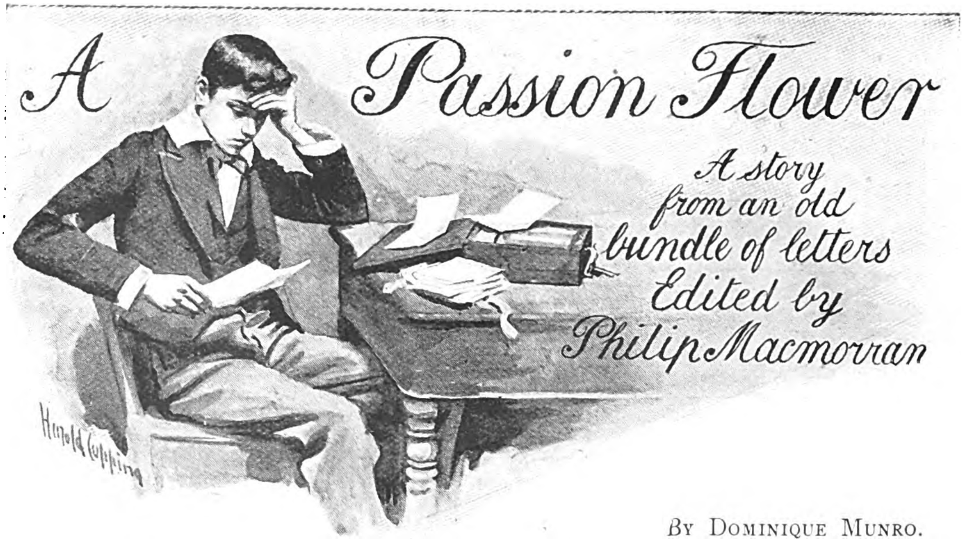
The near-side one is the finest trotting mare in the kingdom, so it is said.

Now I must be off to the city. Hope the photos will come out all right. Good-day to you.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

A Passion Flower

A story from an old bundle of letters Edited by Philip Macmorran



By Dominique Munro.

. . . . Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree.—Coleridge.

I'm Philip, the third of the "Rectory children," and I am writing this down just because Eric, good old Chummy, left me his desk and papers when he——. But that's telling the story in my own words, and I don't want to do that, for you see I have no pretensions to being an author. Well, it's just because I have become the possessor of all Eric's papers and letters, and it seems to my experienced eye (I am the editor of the "Magpie," our house magazine at Eton, you know), that there is a remarkably pathetic story running through these letters which I have come across, tied together in a bundle with blue ribbon. Poor old Chummy! So I am just going to copy them out as I found them, and only put in a remark or two when a remark or two is needed.

Why I am the third member of our family is because Chummy, that is Eric, was the eldest. Algy, who is in the Royal Navy, is the second, and I am the third. I wasn't always the third, because there used to be a girl between Algy and me. Her name was Rosie, Rosie Macmorran. Our surname is Macmorran, but she died some years ago. So I am a good deal younger than Chummy was, you see, and he used to call me "Phlops," I am sure I don't know why. There is one other of us, "Chubby," the baby of the family, awfully fat and round, but a jolly little sportsman for all that. His real name is Seton. Mater was a Seton before she married the governor.

Well, we lived in the dear old Rectory in Surrey, and next door to us was the "Gables." where there lived such a funny old sort of a fellow, a miser sort of a chap, and he had one child, Gabrielle. Of course, *we* called her "Gables" after the house, except Chummy. He called her "Bunny," because she used to come into our garden through a hole in the fence. She almost lived with us, and we all loved her—and then—the old miser died, and Gabrielle cried a great deal—I don't know why, she never loved him, but I suppose she felt she was all alone in the world; and Chummy kissed her, and they walked about together hand in hand, and then she went away to France to her guardian, Monsieur N. and his mother, and Chummy went to the R. M. C.

At first letters, short notes from Gables' convent school, and some from her guardian's house used to come here, and Chummy read them out loud, or sent them home for us to read, if he were away at the time; but suddenly we children were kept out of it all, I never understood why, and now . . I do know, so I am going to tell you all about it. Those letters that came after a bit meant much more to Chummy than he cared for us to realise. And as Gables grew older so Eric grew quieter, and we seemed to hear less and less of either of them; now I have the whole story in these few letters, so I will just copy them out that others may understand.

I am only a boy, and a careless enough chap I know, not endowed with over much sentiment, but I own to having felt a bit choky the first time I read through this bundle. I shall call the whole "A Passion Flower," because it seems to me that poor Gables' love story can best be described in those two words. And Chummy's, too, for the matter of that; but somehow I don't care to think of this as the story of *his* life. I half think none of us ever knew Chummy really well—he seems to have lived by himself.

The first letter in the bundle is dated March 22nd, 1894, and is as follows:—

DEAR ERIC,—Here I am at last, home for long weeks of delights and merry-making. You see I have learnt to call it "home," though I so passionately declared when I left the old Rectory in Surrey that nowhere, *no* where again could I make a home! How silly! We are, after all, but creatures of circumstance, are we not? How is your mother? I will write to her to-morrow, and so, between the two of you, you will be able to follow your little girl friend through the rosy paths of her happy life out here in France. And they are rosy, dear—I mean them to be, they *shall* be.

When I left the Sisters at the convent gate this morning, I said to myself: "When I get home I will write to Eric and tell him all about the term that has passed, and my exams., and of my school-fellows, the good nuns, and the services, so different to those in your father's church; but then I am in the centre of Catholicity here, and—do not frown, as I can almost see you doing—I *like* it. Yes, I love it, for are not my dear, kind guardian and his mother Catholics? And does not he stride off to mass at the little chapel attached to the monastery every morning, and come home singing with the early birds, whilst I lie lazily in my little white curtained bed? I must describe him if I can. He is tall and upright, and has a clean shaven oval face, with huge brown eyes. He is young—very young, and talks to me in English, to remind me, he says, of home.

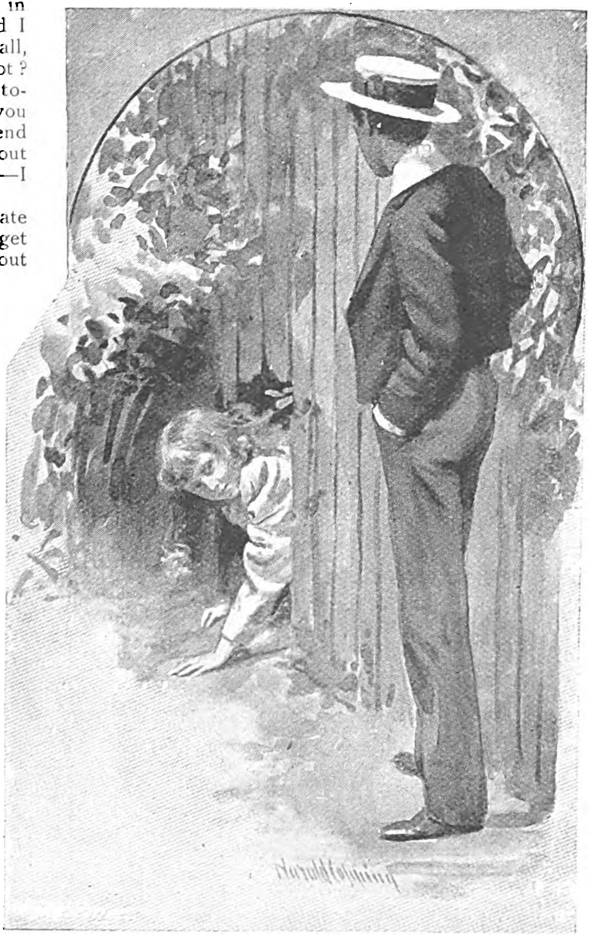
And now that I have found a few moments after a busy day to write my intended letter, I can think of nothing to say but that I am happy—far, far happier than I expected to be.

Do you remember the day I left England, two years ago, when you and I sat in the Rectory garden—I, in my sombre black dress with the crape that I *tried* to feel the weight of on my spirits, and how I wickedly said that a father who had been so hard in life might at least have left me in the care of a man whom I knew or *could* love, and how I promised you faithfully that my guardian should never, never take your place in my heart, you who had been more than a brother to me all my eighteen years? Yes, Eric, I am eighteen now: I was eighteen two weeks ago! Well, how little we dreamt of all that would take place since that day!

Guardy, gave me such a splendid photograph album on my birthday, and I have put your mother and his mother in it, side by side, and when I look at them I keep saying in my heart, "Which do I love best?"

There is the dinner bell—I must fly. Kiss all the children for me. Dear, you are *not* too old to kiss, in spite of your commission and the sword that your proud mother has buckled on to-night, for you see this is the 22nd, and I remember that you told me your kit would come down to-day, and you were to appear in it to welcome the Rector homé after his holiday. Kiss the Rector too, and whisper that Gabrielle never forgets—never! and a large portion of her heart is in the British Isles.—Ever yours erratically,
BUNNY.

The second letter is to my mother. Eric



He called her Bunny, because she used to come into our garden through a hole in the fence.

must have begged it of her to keep with the rest.

March 23rd.

Dearest Auntie :—

A line in great haste. I am going out with "Guardy," and he wants me to wear my new dress, so I shall have to allow half an hour to titivate! How I seem to have changed since I left England. —And I feel the change—I don't know where, sometimes in my heart I think and sometimes in my throat, all in a sort of a lump. It is silly to send so short a note. What would I not give to take a peep in at the Rectory window! How proud you must be that Eric is now a "full-blown" officer, and in the 4—. too! I am glad, for he is Scotch all over . . . "my bonnie bairn," as I think I hear you say. I pictured the scene last night, even to the tears that I feel must have been in your eyes as you buckled on that sword and saw him standing up so tall and straight by his father, topping him by fully half a head; and Eric's flush of pride as the Rector shook him by the hand——oh, why do I run on so——It does me no good. Good-bye—Love to all my dear ones— Ever your own

Gabrielle.

July 23rd, 1894.

Dear old Eric :—

I am so tired and have so bad an ache all through, in my heart, and head, and everywhere; when I talk there comes a great lump to choke me; so I ran upstairs a few minutes ago, to be alone, and I re-read your's and your mother's last letters; they seemed to do me good.

How pleased I am that you are getting on so well. I can never say how glad—Oh Eric boy, how proud "Auntie" must be of her soldier son. She tells me the Colonel has sent such kind words of you.

You must never say again that I am growing not to love you as I used. Eric, could you see me now, writing at the desk you gave me, using the pen you carved the handle of! To my right hangs the little tin sword with which you used to vanquish me and my army in the nursery! On my left, that despised amateur photograph of you in the battered old frame, just as it has always been since you had the impudence to say you would give it to me for a kiss! —As if I wanted it!!!

Yes, I do love my guardian, you are quite right; he is all that he could be, and far, far more than I thought he would be.

And so you "get on" with your Captain, and think the Colonel is a "jolly old boy"! I believe, from all you tell me, that the Major must have had a love story in his youth. The other subaltern in your company is a muff! Don't give *him* any more of my love, but give it all to "Dumps," and "Scamp," and "Don," and "Easy" (you see I know them all by their correct names now). Don't say all your news can't interest me. It does, indeed, indeed it does.

7 P.M.

Thank you a thousand times for telling your mother to send me on one of those splendid "uniformed" photographs; I've just received it. How lovely it is. Just my old playfellow all over. But, Eric, what is the "something" in your eyes? . . . It is different. You look so strong, almost fierce. Do you know I doubt if I should dare tease you as I used to do, if I met you now. I believe I should be afraid of you. I shall put the photograph side by side with the other one.

They say out here that it is unnatural for me to write to you as I do!—Ever yours,—

Gabrielle.

January 7th, 1895.

What a little wretch I have been not to have written all these weeks and months. I have just found your last three letters unanswered in my desk, so I am going to write you a splendid long epistle to make up for my shameful neglect. And I never even wrote for your twenty-first birthday. How odd it seems to think of you so "grown-up." I seem to remember you always as a rough-headed laughing boy, with merry blue eyes.

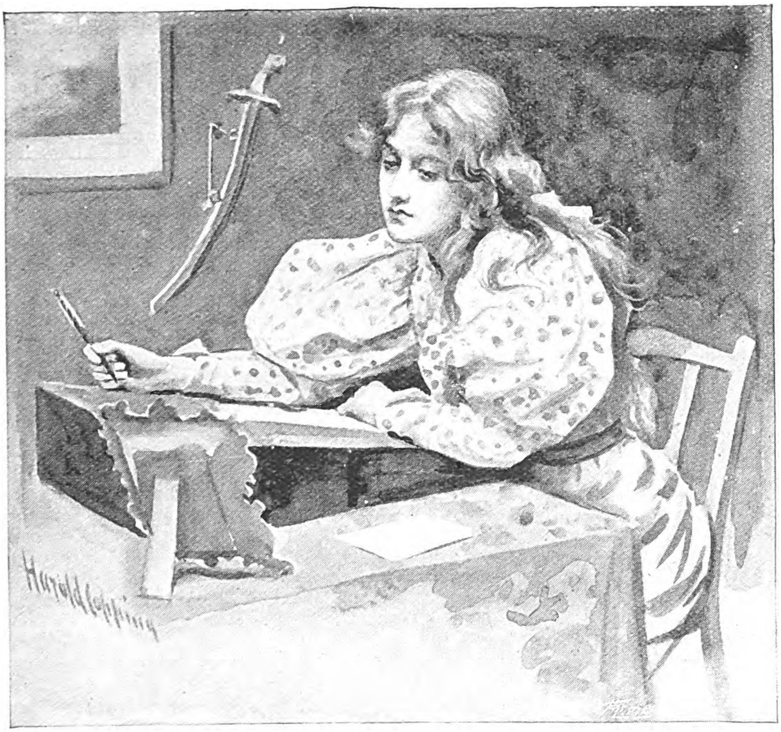
"Auntie" tells me you are so quiet and staid now, and that your captain is worried by your looks. Do take care of yourself, dear, for your mother's sake. Since she lost Rosie she is so anxious about you all. You musn't flatter me; fancy saying that that photograph is the prettiest thing you've got! My guardian becomes more and more to me day by day and week by week, but I am sure he doesn't understand; he seems almost to avoid me, and always takes his mother with us if we go driving now, and I walk by myself with the big dogs. . . .

"Guardy" never comes! He lets me go into his study sometimes, presumably to talk business, about my affairs and future, but when I am there we sit one each side of the table, and I do all the talking, just running on anyhow, saying bad things and silly things and ordinary things all muddled up together, just as I think them, and he sits there by me with his huge, solemn brown eyes fixed on me, following me through every mood and tense, and once I jumped suddenly from laughter to tears, and he said, "Dear, I love you so like this, treating me as a real friend." . . . as if I ever treated him or thought of him as anything but a friend!

Oh, Chummy, thank you for saying you are beginning to understand, let me do as you ask me to, just tell you all about it—how I love him, what a part of my life he has become! And he doesn't know, he will never understand. He is so good, so far and away above me in all; the people here worship him. It is so natural somehow, he seems to fill up the gaps everywhere, do you understand? His mother is so sad. I think she guesses how I care.

You tell me in your last letter that you want me to write because you love me — because you miss me. Go on loving me, dear old Eric, my soldier-boy; love me right to the end of the chapter. I have no real brother, no father or mother; and I trust so much in you, rely so much on your love. But why do you say it hurts you to love me so? . . . and why ask if it hurts me to hear of it? . . . I don't understand. Don't puzzle me, Eric. All life seems such a complicated affair, and you used to be so simple, I understood, but now. . . . ? No, you must promise me faithfully not to be sad and miserable; go on being my boy friend, whom I always think of as surrounded by brightness and happiness and laughter. Any way, Eric, forgive the selfish shrinking from pain that prompts me ask you not to write miserably. I can't bear it just now!

We are going to travel about about a bit for a whole year, so I don't know when or where I shall



". . . On my left that despised amateur photograph of you."

write again. Love to all. Never forget your little sister,
GABLES.

December 22nd, 1895.

DEAR ERIC,

You see this year I remember your birthday, and snatch a few moments to write to you. Many, many happy returns of the day, dear. I hope indeed that you may get your wish, and see some active service soon. God bless my old boy friend. I appreciate your letters so, they have come to me at all the foreign places as a real boon and blessing, and thank you very much for the merriness throughout them, the jokes and the "jolly larks" you describe.

I like to think of you as happy as you seem to be, and I am so glad you are no longer miserable. Eric, my guardian kissed me as usual last night when I said "Good night," and afterwards he held me to him, and said, "I wonder how I shall bear losing you." For a moment it sent a sort of thrill through me, and then I said, "But I can come and see you." He only sighed, and turned away. But tell me you are glad, for I am sure he cares far more now than he used to do. I will, I *must* make him love me in time. Is it wrong to talk like this? Anyhow I think it, and I always tell you what I think. I can't bear to realise that when I am twenty-one I must leave him. Good-bye, dear.

Ever yours, GABRIELLE.

P.S.—How few people remember that "Good-bye" is a blessing. "God be with you."

The next letter in the bundle is from the mater to Gabrielle; we found it in her desk the other day. It is as follows:—

January 21st, 1896.

DEAR GABRIELLE,—We have had such a sad, sad Christmas time. Poor Eric was dreadfully ill; I was telegraphed for to nurse him. I am just sending these few lines at his special request to tell you that he had your last letter, and says he *is* glad. I am out of it all, so I cannot tell what he means. Ah, Gabrielle, dear child, I wonder if you understand what a mother feels when, for the first time, a girl has the power to shut her son's heart from her! My poor Eric is so weak and ill that I dare not let him send you even a few lines, as he would certainly try and do were I not here. I do not know all that is happening to my little "daughter;" she seldom favours me with a letter. Eric talks about you often, and sends his love. I am going to take him home to-day for a holiday. These rumours of war have scared me. God grant the 4—. will not be ordered out. I cannot spare my boy!—Yours affectionately, DORA MACMORRAN.

I remember now (reading these letters has brought a good many of the little things that happened then back to me), Eric came home dreadfully thin and pale; his blue eyes were so dull—there was no light in them at all. We were kept from him for a day or two till he grew stronger. Gables sent a letter to the mater, saying how sorry she was about Chummy's illness. The mater never showed it to any of us; she burnt it straight away—only just laid her hand on Chummy's head, and said, "She sends her love." There was a hungry look that I didn't understand in my brother's eyes. I think I do understand now. Then Gables wrote again to Eric. Mater didn't want him to have the letter at first; I advised her to give it to him. I couldn't imagine then what could excite him in Gables' letters!

February 21st, 1896.

MY DEAR ERIC:—

So you are convalescent now and beg for further news of me. Poor Eric, I can scarcely imagine *you* ill! I never even saw you with so much as a headache, and when you used to have the inevitable colds and coughs it had no effect on your spirits, you used to run about and laugh and sing just the same! and now you have been on your back all that time. What was it dear? How could yon be so mentally worried at your age? You've passed your "A and B," you told me so. Is it some other exam. that is worrying you?

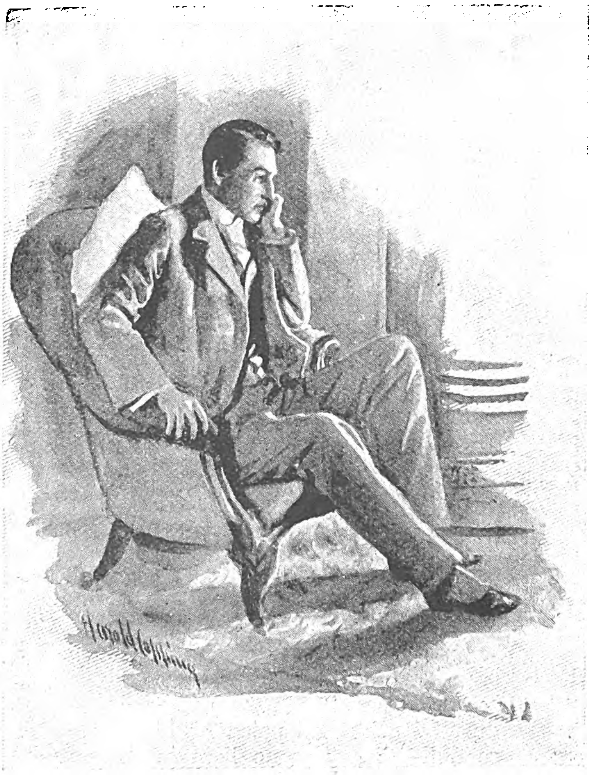
I must come back to England soon, I feel so in the dark out here . . . some of you are keeping something from me, I am sure, and I *must* know. Does your mother think I do not read between the lines of her letters and see that in a great measure she is blaming me! Oh Chummy, what have *I* done to be blamed? How could *I* make you ill? Write soon, and tell me all, and please say it is not true that you go to India in the Autumn. It can't be true. Eric, it will be ghastly for your mother; do you realise it? Your father growing feebler every day, and Algy at sea!—Can't you exchange or something—but there, I know your heart is set on it, though it is hard for those who love you.

My guardian teased me so to-day as we were walking home from church. (I always go to Mass now, don't be shocked my soldier boy). He said "How would you like me to become a monk, Gabrielle?" I started as if I had been shot, and then looked at his mother, would you believe it, she looked so proud and happy at the mere idea!—Fancy!—when it means her son would leave her for ever and ever! However, Guardy soon talked of other things.

I do not understand Catholics, though to my mind there are some things that are beautiful. My guardian gave me a prayer book to-day, and wrote on the fly-leaf a well-known prayer for soldiers, and he said, "That will be said often, no?" For a moment I did not know what to say. What do you think Eric, he actually believes I love you, I mean, am "in love with you"—like when people want to marry each other!—I laughed so when he told me. And I told him how you would laugh too, if you knew.

I then described you and your blue eyes, and how your face changes when you smile, and then—(don't be angry)—I showed him your letters and your photograph. And when he gave them back to me this morning he said, so gravely. "Your friend is one of the best sort of men that live, when you write to him tell him I wish him good luck, and the pick of this world's good things, and better in the world to come." It is a curious message, but so, ah, so like him. Good-bye all my dear ones. Get well soon, Chummy, and tease the boys into writing to me. Phlops ought to write a good letter by now. Ever and always yours,

BUNNY.



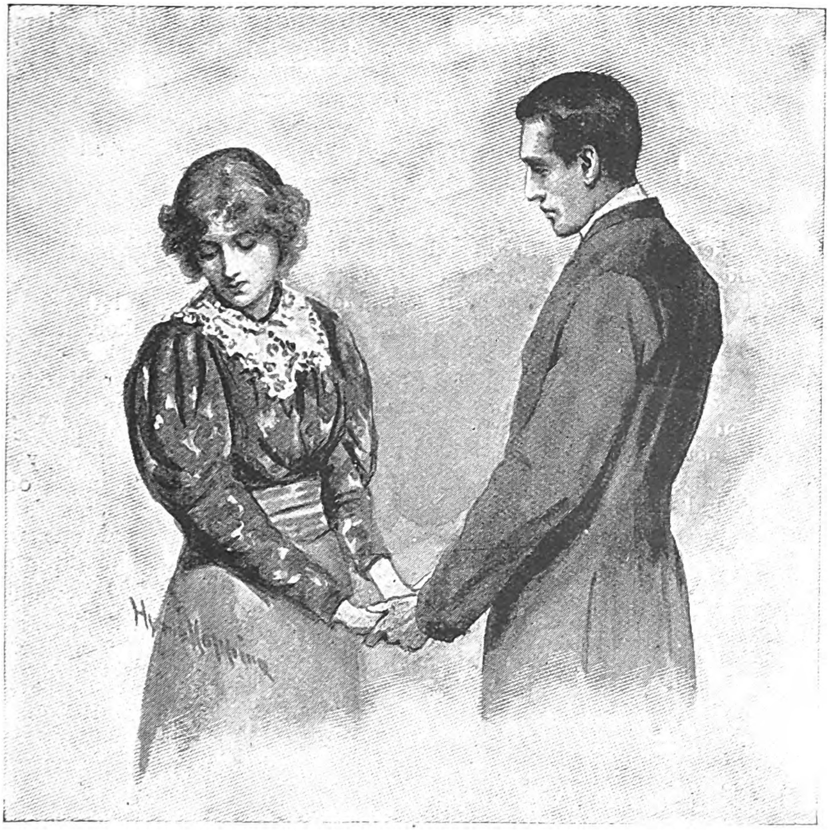
There was a hungry look in my brother's eyes.

There was only one more of Gables' letters in the bundle, and it was sent out to India after Chummy had gone. It is very faint, and written on that horrid foreign paper. Looks to me as if Gables, as she wrote it, or Chummy as he read it, indulged in a good cry. The ink is so blotted.

March 30th.

MY DEAR BIG BROTHER,

It is all over, and I am sitting down for the last time in my little room to write to my best and truest friend. God only knows how I have valued your friendship all my life. To-day I feel so stunned I hardly know what to write. A moment ago I came up here and locked the door, and leant against the wall, pressing my hands over my eyes to shut out the



"He came forward and took my burning hands in his."

dismantled room. I tried to think I was back again in the schoolroom at the Rectory, tried hard to blot out these last five years from my memory, but tears would come, hot blinding tears. It is all so different now, the sun has ceased to shine for your poor Bunny.

My boxes are all packed, and to-morrow I start for England, where your mother will meet me. Yes, I am going home—at last! Just now I unlocked one box, and dragged out the tin sword and battered photograph frame, and hung them on the otherwise bare walls. I wanted something to remind me of you.

I will write freely, because I am sure of my soldier boy's love and affection, he will not desert me now or condemn me for my foolish regrets. A week after my twenty-first birthday, my guardian called me into his room, and as I entered he came forward and took both my burning hands in his—his were icy cold.

"Gabrielle," he said, "now that you are my ward no longer, I have sent for you to tell you of the great step I am going to take. Had not your father expressed so strong a wish that I should be your guardian when he heard of my father's death, I should have taken this step five years ago. At all events these years have helped only to strengthen my vocation; your affairs have been left perfectly straightforward, so you will scarcely need my advice any more. To-morrow, I leave my mother for ever, and join the monks at D——."

My heart seemed to leap into my throat, and pulling my hands from his clasp, I leant against a chair for support. I told him as calmly as I could that I wished him peace and happiness in his new life—and I thanked him for all his kindness to me telling him of my intention to go to England, and then I ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed and cried bitter, bitter tears. You see, dear, he never loved me and he doesn't know to this day that I loved him. It is terrible to love like this, Thank God I have an outlet to my feelings—I can write it all to you who sympathise and understand.

When he left us, I was with him to the last and laughed and joked all the way to the station. He tried to be solemn but I made him laugh, though my own heart was breaking. His mother heard from him to-day, a letter in every word so like himself that the tears rushed to my eyes, and I turned to leave the room. Madame N—— ran after me and caught me in her arms and kissed me, whispering, "Pauvrette, I understand—" I broke from her and went to the study, where in former days we so often sat together, and there I flung myself on the sofa and wore myself out with sobs—vain sobs! Eric, I cannot suffer more. Some day, when God permits you to know the exquisite anguish of such love, you will understand, till then I can only wish you all the happiness that youth should have as its due. For me—? I care not if I die to-morrow.—Ever yours,

GABRIELLE.

Just after that letter was written, Gables came home. The first night she was here she ran all over the place from room to room with Chubby and myself. She laughed so merrily that we were all taken in by it, and thought her the happiest of happy girls, except that she looked so pale and tired, and sometimes would lay her head on her arms and burst into tears. She was always in the sunshine, and Seton used to follow her carrying a stool about with him, and would suddenly plant it down on the ground, and say, "Gables, sit down, I command you." His voice is so like Eric's. He is the most like Eric of us all, perhaps that is why she loved him so.

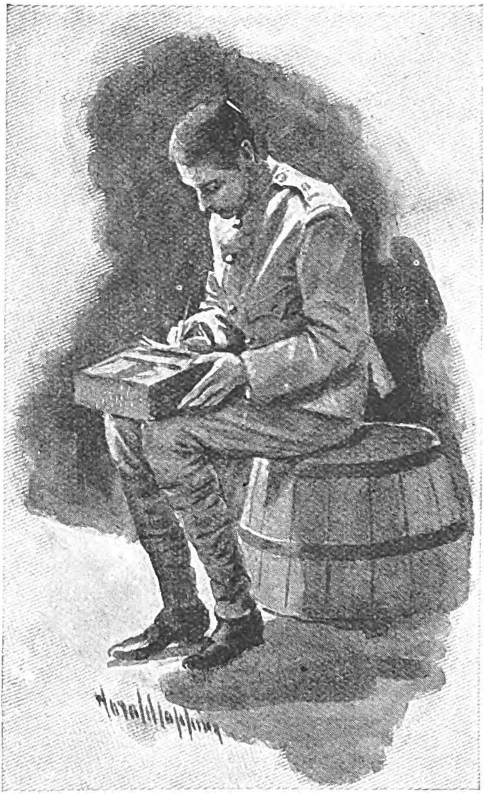
But Gables fell ill, was in a "regular decline" I heard the doctor say. And as the spring passed she became worse and worse. It was an awful time, because the war in India was at its height, and the mater was so anxious about Chummy. We wrote to him, of course, but never told him how ill Gables was. It would have made him so unhappy, you see, and it was quite unnecessary. But Gables died, and so we had to write. Mater did it, and sent Eric all the messages that our more than sister had left for him. Then we laid her in the little cemetery. Chubby cried an awful lot. I didn't cry, I am too old for that, but I felt awfully choky, and I wrote Eric a long letter in the evening, and as I wrote I kept lifting up my head; listening, I almost expected to hear Gables in the corridor coming . . . to send a message.

Some weeks later the mater came to me one morning in my room, and drew my head on to her shoulder, and kissed me, oh, so earnestly—if you understand. I felt her hot tears on my cheeks, and I asked her what it was, and she answered:

"Oh, Philip, let me cry, dear, my darling Eric, my bonny bairn, is . . . dead!"

I couldn't believe it at first, it made me feel so queer, and my head swam round and round, but I pulled myself together—only just in time, for the mater fainted.

Later she gave me Eric's desk and keys, and told me to destroy all the papers that I thought were of no value. When I told her of these letters, she gave me two to add to the bundle. Here they are—one from poor old Chummy's captain, and one from Eric himself, written on the eve of that fatal battle.



"I am sitting on an inverted tub, endeavouring to write as we march to-morrow."

Dear Mrs. Macmorran:—

How can I find words in which to condole with you in this terrible loss you have sustained in the death of your son. I have nothing to offer you as a consolation save that he was one of the most respected soldiers at the Front in this present dreadful time. Officers and men alike adored him. He was the heart of the regiment, and one of Her Majesty's bravest servants. When they brought him into camp yesterday morning a silence fell on the groups of men, a silence more eloquent than tears.

You will, I am sure, forgive me for saying so little. I feel his loss so keenly that I am unfit to write.

I will send his papers and belongings by the next mail, and hope by then to be able to give you a fuller account of yesterday's ghastly work. He was conscious only for a few moments, and I wrote down word for word all that he said. Firstly he begged me to send his love to all at home, and to tell you he was in no actual pain, only a dull ache all over. Then he asked me to post on a letter that he had written the evening before the skirmish, and he fell back in my arms with the word, "Gabrielle," on his lips . . . and so he died.

Forgive me, but I can say no more at present, it is all too vivid, too terrible.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Macmorran,
Yours sincerely,
HERBERT GREEN.

[ENCLOSURE].

Darling little Mother:—

I am seated on an inverted tub, endeavouring my best to write a few short lines before nightfall as we march some miles north of this to-morrow, and are certain to see some sharp fighting. One never knows what may happen, does one?—and so, in case I never see my dear ones again I must send a message now.

Tell the governor to "buck up" and get strong now that he has "Bunny" home again, and ask Phlops to look after my dogs and take care of you and Chubby. Algy's all right; he wrote the other day and seems to be getting on grandly. I am being called so must only say one thing more, it is this, tell Gables I got her letter and understand and am more sorry than words can say. Oh, mother, mother, God only knows how dearly I have loved our Gabrielle, and she would never have understood. Somehow I feel to-night that she is near me—I—, but I must go—good-bye dearest mother—Chummy's salaams to all——.

Mater said something about Gabrielle's spirit having been near him at the time he wrote that letter—it must have been exactly the moment that she died. Of course, I don't pretend to understand such things—I'm only a boy—but it seems a fine idea, and perhaps when she died she realised how Eric *had* loved her and her spirit followed him all through that last battle, and kept calling, calling him—so that he had to go—

A QUAINT CHALLENGE.

ONE of the most marked characteristics of the British Royal Family, and one which has tended to endear them to all classes of the community, is the readiness with which they will lay aside all formality and thoroughly enter into the spirit of the most unexpected situation.

The illustration we are able to give is an interesting memento of most unique unbending on the part of Her Majesty the Queen, for the sake of gratifying a very humble ambition of an old Frenchman. During her visit in 1897 to the Riviera, this old man, in his little cart drawn by dogs, frequented many of the drives Her Majesty was wont to take in the hope of being able to test the fleetness of his team against that of Her Majesty. On March 18th he took it upon himself to challenge Her Majesty to a race as she was driving along the lower Comiche Road, in company with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Countess of Antrim. The conditions on the face of it were scarcely in favour of the old Frenchman, for a fine upstanding pair of carriage horses were not likely to have much difficulty in outdistancing a dog cart—in its literal sense. The Queen gratified the old man by entering into the fun, and, to his intense delight, his dogs outraced the Royal team; nor was his pleasure in anywise lessened by a generous contribution by Her Majesty.

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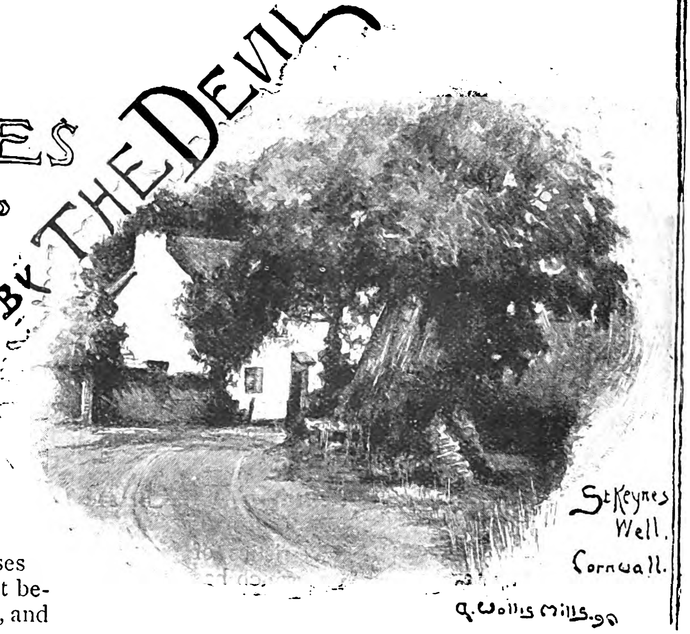
The old Frenchman who raced the Queen.

SOME PLACES IN ENGLAND AVOIDED BY THE DEVIL

By Edmund F Ball.

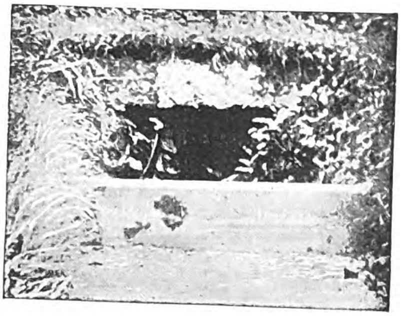


St. Keyne was a pious English princess who lived about 490 A.D. She came to Cornwall from Brecknockshire. Her nephew, St. Cradock, pressed her to return home, and on her at last consenting he planted his stick in the ground and originated the spring.

The "Holy Wells," as they are termed, are in most cases merely natural hollows or cracks in rocky ground from which clear water gushes, drips, or "wells up." In certain instances the water passes through some mineral deposit before issuing from the ground, and so becomes charged with some medicinal properties which are acknowledged to be beneficial in the case of certain maladies.

Most of us are familiar with the famous holy well in Wales connected with a particular saint, to the waters of which well are ascribed miraculous properties; lame and other persons, reputed cured of their different maladies, leaving their crutches and sticks suspended in the building to attest to the healing effected.

Many of these wells were utilised in Christian days for baptismal purposes—hence the name of "holy"; they also supplied neighbouring religious houses and churches with water. The wells at Rialton (Newquay) and "St. Zuron's Well" (Bodmin) seem to be of this class, as is also the well in connection with St Benot's Priory, Cornwall. Some of the early Christian missionaries used them thus, and for their own supply of water, too, when living, perhaps, in some cell close by. This we find at St. Neot's Well (Cornwall) and many others.



The well at St. Benot's Priory

was amongst those utilised in earlier days for Christian baptisms.

The legend of that saint affords curious reading. It appears that Providence, in recognising the goodness of this saint, always kept a store of two fishes in the well for his use, on the condition that he ate one every day. As ill-luck would have it, one day the saint was taken ill, and his servant, anxious after his master's health, caught both fish, and, after cooking them, placed them upon a dish before St. Neot.

The saint was extremely vexed at this, and ordered his servant to immediately place both fish into the well again. This done, they straightway returned to life. The servant was then ordered to go to the well and catch *one fish only*. This fish was duly cooked and presented before St. Neot. Upon the saint tasting the fish—the tale runs—he was immediately restored to health.

Cornwall appears to be the most noted county in Britain for holy wells. In Bodmin is "Scarlet's Well." It was considered beneficial to wash the eyes in this spring. The monks of Bodmin attracted pilgrimages here

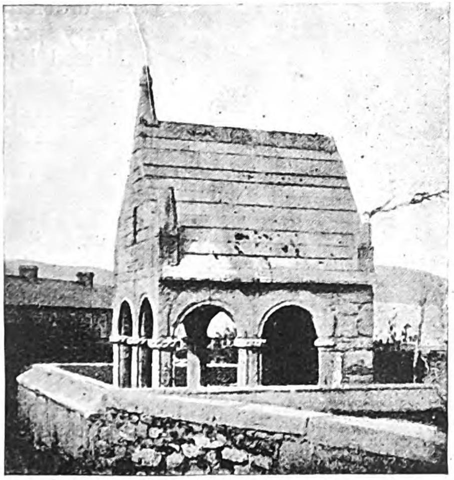
Lady Nance Well.

This well used always to be visited on Palm Sunday. A wooden cross would be laid on the top of the water. If it floated it indicated that the pilgrim would outlive the year, whilst if it sank it foreshadowed a shortly ensuing death.

in mediæval times, and great revenues are said to have been derived from these visits of the persons who travelled thither. There is also in Bodmin a holy well near the Berry, which was usually visited on Ascension Day. Rushes were laid in the form of a cross, and dropped on the surface of the water. It was thought that if these swam there would be good luck, whilst if they sank, the enquirer would have ill-luck during the coming year.

A somewhat similar custom is recorded of "Lady Nance Well," near St. Columb, only in this case the crosses were generally made of wood.

Many wells have buildings over them. Of these, perhaps, the well of St. Cleer, near Liskeard, is the most popular in Cornwall.



St. Cleer.

The chapel near this well was destroyed in the Civil War, but it has been restored. The waters were used to cure mad people. A curious superstition is that if the stones of the old chapel are carted away they return again during the night.

This is known as one of the many "Wishing Wells," and its water is also supposed to work wondrous cures. The particular healing virtue of this well is said to be the cure of insanity.

Another Cornish well is that of "Treloy." It is situate in an orchard on a farm of the same name. There are a few remains of some stone seats inside. To enter this well one must traverse through a bed of rather uninviting "nettles." This is one of the many wishing wells in which it was usual to drop pins. The method was to throw the crooked pins in the water, and watch as to their conduct before settling at the bottom, so that the future might be known by a process of divining.

"Roche Well," on the Tregoss Moor, is of the same class, with the addition of throwing pebbles in the water. This latter custom is said to have at one time been greatly in vogue by maidens who were anxious as to the probable date of their marriage. The number of bubbles arising to the surface of the water from each pebble was supposed to indicate the months which must elapse before the long-looked-for event would take place. In Wales a well, known as "Virtuous Well," is supposed to have the power of giving similar results.

Treloy Well

is a wishing-well into which people drop crooked pins, watching for omens to be gleaned from the method in which the pins settle to the bottom.

An important holy well is the far-famed well of St. Keyne, near Looe, Cornwall. St. Keyna, or St. Keyne, the tutelary saint, is supposed to have cast a spell over the spring. According to early writers, she was a pious virgin of British Blood Royal, being the daughter of Bragonus, Prince of Brecknockshire and lived about A.D. 490. There is a popular tradition concerning this well that whichever of a newly married couple first drinks a draught from the spring, he or she, as the case may be, obtains and holds the supremacy.

An amusing story connected with this tradition is worth recording. It is said that many years ago, after a quiet wedding at the parish church (which, by the way, is about a mile distant from the well), the bridegroom was observed to rush hastily away. After some little time had elapsed, he returned, looking rather untidy, but nevertheless happy —as if he had accomplished some great object.

He met the bride in the porch and she naturally asked where he had been, to which he joyfully replied: "To the Well of St. Keyne." The bride had, however, outwitted him, and after calling him "a regular duffer," told him *she had taken a bottle of the water to church!*

If tradition may be relied on, George III. must have had a weakness for visiting holy wells; at least, such appeared to be the case when he was staying at Weymouth. The "Wishing Well" at Upwey is said to have been visited by him every morning.

The legend concerning this spring is that to "wish" one must first drink of the water, wish, and then throw a little water over the left shoulder. It is particularly stated that it must be the *left* shoulder, but wherefore the writer does not know.

It is not on record whether or not His Royal Highness carried out these instructions.

Another well which is stated to have been frequently visited by King George and his family when sojourning at Weymouth is "Fortune's Well," situate in the village of the same name.

The water of St. Telca's Well, near Ruthin, is famous for the cure of epilepsy, and numbers of sufferers are brought thither at sunset to bathe in its clear water. Before leaving the spring it is usual for the patient to throw a coin into the sparkling water, and then walk away from the well backwards, slowly repeating the Lord's Prayer. He then retires into the church near by, where he spends the night in prayer, and by daybreak his cure is supposed to be effected.

The most famous of English holy wells is said to be St. Winifred's, in Cheshire. Certain Christians still make periodical pilgrimages here, so that it is sometimes known as the "English Lourdes." Like a number of the Cornish wells, this one is seen to be within a small chapelry, which was built over the spring in the fifteenth century by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

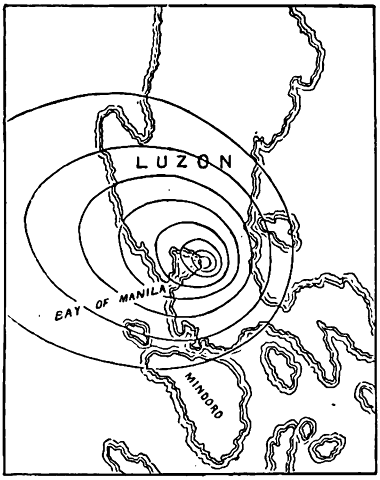
Tradition says that the saint was murdered on this very spot by a rejected lover, about the year 500 A.D., and that ever since that time the spring has been found to work miraculous cures.

The Black Prince Well at Harbledown,

Where the famous son of Edward III. used to bathe in the hope of curing his leprosy.

The well at Harbledown, a picture of which we are enabled to give, bears the name of the Black Prince. One is accustomed to associate the noble warrior with all that is best, and bravest, and noblest; it therefore comes as somewhat of a shock to realise that he was a leper. It was in this well that he used to bathe in order to cure his leprosy. Hence the waters have always been considered to possess wondrous curative properties, and have been sought after by all manner of sick pilgrims. Here, too, the pilgrims washed their feet before entering the city of Canterbury.

WHAT A TYPHOON CAN DO.



Map showing the area of the typhoon.

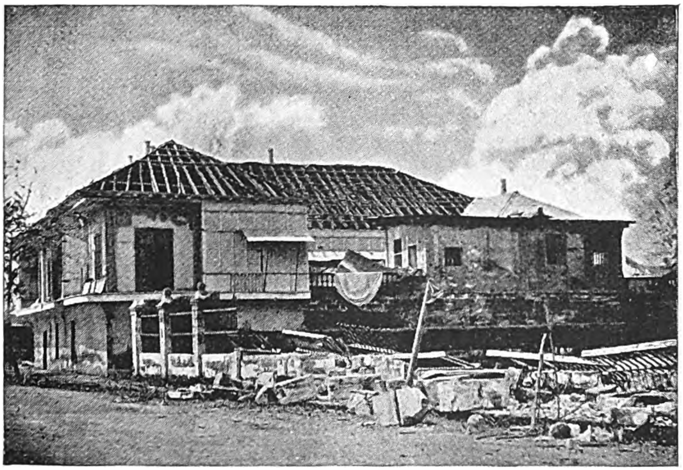
By J. Macfarlane.

Manila has suffered many misfortunes. It has been bombarded by battleships, besieged by insurgents, inundated by tidal waves, scourged with cholera, shaken to pieces by earthquakes, and torn and tossed by hurricanes.

One of the most destructive of these occurred in 1882, and the photographs, taken a few days after and here reproduced, give a very complete idea of the devastation.

On the morning of the 20th October of that year, the officials in the Meteorological Observatory at Manila received intelligence of an approaching storm. The barometer, which had been falling steadily, suddenly dropped with alarming rapidity, and messages were hastily despatched to the port authorities to hoist the storm signal, warning the inhabitants of the city and the ships in the bay that a hurricane was at hand. But the people were already convinced of coming disaster, for the bright sun of the morning was gone, obscured behind long streaks of wind-blown vapour that gradually became denser and more leaden in hue. Cloud upon cloud came crowding up, until the whole sky from horizon to horizon was filled with an ominous-looking mass that seemed bursting with electric fluid. So near to the earth did this lie that all the city was enveloped in a perfect darkness, and people, stopping their work, became conscious of the awful stillness of expectancy that precedes disaster.

It was some two hours after the warning was issued that the typhoon broke forth in all its relentless fury and almost in an instant the city and its surroundings became a complete chaos. The storm struck with terrific force, the black sky was rent by blinding sheets of lightning that added to the wildness, but the rattle of the thunder above was drowned by the awful sounds below. The wind shrieked and roared as it tore the roofs from the buildings and wrenched the walls



A house in one of the main streets in the Calzada of Sampaloc

A street, showing damage done to native dwellings.

asunder. The noise of breaking glass, crackling wood, and crashing of iron mingled with the cries of the terror-stricken natives was deafening. Sheets of galvanised iron and heavy beams were carried long distances and dashed with tremendous force into other buildings; roofs and walls were lifted and blown out and whole buildings would now and then be fairly demolished as they were thrown with a fearful crash into the street.

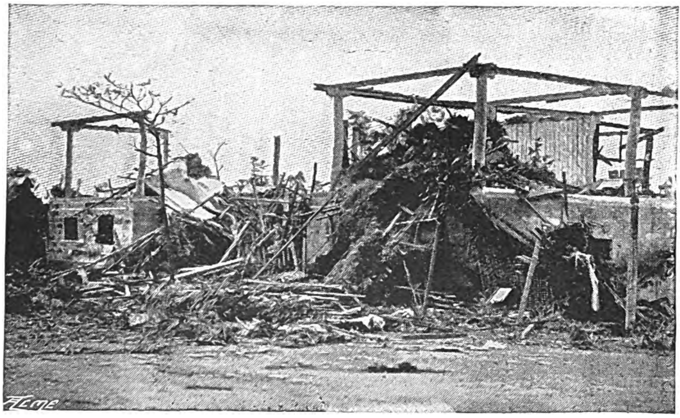
The violence of the wind was so tremendous that the anemometers of the observatory were broken, the highest velocity indicated by the instruments before that being 114·4 English miles per hour. Such force was, of course, practically irresistible and it is not surprising to find that almost all the public and private buildings in Manila were unroofed or seriously damaged, while nearly all the wooden and straw houses of the natives were entirely destroyed and thousands of families left homeless. Marvellous to relate, although many were injured more or less seriously, very few were killed.

One, a Chinese coolie was running for shelter, when a falling sheet of iron struck him on the back of the neck, completely decapitating him. The English doctor had a curious experience. When he heard the storm approaching, he stepped inside a large roomy wardrobe and dragged his "boy" or native servant with him, hoping thus to avoid the danger of a falling roof. There was a moment of breathless suspense as they listened to the tumult without, a frightful grinding crash close by, when they emerged to find that the wall of the room they were standing in had completely disappeared.

Another European resident had gone into the tobacco factory, leaving his carriage outside. When the hurricane broke upon them he rushed out with the intention of hurrying home, only to find that the carriage had been lifted by the wind and smashed to pieces against the wall, badly injuring both horse and driver. The telegraph lines were all blown down and the streets became impassable owing to the great quantities of *débris* from fallen buildings.

A panoramic view showing —

The military hospital suffered severely and one hundred and sixty patients had to be removed to the convent of San Augustine. Trees were torn up by the roots, windows blown in, huge wooden beams snapped like dry twigs; even stone walls were levelled to the ground, and iron bent, broken or twisted into fantastic shapes, and all the time tiles, splinters of wood and sheets of galvanised iron were flying through the air.

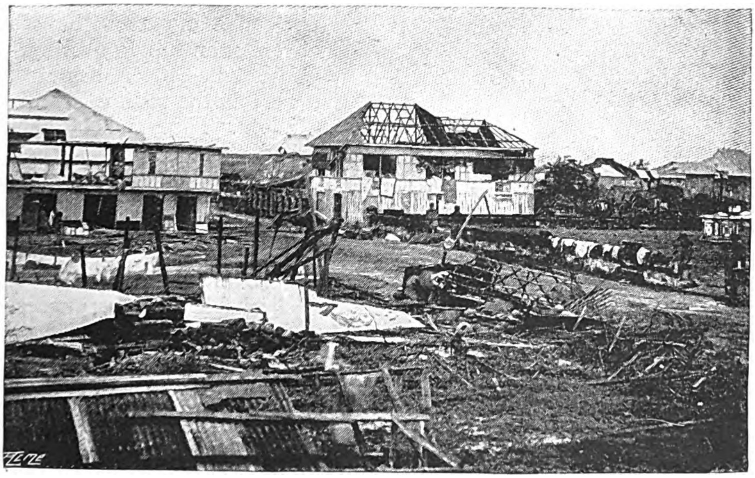


Two more instances of the havoc wrought by the typhoon ——

While all this havoc was being wrought on shore, the ships lying at anchor in the bay or moored by the wharves on the river Pasig were having a perilous experience. A mail packet and some smaller boats sank opposite the Governor's palace. Although all the vessels were riding to both anchors and had paid out long cables, sixteen of them dragged or parted their chains and were driven aground, soon becoming total wrecks and nearly all being completely dismasted. The force of the wind lashed the sea into spindrift which was caught up and carried far over the city like a thick, white, driving mist.

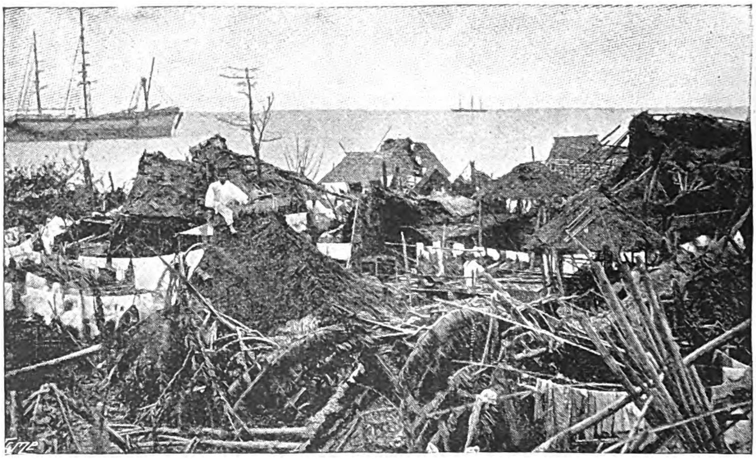
One can well imagine what those on board must have suffered with the ships under them straining and plunging as they were gradually driven ashore, not to mention the danger of falling spars and of broken cordage whipping the wind in all directions. The steamer *Barcelona*, although unable to make anything against the gale, not only managed to maintain her anchor hold by steaming full speed ahead, but was the means of saving several lives. Two native boats, containing men, women, and children, were in imminent peril of foundering close by. During a temporary lull, the captain of the *Barcelona* ordered the lifeboat to be lowered, and manned by a quarter-master and four sailors she put off to rescue the natives. They reached the first boat and got the occupants on board, but it was hard work and risky to get to the second.

They stuck pluckily to their work, however, and finally succeeded in bringing the natives off, although at one time the boats got entangled, and it seemed as if both would go to the bottom. When they got abreast of the steamer, the storm had burst forth again with renewed power, and it was found impossible to go close alongside. Those on board rigged up a basket to the end of a spar, and by this means all were saved, but the last man was scarcely on board before all three boats filled and sank shortly after one another.



the destruction wrought in the Ermita.

A party of seven English sailors who had been on shore



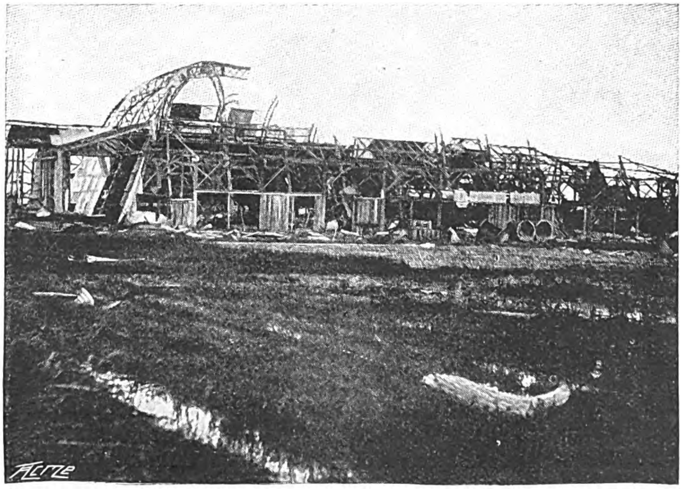
Another panoramic view, showing the damage done. The ship to the extreme left is ashore.

all the morning were returning to their ship. They had not crossed half the distance when the typhoon burst upon them, and despite their utmost efforts they were being steadily driven in-shore. As the sea rose, their danger increased and they momentarily expected a capsize. Their fears were soon realised, for, as the boat rose on the crest of a wave, the fierce wind caught and tossed her completely over, sending the men headlong into the surging waters below. It was a desperate struggle for life in such a swirling, seething cauldron. The spindrift blinded them, the hurricane dashed the sea in sheets over them, burying them from time to time; but in spite of what seemed an almost hopeless chance, six of the sailors, all strong swimmers, reached the shore in safety, though utterly exhausted, the dead body of the seventh man being washed up some time afterwards.

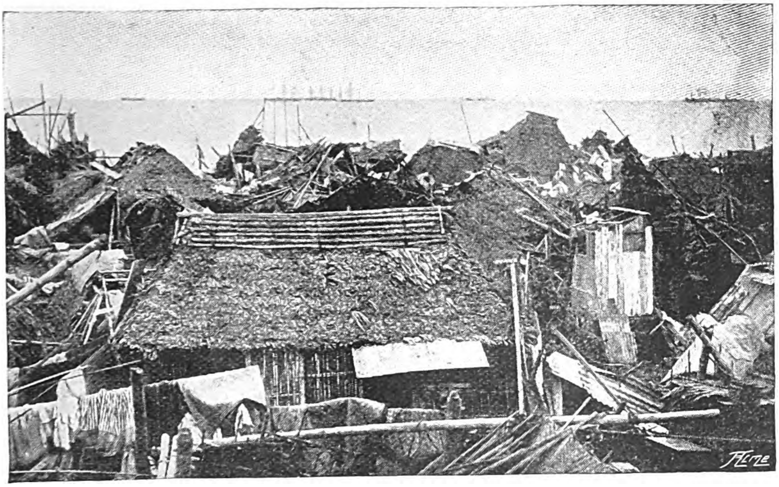
In the river Pasig, fortunately, no lives were lost, but everything was tied up in inextricable confusion. Ships, coasting schooners, and numbers of small craft were swept from their moorings and smashing against each other, many were stove in and sunk.

Rigging, ropes, spars, and masts became hopelessly entangled, and to make matters worse, a heavy bore passed up the river adding materially to the work of destruction.

On the morning after the typhoon the city presented a scene of indescribable disorder and desolation. As if the inhabitants had not suffered sufficiently, no sooner did the wind drop than rain began to fall. It fell steadily all night, and continued pouring for forty-eight hours, registering nearly 4in. To obtain shelter for wives and families was the first consideration, and those whose property had only been partially damaged, generously threw open their doors to less fortunate friends, and their houses were soon full to overflowing. The natives, of course, were in the most miserable plight. Thousands of them had absolutely no shelter, their food and all their belongings, unprotected from the rain, were soaked and rendered useless. They were thus dependent on the charitable for the very necessaries of life, and it is good to know that none were denied. People of the better class lost heavily, their unroofed and shattered buildings allowing the rain to pour in and ruin much valuable property.



The exterior of the Yangare sugar factory, which building suffered almost the most severely of any.



whilst to the left of the right hand picture can be seen the ship *Dido* completely dismasted.

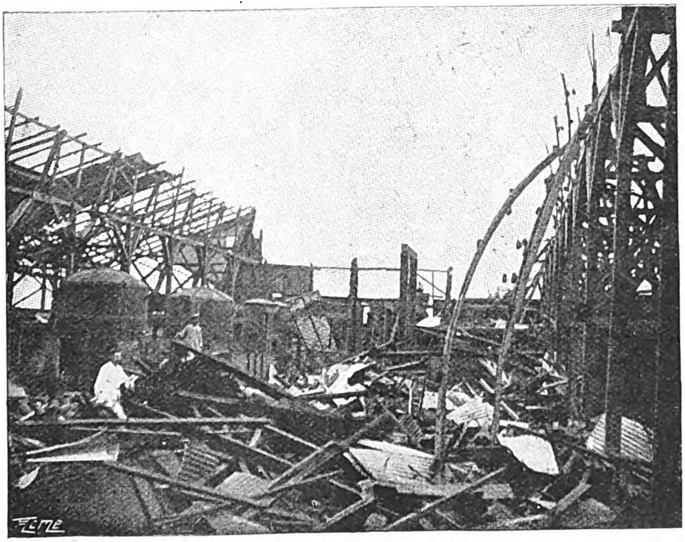
Manila did not suffer alone. Bulacan, Pampanga and all the central provinces of the island of Luzon, as shown in the map, were equally devastated. At Bulacan many lives were lost. The extreme force of the hurricane seemed to be felt there, and for days afterwards fresh victims were discovered among the *débris*.

Of the eighty-six storms registered at the Observatory up to that date, this typhoon of 1882 was much the most severe, the only one approaching it in violence being that of 1856, which curiously enough, occurred in the same month of the year.

One cannot help being struck with admiration at the patience of a people who, after such a terrible calamity as this, take their losses and their misfortunes philosophically and begin the world afresh with hopes of better things to come. Only two years before this disaster, Manila was almost shaken to pieces by a severe shock of earthquake which shattered many of the buildings, causing a great number of deaths. And there, indeed, is the point that places the inhabitants between "the devil and the deep sea," for if they build their houses sufficiently substantial to resist the force of an ordinary hurricane, they run the greater danger of death from falling masonry in case of a sudden shock of earthquake, whilst if they construct their buildings of wood, the first typhoon that comes lays them flat.

It is not at all easy, therefore, to chose a style of architecture that will combine the qualities of successful resistance to two of the greatest forces in nature, and the unfortunate citizen has to make up his mind that one of the conditions of his life is to repair or re-build his residence every few years.

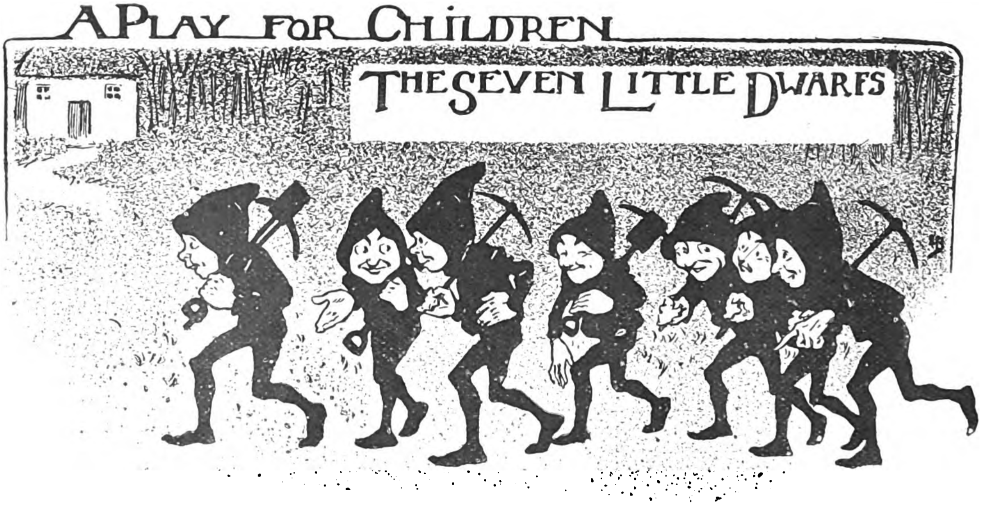
It might be thought that after two such visitations as those of '80 and '82 the Manila man had been sufficiently chastened, but his cup of bitterness was not quite full, for within fifteen months of the typhoon, the city and all the surrounding provinces were swept by that malignant scourge, cholera. Again the poor natives suffered almost entirely, and for weeks they were dying off by hundreds. Lately they have had the horrors of war added to their troubles, but it is to be hoped that under the Stars and Stripes a new season of prosperity will be given to this long-suffering people.



The interior of the Yangare sugar factory. This gives an idea of what destruction can be wrought by a typhoon in a few minutes.

A PLAY FOR CHILDREN

THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS



By Arthur Beaumont.

Dramatis Personæ.

Little Snow-white (*the King's daughter*).
The Queen (*her stepmother*).
The Seven Little Dwarfs.
The Prince.
Kaspar the Huntsman.
Attendant on Prince.
Page.

SCENE I.

Queen *in her boudoir, seated before the Mirror, with box of jewels open before her. She tries on a necklace.*

Queen. How beautiful I am! No one can deny that I am the most beautiful lady in the land! The King, my husband, showed his taste when he chose me to be his wife! How he must thank Heaven every day for his good fortune! Any one can see at a glance that Nature intended me to be a Queen—not like that ridiculous girl who was his first wife—she never looked like anything but a milkmaid! I will consult my Mirror—my Mirror always tells the truth.

O Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

Mirror Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween.

Queen What is this I hear? Little Snow-white! Insignificant little chit! *She* more beautiful than I! No, I cannot believe it! It is too absurd! But my mirror cannot be mistaken (*jumps up, and walks about*). I will not have it! (*stamps.*) Little Snow-white, indeed! Little wax doll, with glass eyes, and tow for hair! It shall not be so! (*rings; enter* Page.) Tell Kaspar the Huntsman to come here immediately. (*Exit* Page.) Little Snow-white, indeed! I'll soon settle that! We shall see who will be the fairest!

(*Enter* Huntsman.)

Queen. Kaspar, go this instant and take little Snow-white out into the forest; kill her—do you hear me?—kill her, and cut out her heart, and bring it back to me.

Huntsman. Madam!

Queen. Well, what is it? Are you deaf? Did you not not understand what I said?

Huntsman. N—no, your Majesty, I think not.

Queen. Well, I spoke plainly enough! Take her, I say, and kill her—*kill* her!

Huntsman. But, Madam, the King—her father——

Queen. Fellow! Do you not suppose I shall know how to explain it to him? Go at once, and do my bidding!

Huntsman. Madam, I could not do it.

Queen. How! You *could* not! Do you dare to disobey me? Wretch! Do you think I shall not find means to make you obey me? Do you not know that I can have you cut in small pieces to-morrow for your dogs to eat? (*Stamps.*)

Huntsman. Madam, I go. (*Exit.*)

Curtain.

SCENE II.

A wood. Enter Kaspar *and* Snow-white *with Dogs.*

Snow-white. Where are we going, Kaspar?

Kaspar. That I should have been chosen for such an errand! I would rather ten thousand times go away into the forest with this poor child, and never be heard of again—but, alas! I have children of my own; what will become of them if I disobey the Queen?

Snow-white. Are we going to look for strawberries?

Kaspar. No; there are no strawberries.

Snow-white. Kaspar, why do you look so stern? Have I done anything wrong? Has the Queen sent you to punish me?

Kaspar. No, dear Princess, you have done nothing.

Snow-white. Then, why are you angry? Oh, Kaspar, take me home again! I am afraid of this dark wood! (*clinging to his hand.*)

Kaspar. There is no help for it. (*Takes out his knife.*)

Snow-white. Kaspar, what are you going to do?

Kaspar. Princess, the Queen has commanded me—I cannot disobey her——

Snow-white. Oh, Kaspar, you are not going to kill me!

Kaspar. Oh, that I had never been born!

Snow-white. Oh, dear Kaspar, let me live! Do not kill me! I will run away into the forest, and never come back again!

Kaspar. I cannot do it!

Snow-white. Dear Kaspar, do not kill me! Let me go. (*Weeping.*)

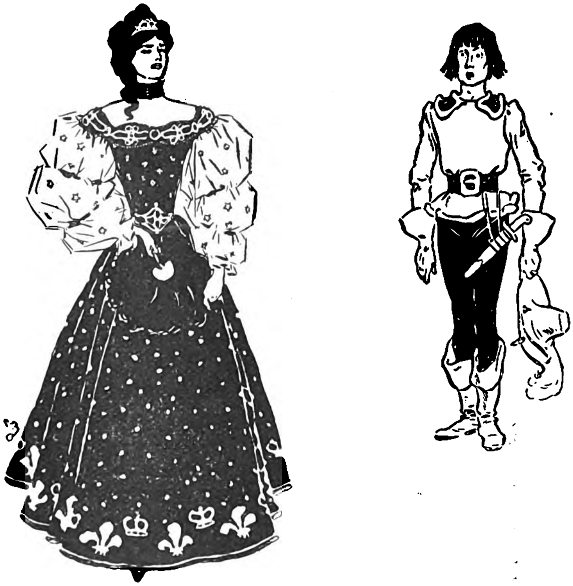
Kaspar. Run away, then, poor child, and may Heaven protect and save you. (*Exit* Snow-white.) The wild beasts will soon devour her. I shall catch a wild rabbit, and cut out its heart, and take it to the Queen. (*Calls to dogs. Exit.*)

Curtain.

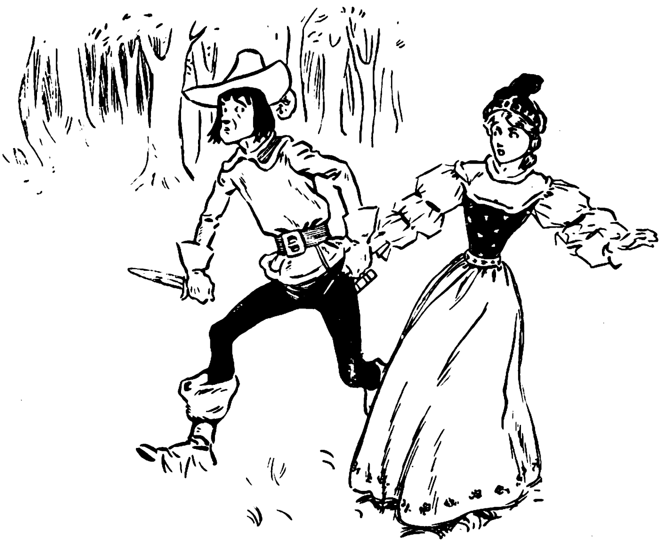
SCENE III.

Interior of the Dwarfs' Cottage. Seven little beds in a row against the wall. A table, with supper laid out for seven. Seven little stools. Lamp, with matches, on table. (During this scene the lights should be turned down by degrees, until it becomes dark.) Knock at the door. A pause. Enter Snow-white.

Snow-white. There is no one in. Oh, what a charming little house! (*Looks round.*) Surely it can be no harm to come in! (*Sits.*) I am so tired! Who can live here, I wonder? There are seven of them, it appears. (*Looking at*



"Kaspar, go this instant and kill Snow-white!"



"Oh, Kaspar, take me home again! I'm afraid!"

table.) Oh, how hungry I am! Could it be wrong to eat a little bit of their supper? I will take a little bit from each plate; then, perhaps, they will not miss it. (*She does so, and drinks a little from each mug.*) It would not be fair to take all from one. Oh, now I feel better! Their fare is not so dainty as what I have been used to; but all the same, I never enjoyed a supper so much. (*Looks round.*) How tired I am! and how comfortable those little beds look! I think I'll lie down and go to sleep. (*She lies down. It now becomes dark. She sleeps. In a few minutes enter the* Seven Dwarfs, *with pickaxes and spades, which they set down in a corner.*)

1st Dwarf. How dark it is!

2nd Dwarf. Where are the matches? (*One of them strikes a match and lights the lamp.*)

1st Dwarf. Who's been sitting on my chair?

2nd Dwarf. Who's been eating off my plate?

3rd Dwarf. Somebody's been drinking out of my mug!

4th Dwarf. Who's been using my fork?

5th Dwarf. Who's been cutting with my knife?

6th Dwarf. Who's been eating with my spoon?

7th Dwarf. But there's somebody sleeping in my bed! (*They all come round* Snow-white *and gaze at her, speechless with admiration.*)

1st Dwarf. How beautiful she is!

2nd Dwarf. What perfect features!

3rd Dwarf. What a lovely colour!

4th Dwarf. What pretty hair!

5th Dwarf. What exquisitely-shaped hands!

6th Dwarf. Who can she be?

7th Dwarf. She is richly dressed; she must be the daughter of some great man.

1st Dwarf. How can she have come here?

2nd Dwarf. Poor child! how tired she looks!

3rd Dwarf. If only we could see her eyes!

(Snow-white *wakes, sits up, and looks round, frightened.*)

1st Dwarf. Do not be afraid, sweet child; we are your friends.

Snow-white. Where am I? Oh, I remember now! And is this your house?

1st Dwarf. Yes, we live here.

Snow-white. It was so rude of me to come in without being asked!

1st Dwarf. Not at all, when there was no one to ask you! If we had been here, we should have asked you to come in.

2nd Dwarf. But how have you come here alone?

Snow-white. My step-mother was angry with me, so she told the Huntsman to take me out into the wood and kill me, but he let me go, so I came here.

3rd Dwarf. Are you the King's daughter?

Snow-white. Yes.

2nd Dwarf. And your step-mother is the wicked Queen?

1st Dwarf. Will you stay here and live with us, and keep house for us, and cook our supper while we are out?

Snow-white. Yes, that I will, and gladly! (*Exclamations of satisfaction from* Dwarfs.)

1st Dwarf. But be sure you don't let anyone in, while we're out; we go out every day to dig for ore; for your step-mother will be sure to find out where you are, and to send after you and try to do you some harm.

Snow-white. I will be very careful.

2nd Dwarf. Well, hadn't we better have our supper now? I'm famished! (*They prepare to sit down to supper.*)

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

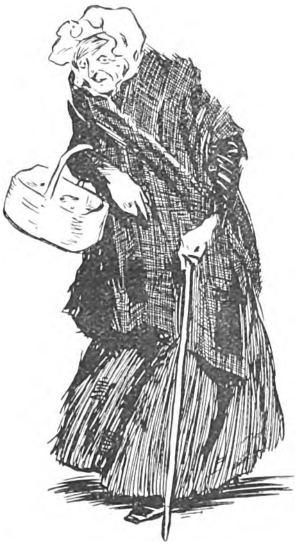
Queen *at Mirror, decorating herself with jewels.*

Queen. There can be no question *now* as to who is the fairest, I think. We shall have no more trouble with that little minx of a Snow-white. "Snow-white is fairest," indeed! I will see what my mirror says now.

O Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

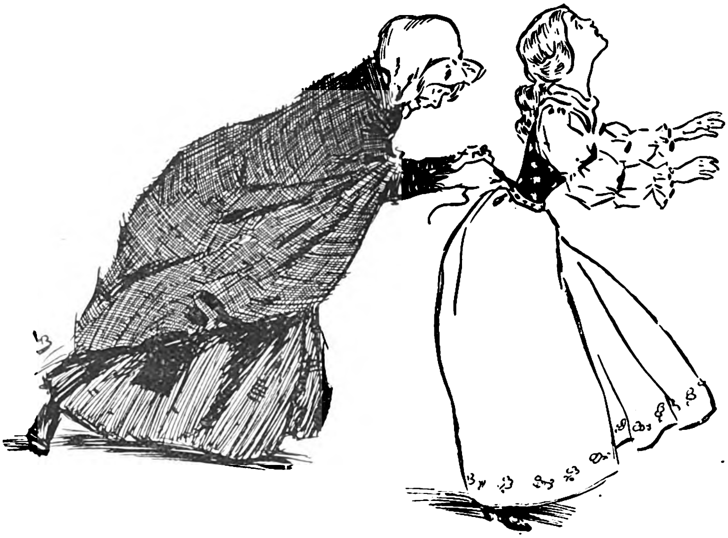
Mirror. Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween,
Amid the forest, dark and green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.

Queen. What is this I hear? Snow-white living! That villain of a Huntsman has deceived me! I will have his head cut off tomorrow. Snow-white living *still*! In the forest! With Dwarfs! Who could have thought of such a thing? It shall not be! (*Jumps up.*) She shall not live another day! I will find some means—(*thinks for a few minutes*). I have it. (*Pauses, then goes to wardrobe and searches; brings out a long cloak and puts it on; takes off jewels and ornaments*). This will just do. (*Looking at herself in glass.*) Now, if I could find one of my grandmother's old caps. (*Rummages in drawers, throwing contents out on floor*). Here is one. (*Puts it on.*) Now, all I need are some touches of paint. (*Gets out some paint-pots, puts a little red on her nose and cheeks, paints out her eye-brows and some of her front teeth, puts in a few wrinkles.*) Now, some bands of grey hair. (*Her disguise completed, she rises and bows to the audience.*) Now, I'll wager that no one will recognise the beautiful Queen. All I need now is a basket of fal-lals. (*Finds a basket and fills it with trifles; puts it on her arm.*) Who'll buy, who'll buy my pretty things? Come down, my pretty maids, and choose what you please. Here you'll find all that will suit you—laces, pins and needles, brooches, buttons, ribbons. Make haste, or there'll be none left.



"Now I'll wager no one will recognise the beautiful Queen."

Curtain.



"Is that too tight for you?"

SCENE V.

Interior of Dwarf's cottage. Snow-white *preparing table for dinner.*

Queen (*outside, in an assumed voice*). My pretty maiden, come and see what I have to sell.
(Snow-white *goes to window and looks out.*)

Snow-white. It's a pedlar-woman.

Queen. Laces, combs and brushes, trinkets, handkerchiefs!

Snow-white. The Dwarfs said I must not let anyone in.

Queen. Won't you come and have a look?

Snow-white (*to Queen, at window*). I must not let anyone in.

Queen. But won't you just come to the door and look at my pretty things?

Snow-white. She seems a nice old woman. It can be no harm to go to the door and look at her things. (*Goes to door and opens it a crack.*) What are you selling?

Queen. Everything, my dear! Everything you can possibly want! Look, here are pretty ribbons to tie up your hair——

Snow-white. But I mustn't let any one in——

Queen. But I needn't come in at all, my dear. (*She keeps pushing the door wider open, by degrees, with her basket, as she talks.*) Here are nice laces, just the thing for you. And if you'll excuse my saying so, my dear, it's a pity to see a pretty girl like you so badly laced. (Snow-white *looks at her bodice. Enter* Queen, *disguised.*) Won't you allow me to try if I can't smarten you up a bit? You've no idea how nice you'd look, if you were properly laced! A few pretty ribbons in your hair, too, and a brooch at your neck! (*She proceeds to unlace* Snow-white, *and to lace her up again, as tightly as possible.*) Are you sure there's nothing else you're in need of, my dear? I have all sorts of things in my basket.

Snow-white. Oh!

Queen. Is that too tight for you? I'll make it a little looser. (*Pulls the lace tighter.* Snow-white *falls fainting on one of the beds.* Queen *pulls the lace tighter still.*) Now, I think I've done for you this time, my child! Snow-white the fairest, indeed! With her little pink and white baby face! We'll see what the mirror says *now!* Little Snow-white, indeed! We'll have no more trouble with little Snow-white! The Dwarfs will have something to do to wake her out of *that* sleep! (*Exit. After some minutes enter* Dwarfs, *with pickaxes and shovels.*)

Dwarfs. What has happened to Snow-white?

3rd Dwarf. She is dead!

2nd Dwarf. No, she isn't; she's only fainting.

4th Dwarf. Somebody must have been here!

1st Dwarf. This is the Queen's doing, I'll wager!

3rd Dwarf. Throw some water on her face!

1st Dwarf. See how tightly she's laced (*opens laces.* Snow-white *begins to revive.*)

2nd Dwarf. Ha! she's coming to! (*She opens her eyes.*)

Snow-white. Oh! give me air!

1st Dwarf. Open the window (*One of the Dwarfs opens window.* Snow-white *looks round bewildered.*) Who laced you up so tightly, Snow-white?

Snow-white. It was a pedlar-woman, who came with a basket of pretty things to sell.

1st Dwarf. But, Snow-white, why did you let her in? We told you not to admit anyone.

Snow-white. So you did; but she insisted on my looking at her things; and, before I knew it, she had come in.

1st Dwarf. You may be sure it was the Queen herself, and no pedlar-woman!—Now, whatever you do, Snow-white, don't let *any one* in for the future, man, woman, or child! You know how clever your stepmother is, and as long as she lives, you may be sure she'll find some way of doing you harm.

Snow-white. I'll remember.

Curtain.

SCENE VI.

The same. Snow-white *sitting sewing. She lays down her work.*

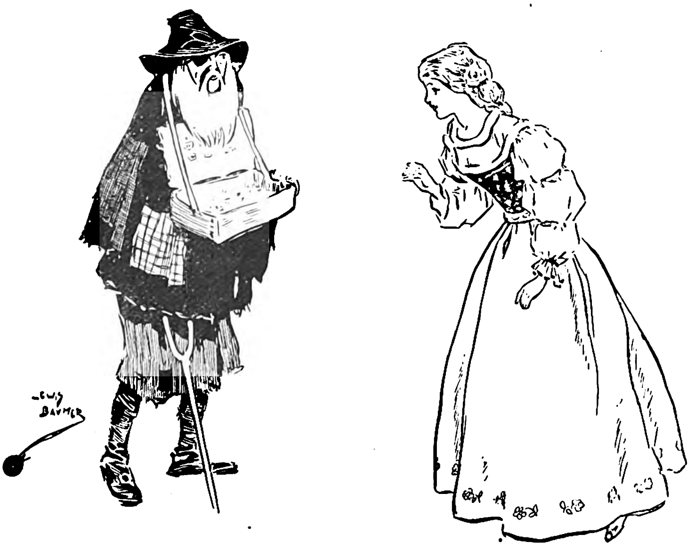
Snow-white. Oh dear! How dull it is, sitting here all day! How I wish I had some one to talk to! (*Tap at window. She goes and looks out.*) It's a poor beggar.

Queen. (*Outside.*) Anything you could give to a poor old man, my dear! Haven't broken my fast to-day!

Snow-white. Poor old man! (*Goes to press to look for scraps; takes out some crusts, and gives them to him at the door.*)

Queen. May Heaven reward your kind heart! (*shivering*) Oh, how cold it is to-day! Would you believe it, my dear, I've walked twenty miles to-day, and nobody has asked me to come in and warm myself!

Snow-white. Poor man, I'm so sorry for you! But I have strict orders not to let any one in.



"I'm a poor pedlar, and I've had no luck to-day."

QUEEN. You're quite right, my dear; there are so many tramps and vagabonds about just now——

SNOW-WHITE. Wait a minute, and I'll give you some nice warm soup. (*Shuts the door, and goes to other end of the stage; pours some soup into a basin and returns and gives it to* QUEEN.)

QUEEN. A blessing on your kind heart, and on your pretty eyes! (SNOW-WHITE *shuts the door, and returns to her sewing.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Poor old man! could it be any harm to ask him to come in and sit by the fire? It is so cold outside! (*Knock at door. She goes to door and opens it a crack.*)

QUEEN. I'm an honest man, my dear, and here's your spoon and your basin. And to show you that I'm grateful as well as honest, I'll ask you to choose something out of my pack—for I'm a poor pedlar, as you see, and I've had no luck at all to-day, else I wouldn't be reduced to begging. (*Pushes door open and enters. She is disguised as an old man, with grey hair and beard, slouch hat, black patch over one eye, crutch, pack strapped to shoulders, which she opens and spreads out.*) Now, what would you like? Here are ear-rings, and buckles, and shoe-strings, and needles and threads—I see you're an industrious girl——

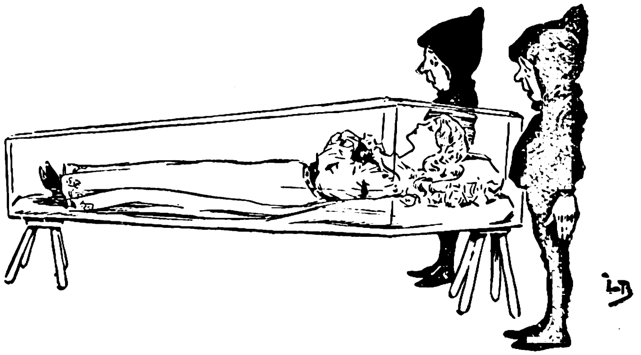
SNOW-WHITE. I think I mustn't take anything, thank you, the Dwarfs told me not to let any one in——

QUEEN. What, nothing at all? That's too bad of you! I'd take it as a favour, if you'd only choose something! What harm could a poor old man like me do you? Now, here's a comb that would just suit you—let me show you how to wear it. (*Sticks it in* SNOW-WHITE'S *hair. She falls, apparently dead.*) Aha, my pretty one! I think I've done for you *this* time! You and your Dwarfs think you're very clever, but you're no match for *me!* You didn't know your own mammie! You thought I was an old *pedlar!* (*Crouching and shivering.*) And as it's so cold, I may just as well warm my hands at the fire. (*Goes to fire and warms her hands. Looks round.*) Nice place this, for the King's daughter to live in! King's daughter, indeed! The King thinks she's dead and buried long ago! She keeps it pretty tidy, too; she evidently takes to the work—just shows what kind of stock she comes of! Perhaps it would be as well to clear out—if the Dwarfs were to come home, I might be just a little *de trop.* (*Goes towards door. Stops to look at* SNOW-WHITE.) Who's the fairest *now*, I wonder? I'll go home and ask my mirror's opinion. Good-bye my dear daughter! (*Exit. After a few minutes, enter Dwarfs.*)

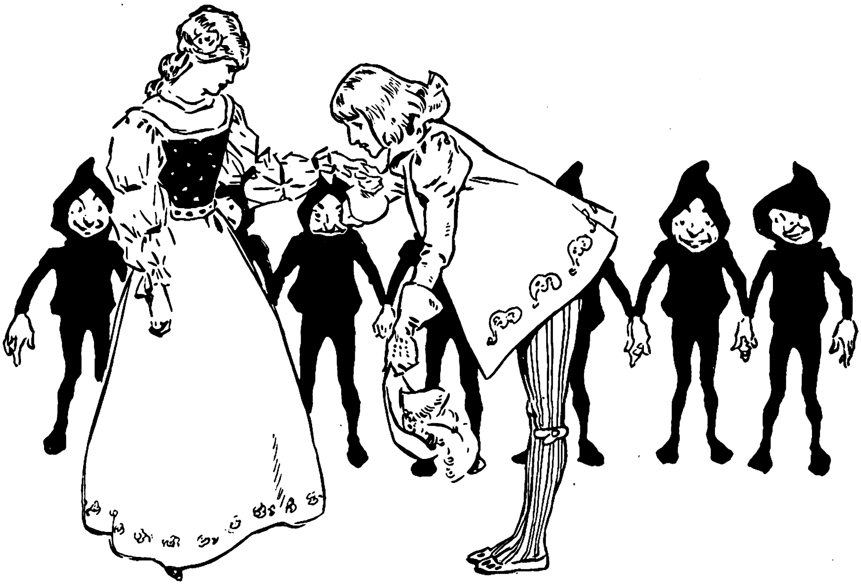
1ST DWARF. What's this? That wicked woman has been here again! (*They gather round* SNOW-WHITE, *unlace her dress, and do all they can to restore her.*)

1ST DWARF. Alas! alas! I fear there is no hope! She has been too successful this time. (*They all begin to weep and lament.*)

ALL. What shall we do? What shall we do!



Snow-white laid out in a glass coffin with white flowers.



"Will you come with me and be my bride?"

1st Dwarf. We will keep her as she is for a few days; perhaps we may yet restore her to life. (*All weep and cry aloud.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII.

Snow-white *laid out in glass coffin, with white flowers. Two Dwarfs in charge. Knock at door. One of the Dwarfs open it. Enter* Prince, *with attendant.*

Prince. Good sirs, we have lost our way in the forest, and we have come to pray for your hospitality.

Dwarf. You are welcome, gentlemen.

Prince. Thanks, kind sir. But who is this lovely creature? (*Dwarfs begin to weep and howl.*) Evidently there is no information to be obtained from this quarter.

Attendant (*approaching coffin*). She's A1, whoever she is!

Dwarfs (*springing forward*). You shall not touch her!

Attendant. Touch her! How could I, when she is in a glass box!

Prince. Dear friends, do not be offended, I pray you, by our curiosity; but the surprising beauty of this maiden——

Dwarfs. You may well say so, sir. (*They begin to weep again.*)

Prince. Will you not inform us who she is, that we may weep with you?

1st Dwarf. She is the King's daughter.

Prince. The King's daughter! And how came she here?

1st Dwarf. By the wicked cruelty of her stepmother, the Queen, who tried to kill her, and has killed her, alas!

Prince. But are you quite sure that she is dead? I do not think she is.

1st Dwarf. She has lain there for six days.

Prince. Will you allow me to open the lid of the coffin, that I may see.

1st Dwarf. You will not harm her?

Prince. No, no! (*Opens lid and lifts up* Snow-white. *The comb falls from her hair; she begins to revive. He lifts her out of the coffin and places her on one of the beds; rubs her hands, etc. She opens her eyes, sits up, and looks at him.*)

Dwarfs. Thank Heaven, she is alive again!

Prince. Thank Heaven!

SNOW-WHITE (*to* PRINCE). Who are you?

PRINCE. I am a King's son; I was hunting in the forest, and lost my way.

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, I remember now; an old man came begging, and he stuck a comb in my hair, and then I fainted.

2ND DWARF. The old man was no other than your stepmother! The comb was poisoned. That woman is clever enough for anything!

PRINCE. It is not safe for you to stay here, within reach of that wicked woman. Will you come with me, and be my bride? I will take care that no harm shall befall you. There is nothing that I will not do to make you happy!

SNOW-WHITE. Yes; that I will, and gladly! (PRINCE *kisses her hand.*)

CURTAIN.

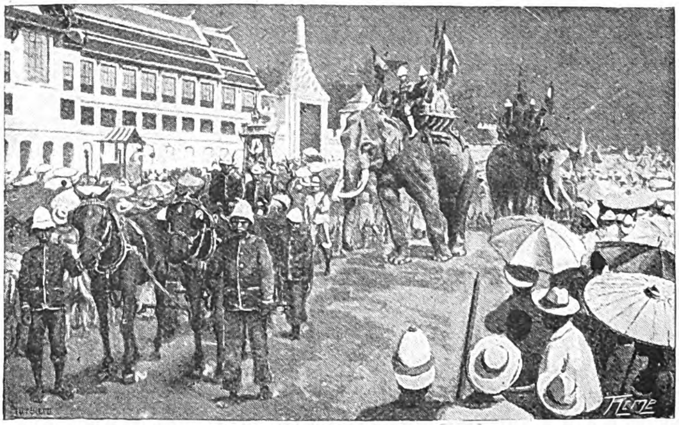
THE SIAMESE NEW YEAR.

BY ERNEST YOUNG.

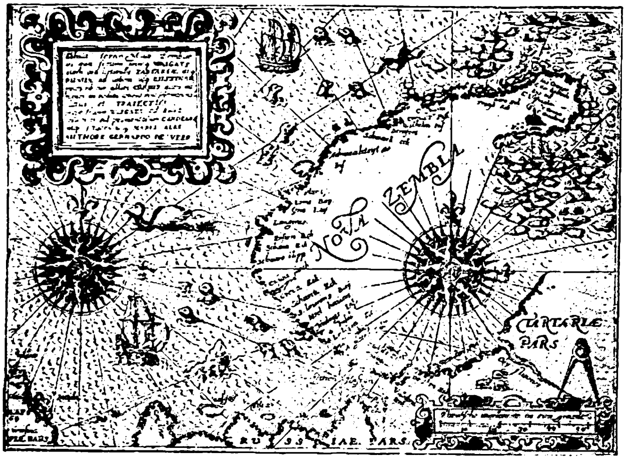
THE Siamese New Year commences on the First of April, a day singularly inauspicious according to Western superstition. At this time a New Year's cake is extensively made and eaten by the natives. The cakes correspond in some degree to our Good Friday buns or Shrove Tuesday pancakes. Every departed soul returns to the bosom of his family to join invisibly in the national merriment, and to partake, in the spirit, of the festal confectionery. The festivities continue for three days, and during that period the chief amusement is gambling. Games of chance are freely permitted everywhere, and the gambling farmer loses his monopoly for the time being.

All night long small companies of devoted priests occupy certain stations in the city walls, chanting away any evil spirits who may have intruded within their circumference, and forbidding all others to enter. On the evening of the third day psalms give place to firearms, gongs, drums, tom-toms, and cymbals.

No Siamese holiday is complete without a procession. The New Year's processions take place in the afternoons. As they pass a certain point near the outer walls of the Royal Palace, a man on a high platform sprinkles the passers-by with holy water, and blesses them for the coming year. Every distinctive feature in the national life is represented in these processions. Detachments of soldiers and sailors represent army and navy respectively; buffaloes, rice-ploughs, bullocks and sheaves of rice represent agriculture, and so on. There are bundles of old-fashioned spears and javelins, and several modern quick-firing guns; the so-called "white" elephants, which are of a distinctly dirty bath-brick colour, and yellow-robed, shaven-headed priests from the temples. The long, brilliantly-coloured, sun-lit panorama files slowly past the king or his representative, as it celebrates, in this unique processional fashion, the advent of another year.



The Siamese New Year's celebrations, Bangkok. Procession passing along Palace Road.



The compiler of this map was Gerrit de Veer, the writer of the account of Barentsz's voyage, who accompanied Barentsz on his second and third voyages.

THE FIRST TRUE POLAR VOYAGE

By Caley Wainwright.

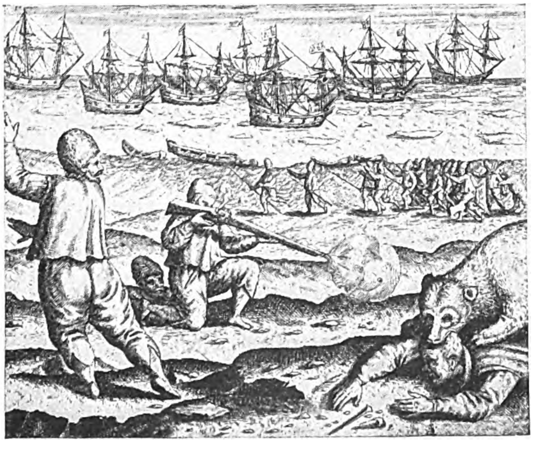
The illustrations of this article are reproductions of engravings in a collection of voyages of which the editors and engravers were the famous Brothers de Bry. They abridged the work, which was published by Matthew Becker, Frankfort-on-Main, in 1599.

Whatever have been the triumphs of English pluck and endurance in penetrating the Polar regions, it is left to the Dutch to claim the honour of the first true Polar Expedition embracing a winter in the arctic regions. No mere desire to discover the North Pole or solve any scientific problem prompted the adventurous voyagers. It was undertaken for no other reason than a wish to reach China and Cathay by the shorter (in miles) route of the North-East Passage, and to that end dangers and perils, all the greater for being unknown, were faced with unfaltering courage.

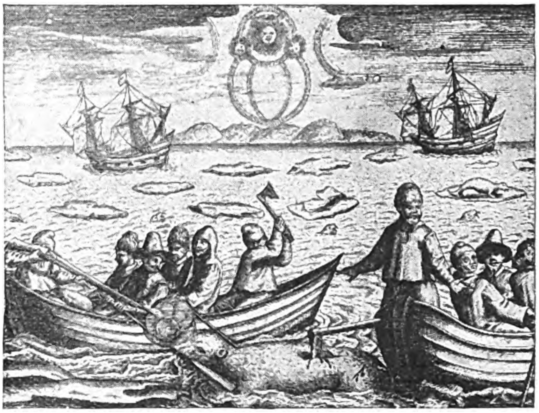
One Balthazar Moucheron, of Zealand, was head of the Society which undertook this enterprise. He received permission from the States-General and Prince Maurice, and four vessels were accordingly equipped, which set sail in 1594, to pass by Norway, Muscovy, and Tartary to China. A skilled mariner of Schelling, William Barentsz by name, was in command, and, under his guidance, the miniature fleet in due course reached Kilduin in Moscow.

The result of this voyage was practically nil. Nova Zembla was certainly reached, but having turned back, the expedition once again arrived at Amsterdam.

Although this first attempt had proved a failure, so far, at any rate, as concerned the voyage north of Nova Zembla, neither the States-General nor the Prince of Orange had abandoned hope for the accomplishment of their great object. Accordingly, another expedition of vessels was fitted out once more, under the command of William Barentsz, with one James Heemskirke as steward. Accompanying the party was one Gerard de Veer, to whom we are indebted for the account of this and the subsequent



During the first voyage made by Barentsz a "fierce and ravenous beare" gripped one of the men by the top of his head whilst he was searching for diamonds (rock chrystals). The animal killed a second man also, but was eventually slain.

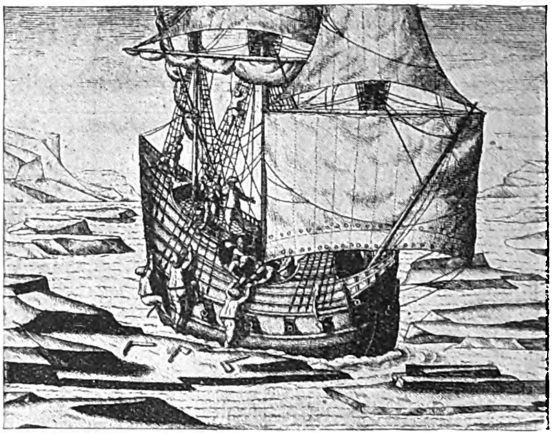


At the outset of the third voyage on June 9th, 1596, the Aurora Borealis was first seen as here depicted.

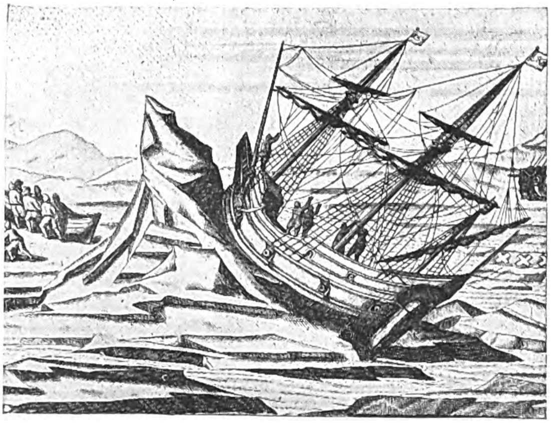
voyage. This second expedition was even less productive of result than the first, and on the 18th of November the fleet again entered the Meuse.

One adventure of which we give an illustration is quaintly recounted by the chronicler of these voyages. He tells us: "The 6th of September some of our men went on shore upon the firme land to seeke for stones, which are a kinde of diamont" (in reality rock crystal), "whereof there are many also in the States Island, and while they were seeking ye stones two of our men lying together in one place a great leane white beare came sodainly stealing out and caught one of them fast by the neck, who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cried out and said, 'Who is that that pulles me so by the neck?' Wherewith the other, that lay not farre from him, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monsterous beare, cryed and sayd, 'Oh, mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose and ran away."

Some thirty of the unfortunate man's companions attempted a rescue, but the bear laying hold of one tore him into pieces. The rest ran away, and awaited reinforcements from the ship. These presently arrived "to relieve our men," as the chronicler continues, "when being on land, we beheld the cruell spectacle of two dead men that had become so cruelly killed, and torne in pieces by the beare. Wee seeing that incouraged our men to goe back againe with us, and with pieces, with axes, and half-pikes, to set upon the beare; but they would not all agree thereunto, some of them saying, 'Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough, though we oppose ourselves not into so much danger; if wee might save our fellowes' lives then we would make haste, but now wee neede not make such speede, but take her at an advantage, with most security for ourselves, for wee have to doe with a cruell, fierce, and ravenous beast.'"



Whilst nearing Nova Zembla Barentsz's ship was caught in a driving pack, and, suddenly freeing herself, nearly drowned three men.



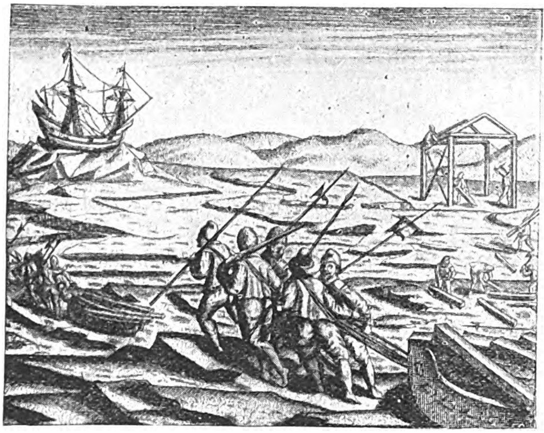
On August 27th the ship, held fast in the ice, whence she never escaped, was tilted to a most dangerous angle. Eventually she was righted.

It is satisfactory to know that the result of the combat was the slaughter of the "ravenous beast."

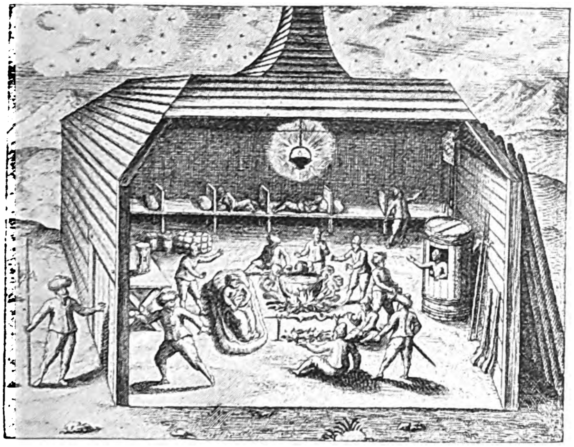
In 1596 William Barentsz commenced his third voyage. Neither the

States General, nor the Prince of Orange, would lend countenance to this undertaking, and to the city of Amsterdam belongs the entire credit. Two vessels were fitted out, of one of which William Barentsz was chief pilot, and in reality commander-in-chief, with James Heemskerke as factor for the merchandise, whilst Cornelison Rijp was in charge of the other ship.

On the 10th of May the adventurous little expedition set forth. Sailing in a northerly and north-easterly direction, the adventurers on June 4th saw, apparently for the first time, the marvels of the Aurora Borealis—a picture of which, as drawn by the old chronicler's artist, we reproduce. In the same picture is represented a view of a terrific combat with a bear, which resulted in its death without any serious mishap to the hunters.



The approach of winter induced the voyagers to build a hut on shore, for they doubted the ship's ability to withstand the ice-pressure.

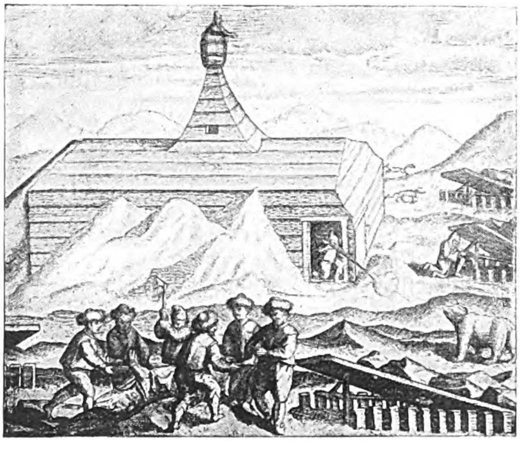


The interior of the hut. The barrel is a vapour-bath The remains of this hut were actually discovered in 1876, and a letter written by Barentz was found in a powder-horn.

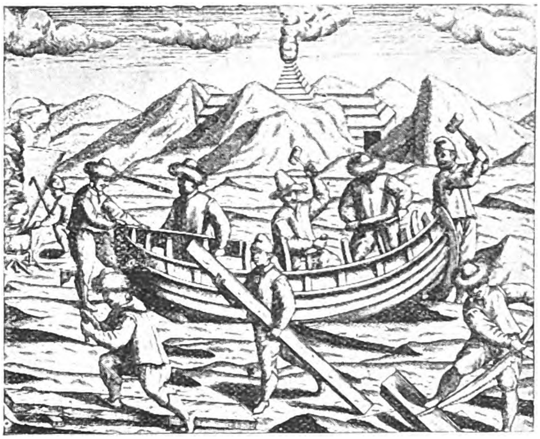
Meanwhile, the ships had entered the ice regions, and on July 1st Cornelison and Barentsz parted company, the former steering north, while Barentsz pursued a southerly direction, and it is with him our narrative is concerned.

Fierce gales assailed the frail little ship, and frequently she was in eminent risk of being crushed by the ice. On one occasion, as the men were labouring to free the ship, the ice broke away, and three of the crew only just saved their lives by leaping into the chains and shrouds and being hauled aboard.

After rounding the northernmost corner of Nova Zembla, the ice, in a bay called "Ice Haven," closed on the vessel, and gradually she was forced out of the water. At first she lay at a dangerous angle with her bows in the air. However, the ice was gradually cleared, and the ship brought to a more satisfactory position. With crowbars and axes the crew endeavoured to entirely clear the ice, which threatened to crush the vessel, but all to no purpose. With irresistible force it closed round "so that all the whole ship was borne up and squeezed, whereby all that was both about and in it began to crack, so that it seemed to burst in a hundred pieces, which was most fearful both to see and heare, and made all ye hair of our heads to rise upright with feare."



This picture shows the exterior of the hut, and also a number of traps for catching animals. The men are skinning a bear, which yielded 100lb. of fat, of infinite value for their lamps.



With the approach of summer came the desire to return to Holland. The vessel being fast in the ice it was decided to attempt the journey in open boats, the gunwales of which were accordingly raised.

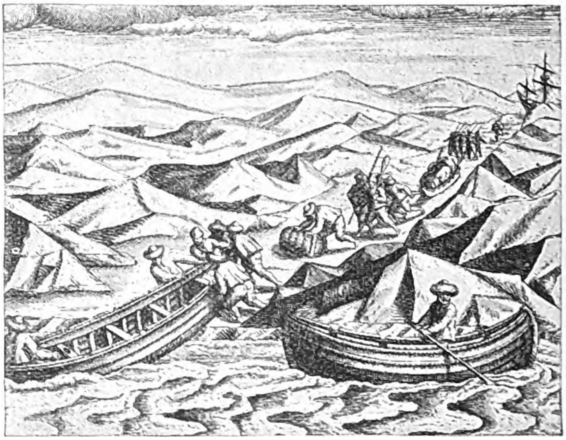
It speaks volumes for the workmanship of that old-time craft that she should so stoutly have resisted the terrific strain put upon her. Time after time the little band of men scrambled off her thinking her end had come, and with dogged perseverance they would return. They restored the broken rudder and caulked the timbers, and meanwhile prayed for a release—a release that never came. Gradually they realised the unlikelihood of the ship freeing herself, and, with indomitable pluck, they commenced to build a hut out of the drift wood they collected.

By November 4th the sun had disappeared, the long winter night had commenced, and the men set to work to make themselves comfortable in their hut. A fire was kept burning, bunks were built, and the surgeon rigged up a vapour bath, made out of a wine cask, which proved a valuable means of preserving the health of the party.

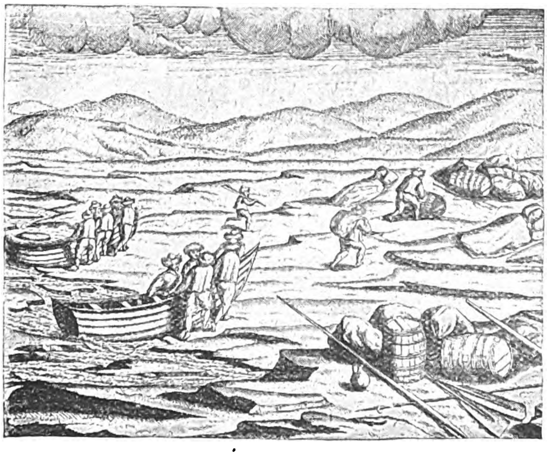
The crazy dwelling, however, was quite unable to ward off the bitterness of the arctic cold. All manner of means of promoting warmth were devised, but to little purpose. Great fires of wood were made, hot stones and balls were laid by the men on their bodies, yet, notwithstanding this, the bunks or "cabins" were every day frozen white, whilst, in fact, "it was so extreame cold, that the fire almost cast no heate; for as we put our feet to the fire we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we had work inough to do to patch our hose."

Towards the end of May, daylight having returned, preparations were made to abandon the ship, still firmly fixed in the ice, and to journey in small open boats back to civilisation. To this end one frail craft was dug out of the snow and the men set to work to heighten the gunwales, using for the purpose the planks from the roof of the house. In addition to this larger boat there was a smaller skiff, which was also strengthened and raised round the gunwale.

On the 13th June the desperate undertaking of returning in these two open boats was commenced. Prior to

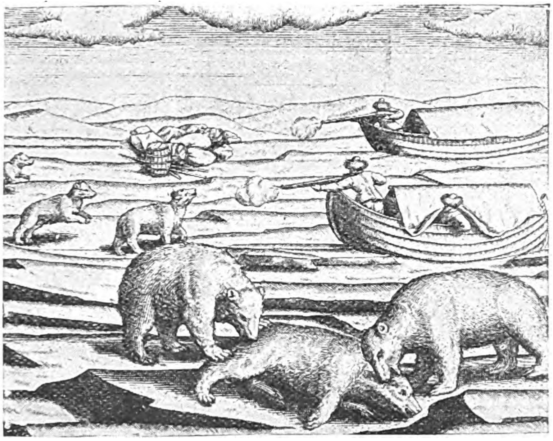


On June 13th, 1597, after spending ten months in the hut, the two little boats were launched and the journey commenced.

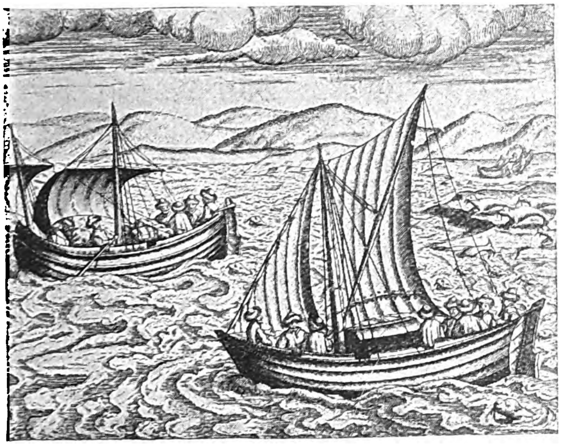


More than once they had to haul the boats on to the ice. The two sick men are Barentz himself and a young relation of his, both of whom died on this ice floe.

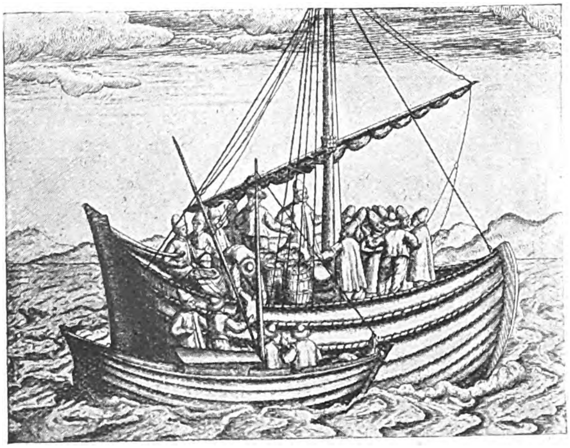
starting, William Barentsz, who was on the sick list, wrote a letter and placed it in a powder horn which he hung up in the chimney of the hut. In 1876 a Mr. Gardiner, in his yacht, found the ruins of the old hut, and in the powder flask he discovered this letter of Barentsz. Though much decayed it was with the exception of a few words, perfectly legible, and proved to be a record of the voyage entirely in accord with De Veer's account, and signed by Heemskirke and William Barentsz. For about three hundred years it had lain in those silent inhospitable solitudes.


Frequently the expedition was attacked by bears, and escaped with difficulty.

Leaving Ice Haven, the two boats sailed in a north-easterly direction until stopped by ice. The ice opened, however, and fair progress was made around the northernmost extremity of Nova Zembla. Once more, however, the boats were threatened with ice that "came so fast upon us that it made our haires stand upright upon our heades." Eventually, chiefly owing, according to De Veer, to his own bravery, the boats were hauled on to the ice and were out of immediate danger. On the drifting pack, these men mended and patched their boats, and made preparations for a fresh start. Death, however, had laid hands on the chief of their number and stepped in to claim his own.


This picture shows the two open boats journeying along the coast of Nova Zembla towards Russia.

On June 20th, at 7.30 a.m., William Barentsz died. He had been ailing, but that morning he seemed more than usually well. He was talking to De Veer, when suddenly he grew silent, and behold he was dead. It was a blow sorely felt by the little party, for as the old chronicler puts it, he was "the chief and only pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God."


After incredible hardships the remnant of the expedition fell in with a Russian ship. They were kindly treated and their stock of provisions replenished, enabling them to continue their voyage.

They buried him, and then once more the two open boats sailed southwards. Time and time again they had to be hauled on to the ice, and repaired and re-launched, whilst more than one of the heroic band died of want and exposure. At length, on July 28th, St. Laurence Bay, or Sconce Point, was reached, and there two Russian boats were discovered with a number of men working on the land, and at their hands the wearied voyagers were tended and treated with every kindness.

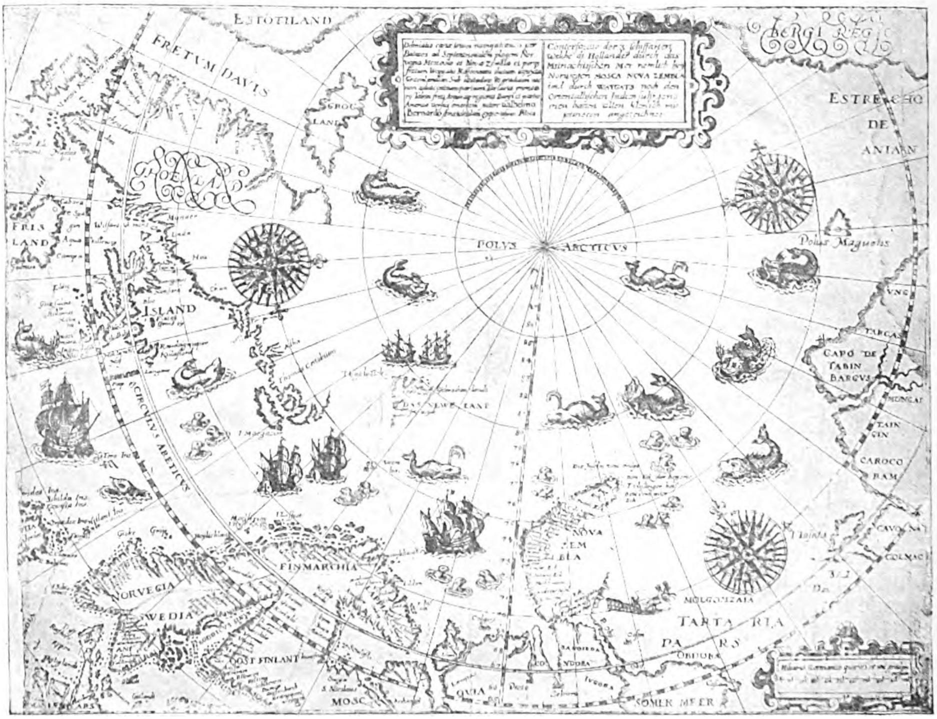
Curiously enough, these Russians, or some of them, had boarded the vessel on the second voyage, and the small kindnesses they had received at the hands of the Dutchmen had not been forgotten.

The difficulties and troubles of the adventurers were, however, not yet ended.

In company with the Russians the journey was continued, but the boats of the former were lost in the night, and once more the two shallops were adrift in unknown and unkind waters. At length, almost overcome by hunger and exposure, the Russian coast was sighted. Hugging this and occasionally sighting Russian boats, Heemskirke and his men on September 1st, reached the inlet, or river as De Veer terms it, of Coola or Kola. Here on the following day, John Cornelison's ship was found. On October 6th, the homeward voyage was commenced, and on November 1st the battered remnants of the expedition reached Amsterdam.

With wild astonishment and amazement were they greeted, for long since had they been given up for dead. And when the news of the return was brought to the Prince's Court at the Hague, nothing but an immediate sight of such travellers would satisfy his Highness. Forthwith they were fetched, and on that winter's evening 301 years ago the first true arctic explorers recounted to their ruler the wondrous adventures and fearful hardships they had undergone. What a curious scene that banquetting hall must have presented. We learn that the travellers were summoned to appear just as they were in their battered, weatherbeaten condition. He was proud of his brave fellow countrymen, was the Prince, and he quickly set them at their ease whilst gleaning from them the details of their adventures and sufferings. And they told them—told them with the simplicity of brave men and with all the childish exaggeration of their superstitions.

Yet in the hour of their triumph and welcome there was the touch of a great sorrow. For the moving spirit, the great pilot, was not amongst them. In lonely icebound regions he was sleeping his last sleep, his requiem the icy northern blasts, his shroud the drifting floes of endless ice. But lost to all human knowledge though that grave may be, the name of William Barentsz is writ large on the roll of the world's intrepid explorers.



This quaint old map was drawn by William Barentsz himself. It is the first map in which the track of Barentsz in his third voyage is shown. Published 1599.

SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.

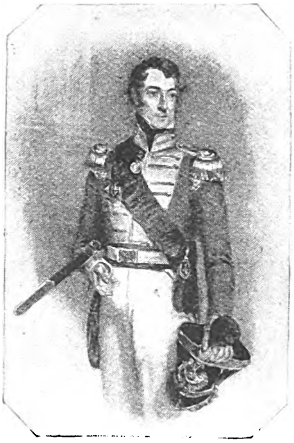
Sir Charles Dilke.

His Mother.

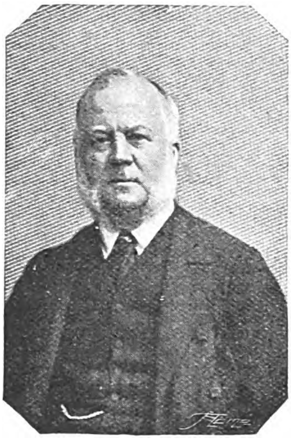
His Father.

King of Denmark.

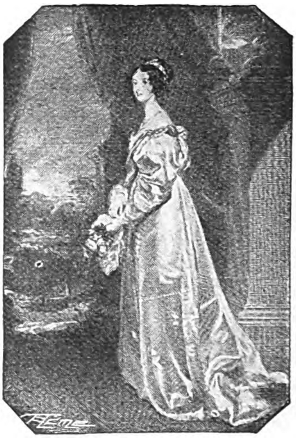
His Mother.



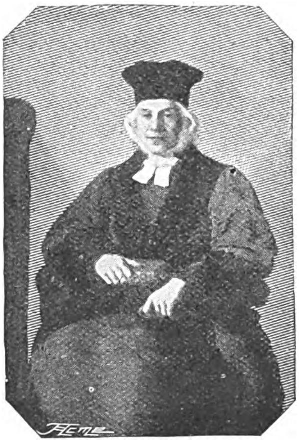
His Father.



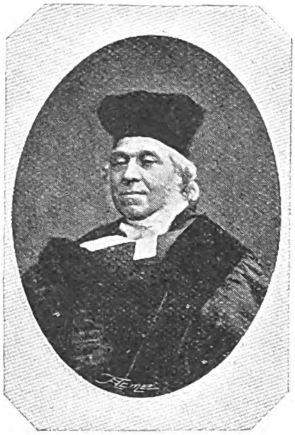
Duke of Richmond and Gordon.



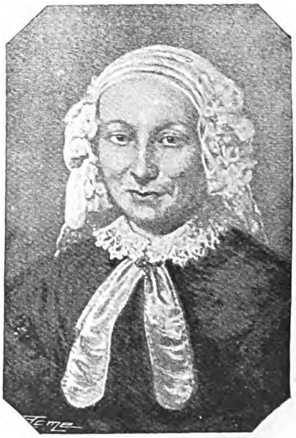
His Mother.



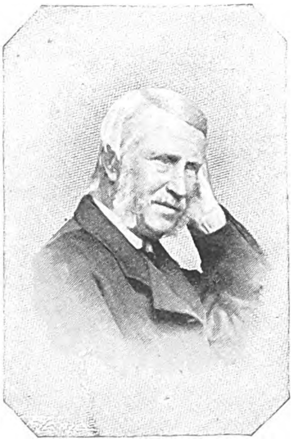
His Father.



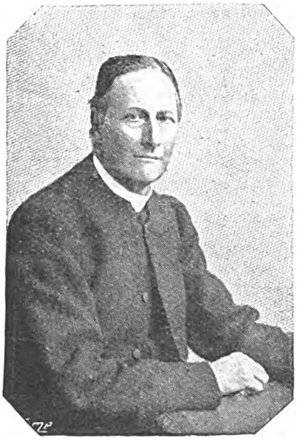
The Chief Rabbi.



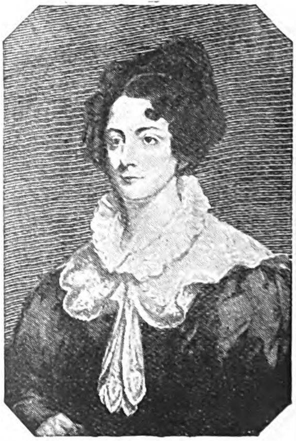
His Mother.



His Father.



Rev. Baring Gould.



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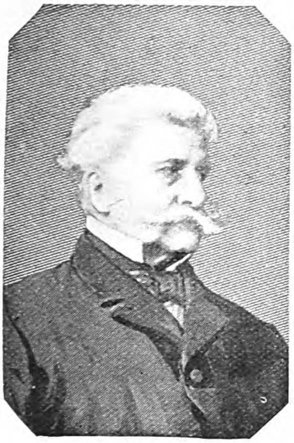
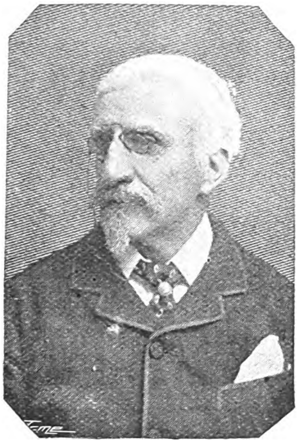


His Father.



Sir Arthur Arnold.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Mabel Love.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Prince Victor Napoleon.

His Mother.

Photos by London Stereoscopic Co., Hansen & Weller, H. Hayman, J. R. Browning, Disdéri, J. Oricelly, Williams, Russell & Sons, Elliott & Fry, C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and London Photograph Co.

ARCHIE·
WATKINS
XCVIII·

HEROES OF THE POLICE

By W. Binnie.

In our police we have a standing civil army which commands from us the deepest respect; whilst from strangers to our shores admiration and surprise are the constant comment on the admirable manner in which our guardians of the law carry out their difficult and arduous duty. From time immemorable "Robert" has been fair game for all sorts of chaff in every direction, and perhaps it is just as well that the light side of the situation should be brought into play, for, in conscience, there is quite enough of the darker shadows in the life of a policeman. From the time he leaves his station, and takes up his beat, he holds his life in his hands.

Photo by W. Baker.

P.C. Bennett.

Over the stones rattle his bones,
He's only a policeman,
Whom nobody owns,

is the tenour of the sentiment conveyed towards "Robert" by certain gentlemen of well-known repute in magisterial circles; and, unfortunately, it is too often the tragic truth that some poor fellow has nearly lost his life in a deadly struggle against fearful odds with cowardly ruffians. In the dead of the night when all the world is sleeping our faithful sentry is there ready to risk his life in his duty to guard us and our property; and as a rule he is very indifferently armed against the burglars' deadly revolver and other weapons, jemmies, etc., which those gentry use with playful recklessness when disturbed on "business."

Photo by Dann & Co.

P.C. Scotcher.

But, apart from all the dangers of a policeman's life in his ordinary duty, the following few cases tend to show in splendid colours a few samples of the men we have in the "Force." Fortunately, there is no lack of appreciation from "Robert's" superiors when the occasion

Photo by W. Wright.

P.C. Pennett.

arises of his devotion to his duty, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales personally decorated three of the heroes included in this article, viz., Superintendent Whincup, Police-Constable Bennett, and Police-constable Scotcher.

P.C. BENNETT.

Police-Constable William Bennett, of the Birmingham police, holds the silver medal awarded for great gallantry and presence of mind displayed on June 13th, 1897, in rescuing three men from a cellar belonging to a tavern in Lawley Street, Birmingham. The men were discovered lying unconscious from the effects of the poisonous gas generated by beer in the process of fermentation. Constable Bennett, after having succeeded in bringing the men out of the cellar, resorted to artificial respiration, and brought the men round before the arrival of the doctor, who stated that, but for Constable Bennett's prompt and courageous action, the lives of the three men would have been lost. Bennett was himself very much exhausted by his exertions in the poisonous atmosphere.

POLICE-CONSTABLE ARTHUR JAMES SCOTCHER.

Police-Constable Arthur James Scotcher, of the Reading Borough Police, was awarded a bronze medal for courageous conduct displayed on September 21st, 1897, in stopping a runaway horse attached to a cart which was proceeding along Great Knollys Street, Reading, the street being crowded with people proceeding to the Fair ground. But for Police-Constable Scotcher's heroic conduct in stopping the progress of the runaway horse, serious injuries and probable loss of life would have resulted. Scotcher was himself knocked down, and one of the wheels of the cart passed over his thigh, which necessitated his laying up for two or three weeks.

POLICE-CONSTABLE WILLIAM PENNETT.

About one o'clock a.m., on the 25th November, 1890, Constable Pennett being on duty on Tower Hill, saw a man throw himself into the Thames, apparently with the idea of committing suicide. He at once divested himself of lamp and belt, and, without waiting to take off his uniform, jumped into the river, seized hold of the struggling man, and gallantly rescued him. The night was dark. The magistrate who investigated the case strongly recommended the constable's courage and presence of mind. The Silver Medal was awarded to Constable William Pennett.

Photo by Mitcham Photo Co.

Sergeant Jenkins.

SERGEANT JOHN JENKINS.

Constable John Jenkins, as he then was, of the E Division, was on duty on Waterloo Bridge, at 2.45 a.m., on the 14th July, 1882, when he saw a man mount the parapet and throw himself into the river. Without hesitation, the constable unfastened his belt and jumped from the bridge after him. Notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of

Photo by Lander Bros.

P.C. O'Connor.

the would-be suicide, Constable Jenkins succeeded in seizing the man and supporting him above water until both were picked up some distance down the river by a boat which was promptly sent down from the Thames Police Station. The danger incurred in this rescue may be fairly estimated when it appears that the height jumped was 43ft., the tide was running out under the arches at the rate of six miles an hour, and a thick mist covered the river, so much so as to render it impossible to see any object in the centre of the river from either side. The place where the men entered the water was 170 yards from shore.

From a Photo.

Sergeant Bryant.

A BRAVE DUBLIN POLICEMAN.

On June 10th, 1897, shortly after 10 o'clock, a large crowd was attracted to Nelson's Pillar, as it was observed that a man on the top was endeavouring to get over the railings. When it was seen what the man intended, needless to say the crowd became very excited. Meanwhile, Police-Constable O'Connor (106 C) made his way to the top of the pillar, for the purpose, if possible, of securing that the man should not do away with himself. While Constable O'Connor was climbing his way up the winding stairs of the pillar, accompanied by the keeper, the man on top first threw down his stick and immediately his hat followed. It is also stated that he made an attempt to throw his coat down. The man turned out to be a farmer named Richard Jones, from County Carlow, giving his address as Clonskeagh House, Hacketstown.

Photo by W. Wright.

P.C. Rowe.

When the keeper and O'Connor reached the place where Jones was, they found it necessary to secure him in order to prevent his getting over the railings. This led to an exciting scene on top of the pillar. Jones is a strongly built man, not more than 26 years of age, and when the attempt was made to tie him down, he resisted with all his might, and even tried to throw the constable over the railings. In this effort he found himself over-matched, and, being eventually placed on the broad of his back, he was tied to the railings by a piece of rope, which fortunately was at hand, and there he was obliged to remain until 106 C received reinforcements. After a brief interval, four men of the C division arrived, and then there was much trouble in dealing with Mr. Jones. He resisted every step of the way down, but, as may be imagined, this was an entirely useless effort. He was eventually placed in the Store Street station.

SERGEANT BRYANT.—P.C. ROWE.

At the Bow Street Police Court Superintendent Cole, of the E division, introduced to Sir John Bridge, Police Sergeant Bryant, 7 E, and Police-Constable Rowe, 444 E, who had been recommended by the Commissioner of Police as fit and proper persons to be

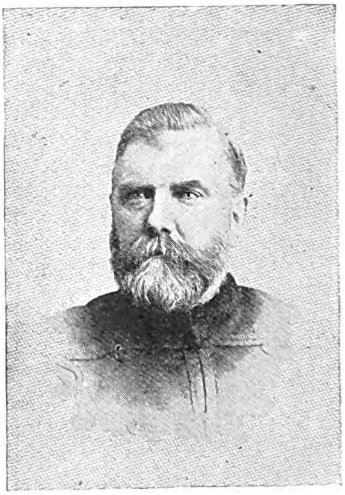


Photo by C. Hanff

Superintendent Whincup.

Photo by W. Ash.

Sergeant Brogan.

rewarded for bravery. Sir John Bridge, addressing Bryant and Rowe, said: “I may tell you, Mr. Cole, that I know all the facts of the case, Sir Edward Bradford, the Commissioner of the Police, having furnished me with a full report. From this I gather that on the night of February 1st there was a fire in Judd Street. Sergeant Bryant heard cries for assistance, and, owing to his promptitude, escape and engine were soon on the spot. The house was soon in flames, but the officers before me ascended the stairs several times, and by their bravery and exertion rescued everyone in the house. But Police-Constable Rowe—a very brave officer—was not satisfied. He thought someone might have been overlooked—a baby perhaps—so, at great risk, he again went to the top of the house. He could find no one to save, and was about to go below when he found the staircase was in flames. His retreat was thus cut off, but fortunately for himself, and fortunately for the public whom he lives to serve, he was active enough to get through a window and climb on the roof. The only cause for regret is that he injured his hand, and Superintendent Cole informs me that in consequence he is still on the sick list. That is why I am going to give him £10, whilst the Sergeant will receive £5. Magistrates, like the police, have pleasant as well as unpleasant duties to perform. One of the most pleasant duties I have to perform is to reward brave policemen. The money I am now about to give away comes from a fund established many years ago by Mr. Whiting, who, alas, is now dead. He had a great admiration for the police, and thought that rewards of this kind would stimulate them to extra exertion when their services would be specially required. I am sure that if he had been alive he would have been glad to see his money given to such brave men as I now see before me. I have much pleasure in handing you cheques for the sums I have mentioned; and I hope that both of you will have prosperous careers.”

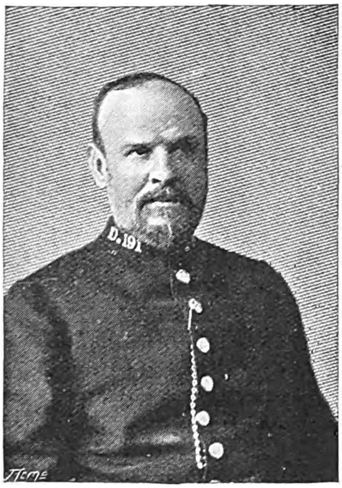


Photo by Mons. Louis.

P.C. White.

Sir John Bridge was right when he referred to Rowe as “a very brave officer.” Such men are indeed heroes.”

THOMAS WHINCUP, SUPT. W.R.C., PONTEFRACT.

Thomas Whincup, Superintendent, West Riding Constabulary, Pontefract, is the proud possessor of the bronze medal awarded for conspicuous conduct and presence of mind, displayed on July 15th, 1897, in rescuing a woman who had slipped down under the footboard of an incoming excursion train at Baghill Station, Pontefract. The superintendent threw himself down on the platform, and at great personal risk, held the woman clear of the rails till the train stopped. He was severely bruised by the passing train.

Photo by Clements & Co.

P.C. Moule.

SERGEANT BROGAN AND CONSTABLE WHITE.

Sergeant Brogan and Constable White displayed great courage in rescuing a woman from fire at 66, Upper Gloucester Place, W. The smoke was almost suffocating, and it was at the peril of their lives that they brought her safely to the street. They were both rewarded by the Royal Society for Protection from Fire, and also by the Chief Commissioner.

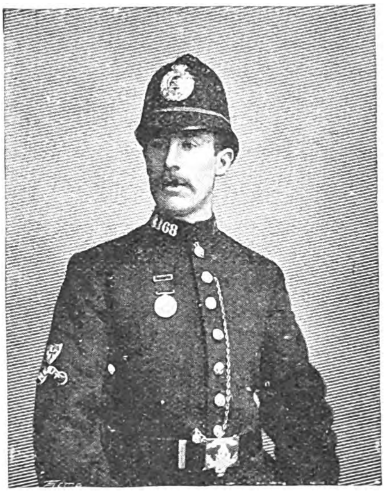


Photo by Alfred Coe.
P.C. Morfitt.

POLICE-CONSTABLE MOULE.

Police-Constable Moule, whilst on duty on Hammersmith Bridge, was informed that a child, nine years of age, who proved to be a crippled boy, was drowning. Without the slightest hesitation, he jumped in with his full uniform, swam to the boy, and saved him, a strong tide running at the time. Police-Constable Moule also exhibited great courage in stopping a runaway horse in Church Road, Barnes.

Photo by Mansion House Photo Co.
P.C. Gowing.

POLICE-CONSTABLE JAMES MORFITT.

Whilst on duty on the 12th ult., Police-constable Morfitt was informed that a woman—Eliza Morrell—was in bed drunk at a house in Captain Street, Bradford, and that the house was on fire. Morfitt hurried to Captain Street, which is situated amongst a mass of dilapidated slums. Arriving there, he found a large crowd around the house, No. 34, from the roof of which flames were pouring. Dashing into the house, Police-Constable Morfitt rushed upstairs into the burning room.

The following is his own account of the affair, as recorded in the books of the Police Department:

"I found the bedroom full of smoke, and the bed and furniture in flames. I heard someone groaning. I called out: 'Where are you?' and got a reply: 'Here.' I crept along the bedroom floor towards the sound, but was compelled to go back to the door on account of the smoke and heat, my face and hands being burned. I ran downstairs, and called for some men to come, and carry some water. I took a bucket of water up, and threw it on the burning furniture. I then went into the room again, but was driven back by the heat and smoke. I threw several buckets of water on to the burning mass, then went in again, and got to the window, which I broke with my staff. I then went to the bed, but could not find the woman, and I was compelled to go back to the door again. I got some water, and threw it on the burning furniture.. I then crept along the bedroom floor towards the bed, and found the woman crouching in a corner, unconscious. Her clothing was on fire, and I put it out. I carried her to the door, and Police-Constable

Photo by Parisian School of Photography.
P.C. Dancy.

Marshall assisted me to carry her downstairs into the kitchen."

The Watch Committee conferred upon Police-Constable Morfitt the Merit Badge, which carries a monetary value of two shillings per week, and he also received the Royal Fire Medal.

JOSEPH DANCY AND GEORGE GOWING.

On August 4th, 1897, when Police-Constable Joseph Dancy was on his way homeward he noticed dense smoke issuing from 113, Drury Lane. He raised an alarm, and woke the inmates. In the meantime the fire made rapid progress, and, gaining a hold of the staircase, cut off all egress. Police-Constables Dancy and George Gowing proceeded to the rear of the blazing building, and, gaining a half-roof, managed to lower three persons to the ground. Having their attention called to a woman in an upper room, Dancy climbed the gutter pipe, and, gaining the room, found the woman unconscious beside the bed. He carried her to the window, and lowered her to Police-Constable Gowing. While effecting these rescues he was injured by a quantity of brickwork which fell on him. A cry was raised that there were other people in the house, and Police-Constable Gowing ascended to the window, entered the room, and proceeded once more to the front of the house on his hands and knees. He found it impossible, however, to force the door of Mrs. Mary White's and her daughter's apartments, and ultimately was forced to withdraw, owing to the progress the fire was making around him. The unfortunate women were both burnt to death. At the inquest both coroner and jury bore testimony to the great gallantry these brave fellows had displayed. In addition to being decorated with the Society's medal, Sir John Bridge presented each constable with a cheque for £10 from the fund maintained at Bow Street for the reward of brave policemen.

Photo by F. Jenkins.

P.C. Nichol.

POLICE CONSTABLE W. NICHOL.

Police-constable Nichol, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, is the recipient of the certificate of the "Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire" and a "merit badge," awarded to him for his plucky conduct at a fire, which occurred at a dwelling-house in Church Street, Workington.

POLICE-CONSTABLE TREASURE.

It appears that about 5.15 a.m. one morning, a man heard some window smashing in Alma Place, and on looking out saw someone turn the corner sharply. An examination was made, and it was discovered that the window of a shop had been smashed, and two tins of biscuits stolen.

With the biscuits tied up in a large handkerchief the man apparently made his way down Bristol Road and then into Hempsted Lane. Here he was met by P.C. Treasure in plain clothes. The constable at once noticed the bulky character of the bundle, and having his suspicions aroused made enquiries as to the parcel. The explanations being unsatisfactory, the constable said the man would have to go with him to the police-station.

Photo by F. A. S. Davey.

P.C. Treasure.

The prisoner proceeded quietly, when suddenly, though handcuffed, he rushed down the river bank, and deliberately jumped into the water. P.C. Treasure did not hesitate for a moment, but pluckily went in after him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in bringing the man ashore, in spite of his efforts to drown the policeman.

WHERE GRINDSTONES ARE MADE.

By C. H. Hewitt.

AMONGST my earliest reflections is a memory of an old garden, with its tool shed, and, on a decaying wooden frame, a well-worn grindstone with uncouth iron handle. A little later in life, I was proud to turn—for five minutes!—another stone while the joiner ground his plane-iron. But it was not for years after that practical acquaintance that I knew how grindstones were made, or where they came from. When I did, when I first saw the process of manufacture step by step, it struck me as being so quaint and old-fashioned in many ways, and yet withal so admirably adapted in every way to the production of the desired result, that I felt others would like to know from words and pictures, what they might be unable actually to see.

So with note-book and pencil, with camera and plates, I repaired to the grindstone quarry, and I am going to tell you as far as possible some of the things I saw.

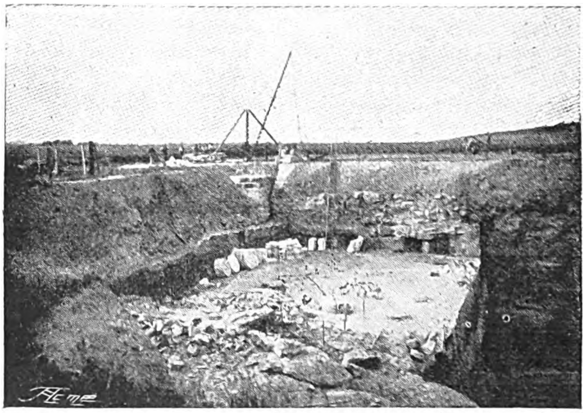
I start from Newcastle-on-Tyne, for Newcastle is famous for its grindstones, which are shipped from the smoky Tyne to all parts of the world, and as I spin along on my machine through country once beautiful, but now almost spoilt by coal-pits and cinder-tips, I think about the raw material from which the grindstone is made.

Perhaps every schoolboy knows that along with the coal, in almost all the English coalfields, are thick beds of sandstone, varying from the intensely hard "millstone grit" of Derbyshire to a fine freestone. In certain places this sandstone possesses qualities which fit it for being made into grindstones. A sharpness of the sandy particles, and those particles firmly held together so that the stone may not too rapidly wear out; a uniformity of substance, and a comparative freedom from flaws and splits in the blocks as they are dislodged; these are some of the qualities the quarry owner seeks in the stone, and another important point is that the quarry shall provide blocks large enough to make the biggest grindstones. In some quarries, unfortunately for the owners, the stone cannot be quarried in pieces of large size. One of the districts, and perhaps the most important, where the stone possesses many of these desirable qualities, is three or four miles south of Newcastle, and the neighbourhood is dotted over with grindstone quarries, some of them disused or worked out, and others in full swing.

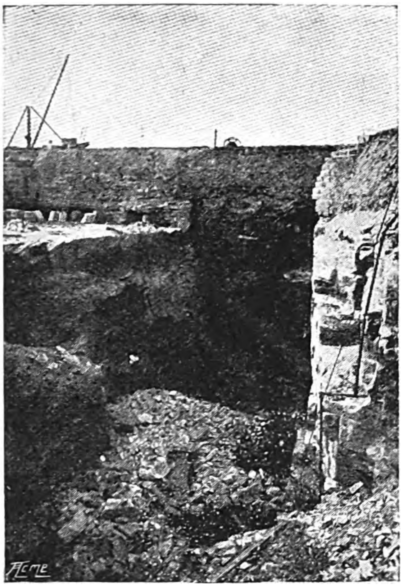
But my ride is over now, for, having arrived at a quarry which, to judge by the clinking of hammers, is certainly not disused, I dismount, and inquiring where the foreman or "quarry-master" is to be found, am directed to the engine and boiler house.

I explain to him what I want, and he offers no objection to my rambling about at "my own sweet will," and I may photograph anything I like.

So I scramble down a sloping pathway which brings me on to a platform of rock where several men are at work, and in a minute or two I am chatting away with a



General view of the quarry. The dark hole at the right hand side is a part where the stone has been worked down a "joint" to a depth of a hundred feet.



Part of the quarry which has been worked, and now used for tipping rubbish down. Shewing the "joint," or flat wall, of rock down which the stone has been quarried.

quarryman who hails from the "land o' cakes."

He is a typical old Scotchman, too, and retains the northern accent, although, as he tells me, he has been on the south side of the Border these thirty years. In spite of the fact that his wife is English, and one almost fancies that there is a shade of regret that this should be so, he goes to see Loch Lomond every year, and probably when he crosses the Cheviots he says with as much patriotism as would satisfy even the great Sir Walter:

> "This is my own, my native land."

"How is it," I ask, "that this side of the quarry is so flat and smooth?"

"That's what we call a 'joint,'" he says; "it helps us to get out the stone; it's where the clay has got down."

I remember now that geologists would call it a "fault," for it is a break in the strata, and into the crack or fissure which has been caused by some subterranean upheaval in the far distant ages, the clay has been washed. And I remember, too, that these very "faults" in colliery workings are called by the miners "troubles," because they so often throw the bed of coal up or down, and an expensive game of hide-and-seek has to be played before the black diamonds are got at again.

The miner's "trouble" and the quarryman's "joint" have the same cause, proving the truth of the old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

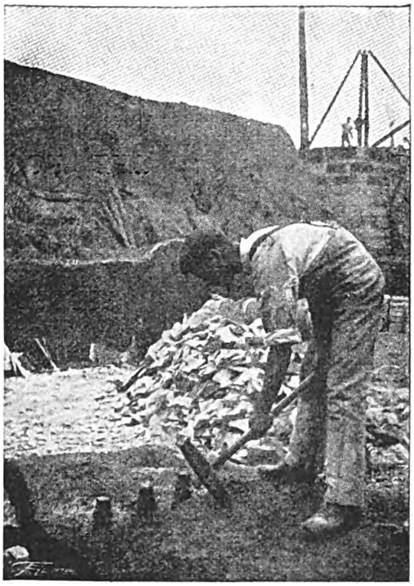
While these thoughts are running through my mind, the quarrymaster appears on the other side, and my *cicerone* calls across:

"I'm just gieing him a bit o' information, Jabez."

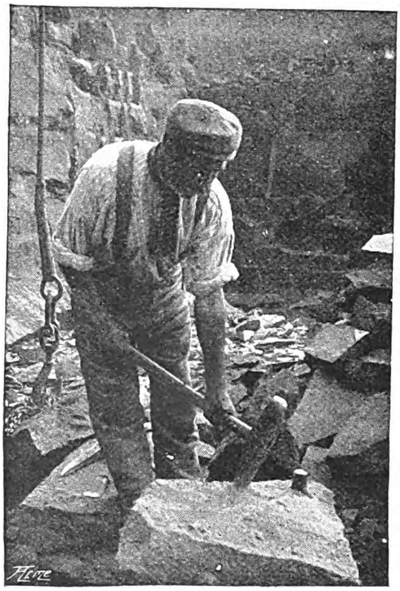
After getting the few 'bits o' information' as a sort of guide, I begin to take my photographs, endeavouring to get as complete a set as possible, illustrating the process from beginning to end.

The stone is quarried in the ordinary way, by drilling and firing a shot, the two pounds of powder used dislodging huge blocks, which require to be moved by the aid of long and heavy crowbars, and broken into more manageable and useful sizes by means of wedges. I am fortunate in finding some of the men at work on these large blocks. With a sharp pointed pick a little groove is chipped into the block, on the line across which it is to be broken, and a wedge or wedges inserted. A few heavy blows with the hammer, and the huge block of stone is cleft in two. In this way it is reduced to a size approximately near to that of the grindstone which is to be shaped from it, and it is the watching of this shaping, chipping, hewing and turning that is the most interesting part of my visit.

Before any shaping work is commenced



Workman about to break a huge block in two pieces, by means of three wedges inserted in small grooves chipped out.



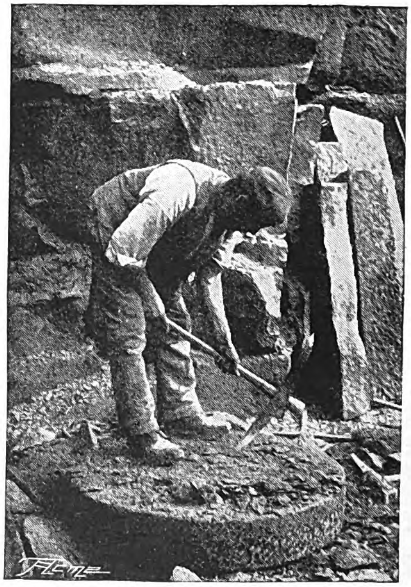
Small wedge inserted in small groove chipped in stone. Shews the workman just about to strike wedge and so break off corner of block.

the stone is carefully examined for possible flaws. The grindstone with a crack in it is a terrible source of danger. Revolving in some factory many thousand times a minute, a sudden split would cause the broken pieces to be hurled with frightful velocity, destroying life and property. So the worker in the quarry guards the life and interest of his brother worker elsewhere, whom he does not even know. Besides, many of these quarrymen I find work "on piece" and so take care that as few stones as possible shall break in two through some flaw, when they have been half finished.

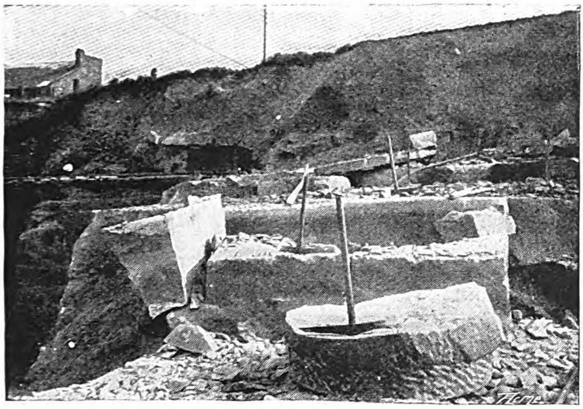
Michael Angelo is credited with having possessed the ability to carve a statue out of a solid block of marble straight away. These quarrymen do not attempt to carve without some guide, but it is astonishing how little guide they need. With a pair of very primitive compasses, a circle is described on the flat side of the block of stone, according to the size of the grindstone required, and they vary from six inches to six feet in diameter, and then the *modus operandi* depends on the size The smaller blocks are reduced roughly to shape by knocking off the superfluous corners with the square end of the pick-hammer. If, however, the block is a large one, it is necessary to break off the corners by means of a wedge, inserted in a chipped groove, in the same way as the blocks of stone are reduced in size. After the grindstone is roughly shaped out in this way the point of the pick is brought to bear upon the various surfaces, and the stone is hewn, the tool being used just as a joiner uses the now old-fashioned adze. I get one of the workmen to pause for a moment just as he has struck a blow, and photograph him. The pick is not raised more than eight or ten inches from the stone, and is brought down with little more than its own weight.

A very interesting feature strikes me in connection with this chipping. It was by an almost exactly similar method that the "hewn stone" used in the construction of many of our early ecclesiastical buildings was wrought into shape, and an examination of the tool marks on some of the masonry in crypts, as at Gloucester Cathedral and elsewhere, where the original early church is in existence, reveals a striking similarity to the marks on these partly finished grindstones.

After the chipping is complete, the stone is drawn to the surface by the steam crane. The workmen are busy removing the crane and re-erecting it in another corner, and they tell me with evident pride in their quarry that I ought to come again when the crane is fitted up and in working order. The steam crane has displaced the old derrick worked by hand, and this is one of the few places where the modern has superseded the old fashioned.

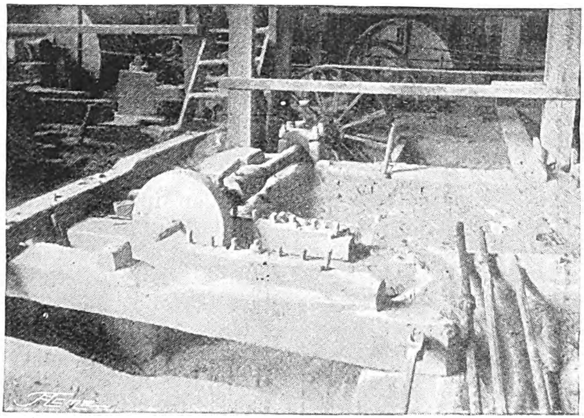


Workman chipping or hewing the flat side of a grindstone.



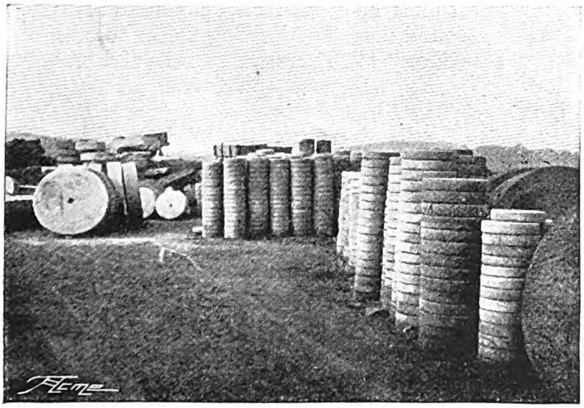
A partly finished grindstone. One side has been hewn to a shape, and the stone is now turned over to allow of the other side being hewn.

Now I wend my way on the surface again to the boiler and engine house and the lathe shed. The appearance of the interior reminds me of a flour mill. There everything is covered with flour, fine and white. Here the flour is the finest of fine sand and of a creamy yellow, but it covers everything in the same way. The engine is shut off in another room, so that its working parts may not be filled with this sandy dust. It would hardly conduce to easy running, let the engineer oil never so freely. In the lathe room, over hollow places, something like saw-pits, are the mandrils of the lathes, square pieces of iron revolving slowly, being driven by belts from the engine. A square hole having been cut through the exact centre of the grindstone, it is placed on one of these mandrils and tightly wedged. Then a long pointed tool is taken, and resting against one of a number of iron pins in the framework on each side of the slowly revolving stone, the point is gradually advanced, cutting or scraping a series of grooves on the side or edge. Gradually the whole of the stone is smoothed up in this way, and is finished off with another and broader tool, shaped like a chisel, which leaves the surface more even. The larger grindstones are held in a big "chuck," which grips them round their circumference, and little by little their angularities are rubbed down, more rapidly though, one fancies than the angularities of some of us, who get a good deal of friction in the world for all that.



The lathe, showing the turning tools at the right-hand side.

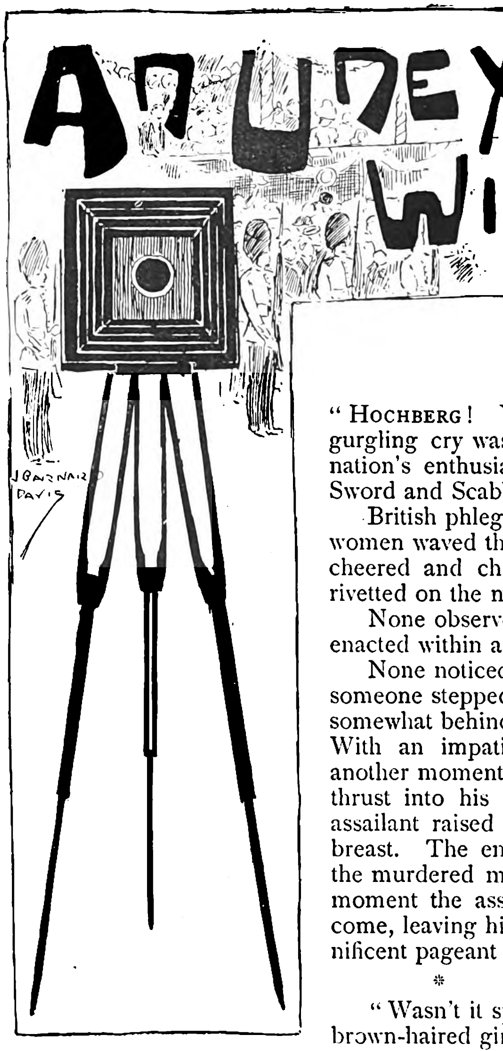
Here is a workman who has just finished turning a stone, and, as he is taking it to a part of the yard where some stock is kept, I accompany him, and get another picture of the finished article. There they stand, stacked together, and looking like piles of shillings, so even in size are they, and so regularly placed; or when we think of their size perhaps the resemblance is to some of the flatter cheeses. From here they are taken, often by road, though from some of the quarries by rail, to the busy Tyne and there shipped.



Ready for use.

The Photographs of this Article are by the Author.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.



By Maud Coleborn.

CHAPTER I.

"Hochberg! You? My God! Help!" But the man's gurgling cry was drowned in the hoarse shout that told of a nation's enthusiasm, as the Jubilee procession drew near the Sword and Scabbard Club.

British phlegm was, for a moment, completely cast aside; women waved their handkerchiefs, men stood on the chairs, and cheered and cheered till they were hoarse, while all eyes were rivetted on the magnificent pageant as it swept past.

None observed the silent yet terrible tragedy that was being enacted within a few yards of that brilliantly filled balcony.

None noticed that, just as the excitement was at its height, someone stepped noiselessly up to a slight fair man standing somewhat behind the others, and addressed him in a low voice. With an impatient frown the man turned his head, and in another moment he was forced into a chair, a white cloth was thrust into his mouth with one hand, while with the other his assailant raised a knife and plunged it twice into his victim's breast. The enthusiastic cheering had swelled into a roar as the murdered man's head fell forward on his breast; in another moment the assassin had withdrawn as noiselessly as he had come, leaving his victim staring with unseeing eyes at the magnificent pageant filing past the windows.

* * * * *

"Wasn't it splendid, Sir George?" The speaker was a tall brown-haired girl, with a clear cut profile outlined like a cameo against the crimson curtain, as she turned to speak to the man behind her. "Now, don't you think you might for once be a little bit enthusiastic? You know——" the words froze on the girl's lips as she found herself addressing the huddled heap with the drooping head and staring eyes. "Sir George!" There was a ring of horror in the girl's voice that at once attracted attention.

"What is it, Miss Strange? Are you ill?"

"No, no; it's Sir George Craven. He must have fainted or something," she said hastily, as she pushed aside the chairs in order to reach the helpless figure in the corner.

But her progress was barred by a callow youth, with a budding moustache and a scant supply of "g's" in his vocabulary. "It's all right, Miss Strange," he said, "our chaps are lookin' after him," indicating a number of the members of the Sword and Scabbard gathered round the prostrate man.

"But why doesn't somebody find his brother? Dr. Craven would know what to do, and was here, just behind me, when the procession began."

"Oh, it seems Craven was called away, and missed the show. But Sir George will be all right, they are takin' him into the billiard room, and there are some ambulance chaps just at the corner, so it's no good worryin' about him, poor chap."

He did not add, this callow young subaltern, that he had seen that on the poor chap's breast that had made him swift to obey the hurried injunction of one of the older men:

"For God's sake, keep the women away! Say Craven has fainted—had a fit—apoplexy—anything."

"But is he—is he——?"

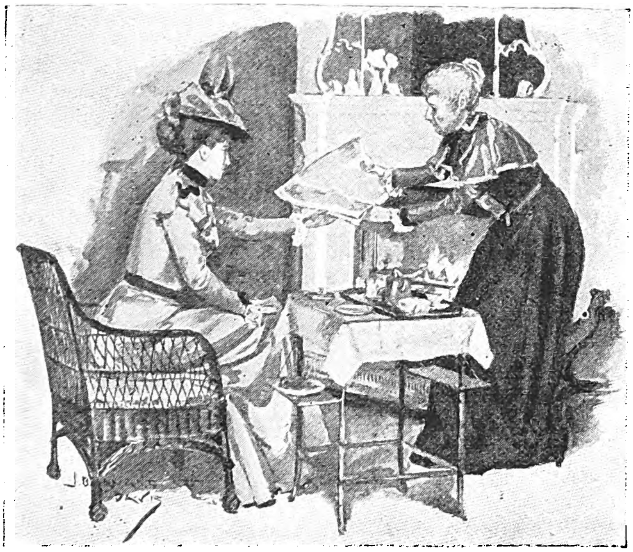
"Yes," shortly, "he's dead! What's more, he's been murdered."

"Murdered?" echoed the younger man aghast.

"Yes, murdered, here in this room, and within the last five minutes. There, go, and, for God's sake, don't let the women know."

CHAPTER II.

Within twenty-four hours all the world knew that Sir George Craven had been assassinated at the Sword and Scabbard Club during the Jubilee Procession, and conjecture was rife as to who the unknown assassin could be. That he should have a personal enemy, willing to incur the risk of the gallows, seemed incredible. "He was rather a fool, don't you know, but an inoffensive chap all round," the members of his club agreed, while the mothers of marriageable daughters openly deplored the fact that the heir to Craven Park and Drumlogan Castle, Inverness, should have met with such an untimely end.



"Read it, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Strange.

"He was such a cheery, good-tempered fellow, not particularly clever perhaps, but so easy to get on with, my dear. Allison and I were quite fond of him," Mrs. Strange confided to a friend over the tea-table in her pleasant little drawing room in Pont Street.

"Yes, and from all accounts Sir George was very fond of you—and Allison," the friend had replied; then with a meaning smile, "the brother, Dr. Craven, is rather a friend of yours, too, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, I like Douglas Craven well enough, though he is not like his brother, of course. He is so democratic and radical, and all that sort of thing," said Mrs. Strange vaguely. "Fancy a younger son of the Cravens insisting on being a doctor, for instance?"

"Yes, dear, but I expect all that sort of thing will go to the wall now that he is Sir Douglas Craven of Craven Park."

"I daresay at present he thinks of nothing but this dreadful murder. It's a most mysterious business, and the evidence at the inquest threw no light upon the matter at all. No suspicious person seems to have been seen at the Sword and Scabbard, and Allison was the last person to speak to poor Sir George. Besides, no one benefits by Sir George's death except, of course, Douglas Craven. But enough of this gruesome subject, let me give you another cup of tea. Well, James," turning to the footman, "what is it?"

"The evening paper, ma'am."

When the man had withdrawn. "Allison insists on taking in an evening paper; she seems as much engrossed in this dreadful business as Douglas, though it seems to me it would be better to let the whole thing remain a mystery. You'll excuse me a moment, my dear," scanning the columns of the paper through a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. A pause.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Strange, and the eygelasses fell with a crash into the fender.

"What is it, my dear Agatha, what on earth has happened?"

"Read it, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Strange in a choked voice, thrusting the newspaper into her friend's hand.

Arrest of Sir Douglas Craven on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of his brother, the late Sir George Craven, Bart. Incriminating evidence. Cherchez la femme!

"It can't surely mean that they suspect Sir Douglas! Oh, impossible!" said Mrs. Strange, hurriedly, "it's a mistake, its——"

"It's a lie!" said a firm, decided voice at this juncture, and, for a moment, a girl's white face was outlined against the portière of an inner room; then a slim hand clutched blindly at the curtain, there was a dull thud, and Allison Strange fell prone across the threshold.

CHAPTER III.

"My dear Allison, I don't think you can be aware what a very impossible young person you are."

"Am I, mother, I'm sorry, but really I would like to do what you wish if——"

"Then marry the Prinz von Hochberg!"

"Oh, mother, I can't!"

"Of course not; because he is rich, has a magnificent estate, and bears an historic name, you find it impossible. Perhaps if the Prinz von Hochberg had been tried for murder, you——"

"Mother!" There was a world of reproach in the one word.

"Now, don't look at me like a tragedy queen, Allison. Of course, I know Douglas was proved not guilty, but as long as he refuses to explain why he quarrelled with his brother, there will always be a sort of feeling in most people's minds that he was jealous of his brother with regard to this Marie Montaigne."

"But you forget, mother, Douglas said at the trial that he had never seen the woman in his life."

"Oh, well, in any case, it was a disgraceful business, and I do not choose that a daughter of mine should marry a man who was mixed up in such an affair."

"Don't you think," coldly, "that it is a little bit unnecessary to go into that question. You forget Sir Douglas Craven has not done me the honour to ask me to marry him."

"No," irritably, "I should hope *he* had more sense. But as I was saying, the Prinz von Hochberg——"

"Is utterly abhorrent to me," interrupted the girl. "I can't tell you how I detest him; I hate him to be near me, and as for marrying him—oh, mother, you surely wouldn't urge me to marry a man I loathe?"

"Well, well, Allison, you needn't cry about it; of course I don't want to act the heartless parent of fiction. You must have your own way, of course, though," regretfully, "the Prinz would have been such a brilliant match. However," brightening, "I hope at any rate you will make yourself agreeable to the Castle people. They are our only hope of amusement in this dull place, and I have taken these rooms for another fortnight. The springs may be as good as those at Homburg, but certainly the Hôtel zur Goldenen Krone, Hochberg, is not an exciting place of residence—even the poor dear Prinz's mother's entertainments are a godsend. So run away and dress, Allison, for this conversazione or musical party, or whatever it is. The dear old woman confided to me, the other day that she had hired a man with a kinematograph by way of novelty. Fancy the dear old soul imagining that a travelling photographer would be an exciting novelty to a number of grown-up guests! Half-past five—we shall never be ready in time! The Prince said he would call for us at six o'clock, and it is a good hour's drive to the Castle. So do go and dress, Allison."

Three hours later the company were assembled in the Rittersaal of the Schloss Hochberg, and the kinematograph was in full swing. "I will now introduce you, mesdames et messieurs," said the voluble Frenchman, who was responsible for the entertainment, "to some photographs taken during the recent Jubilee procession in London. This represents one of the clubs in that city just at the moment of the approach of the procession. You will observe that for the moment British spleen is forgotten, and *ces froids Anglais* appear as much excited as a Paris crowd. Observe, too, how the kinematograph brings out the details of the picture—*ces charmantes* mees who wave their handkerchiefs, the men who shout hurrah. In zee background there is a curious incident, one man seeming to embrace another round ze neck, though this would be so un-English that one must suppose that even the kinematograph is occasionally at fault."

The little burst of applause that followed this sally thundered in Allison's ears like the sound of many waters as she sat staring at the photograph, her eyes riveted on the two figures in the background, who, as the Frenchman facetiously remarked, seemed locked in an embrace.

Yes, it was an embrace, but a deadly one, for, as the one man relaxed his hold, Allison Strange recognised in the other Sir George Craven. For a moment the face of the murderer was visible as he turned to leave the room, then the photograph faded from the screen, but not before Allison had recognised in the murderer the man who was at that moment sitting by her side—the Prince von Hochberg.

Fortunately the darkened room prevented the girl's sudden deadly pallor from being noticed; she drew herself away from the man at her side with a shudder, and for a moment a deadly faintness seemed to paralyse her whole frame; then, with an effort of self-control that was heroic in its way, she turned to Mrs. Strange. "Mother, dear, I feel the room rather oppressive; I should like to go into the air for a moment." Then, in a low whisper, "don't let the Prinz follow me on any account, and for God's sake keep him here, talking to you, for the next ten minutes at any rate."

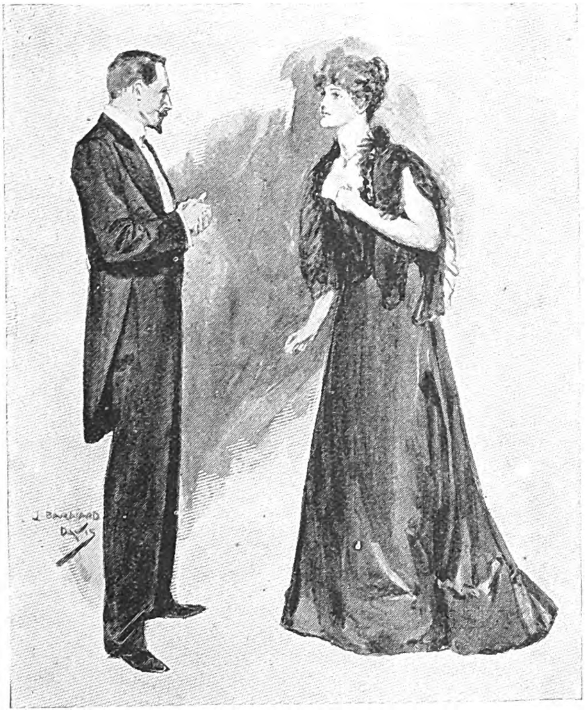
There was such agonising entreaty in the girl's voice that Mrs. Strange acquiesced almost mechanically, and with a murmured apology the girl glided quietly from her seat while the attention of the audience was fixed on the final tableau of the Jubilee procession.

A moment later the French photographer was startled by the apparition of a girl in a black evening dress, whose beautiful face looked strangely pale as she said hurriedly: "Monsieur, I have come to ask you to sell me the photograph of the Sword and Scabbard Club you have just exhibited. The scene is one of intense interest to me, and I am willing to give you £100 for it." The Frenchman's eyes lighted up at the mention of the price, as he said, with a deprecating bow, "Of course mademoiselle understands it would spoil the series, otherwise to oblige so charming a lady"—glancing at a box on the table.

"Is that it?" said Allison, laying her hand on the box.

"It is mademoiselle."

"Then I will give you £500 for it."



"Monsieur, I have come to ask you to sell me the photograph you have just exhibited."

"In that case," handing the box to the girl, with a low bow, "it belongs to mademoiselle—but the money?"

"Call on Mrs. Strange at the Hotel zur Goldenen Krone to-morrow and you will receive it—in the meantime you can keep this," hastily detaching a diamond pendant from the necklace that encircled her white neck; then without another word the girl swept quickly from the room.

A moment later she returned, the box no longer in her hand. "Monsieur," she began, hurriedly, "not a word of this transaction to Prinz——" The words froze on her lips. There stood the Prinz von Hochberg his hand on the Frenchman's throat, while his voice came through his clenched teeth as he said:

"You lie, you scoundrel; give me the photographs at once, or by Heaven——"

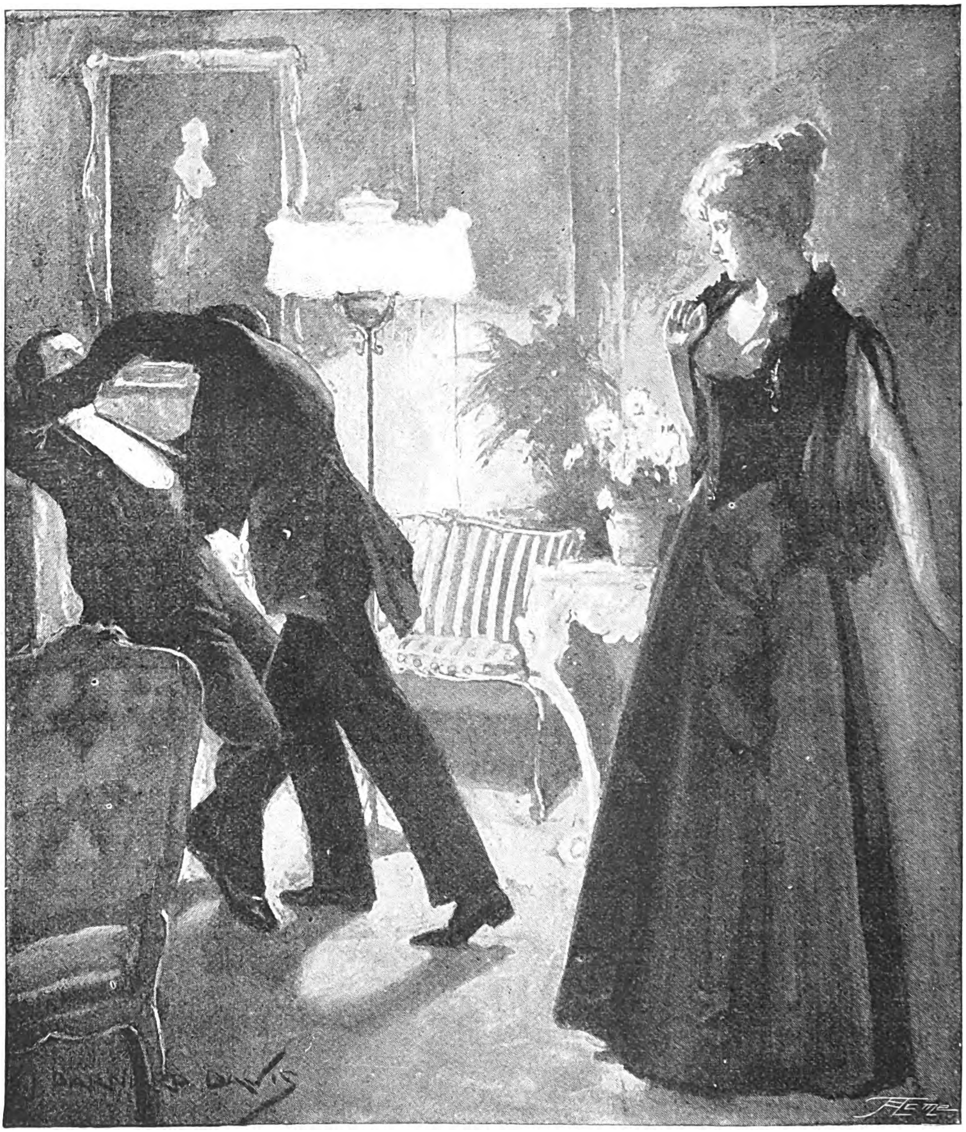
"But," gasped the unfortunate man, "I—I have already sold the photographs to—Mlle," his outstretched finger indicating Allison.

"With a muttered oath the Prinz flung the man into a corner, and, turning to the girl, said in a voice of concentrated fury: "Miss Strange will, I am sure, have no objection to transferring her purchase to me."

"Never," said the girl, boldly, though her face blanched at the look in his eyes.

"By Heaven," making a sudden stride forward and seizing the girl's white wrists, "you shall, I say, or——"

"Help, help!" The girl's voice rang out in a shriek of terror, and almost at the same moment the door of the room was flung open, and Douglas Craven rushed in. In another moment Allison Strange found herself cowering against the wall, watching with dilated



Allison Strange, cowering against the wall, watched the struggle between the two men.

eyes the struggle between the two men, but only for a moment; then with a piercing cry she rushed madly from the room in search of help, to meet almost on the threshold a group of excited guests. "What is the matter? Are you hurt, Miss Strange?" A torrent of questions, to all of which the girl answered by a gesture and a whispered, "In there, quick—or they will kill each other."

The men rushed past to find Prinz von Hochberg and Sir Douglas Craven locked in a deadly embrace. The latter had his adversary firmly by the throat, and there was that in Sir Douglas's eyes that argued ill for the murderer of his brother, when suddenly there was a terrified cry of "The lamp! For God's sake mind the lamp!" But it was too late. In their struggle the two men had come in contact with a huge standing lamp: there was a heavy crash, and then cries of "Fire, fire!" as the greedy flames ran this way and that, while the two men seemed to be struggling in a pool of liquid fire.

CHAPTER IV.

“Douglas, dear, do you know that to-day is the 15th of September,” said Allison Craven, lifting a happy, if somewhat serious face to her husband, as she sat in a low chair in the glow of a cheery wood fire in the small drawing-room at Craven Park.

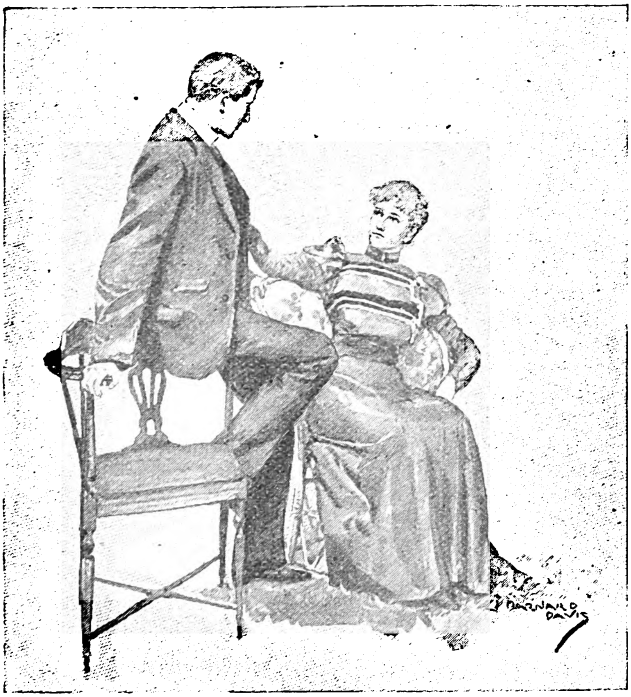
“The 15th September is it; well, dearest, what then?”

“Oh, Douglas, you can’t surely forget that it is just a year since that dreadful night at Schloss Hochberg! What a frightful end for that man, to be actually burnt to death; and, oh, Douglas,” shuddering, “to think it might have been you!”

“Yes,” seriously, “it was a ghastly business, but, after all, it was better than—than being hanged as George’s murderer.”

“Yes, it was a horrible cold-blooded crime; but Douglas,” resting a warm cheek against her husband’s hand, “Sir George had stolen his wife from him—for Marie Montaigne was really Prince von Hochberg’s wife, wasn’t she?”

“Yes, but I swear I believe George did not know it—he thought she was—ah well, it’s an old story now, and a very sad one, so we won’t go into it, my darling, eh?”



“You quarrelled with your brother about *me?*”

A pause. “Douglas, I want you to tell me something.”

“Well, Madame Curiosity, what is it?” resting his hand on the ripples of brown hair at his knee.

“I want you to tell me what you quarrelled with George about, the night before he was killed. Was it about a woman?”

“Yes.”

A shade of disappointment clouded the brown eyes as Allison continued: “Was she pretty?”

“Very; at least, George and I thought so.”

“Her name?”

“Allison Strange.”

“Douglas! You quarrelled with your brother about *me?*”

“Yes. I objected to his showing his admiration for you so openly when I knew of his connection with Marie Montaigne.”

“And was that why you refused to explain the quarrel at the trial?”

“Yes, dearest, I did not choose that your name—the name of the woman I hoped some day to make my wife—should be bandied about in court.”

“Oh, Douglas, you dear!” was all Allison said; but the crackling flames shone for a moment on as pretty a picture of domestic happiness as one would wish to see in this poor work-a-day world.

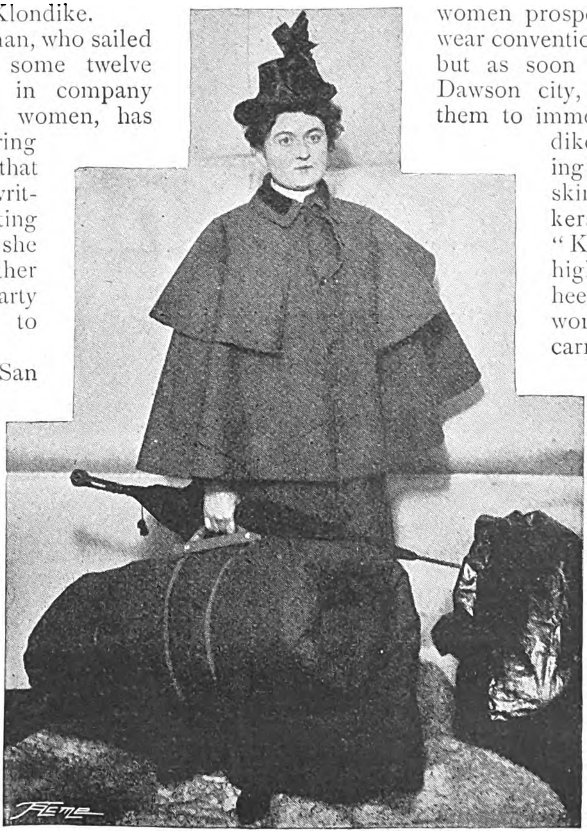
WHAT WOMEN WEAR AT THE KLONDIKE.

By J. Montgomery M‘Govern.

No more convincing evidence of the changed position of woman within the past half-century—the greater freedom she has attained, socially and physically, if not politically—can be afforded than a comparison between the women of '49, who followed the miners from the Eastern States of America across the continent to California and Colorado in their feverish quest for gold, and the women of '97 who braved with the men the perils of the Frozen North in their search for gold in the frozen Klondike.

A New York woman, who sailed for the Klondike some twelve months ago, and, in company with several other women, has spent all the Spring and Summer in that rugged region, has written us an interesting account of the outfit she and each of the other women of the party found it advisable to carry with them.

In going from San Francisco to Dawson City by boat, each woman is allowed to carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage. All this amount is necessarily required for mining tools and provisions. Her wearing apparel, including furs, sleeping-bag, etc., comes under the head of "excess baggage" and is charged for at the rate of 1s. 2d. a pound. This outfit she carries in a big bag in her stateroom. The clothing must, of course, consist of garments suitable for all seasons—for the Alaskan gold-miner, whether man or woman, must go prepared to remain at least a year, and though one seldom connects the idea of heat with the Klondike regions, yet during the short Arctic summer, winter clothing would be decidedly uncomfortable.


Ready to board the steamer at San Francisco.

Of course, on board ship, the women prospective miners may wear conventional travelling suits, but as soon as they arrive at Dawson city, necessity compels them to immediately don Klondike costume, consisting of a short corduroy skirt and knickerbockers, a belted jacket, a "Klondike hat," and high, heavy-soled, low-heeled, shoes. Each woman is obliged to carry a gun and a revolver, and if ignorant of the management of these useful articles of equipment, they are taught by the men of the party how to load and fire them—a wise precaution in so uncivilised a region as the Klondike.

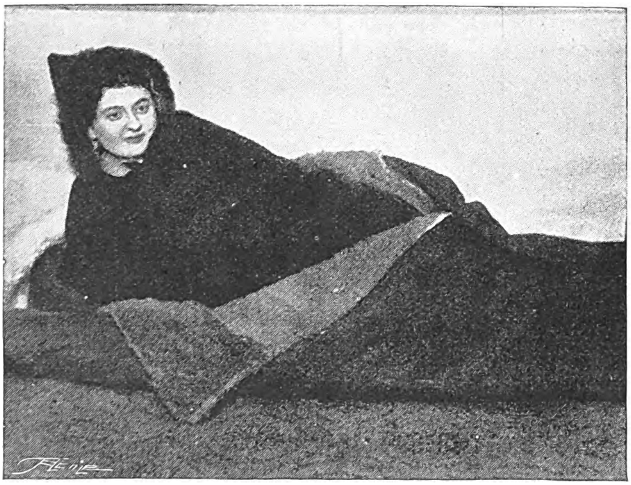
Having arrived in camp, the working costume is donned—the one that is worn by the women in the diggings. This is both attractive and useful. It consists of a short skirt and "jumper" of lemin, a gingham apron coming to the knees, and a sun-bonnet. This is the summer "work dress"; it is adopted for all classes of labour, from dish-washing to gold-washing. Of course, all women in the Klondike wear short skirts, no matter what the season. For a long skirt to be worn in a mining settlement would be the height of absurdity.

A few women carry with them into camp handsome gowns, suitable for dress occasions, but as these occasions happen so rarely, if at all, during one's entire existence in the Klondike, the handsome dresses are either cut up by their owners and the material made into other short-skirted loose-waisted camp dresses, or else glass beads and gaudy brass geegaws are thickly sewn over the handsome gowns, and they are bartered off to the Indians for furs, less elegant perhaps, but far more useful in that climate.

For mining work in intensely cold weather the "parkie" of the native Alaskan is adopted. This—as the accompanying photograph shows—consists of a long coat of fur, which is slipped on over the head like a sweater, a pair of long fur trousers, fur moccasins, and peaked fur cap; also the thickest of wool or, preferably, fur mittens. In less severe weather the women wear coats, short skirts, and bloomers of eiderdown, with, of course, fur moccasins, fur mittens, and caps.

The cost of this entire outfit does not exceed £10, which at first thought seems rather remarkable when one remembers the number of fur garments that it includes, but, fortunately for the woman Klondiker, fur in Alaska being a necessity rather than a luxury, is much less expensive than in London or New York.

Besides the essential garments mentioned above, there are a few very necessary odds and ends belonging to the woman miner's outfit, and the most important of these are:—A warm shawl, several suits of very heavy all-wool underwear, several pairs of Arctic stockings, two pairs of pulse warmers, and two pairs of knee warmers; the former, pieces of fur to be tied or bound about the wrists; the latter, large pieces of fur, to be tied or bound around the knees. Also several towels, a swing basket—woman's inevitable companion—a mosquito hat, a roll of mosquito netting, a light sweater, and other little conveniences that a woman always finds room to cram in wherever there is an inch to spare. The mosquito hat and mosquito netting are absolute essentials, for at certain seasons of the year the mosquitoes make life at the Klondike almost unbearable. Many of the women carry with them pots of "mosquito paste"—a black, sticky stuff, with which they smear their hands during mosquito season.



A bag is the only means whereby the Arctic cold can be kept from the sleeper.

Aside from the wearing apparel, perhaps the most interesting thing in the outfit is the sleeping-bag. This very important article is made of oiled duck, with three linings—one of llama cloth, one of mackinaw cloth, and the third and inside lining of white sheepskin. It is thus utterly impossible for the occupant to either freeze or get wet. The miner crawls in, wrapped in a blanket, then closes the bag at the top by a drawing-string, which fastens it securely about her neck—the sleeping-bag thus closely envelopes her entire body, with the exception of her head. The latter is covered by a heavy, fur cap, which protects the greater part of her face. This is now the usual method of sleeping in the Klondike—for men, as well as for women.

Every woman that goes to the Klondike is obliged to take with her no less than three months' supply of provisions, and great judgment and precaution must be used in the selection of food, that it may be of the sort that will not deteriorate by this long storage, though, of course, in Alaska, food of every kind may be kept in a much better state of preservation than it could possibly be kept in a warmer climate.

By clubbing together, several woman have managed to buy a sufficient quantity of food to last them three months at the remarkably low cost of £5 each.

A list of medicines is also a necessity in a country where physicians are few and far between and no trained nurses have thus far found their way. The medicines which it is most important to carry with one into the Klondike are: Antiseptic powders, ointments, liniments, Jamaica ginger, cathartic pills, quinine in capsules, chloride of potash for sore-throat, citric acid or lime juice to prevent scurvy, powder to stop bleeding from the frequent cuts and scratches liable to occur, cough tablets, vaseline, tincture of iron, witch hazel, laudanum, camphor, porous plasters, eye-wash and bandages.

Ready to "pan" out the gold.

Although a few of the women who enter the Klondike region go there in order to open respectable boarding-houses for the miners—where the men may get at least a semblance of home comfort—yet the majority of the women go with the intention of working shoulder to shoulder with the men in the gold-mines. Each of these women require a mining outfit similar to that taken by a man, consisting of:—One canvas tent, one "Klondike stove," made of sheet iron—used both for heating and cooking purposes—and cooking utensils. Also an axe, a hatchet, a hand-saw, a pick, a shovel, five pounds of nails, one miner's gold-pan, 50ft. of small rope, a file, a whetstone and a pair of snow glasses, besides candles, twine, &c. A few women carry little comforts and luxuries which greatly add to the convenience of their necessarily primitive house-keeping.

A few of these brave, self-reliant women have already made fortunes—some of them large ones—in the gold-fields of Alaska; others are still hard at work at their arduous toil, with the feverish thirst for gold strong upon them.

That a mining life with all its necessary attendant roughnesses and hardships does not destroy womanly instincts has been proved again and again, whenever there has been a case of sickness in camp. Whether the victim be another woman or one of the men, every woman miner has been ready to throw down her pick and shovel and play the rôle of nurse with as tender and devoted a care as if she had never attempted rougher or less feminine work.

In the Alaskan gold-fields as elsewhere—wherever men and women have been thrown together—love affairs have been the result, and several marriages have been brought about on account of acquaintanceships formed while working side by side in the gold-mines; but a case has yet to be recorded where a woman miner has been treated with anything else than courtesy and perfect respect by the men in the gold-mines. The earnest purpose and high character of the great majority of these women bodes well for the success of any expedition with which they are connected.

It was not always so, and no more remarkable sign of the times exists, than the fact that a woman can live in the midst of a mining rush as free from insult and annoyance as amidst the height of civilization.

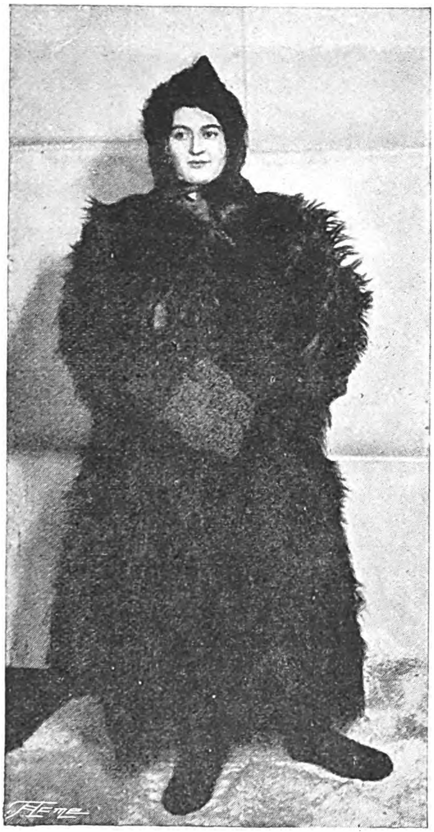
To a certain extent there are bound to be in all mining camps a large sprinkling of the black sheep of humanity. Gold is a magnet which has the unfailing tendency of drawing to itself all who are evil of mankind. Yet, nevertheless, the gold-field of to-day, even in so remote a place as Klondike, can bear no possible comparison to the old Californian gold-fields, or even to those of Australia.

Whether gold-diggers are, morally speaking, better than they were in those days, or whether the solution lies in the fact that the Government officials have a firmer grip on the lawless element, is a point not easy to be determined.

In the old days might was right, and the miners were lords unto themselves, subject only to the control of Judge Lynch. Excesses of all sorts were indulged in, and life was held of very small account.

The scum of the earth seemed to congregate in the broad gulleys and flats of the great alluvial diggings. Criminals almost boasted of their crime, and walked abroad with absolute immunity.

In such communities under such conditions life was impossible for a refined and gentle woman. To-day, whether the gold rush be to Kimberley, to Coolgardie, to the heart of Rhodesia, or to the lonely, inhospitable country of the Klondike, close on the heels of the first prospectors comes the preservers of law and order, the Government police.

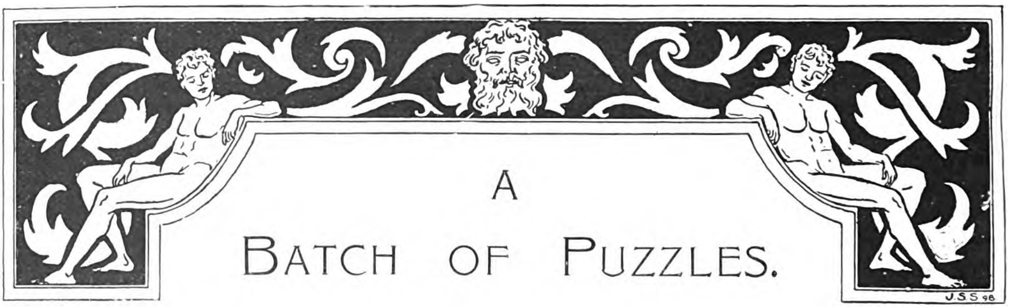


In the depth of winter furs are absolutely necessary. Fortunately they are cheap at the Klondike.

No finer body of men exist than the Canadian Mounted Police, and so perfect, comparatively speaking, has been the law and order prevailing in the various camps, that women have had no fear whatever of undertaking a visit there. Pleasure trips, even, have been organised by ladies of society not unwilling to experience the novelty of hardship and excitement.

The journey by boat from San Francisco to Dawson City, and thence up the Yukon, by no means involves such hardships as are incurred by the overland route. That, however, under the magic of railway enterprise, is gradually being robbed of its terrors, and the White Pass, a scene in the earliest days of the rush of unspeakable suffering, will soon sink into insignificance under the luxury of a train service which will carry the gold seekers in a few hours in safety over a portion of the journey that once not only occupied many days, but was full of dangers and difficulties.

The photographs of this article are by Vander Weyde, New York.



A BATCH OF PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

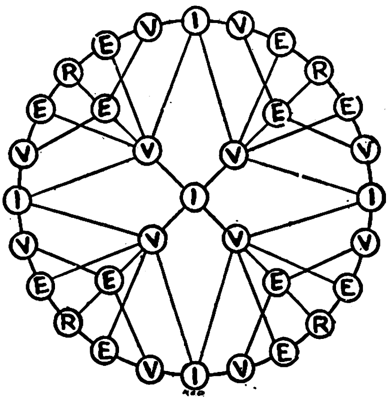
The first puzzle that I presented in my article last month was called "A Problem in Numbers." It was required to find two other numbers of four figures each that have the same peculiarity as 2025. If we split this number into two—20 and 25—add them together and square the sum (thus: 20 + 25 = 45 and 45 × 45 = 2025), the result is the original number. The two other numbers are 3025 and 9801; for it will be found that 30 + 25 = 55, and the square of 55 is 3025; also that 98 + 01 = 99 and the square of 99 is 9801. It is somewhat curious that no other number of four figures can be found to fulfil the required conditions.

A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

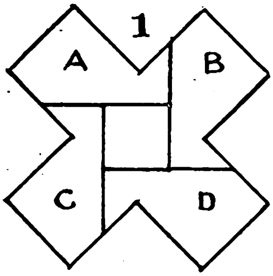
In the case of the "Reviver Puzzle," it was necessary to discover in how many different ways we may spell out the word "Reviver" in the illustration. You may go upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards—in short in any way you like, subject to the simple condition that you must always pass along a line from one letter straight to another, and when you come to a letter you must use it and pass on again to the next letter in the word.

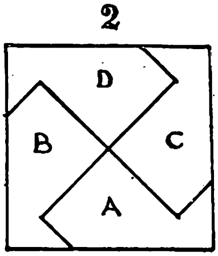
Now, it will be seen that there is one central I and four outside ones. The central I may be reached in three ways from any one of the four R's. There are therefore twelve ways of spelling the first half of the word with the central I, and since for every route up to the I we have a selection of any one of the twelve routes for our return journey (the word being a palindrome) it follows that there are 144 (12 × 12) solutions involving the central I. Then one of the outside I's may be reached in five different ways from either of two R's. Therefore there are ten ways of reaching any outside I, and 100 ways (10 × 10) of spelling the word while using an outside I. As there are four of these outside I's, there are 400 (4 × 100) solutions involving the use of one of their number; 400 added to the above-mentioned 144 gives us 544 as the total number of solutions, and this is the correct answer to the puzzle.

The solution of the "Squares and Cross Puzzle" is clearly shown in the accompanying diagram. In Fig. 1 we see the directions of the cuts, and in Fig. 2 how the pieces A, B, C, and D are put together to form the larger square. The smaller square is cut out



A "Reviver" Puzzle.





SQUARES AND CROSS PUZZLE
Solution

entire. There is no difficulty in demonstrating that the area of the smaller square is exactly equal to one-half the area of one of the arms of the cross. The two squares should, therefore, be in the proportion of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 to 1, which will be found to be the case. For example, if we mark off points on the sides of the square forming Fig. 2 so as to divide them into three equal parts and unite these points by lines parallel to the sides of the square, we shall subdivide it into nine smaller squares, every one of which will be equal in size to the little square in the centre of the cross in Fig. 1.

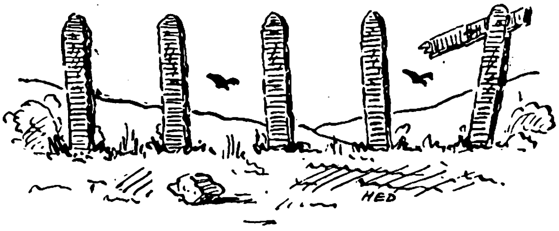
THE
PYRAMID
POSER
HED

Puzzles of this class are excellent little lessons in elementary geometry, and serve to show how pleasing, and even fascinating, that study really is when presented in certain forms. Not only is the knowledge acquired likely to be of considerable use on unexpected occasions in the ordinary affairs of life, but puzzles of this class are especially stimulating to the reasoning faculties generally.

The "Broken Palings" has, strange to say, only one possible answer. The sum of money in pounds, shilling, and pence that may be reduced to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the shillings from the pounds and the pence from the shillings is £12 12s. 8d., which reduces to 12,128 farthings. Both £10 10s. 7d. and £11 11s. 7d. are, however, within one farthing of being correct.

The smallest number of steps that would have the peculiarity mentioned in the case of the "Pyramid Poser"—that if you go up two steps at a time, there is one step left for the last bound; if three at a time, two; if four at a time, three; if five at a time, four; if six at a time, five; and if you go up seven steps at a time, six risers are left for the last bound—is 419, and every addition of 420 gives another number that will apply. We were told that there were fewer than 1,500 steps, so it must be 419, 839 or 1,259. But, as the two smaller pyramids were said to have the same peculiarity, the first two numbers are excluded and the answer must be 1,259. It is always desirable that a puzzle should, if possible, have only one solution. Plural solutions are generally termed "cooks." If the limit of 1,500 steps had not been fixed, and if we had not been told that there were two smaller pyramids having the same peculiarity, there would have been an infinite number of equally correct answers, for, as I have shown, any multiple of 420 less 1 would then fulfil the conditions. As it is, the pyramid that the tourist is ascending must have exactly 1,259 steps—no more and no less.

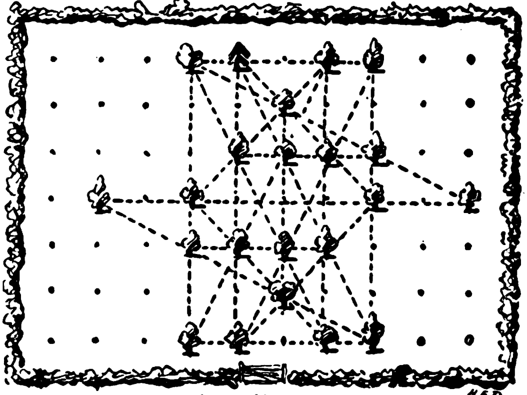
The point of the "Puzzling Plantation" was to cut down forty-eight of the seventy trees so that the twenty-two that remain shall form twenty rows with four trees in every row. These "points and lines" puzzles are generally rather difficult, because no general



THE BROKEN PALINGS

rule has been discovered for their solution. The diagram will show clearly how the twenty-two trees should be left in order to form the required number of lines, and the dots indicate where the forty-eight trees have been cut down. It will be found that five lines of four trees are horizontal, five lines are vertical, and two lines in each of five different directions are on the bias—twenty lines of trees in all, with four trees in every line.

A PUZZLING PLANTATION.



SOLUTION

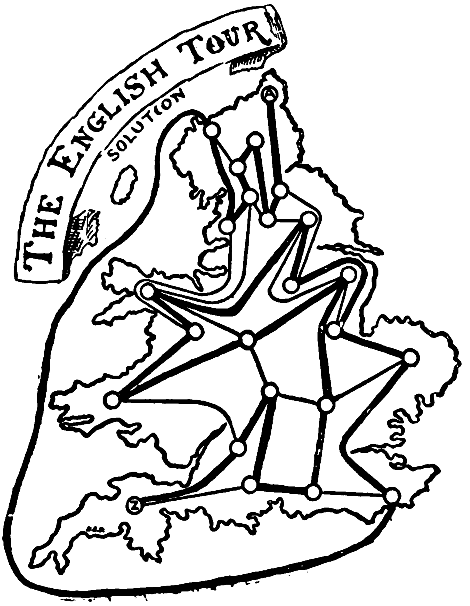
In "The English Tour" it was required to show how a resident at the town marked A might visit every one of the towns once and only once, and finish up his tour at Z. This puzzle conceals a little trick. After the solver has demonstrated to his satisfaction that it cannot be done in accordance with the conditions as he at first understood them, he should carefully examine the wording in order to find some flaw. It was said, "this would be easy enough if he were able to cut across country by road, as well as by rail, but he is not." Now, although he is prohibited from "cutting across country by road," nothing is said about his going by sea! If, therefore, we carefully look again at the illustration, we shall find that two towns, and two only, lie on the sea coast. When he reaches one of these towns he takes his departure on board a coasting vessel and sails to the other port. The illustration shows, by a dark line, the complete route.

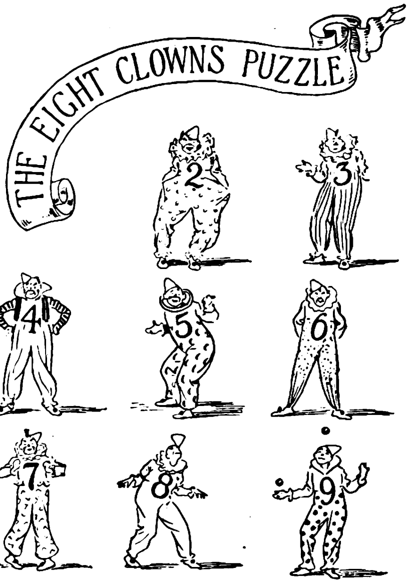
"The Eight Clowns" was a little novelty in magic squares. These squares may be formed with numbers that are in arithmetical progression, or that are not in such progression. If a square be formed of the former class, one place may be left vacant, but only under particular conditions. In the case of our puzzle, there would be no difficulty in making the magic square with 9 missing; but with 1 missing (that is, using 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9) it is not possible. But a glance at the illustration will show that the numbers we have to deal with are not actually those just mentioned. The clown that has a 9 on his chest is portrayed just at the moment when two balls which he is juggling are in mid air. The positions of these balls clearly convert his number into the recurring decimal $\cdot\dot{9}$. Now, since the recurring decimal $\cdot\dot{9}$ is equal to $\frac{9}{9}$, and therefore to 1, it is evident that, although the clown who bears the figure 1 is absent, the man who bears the figure 9 by this simple artifice has for the occasion given his *figure* the value of the *number* 1. The troupe can consequently be grouped in the following manner:

7		5
2	4	6
3	8	$\cdot\dot{9}$

Every column, every row and each of the two diagonals now add up to 12. This is the correct solution to the puzzle.

The "Chinese Railway Puzzle" was artfully devised by the yellow man. It is not a matter for wonder that the representatives of the five countries interested were bewildered. It would have puzzled the engineers a good deal to construct those circuitous routes so that the various trains

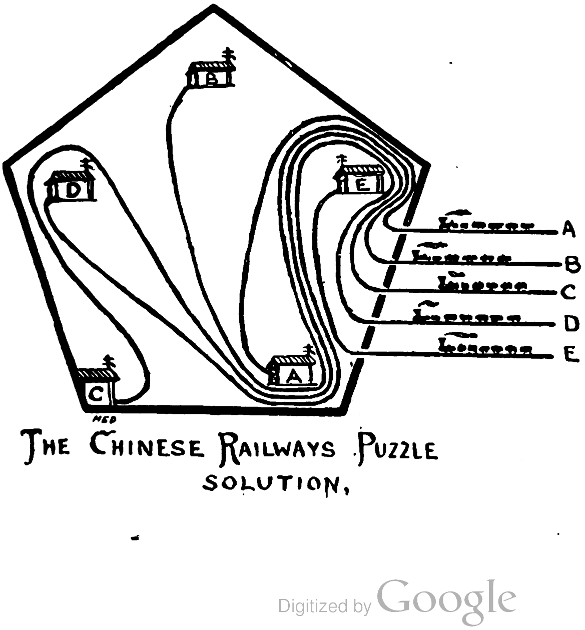




might run with safety. The illustration shows the required directions for the five systems of lines, so that no line shall ever cross another.

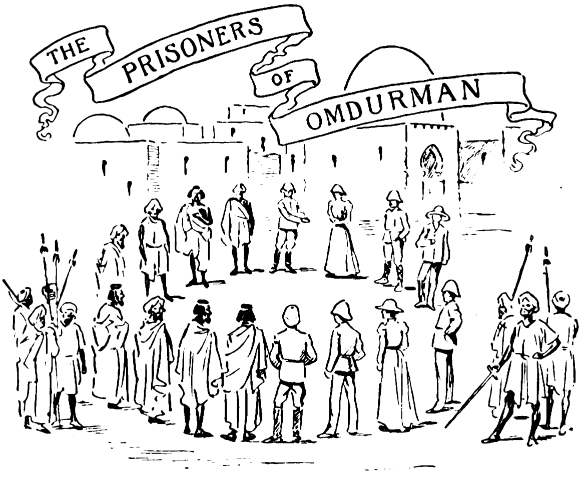
In the case of the puzzle involved in that little incident, "The Prisoners of Omdurman," it is probable that the person who ventured to find the correct numbers or any one that would work, by trying all numbers in regular order until he hit on the right one, would sooner or later give the quest up in despair. The problem was to count a certain number, beginning with the white man at the top of the picture, and going round and round the circle in the direction that individual is pointing, and slay every individual on whom that number fell. In order to slay all the Abyssinians and spare the lives of all the Europeans, what is the smallest number that should be selected? In order to make the puzzle a little easier, I stipulated that all the Abyssinians should be killed in regular rotation. Now, a little thought will show that any multiple of 16 must kill the Abyssinian at the top of the picture; that when that gentleman is disposed of, any multiple of 15 will be fatal to the man standing next at the top; that the next will be killed by a multiple of 14; the next by a multiple of 13; and so on. It must therefore follow that the least common multiple of 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, and 9 will kill all the Abyssinians in rotation. The L.C.M. is no smaller a number than 720,720. This seems to be the obvious answer, but in puzzledom the obvious is generally wrong. The correct solution is obtained by killing the Abyssinians in rotation upwards instead of downwards! The smallest number that will do this is one half of the above number, plus 1, or 360,361. So, if the European had counted round and round, beginning with himself, and let every 360,361st man be executed, he would have succeeded in his ruse. Perhaps it was just as well that he was interrupted by that British shell, for the executioner might have got impatient after a few counts. If the counter had begun at other points in the circle, and had not had that curious fancy for killing in rotation, the numbers might have been greatly reduced. But that is another story.

The reader might perhaps suppose that "The Pearson's Rainbow Puzzle" is built upon no principle whatever; that it is a quite haphazard arrangement, and can only be solved by trial. But this is not so, though I have not space on this occasion to lay bare the little principle in all its simplicity. Were it otherwise, I could not probably say with confidence, as I can, that the shortest possible solution is in sixteen moves. Though the puzzle is rather bewildering, and the full import of all the moves will not be obvious to the novice, he will find that, if the eight cherubs move in the following order to the star that is vacant for the time being, they will get in order so as to read "PEARSON'S" round the rainbow from left to

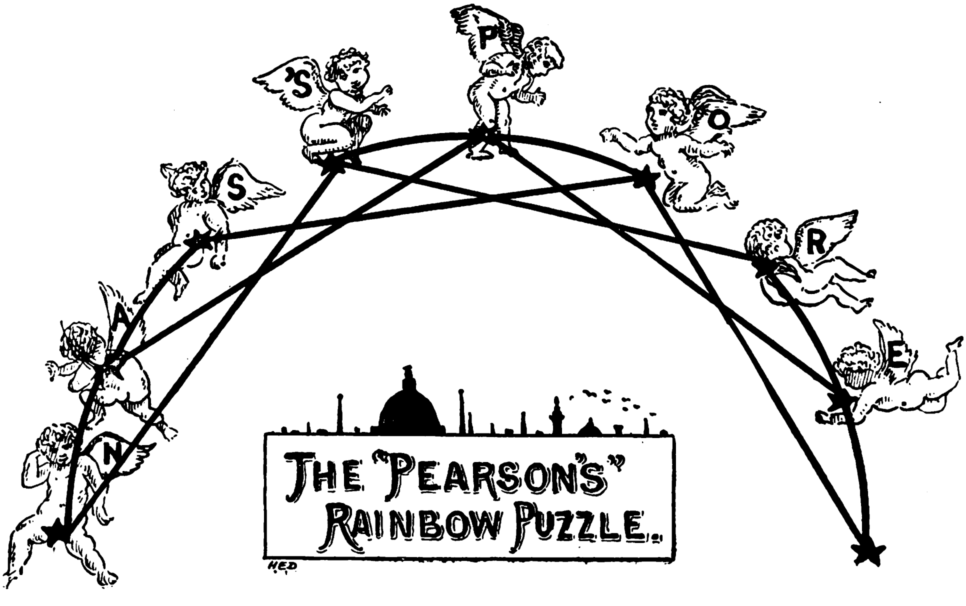


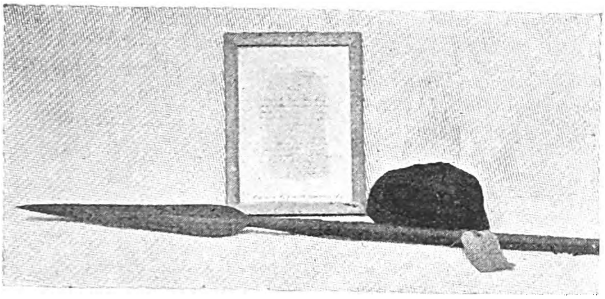
THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE
SOLUTION,

right, with the vacant star in the position stipulated: OSAPE R'SNPER'SN RSO. These are the fewest moves possible.



I have found that puzzles based on various renderings of the "moving counters" principle always have a strange fascination for some people. Ladies especially seem to derive from them the peculiar entertainment that they also find in games of "Patience" with playing cards. Perhaps they feel that puzzles of this kind must contain an element of chance, but in nearly every case the "chance is but direction which thou canst not see," as Pope puts it. The solver should always attempt to discover the principle involved. Sometimes, as with the "Rainbow Puzzle," it is ridiculously simple when discovered, though the actual discovery of such simple base is a very hard nut to crack. In the words of the conjuror, "it is very simple when you know how it is done!"





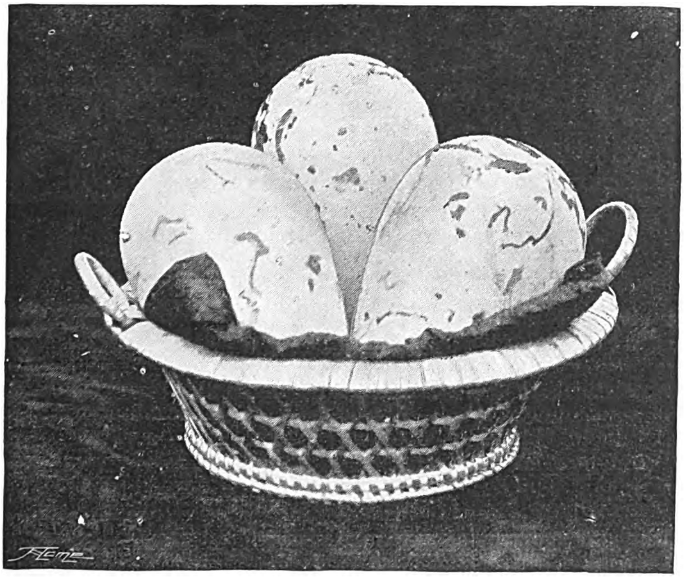
The cap worn by General Gordon in China, and the identical spear with which he was killed.

A PUBLIC HOUSE MUSEUM.

By Leslie McGregor.

The "Edinburgh Castle" is a public-house in the Mornington Road, Regent's Park, and its owner, Mr. Middlebrook, has gathered together one of the most varied collections of curios that it is possible to imagine. Every curio has a pedigree, every curio has a price—and a long price at that.

Take the great Auk's eggs, of which there are three. For the cheapest £168 was paid; for the most expensive £296, while the other cost merely £189. And cheap they were supposed to be at the price, for as the auctioneer explained just before the hammer dropped, whether seriously or in sarcasm is not related, "Why, gentlemen, this an *absurd* price for the great Auk's eggs."



Three great Auk's eggs, for which the owner has refused 1000 guineas.

Apparently these eggs have caused just as much disappointment as joy—at least this is what one gathers from an amusing story told of a cabman, who drove all the way from Charing Cross to see them.

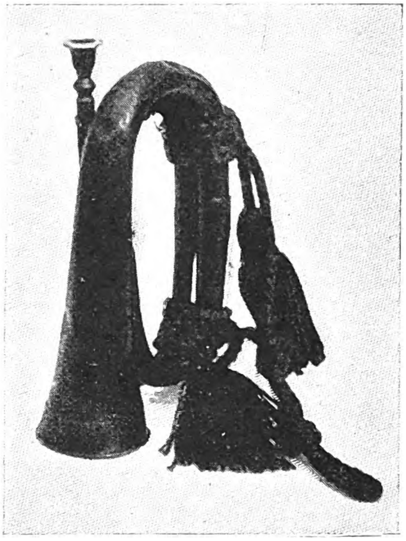
The August Bank Holiday was dry—so was the cabman, for he swung himself into the bar, and blurted out in the midst of his drink, "Where is it?"

"Where's what?" asked Mr. Middlebrook, somewhat startled.

"Why, the two hundred and ninety-six pund egg!"

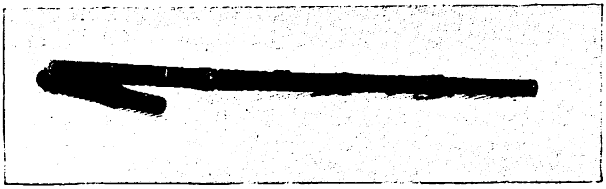
"Oh, the egg! There!" replied the proud owner, pointing to a little velvet case at the back.

The cabman turned slowly round on his heel, and made for the door, then suddenly swinging round, exploded with a "What, call that a great auk's egg, why I'm backing my old Cochin China at home ter do better than that. From what I'd 'eard, I thought it was at least twice the size of me keb. Why,



The bugle that sounded the Charge of Balaclava.

The tourniquet which was used when Nelson's arm was shot off.



Haydn's Flute.

it doesn't weigh er couple er ounces. Two hundred and ninety-six punds, indeed!"

Luckily, however, he was induced to turn to something he liked better, and that was the bugle with which Trumpet-Major Joy sounded the memorable charge at Balaclava.

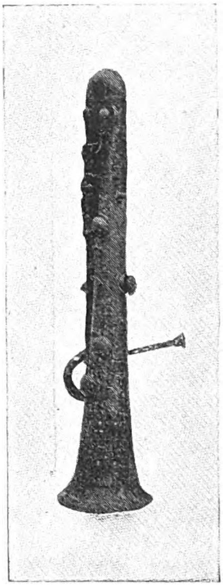
In a glass case, surrounded by the gallant man's medals and army certificates, hangs a battered piece of bent tubing adorned with braid and tassels dimmed with age. The surface is worn with innumerable polishings. At a concert not long since, amidst a bevy of fair singers and "lion comiques," it was the blowing on this old broken instrument that made the audience forget all else and shout themselves hoarse for an encore. And is it not only right that the blast of a horn, that showed all Englishman it was "theirs but to do or die, theirs not to reason why," should be cheered? Why, certainly!

It is interesting to note that in connection with this instrument, Mr. Middlebrook intends upon his death to present it to the Mess of the 17th Lancers.

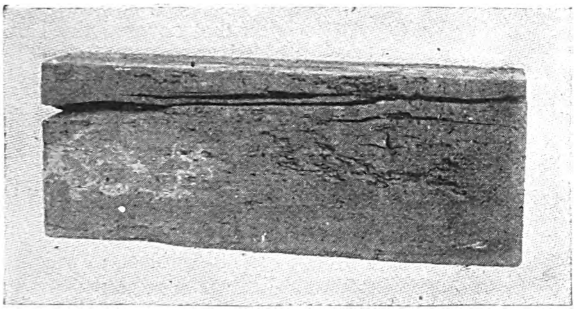
Not many steps from the bugle is a similar relic, in the shape of an old instrument played by one of Blucher's bandsmen at Waterloo. And although this undoubtedly holds interest for all, it can never hope to compete for general attention with brave Trumpet-Major Joy's bugle.

Talking of war brings one round to the hundreds of medals which are displayed in various cases round the room. Prominently hangs the gold medal presented by the

A Native Execution Bell.



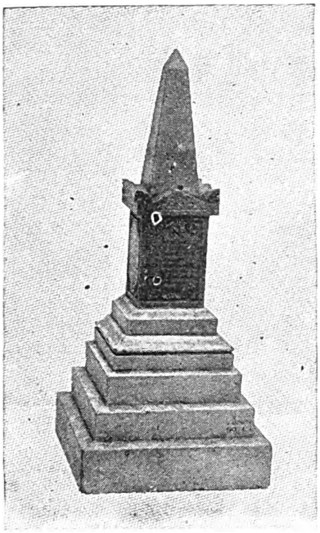
Instrument belonging to one of Blucher's bandsmen found on the field of battle.



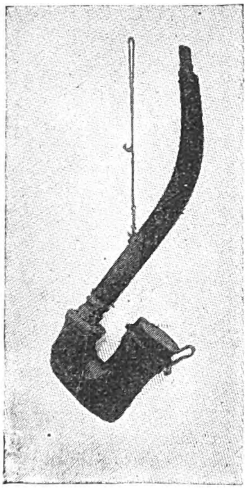
A portion of one of the beams put into the Tower of London in 1090.

British Government to the Rajah of Mysore for his services in connection with Tippo Sahib's rebellion in 1791-2. This medal, was at one time lost for a number of years, and was only recently bought by the present owner for 275 guineas.

Even more interesting than this is the set of crosses which have been given by various countries for valour displayed in the field of battle. There in the centre is a Victoria Cross, bought from its hard-up owner for £20; on the right, the Iron Cross of Germany, the only one ever presented to a surgeon of the German Army; on the left, the Indian Star of Valour—and so on.



Model of a monument to the soldiers killed at Sebastopol.



Pipe found at Inkerman, which also went through the Egyptian Campaign.

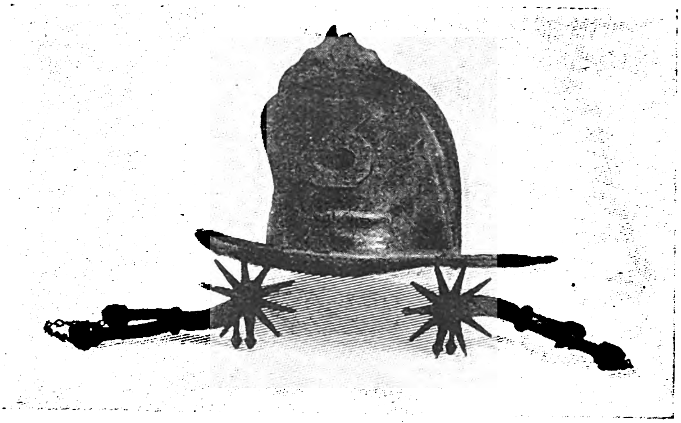
Suspended in a frame hangs that which our American cousins would give thousands to possess; in fact, the proprietor of one of the leading New York papers once called upon Mr. Middlebrook, and offered to write him out a cheque for it, there and then, for any price within reason. But Mr. Middlebrook patriotically refused. The relic to which I refer is a flag that was captured at the battle of Laurel Hill, Virginia, from an American officer; and, in addition to this, there is the sash which Colonel J. Sargeant, the chief officer under General Grant, took from a disgraced man. General Grant has since visited the Museum, and was much interested in seeing this reminder of his younger days.

A Siamese Idol.

A Babylonian Brick
over
4,000 years old

A Babylonian brick over 4000 years old.

Of similar mementoes there is no end. Evidences of British valour predominate. There is a flag which was captured by the British East Africa Company at



Oliver Cromwell's helmet and spurs.

pall that covered the Duke of Clarence's coffin.

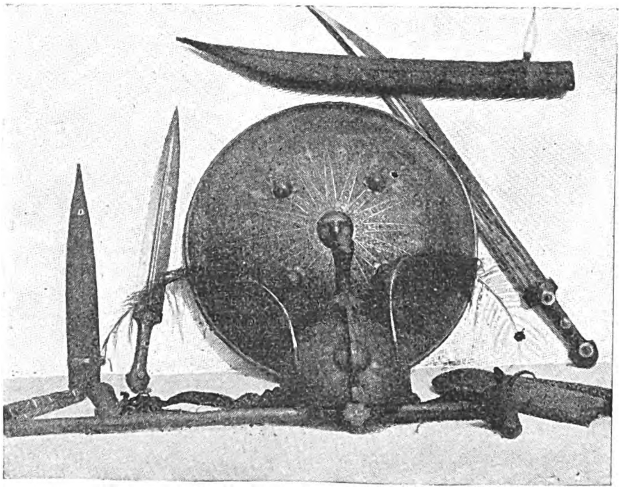
Here is an interesting little story in connection with one of the exhibits. In 1870 a diabolical murder was committed in Jamaica through a dispute which arose between a native and a British sailor as to which of the two should pay a trifle to a musician playing at a dance. The native, getting the worst of the argument, struck the sailor a blow with a plaited reed, which stunned him. Going out of the tent, the native then dragged the sailor from underneath the edge of the canvas, and coolly murdered him, afterwards disposing of the body. Information having been given to the police, the culprit, who had escaped on a vessel bound for England, was followed, captured, and executed. The plaited reed, to which so horrible a history is attached, occupies a corner to itself in the Museum.

It is hard, in so limited a space, to make bare mention even of the principal objects that catch the eye. You wander round the Museum, turning from one thing to another, each more interesting than the last. Here is the helmet which so seldom parted company

Masai; the manacles which Stanley himself struck off a dying slave on one of his great marches; and still attached to one of these is a blood-stained piece of rag, which was put on by the poor sufferer to ease the pain of chafing. It tells a mute story, this dirty cloth, of endless suffering and torture, and equally endless thankfulness at a happy release.

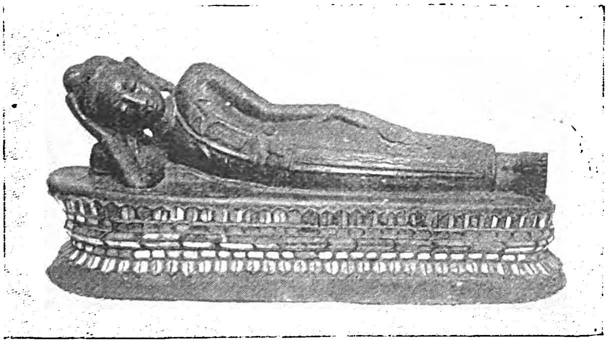
Cheek by jowl with all these are the first pattern of a bayonet used in the British army; a copy of the code of Chinese flags presented by the Emperor to a British officer; and a piece of the

Chains struck off the ankles and wrists of two slaves by H. M. Stanley during the Emin Relief Expedition.



An Indian Rajah's helmet, shield, sword, and other accoutrements.

with Oliver Cromwell's head (a sombre-looking object resembling a dustman's cap), the very one, in fact, in which he dismissed Parliament and ordered "that bauble" the mace, to be taken away. There is the spear that killed General Gordon—no mere make-belief, mind you, but the genuine thing, signed, countersigned, and vouched for by eye-witnesses and people high in office—a most interesting relic in view of recent affairs. There is nothing extraordinary in the look of the thing. It is a plain steel and wood implement, with vicious-looking curves — decidedly simple, but cruelly practical.



A Burmese Idol.

The Museum is as interesting to women as to men, for while there is the brass effigy of the head that was placed in front of the King of Benin's tent, and soaked at regular intervals, with the blood of sacrificed slaves, there is also one of the original dresses that the Empress Josephine wore, resplendent with embroidery of silk and gold.

Of such relics as pieces of old London Bridge, there is no end. A portion from the wreck of the *Royal George*; a piece of the bedstead on which Sir Colin Campbell lay before the siege of Lucknow; a splinter from the gates of Delhi; the gun carriage which stood upon the old chain pier at Brighton; all these and more go to swell the collection.

Indeed, nothing is too out of the common for Mr. Middlebrook. He has the tooth of the giant shark that became extinct 200 years ago; he has also two of the smallest perfect-cutting penknives in the world. In one corner stand the three original castes which were taken of the only Madras pirates ever hanged in London; in another lie the cinders of all that remain of the burning of 1,000,000 Bank of England Notes, which one time represented at least £5,000,000.

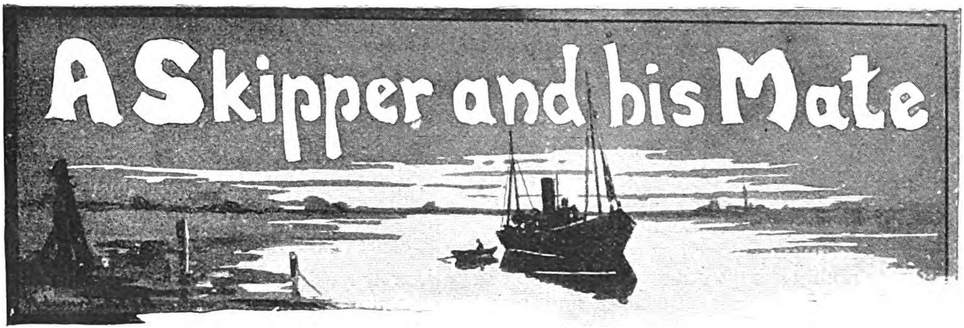
Explaining the origin of the museum, Mr. Middlebrook says:

"Ever since I was a boy I took an interest in curios, so that when I came here some sixteen years ago, and heard that at one time the "Edinburgh Castle" had a free museum attached, it occurred to me that I would try and start it again. All the old relics had been sold or had strayed, and the only thing that remained was that stuffed monkey over there. I looked around me, and gradually got together a few things, and it is wonderful how they do accumulate once you make a start, especially if you have a bit of a mania for collecting.

"By the way," continued the host, after a short pause, "I have not shown you the paintings."

And he hadn't. There was one painting from the collection in the Royal United Service Institution, which is quite a thousand years old; and lovers of modern art can revel in the productions of such eminent masters as Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir John Tenniel, George Morland, George Cruikshank, Professor Herkomer, and a score of others. There are also several examples of work by Reubens, Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, Hogarth, Maas, Wouverman, and others. One picture, 9ft. by 7ft. 6in., depicting the Judgment Day, was for two hundred years one of the attractions in the art gallery of Lord Bacon at Shoveden Court.

A Skipper and his Mate



By Edward Noble.

At the foot of the village street a lane wound up the slope, leading to distant cross-roads. High and luxuriant elms shadowed the path even in daylight, but now, the last flicker had died in the far nor'-west, and the few rustic lamps only served to accentuate the solemn darkness.

Midway to the road-end, a little wooden gateway broke the symmetry of the dusty hedgerow, and led, by a winding cinder path, to a cottage standing in a partial clearing. The windows were full of light, the door open, and standing in the shadow of the rose-covered porch were two figures—the one, Joe Trigg's wife; the other, her cousin. The man held the woman firmly in his arms, and was struggling to kiss her.

"You musn't, Harvey! It's not honest!" she panted, half in fear; "If Trigg was to see you, I should die wi' shame."

"A man may kiss his cousin, surelie," he returned, still holding her fast. "'Sides, you used not to be so chary of your kisses, Mary."

"That was before I were married. You know it ain't fair now."

"Not fair—an' I love you! Not fair—an' you were promised to me! Not fair—when you know you love me, too, an' would 'a' married me if it hadn't been for yonder old fool. Lumme! give it a rest."

The girl ceased struggling, and suddenly broke into tears.

"Oh, why—did you go away? Why—why did you go away? How could I know you wanted me—you never spoke or wrote—and the time was weary waiting. Oh, why did you go away? Why—why?"

"Do you love him, Mary?" he questioned, abruptly.

"I suppose I don't," she sobbed.

"Do you love me?"

Silence and a clinging nervous touch; then a withdrawal from the circling arms. But the man held her, and was looking down into her face.

"Do you love me?" he questioned again; and now his tones rang with pleading eagerness that struck the girl with misery. "Awnser me, Mary. Do you love me?"

"You know I love you!" she replied, with sudden passion. "Would to God I didn't; then—— Oh, Harvey," she resumed, after a sudden pause, "what have I said? I can't love you, and you know it. Let me go in!"

"Aye, I'll let you go in now. You've awnsered. You've told me how it stands between us, an', so help me, I'll marry you yet!"

"That can't be," she shuddered; "I'm married."

"But he's old; he cawn't live for ever."

"And I'll be old, too, Harvey, before his time comes. Don't think of it."

"I won't," said the man; "but age don't count fer much—on the river."

"How do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he laughed. "Nothin' 'cept what I say. The river's been known to take even young men afore their time."

The girl cowered in his arms a moment, then, looking up into his face, whispered:

"And you, too, are on the river. Oh! be careful, Harvey; be careful for my sake." And, submitting without a struggle to his caresses, she presently broke away and fled within the house.

Joe Trigg's tug, the *Atalanta*, lay silent at her moorings. The sun had set, but the western sky was still alight, and the waters stretching far back into the dim and shadowy west, trembled with touches from the lingering afterglow.

A placid night was creeping slowly in the wake of a placid September day. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the mirror-like stream, and lying within the line of mooring buoys were a score or so of barges, tugs, and coasters; all at anchor near the *Atalanta*. The smoke from their fires ascended far into the blue ether and melted softly in space. The wind-vanes, swinging lazily on truck and staff, pointed their brazen fingers to a dozen fictitious breezes. The winding river, the park, the village nestling in the lap of the Kentish hills, all lay in a wide bath of misty languor, dreamily eyeing the coming night.

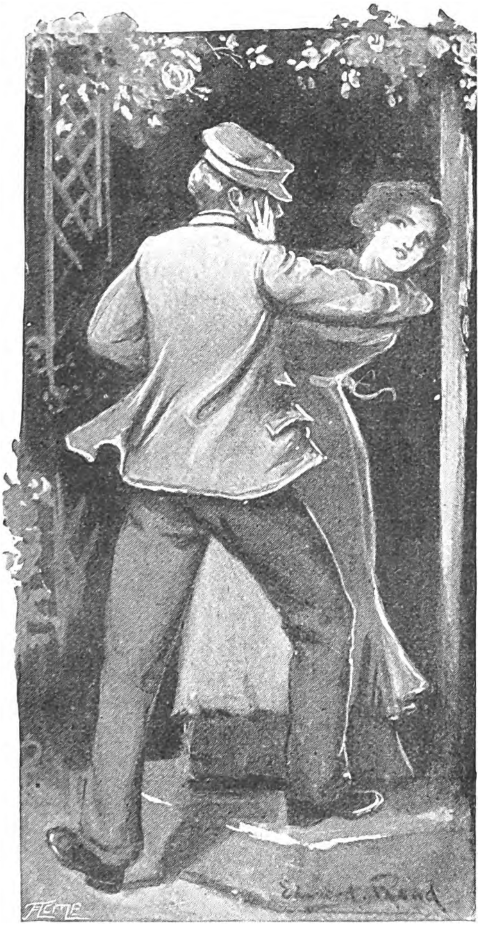
And out in this silent anchorage, perched high on the *Atalanta's* bridge, sat Joe Trigg, her skipper, and the woman's husband; thinking. The light which fell upon the gleaming binnacle, fell also on him. The shadow he threw on the river's face, mingled with the shadows of mast, and hull, and funnel, and was motionless.

He was a little placid-faced man, with a grey beard, bald head, and dumpling shape; a man of some fifty years; quiet, sad-eyed, brooding; not given to heroics, or enthusiasm, or flashes of merriment. And here he sat, dreaming a strange dream, following mentally a sequence of events, and drawing conclusions.

Some hours ago he had sculled himself out to his vessel. Then there had been an accident; and now he was sitting down to think it out. His arm was in a sling, and his head bandaged. These were the outward signs of what had happened; but in his tense attitude, his quiet abstraction, his curious fashion of drawing one brawny hand, like a shutter across his face; there lurked the signals of mental anquish.

The after-glow died as the sunlight had died; someone crept through the dusk and hoisted a lantern forward. And when he had gone back to his lair in the forecastle, a long gleam of light lay trembling on the face of the tired river, in place of those wavering shadows.

An hour passed. The night was now fully come, the riverscape black and unresponsive. Except for scores of gleaming eyes piercing the darkness, nothing was visible; and until a boatman broke the solitude with the splash of oars, silence reigned unbroken.



"You mustn't, Harvey! It's not honest."

Then the skipper rose from his seat, walked steadily to the gangway, and entering a boat, was rowed quickly towards the village.

Half an hour later he stood on the threshold of his home. His wife hearing him enter, came to the kitchen to greet him; but turned deadly pale at the sight of his bandaged face and arm.

"Joe!" she cried, "not hurt again?" then paused, stung by dread.

"Aye, lass," he returned without flinching, "an' hard hit this time, too, hard hit, but not gone under."

She bustled over and helped him to a seat on the decrepit sofa, then continued at his side with nervous anxiety for his comfort.

"Don't say that, dear," she whispered, "don't 'ee say that, but tell me what has happened."

"Our boat fetched away from the davits as I was a comin' 'longside. She were right overhead. Odds were she'd come down right a top o' me; then there'd a bin a to do, eh, lass?"

"Don't 'ee laugh at me, Joe," she begged, still fussing about the hard cushions, and setting them for him to lean against; "I can't bear it. Tell me if you's hurt, an' where."

"Hurt? Aye, a bit hurt," he replied with a sidelong glance at her golden head, bowed near his shoulder; "arm broke an' etcetera—nothin' much to w'imper about—nothin' much worth speakin' of—as you might say."

The girl cowered at his feet striving to hide her tears, whilst the old man went on slowly—

"I've bin a bit onfortenit—that's wot it is, lass; p'raps I've bin a bit more than that, but we'll let it go at that. Some chaps might a got killed. If I'd not bin spry, I'd a got killed—there's no two ways about that, Mary. Seems to me I'm off m' luck—an' yet I'm on it—fer this is the third accident I've bin mixed up in, an' yet I'm here to speak about it.

"Accordin' to wot I've heerd," he went on slowly, and apparently unheeding the crouching figure at his feet; "this one ought to a done it. It's number three, Mary. Number three's a percurious kind of a chap to get pawst; but I'm pawst it, an' nothin' more amiss than broken bones. That's wot you might call luck—but it's a wearisome kind o' luck—a'most as well be dead an' done wi' it, as masekered b' bits uz you might say."

"Don't, Joe! Don't, I can't bear it."

"Nay, lass; thou'rt not to blame."

"No, Joe;" she whispered shuddering; "and yet——"

"The fault's m' own fer growin' so cumbersome;" he continued interrupting her with decision; "If I were a bit more spry—fitter to be mate o' yours, lass, an' hadn't sech a power o' years on m' shoulders, I'd a run pawst all this. Now it's running pawst me—an' I've got to look facts fair in the face—as a man should, lass—as a man should."

The girl buried her face in the cushions and sobbed unrestrainedly, while the skipper stroked her hair in lingering fashion with his uninjured hand. At length she looked up, and caught his sad eyes watching her intently. She brushed away her tears, and struggled to find voice.

"These accidents," she faltered; "began—that—is—your first hurt—came—soon after—Har—after Harvey—"

"After Harvey joined me as mate of the *Atalanta?*" he questioned, slowly supplying the words she found so difficult.

She nodded violently and again hid her face.

"Nay, lass," said the old man, struggling with a bantering style entirely foreign to his mode. "Nay, there's a pretty! Why will you dwell on that? It might a happened wi' any other body as mate. Wots Harvey got to do wi' it? Nothin'. Less than nothin'—in a manner o' speaking'. The fault lies in m' own keepin'. I'm gettin' on in years. I'm gettin' too old t' be Mawster of the *Atalanta.* She wants a younger hand to take chawge of her; fer a ship is werry like a woman, Mary; she wants a mawster's hand, an' w'en she an't got it; she takes the hull river fer her course, an' there's no holdin' her. An' that brings me to wot I was thinkin' of more perticular w'en I come in. Look up, lass; I want to mind you o' so'thin'."

The girl raised her face and gazed into his. The little American clock ticked vigorously on the mantel-shelf, and the light from the commonplace lamp threw a scanty ray across them. The room was very still.

"You mind, lass," the old skipper went on, thoughtfully passing his hand down his face; "that w'en we were wed, you telled me fair an' straight as you didn't love me—in a manner o' speakin'—as a wife should; that you'd had thoughts of another chap, a chap uz went away; but that bye'n bye, if so be I give you time, maybe you'd come to love me too. That's nigh on two year ago, Mary;" he continued, lingering tenderly about the words; "an' since we were wed, I've said nothin'. I've waited, thinkin' maybe you 'ud speak. But you haven't spoke, not uz yet you haven't——Wot is it, Mary?"

The girl had attempted to reply, but the words were difficult.

"Yes, Joe."

"But you will, Mary?"

"Aye, Joe—I'll try."

"Nay—don't struggle wi' it. Free an' nateral—no forcin', on a job like that. Aye or no, lass—do you love me, or, hev the chap's—coming—back—in a manner o' speakin—made it harder to bear?"

The girl raised her head after a momentary silence.

"You want the truth, Joe?" she whispered.

"Nothin' less'll do, lass."

"Joe—you'll hate me."

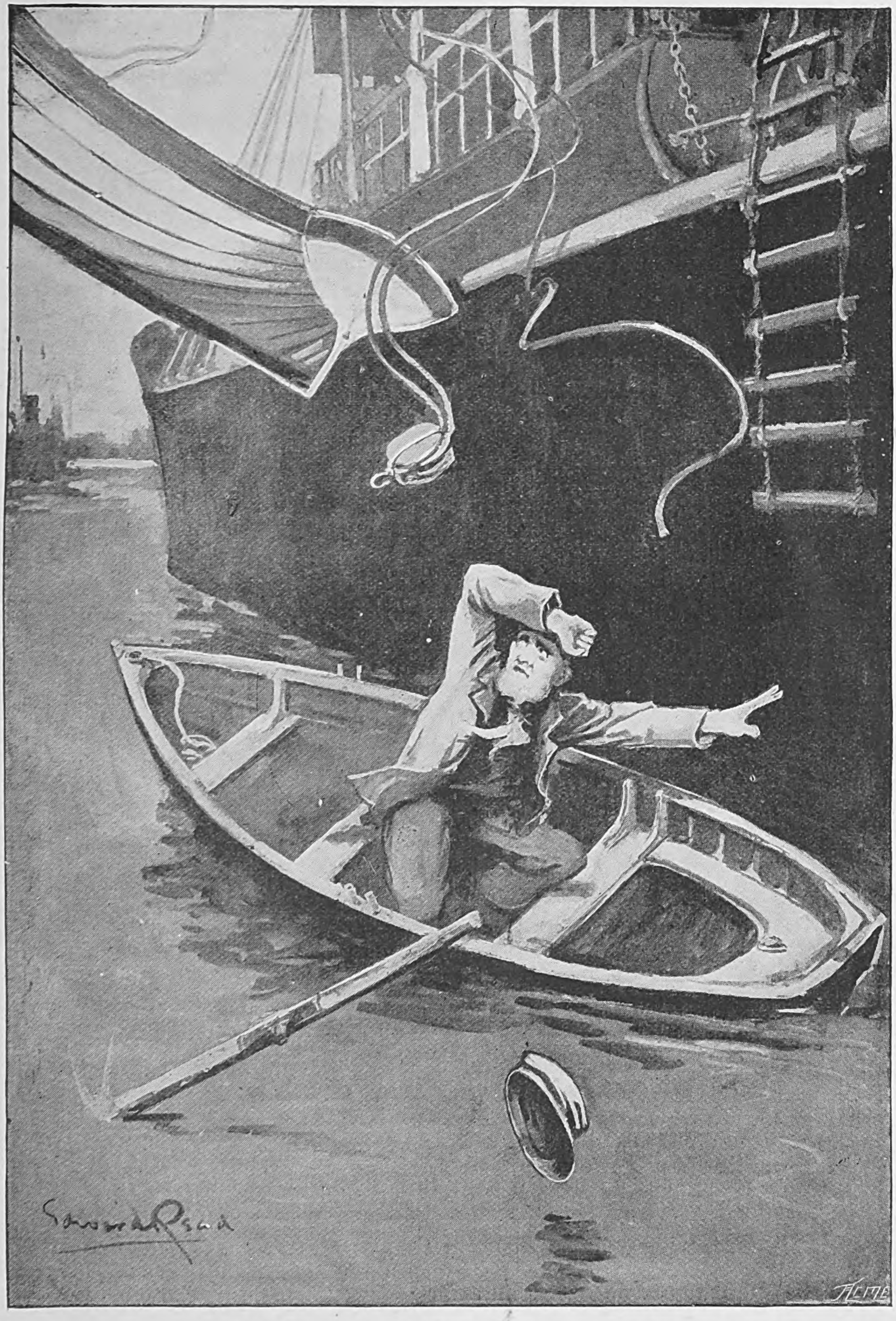
A grey pallor grew on the man's face as he listened.

"That's not possible, Mary—come wot will, that's not possible."

"I've been a true wife to you, Joe;" she resumed, speaking in quick nervous gasps; "and—and—I make no doubt I'll come to love you——with time I will——but—but——"

She paused faltering, and the man suggested the words—

"You find it difficult t' forget, on a job like that—is that wot you'd say, lass."

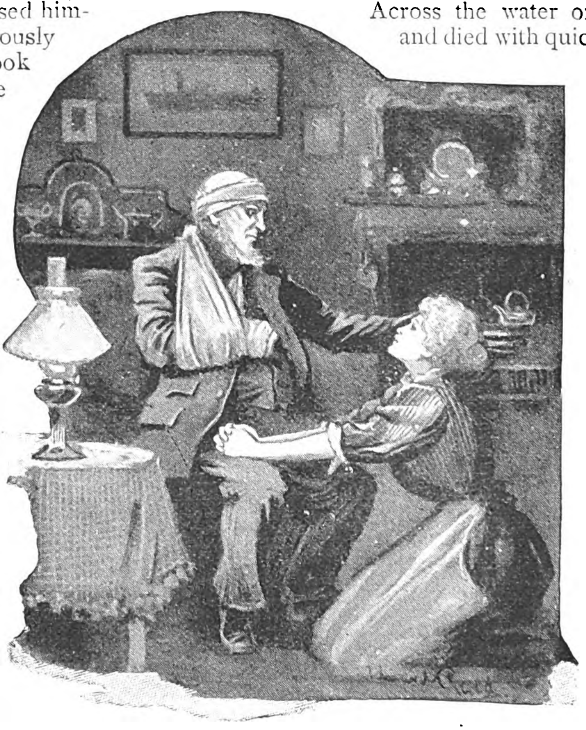

Edward Read
ACME

"Our boat fetched away from the davits as I was a-comin' 'longside."

The girl leaned forward and clasped him by the knees.

"God help me—and you, Trigg—I love him still. That's the truth;" she sobbed; "that's all the truth."

The old skipper breathed hard, but did not cease caressing the golden head bowed on his lap. They remained thus while the hands of the clock were driven noisily to half past ten. Neither moved. Further speech was unnecessary. The girl's sobs were stayed; then like a tired child, overwrought from a day's excitement, she gradually slipped back against the sofa, and fell asleep.



"God help me—and you, Trigg—I love him still!"

Then the man raised himself slowly and cautiously from his seat; took one lingering glance at the flushed face, and stole from the house.

Roses still bloomed about the sheltered porch; the garden he had attended so assiduously since his marriage was ablaze with old world flowers; the wisteria clinging about the eaves, rustled softly as he passed. He slunk quietly down the cinder-path, hugging his misery as a child hugs her toys, and seeking amidst the shadows for sympathy.

"Better fer her," he whispered, "an' better fer me."

And the whispering trees swayed softly—"Better fer me."

He came into the seclusion of the avenue, and the shadows increased. The darkness matched his thoughts. A gloomy decision reigned now, where indecision had dallied so long. He had learned his lesson, and, still like a child, desired above all things to say it. He walked in silence until he came to the sea-wall.

This was the river's boundary. Beyond was oblivion. He crept to the edge, and stood looking out into the night, whilst the old panorama rolled on before him. Ships in grey, water in grey, the marshes, all in sombre grey, with moving lights like fireflies breaking the greyness. His river. The river of his youth. The river that should carry him—whither?

"Better so," he whispered again, "than to be crushed like a worm under foot."

And the river swirling swiftly past carried the whisper far and wide, and leaped and boiled, and turned to look as though it waited only for the end.

Here and away small gleams of red and green stole silently over the flood, journeying as he was journeying, to a distant haven. Across the water one beacon flashed and died with quick untiring purpose. The Ness light—how often he had looked for it—now it looked for him.

Out there in the middle-greyness, the *Atalanta* lay tugging at her moorings. A gleam from her riding lamp shone down the throbbing tide. A roar of steam leaped into the night; in half an hour he knew they must be under way. In half an hour he would be under way.

To the left, a short stretch up the bank, a skeleton pier reached out from the meadow-land. Once it had been planked and used by busy feet; now it had sunk into the obscurity of all rash adventures, and languished in poverty as a treacherous platform to a distant kingdom.

The old man walked slowly thither, crept beneath the bar, and stood beside a pile, to watch the swirling eddies.

"W'en things fall crooked," he said, speaking down into the greyness, "a man mus' seek to put 'em straight."

"But if so be he cawn't put 'em straight?"

He put this question with the air of a man expecting an answer, but after awhile, receiving none, he continued:—

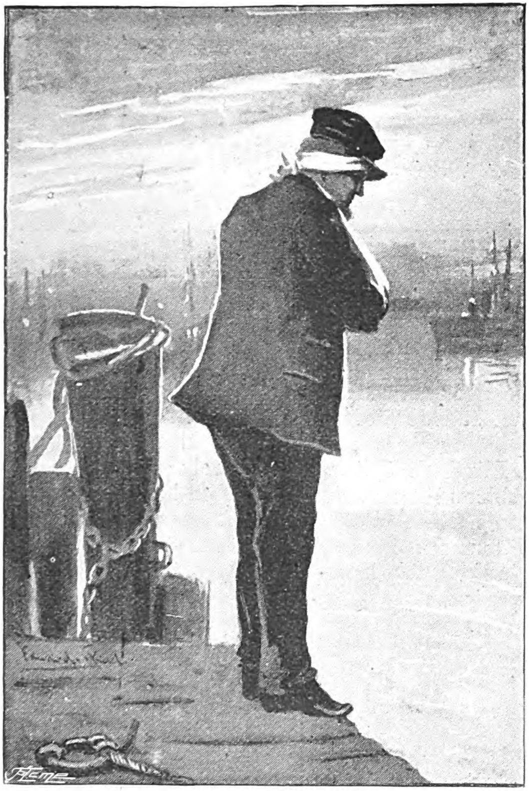
"There's no cawn't in the Book—one way or other—he must. That's a moral."

For some moments he leaned over the framework. A surf rolled in and dashed amidst the piles. He watched until the turmoil ceased, then went back to his argument:—

"I'm in the way, y' see," he continued, explaining the matter with heavy decision; "I've bin in the way some whiles. Maybe another accident 'ud be a finisher; but I cawn't speak—fer it's her—cousin."

"W'en a cat's in the way, wot do you do wi' her?"

He stayed to examine the silent flood.



The river gurgled at his feet, and he leaned down to look.

"W'en a dawg's in the way, wot do you do wi' him?"

Still silence.

"W'en a man's in the way, wot's to be done wi' him? I ask it plain."

The river gurgled at his feet, and he leaned down to look.

"Aye, matee," he whispered, "I've got m' call, uz well, now—in a manner o' speaking—uz some other w'en. It's only a queschun—of—time—."

A swift gleam from the distant beacon swept the water, showing where it rippled amidst the grim old piles. When it died, the man crept slowly along the girder, leaned out, stared into the darkness, and ——

When next the light looked across the river, it found the skeleton pier untenanted; sleeping in the greyness, as silent as the river rolling at its feet.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S QUAINTEST CHARACTERS.

BY C. & J. MCGOREM.

THE oldest "new woman" that has yet come to light is a quaint and interesting character, living in that veritable curiosity style of odd characters—the great "East side" of New York.

This woman is Mrs. Elizabeth Gill, who owns and runs a little cobbler's shop on North Moore Street—a street so narrow, so smoky and dust-begrimed, so tortuous in its innumerable turns and windings, that it seems hardly creditable that twenty-five years ago it was traversed by men of New York's most fashionable, social clique. Prominent politicians of that day, came either in their carriages, or gingerly picking their way on foot over the rough cobble stones to Mrs. Gill's little shop, to have their boots and shoes made by the only woman cobbler in the city. In those days, the shoes made by Elizabeth Gill certainly could not be surpassed—and in the opinion of her patrons—not equalled by those of any male shoemaker in New York.

From a Photo.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gill.

Mrs. Gill was then a comely widow, fair, fat and a trifle over forty, whose laughing black eyes, and cheery obliging manner, were her best advertisement with her aristocratic patrons. To-day she is an old woman of seventy, thin, stoop-shouldered—from long years of bending over her cobbler's bench—with a skin like wrinkled, yellow parchment, and trembling hands, whose unsteady fingers no longer sew riding boots and dancing pumps for New York's aristocracy, but, instead, peg heavy-soled, coarse brogans for the labouring men of her own humble neighbourhood.

Fifty years ago Elizabeth Gill was living in India, the bride of a corporal in the British army. To the little English girl from Yorkshire the strange new life in the Orient was a constant source of wonder and delight. The income that her husband drew from the army enabled the young wife to live very comfortably near the barracks in which her husband was stationed.

A few years of ideally happy life in India, then mutterings reached the ear of the young wife of threatened trouble with the natives. Then came the fearful Sepoy rebellion, whose details—too horrible to relate—are a matter of history to all of us. Sufficient to say that Mrs. Gill was one of the few Englishwomen in that part of India who escaped with their lives. This she managed to do by fleeing from her home at night disguised in a suit of her husband's clothes, lying concealed during the day, and walking, half famished, many miles at night for several nights, until she reached an English fortress where she found safety and protection.

Shortly after the Sepoy rebellion, Corporal Gill's term of enlistment expired, and failing health forbade his re-enlistment. He and his wife returned to England. There Gill, who had learned shoemaking in his youth, opened a cobbler's shop, and at his wife's solicitation taught her to assist him in his trade. The couple, finding business, however, not as profitable as they had anticipated, decided to leave England, and go to America. Consequently, in 1810, Edward Gill and his wife established a little cobbler's shop in New York on North Moore Street, then a favourite locality for boot and shoe makers, and there it has remained ever since.

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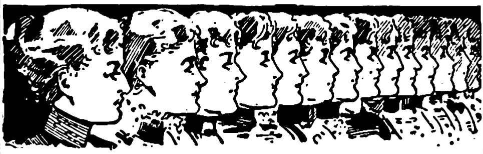

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A Remarkable Story.

THE following facts were obtained at first hand and are wholly accurate and trustworthy. The story has no likeness to the numerous wonder tales which have no better foundation than gossip and imagination. The occurrence, should it prove to be true, was deemed of so great importance that a special messenger was detailed to visit the spot with instructions to inquire carefully and thoroughly into every point of the case; with the understanding that if his investigation bore out the statements earliest made, a sufficiently full account was to be published for the information and benefit of the public. His report being clear and satisfactory, a condensed summary of it is here given:—

It seems that a respectable family named Skinner resides at 34, High Street, Banbury, Oxon. In the summer of 1895 a son, William Skinner, now about eighteen years old, met with an accident—a heavy fall, such as might happen to anyone. Fortunately no bones were broken, and his friends naturally expected he would soon get over it. But he did not. Instead of recovering his strength he became weak and irritable. Although there was no injury calling for surgical interference, the lad's system appeared to be profoundly shaken. His appetite, previously robust, as with all healthy fellows of his age, grew poor and fitful. The attempt to build him up on food was consequently a failure. The liquid food, of which he took a limited amount, had no effect. He gained no strength from it. In spite of medical treatment young Skinner lost flesh at a frightful rate, his bones threatening to protrude through the skin.

The condition of his nerves was equally peculiar and alarming. He was constantly twitching and totally unable to sit still or to remain quiet. Bad as his experience was by day he was always worse at night. He obtained so little material sleep that the doctor was obliged to administer sleeping draughts—a course which no medical man adopts when it can be avoided. When awake, so great was the poor boy's nervousness, that he could not endure to be approached or spoken to. The very sight of him is said by the neighbours to have been a pitiable one to witness. People who called to see him out of sympathy and to offer any services they might be able to render, were of one mind; they said he could not possibly recover. Looking upon her son's deplorable and apparently hopeless state his broken-hearted mother said, "*I pray that God may take him.*"

Yet merciful death did not come to his relief. For over two years he lingered on, sometimes a trifle better, as was believed, and then relapsing into his former condition. The local doctor diagnosed the disease as St. Vitus' dance, and treated the patient for several months on that theory of the case; unhappily without good result. In view of obtaining the highest medical opinion of this mysterious affliction the lad was then taken for examination to the National Hospital, London, and afterwards admitted to the Banbury Hospital, where he remained three months, with no material improvement; the physicians' judgment being that there was no hope for him. Thus nearly a year went by.

In May, 1896, his indefatigable mother—who fought for her offspring as only mothers will—on a letter of recommendation, took the poor stricken boy to the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne, and then *again* to the National Hospital in London, with no better outcome than before. On his return home William Skinner was to all appearance a complete wreck, his mind being quite unhinged. He was tenderly replaced in bed, as much dead as alive, and there remained, virtually a breathing corpse, month after month, season after season. His inherent vitality, his unconscious hold on life, surprised all who saw him. But, plainly, the end could not be much longer delayed.

Events now bring us to September, 1897, when the unexpected happened, as it so often does. A friend of the family, Mrs. Jewell of Sibford, called. In conversation on the boy's illness she urged the immediate use of a remedy known as Mother Seigel's Syrup, telling what it had done for her husband at a time when other treatment was unavailing. On this advice Mrs. Skinner acted, taking the responsibilities upon herself. In a short time—when the sufferer's desperate state is considered—there was a marked improvement. He could eat with some relish, the food causing no distress or reaction.

Other medicines were entirely laid aside and dependence placed on this one alone; but the result justified this seemingly rash proceeding. Little by little the lad gained strength; climbing, so to speak, from the verge of the grave. As his body grew stronger his mind cleared and brightened. To the amazement of friends and physicians, in two months' time he was able to leave the house and go about. At the date of this writing, February 4, 1898, William Skinner is in robust health, and his terrible experiences of the past two years is but a fast-fading memory. His mother insists that his life was saved by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and nobody of the many who followed the case from the start is inclined to dispute her opinion.

With a frankness which does them honour several of the doctors concede the marvellous cure, and said that probably the lad's fall caused a shock which produced a profound disturbance, almost amounting to an overthrow of the digestive functions, which in turn reacted on the nerves—the *fons et origo mali* being the digestion. The remedy alluded to removed *that* at the last possible moment, and recovery followed.

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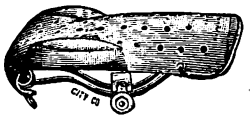

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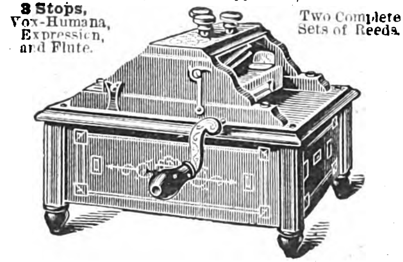

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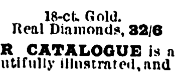
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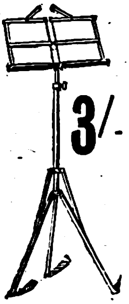

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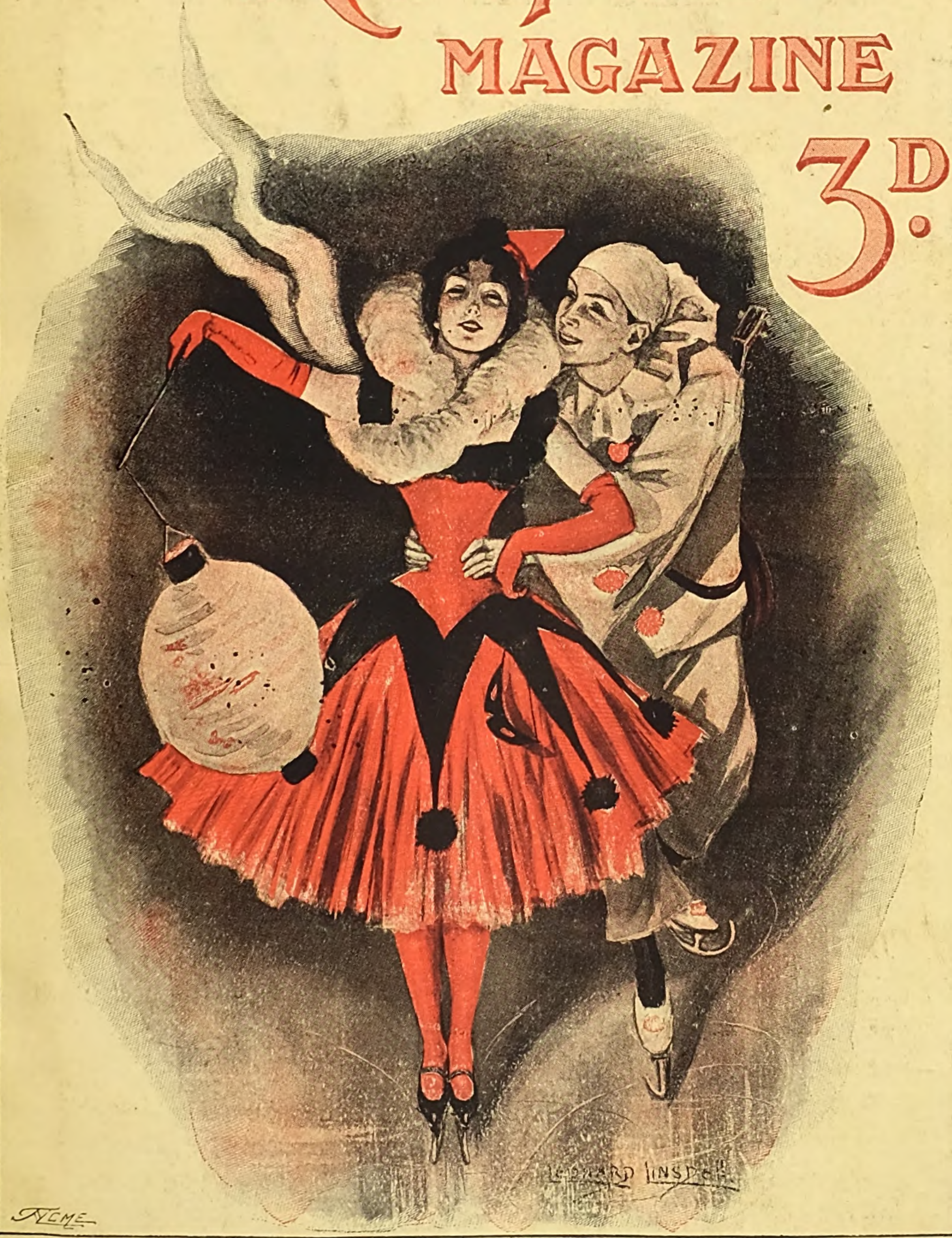
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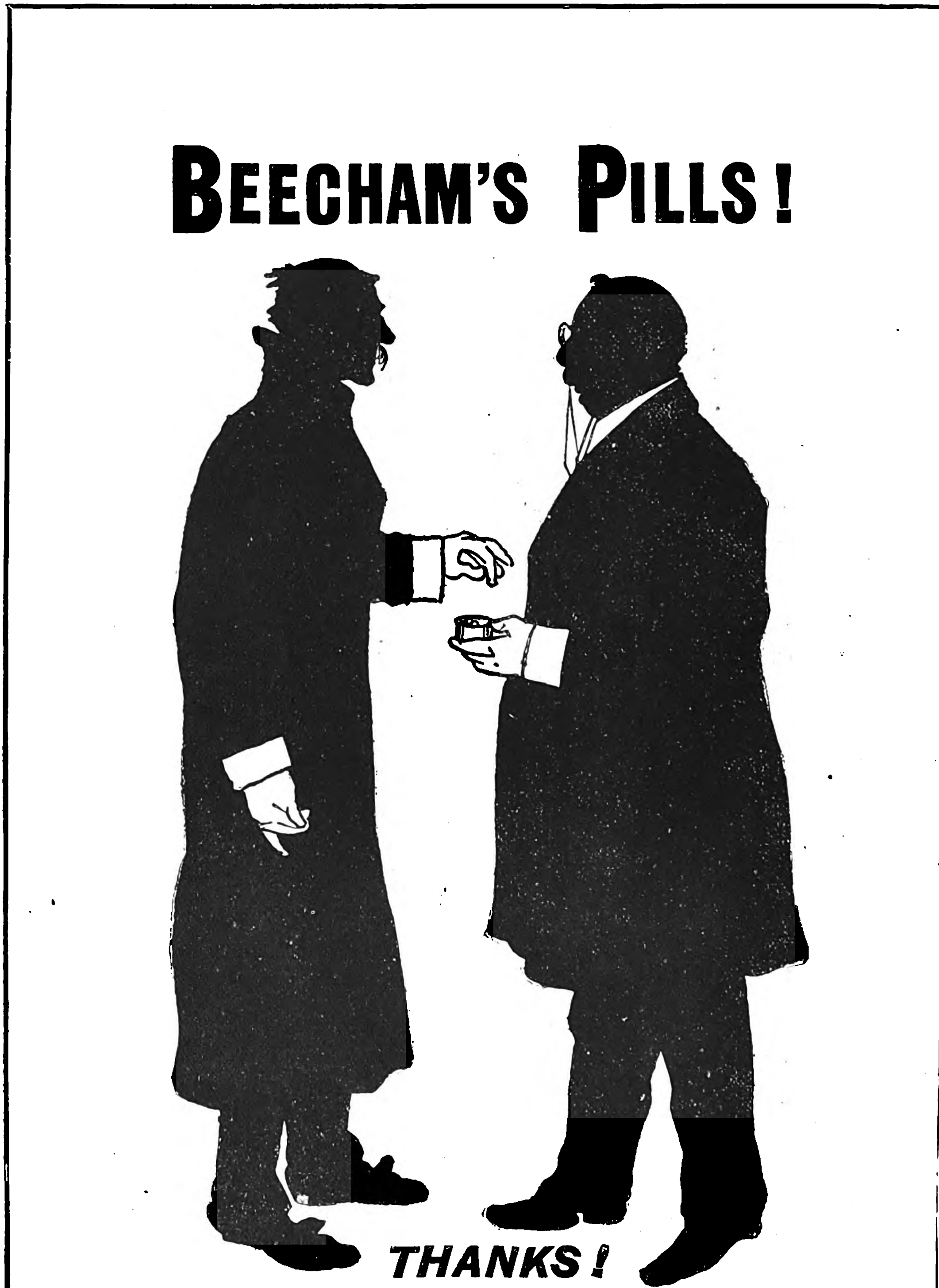
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HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am RESTORED to MY USUAL HEALTH; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours most truly—VERITAS."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

SOCIAL FESTIVITIES

A most pleasing feature of the Season, are easily and economically provided with the aid of LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT. It renders possible the preparation of a variety of rich soups, gravies, and delicate entrées, which, before its introduction, cost an infinite amount of time, trouble, and expense.

Mind it has this Signature,

J. v. Liebig

in Blue.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

"THE NIMBLE 9D."

GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ...	**30/-**
No. 2—Double Bed Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 50lbs. ...	**37/6**
No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 55lbs. ...	**41/3**
No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs.	**48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

Please mention this Magazine.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO., ***Boston, Lincolnshire.***

SALUTARIS

THE MOST VALUABLE TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.

ALUTAR
SALUTARIS WATER

A SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP.

SOLD BY
GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c., EVERYWHERE
In QUARTS, PINTS, NIPS ($\frac{1}{4}$ Bottle) and SYPHONS
SALUTARIS WATER Co.
236 FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

A REVOLUTION
IN THE PRICE OF
WHITE SHIRTS.

Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2 6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half dozen, post free.

No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per ½-dozen. Also the "CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front and one stud-hole and large square cuff not reversible, at the same price, **3/9** each

WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers,
191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

YOUR DRESS DRY CLEANED!

without Shrinkage or Unmaking or DYED ANY COLOUR for **4/6**

Much money is saved by our Dry-Cleaning System. The same article can be frequently cleaned, each time being restored to its original appearance without detriment to the fabric.

YOUR SUIT DRY CLEANED AND PRESSED for **5/-**

Don't cast the suit off simply because it is soiled. Send it to us and we will return it equal to new. All orders returned, carriage paid, in a few days. Write for Price and Colour List.

H. GREENHALGH & CO., Ltd., DYE WORKS,
BURNLEY.

OF ALL CORSETS—THE BEST.

J.B PATENT SIDE-SPRING Corset

HEALTH! COMFORT! ELEGANCE! *Beautiful in Construction, Unrivalled in Style.*

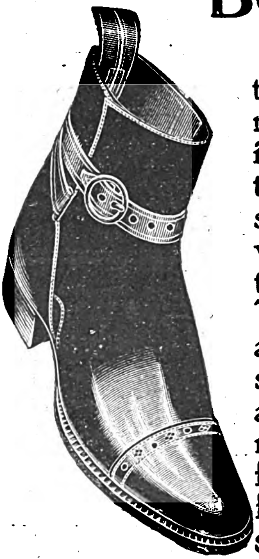
These Corsets are constructed in accordance with physiological principles, give no undue pressure, but yield to the movements of the body, and the side supports are *unbreakable.* They are modelled in different shapes to suit various types of figures, and yield a most graceful and rounded appearance. Proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect Corset obtainable.

Prices 3/11, 5/6, 6/11 and 10/6.

Obtainable from the principal Drapers & Ladies' Outfitters, but if any difficulty in procuring, write for name of nearest agent.

Insist on having the J B. Side-Spring Corset—The Best.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:
J. S. BLAIR,
GREAT ANGOATS STREET, MANCHESTER.



PATENT.

SOUTHALL'S BOOTS

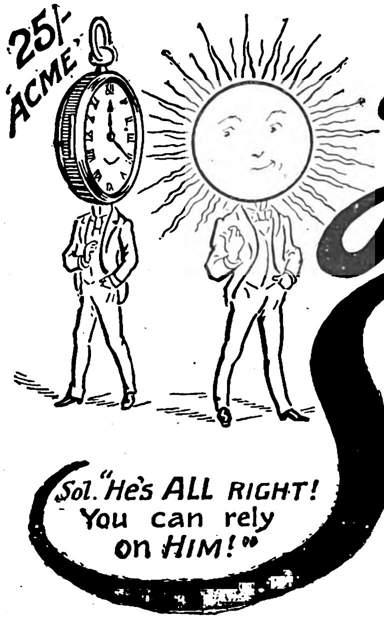
Several thousands of men are saving from five to twenty shillings by wearing Southall's Boots. That is not all. The same men are enjoying more comfort, and are feeling better shod than ever before. These advantages are so palpable that a large percentage voluntarily write and express their satisfaction after a few weeks' wear.

We supply Southall's patent Boots, also the ordinary patterns. Above is an illustration of our Patent Boot. The structural advantages are that it has no laces or buttons, and no seams.

	£	s.	d
Good plain boot, narrow or medium welt...	0	12	6
Good plain boot, stitched foreparts, wide welt ...	0	14	6
Superior quality, welted, medium or wide welt ...	0	18	6
Superior quality, hand-sewn, narrow, medium, or wide welts ...	1	2	6

We will send a self-measurement form, and our illustrated catalogue, on receipt of your address. There is no question about your being able to accurately measure yourself with the form; and we undertake to fit you like a glove.

Southall & Co.
Department 17, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.


25/-
'ACME'
Sol. "He's ALL RIGHT! You can rely on HIM!"

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

H. SAMUEL'S celebrated Watches contain special New and Remarkable Improvements which can only be obtained in H. SAMUEL'S Watches, and are protected against infringement.

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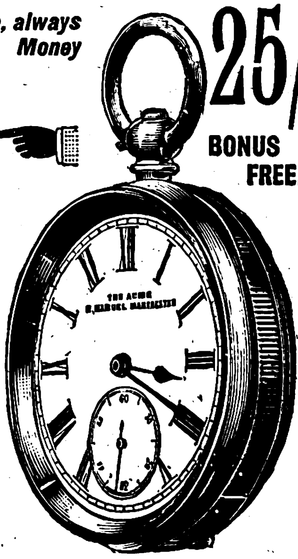
H. SAMUEL'S Watches are always Reliable, always Valuable, always Satisfactory, and One Month's Free Trial is allowed. Money returned in full if dissatisfied.



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WRITE IMMEDIATELY for H. SAMUEL'S magnificent New Royal Quarto Volume. 3,000 Beautiful Illustrations and 200 Pages crammed with full descriptions. EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS. Marvellously Low Prices and Hundreds of Amazing Testimonials. WATCHES, 6s., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 25s., &c. GEM RINGS, 4s. 6d., 7s., 10s. Real Gold and Silver BANGLES, Brooches, Chains, &c. Also CLOCKS, Cutlery, PLATE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c. All at WHOLESALE PRICES. The Trade THUNDERSTRUCK! Readers AMAZED! at the Extreme Beauty, High Quality and INCREDIBLE VALUE. This Book enables shrewd Buyers to SAVE POUNDS by placing at their command at their own Firesides, the choicest products of the world. Every article GUARANTEED. BEWARE of Imitations, Puzzles, Monthly Payment Systems, by which the Purchaser is made a Debtor, and NOT the absolute owner of the Goods until the entire debt is paid. H. SAMUEL'S Prices are the Lowest for Prompt Cash. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL is allowed to prove the Quality and Value, giving the fullest assurance of good faith. H. SAMUEL'S Royal Quarto Volume explains everything, and contains full Lists, and Particulars are also enclosed with each Volume of H. SAMUEL'S

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H. SAMUEL'S Solid Sterling Silver "**ACME**" Watch for Ladies and Gentlemen, Warranted for FIVE YEARS, and complete with BONUS FREE GIFT, sent Post Free. **25/-**

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"GUINEA-GOLD"

CIGARETTES

3d. ***Per Packet.***

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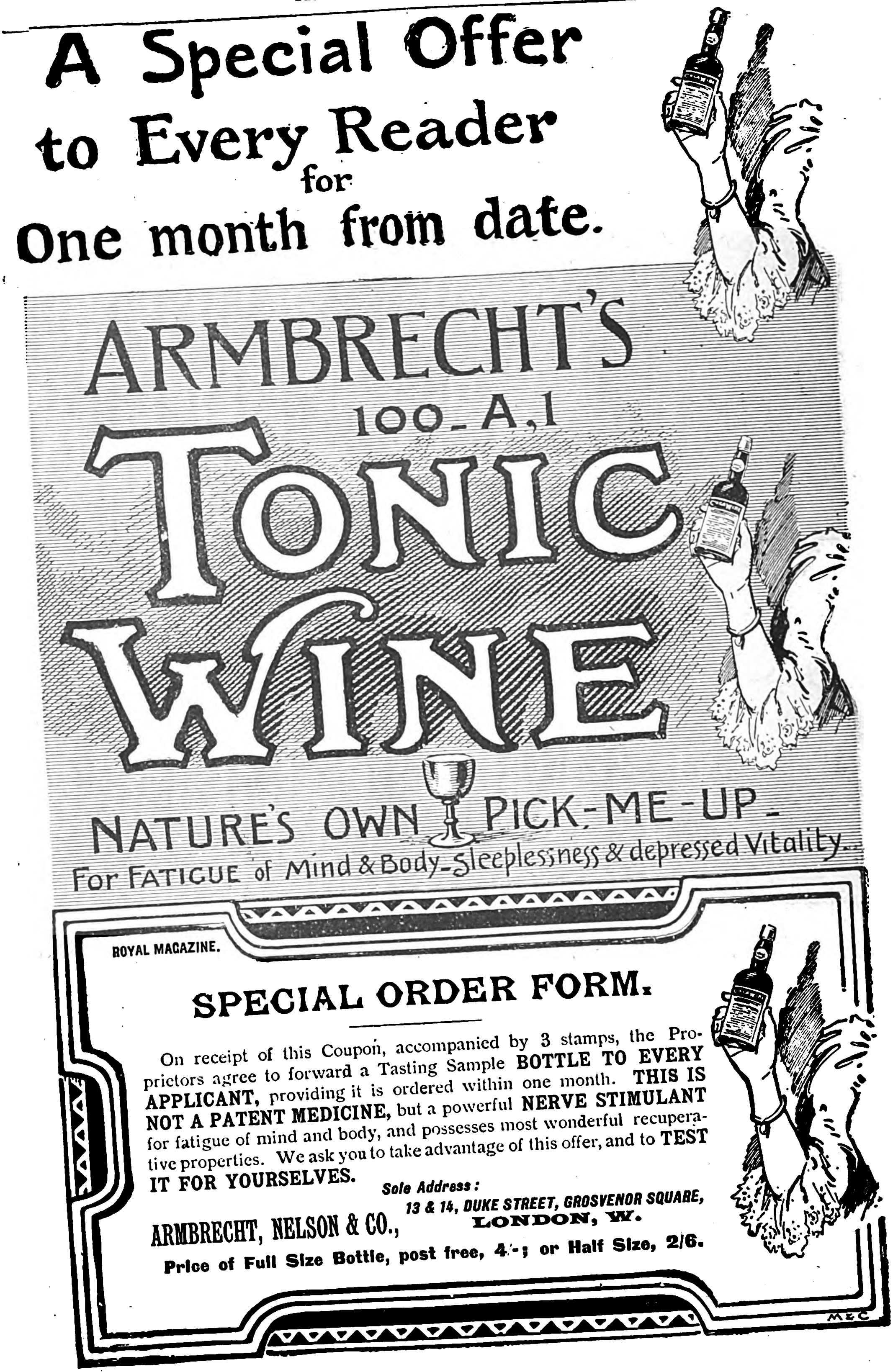

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NATURE'S OWN PICK-ME-UP.

For FATIGUE of Mind & Body-Sleeplessness & depressed Vitality.

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On receipt of this Coupon, accompanied by 3 stamps, the Proprietors agree to forward a Tasting Sample **BOTTLE TO EVERY APPLICANT,** providing it is ordered within one month. **THIS IS NOT A PATENT MEDICINE,** but a powerful **NERVE STIMULANT** for fatigue of mind and body, and possesses most wonderful recuperative properties. We ask you to take advantage of this offer, and to **TEST IT FOR YOURSELVES.**

Sole Address:

ARMBRECHT, NELSON & CO.,
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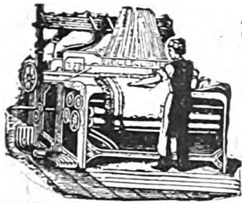
LONDON, W.

Price of Full Size Bottle, post free, 4/-; or Half Size, 2/6.

M&C

The "Monarch" Record Reduction Sale



OUR NEW VENTURE.

A FREE GIFT! 100,000 BEAUTIFUL RUGS ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY.

THIS OFFER IS MADE TO READERS OF THE "ROYAL MAGAZINE," 1/3 99, ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER OR STAMPS, VALUE 5s. (Regd.), IN 20 PATTERNS, TO YOUR HOMES. THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE.

We will forward direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount, **5s., a Genuine Woven Reversible CARPET,** suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in art shades, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. "We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart.* "Wonderful value for money." —*Church Bells.* Hundreds of favourable Press notices from the *Christian Globe, Christian World, Christian Age, Rock, Catholic Times, &c., &c.* With each Carpet we shall give away a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for **9,6.** The greatest bargain ever offered, (Cut this out.)

Yes, Two Differant Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One! (*Copyright*).

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

Sale Price 2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam, Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	... **4/11**	REDUCED SALE PRICE.	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	... **16/6**
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	... **6/-**		10½ ft. by 12 ft.	... **18/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft.	... **7/6**		12 ft. by 12 ft.	... **21/-**
8 ft. by 9 ft.	... **9/-**		9 ft. by 15 ft.	... **19/6**
6 ft. by 12 ft.	... **10/6**		12 ft. by 13½ ft.	... **22/-**
9 ft. by 9 ft.	... **11/-**		12 ft. by 15 ft.	... **25/6**
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	... **13/6**		12 ft. by 18 ft.	... **30/-**
9 ft. by 12 ft.	... **15/-**		12 ft. by 21 ft.	... **35/6**

Octagon Villa, The Lizard, R.S.O., 15/3/98.

J. CARWARDINE, Esq., writes:—"I am very pleased with the Carpet you sent me. I have saved 50 per cent. by giving you the order. I paid half as much again to a local tradesman for carpets the same quality a year ago. I have never been so pleased of any former purchase."

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

HEARTHRUGS Sale Price 5/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture, will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs: In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft., **11/-**	**VELVET**	9 ft. by 12 ft., **38/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft., **18/-**	**PILE**	11 ft. by 12 ft., **47/-**
7½ ft. by 9 ft., **23/-**	**BRUSSELS**	12 ft. by 13½ ft., **59/-**
9 ft. by 9 ft., **28/-**	**CARPET**	12 ft. by 16 ft., **69/-**
9 ft. by 10½ ft., **33/-**	**SQUARES.**	12 ft. by 18 ft., **77/-**

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

Also RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS, bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

OUR NEW VENTURE! *Yes, Two Different Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One!* (Copyright.)

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg.
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam.
Marquis of Breadalbane.
Sir Henry de Bathe.
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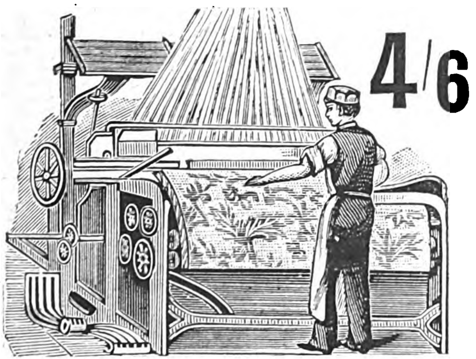
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Archbishop of York.
H.I.H. Eugenie de Christoforo.
Princess Palæologœ Nicephoræ Commene.
Princess de Croy.
Duchess of Wellington.
Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Marchioness of Hastings.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/3/99, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value



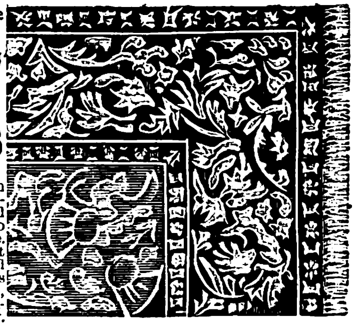
4/6

(Regd.) We will send you THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s. [*Cut this out.*

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY DESIGN CARPETS (Regd.)



Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each.
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	**2/11**	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	**12/6**
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		**3/11**	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		**11/6**
6 ft. by 9 ft.		**4/9**	12 ft. by 12 ft.		**12/9**
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		**5/11**	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		**14/6**
9 ft. by 9 ft.		**7/6**	12 ft. by 15 ft.		**15/9**
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		**8/6**	12 ft. by 18 ft.		**19/6**
9 ft. by 12 ft.		**9/6**	12 ft. by 21 ft.		**22/6**

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free if mentioning "ROYAL MAGAZINE" when writing. We rely upon spontaneous Repeat Orders from our Clients for the Maintenance of our Trade. Established nearly Quarter of a Century. All Orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

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Telegraphic Address: "*Eclipse, Leeds.*" National Telephone, No. 948. N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free & shipped at lowest rates.

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"Bermaline" BREAD.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY.

Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

Carriage Paid, Packed Free, Discount for Cash.

5 Years' Guarantee given. Best Value for Money in the Market.

Showrooms: 31, Albert Street.

CHARLES RILEY,
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Please cut out for future reference & mention Magazine.

I Beg Pardon! But do you clean your BRASS and METAL WORK with

NEEDHAM'S METAL POLISHING PASTE

There's nothing like it for quick, clean work. **No Acid in it.**

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

IN USE 70 YEARS

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

THE GRAND OLD REMEDY FOR LUNG DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

Affords **great relief** *in* **Asthma** *and* **Chronic Bronchitis.**
Invaluable for **Hoarseness. Splendid** *for the* **Voice.**
Of all Patent Medicine Vendors, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/-.

A New Occupation and AMUSEMENT.
HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

PLASTICINE

ALWAYS CLEAN AND PLASTIC WITHOUT WATER.

Perfect DELIGHT of Children
Endless Gratitude of Parents.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

Artistic, Constructive, Inventive, and Most Fascinating.

A Packet Post Free, 1/3: *or, with Boxwood Modelling Tool,* 1/7.
"The Complete Modeller," a box fitted with Plasticine, in four colours, full instructions and all requisites. **2/10** post free.
W. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Hartley House, BATH.

RECUPERATIVE
INVIGORATING
ANTI ANÆMIC
KIRN'S
PHOSPHO-LACTINE
supersedes
COD LIVER OIL & IRON
DEPOTS:
PARIS, 21, Boul^d. Haussmann
LONDON, 154, 155, 156 & 157 Fleet Str. E.C.
per 2/9 Box

A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH!

KIRN'S PHOSPHO-LACTINE

SUPERSEDES COD LIVER OIL.

ANTI-ANÆMIC! INVIGORATING! RECUPERATIVE!

This Powder is an agreeable and pleasant remedy for **CHILDREN, ADULTS,** and the **AGED.**

This newly discovered **Substitute** for **Cod Liver Oil, fortifies the system, regulates** the **appetite,** and is a **great stimulant.**

Most **valuable** and **efficacious** in cases of **Anæmia, Influenza, Rickets, Debility, Brain Fag,** and all kindred ailments.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, at **2/9** per box.

If not procurable send Remittance to

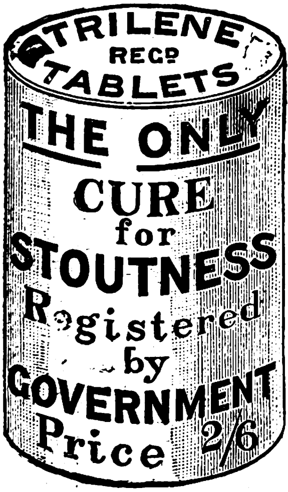
KIRN'S PHOSPHO-LACTINE, Ltd., 154 to 157, Fleet Street, London.
Paris Depot:- 21, BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

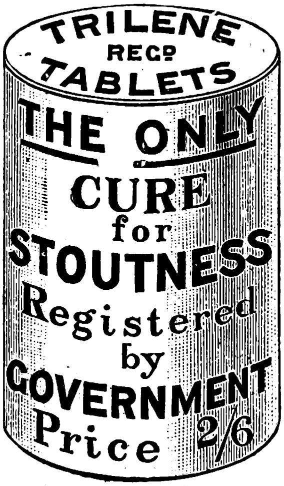


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.'

Send 2s. 6d. to ***Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. D. Burton, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all tell me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.: I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Taylor Robinson, of Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Manchester, says: "Am so much thinner and lighter that I hardly recognise myself."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

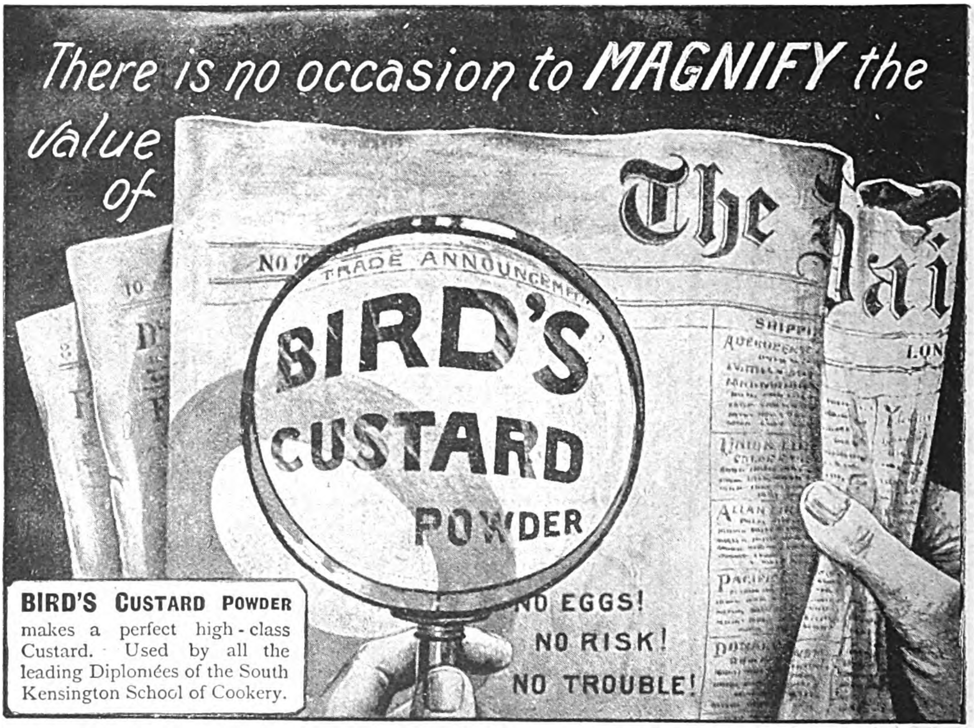
Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Badford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.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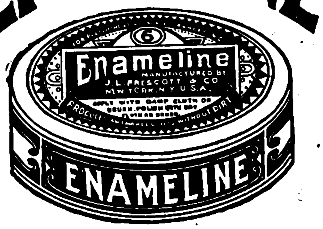
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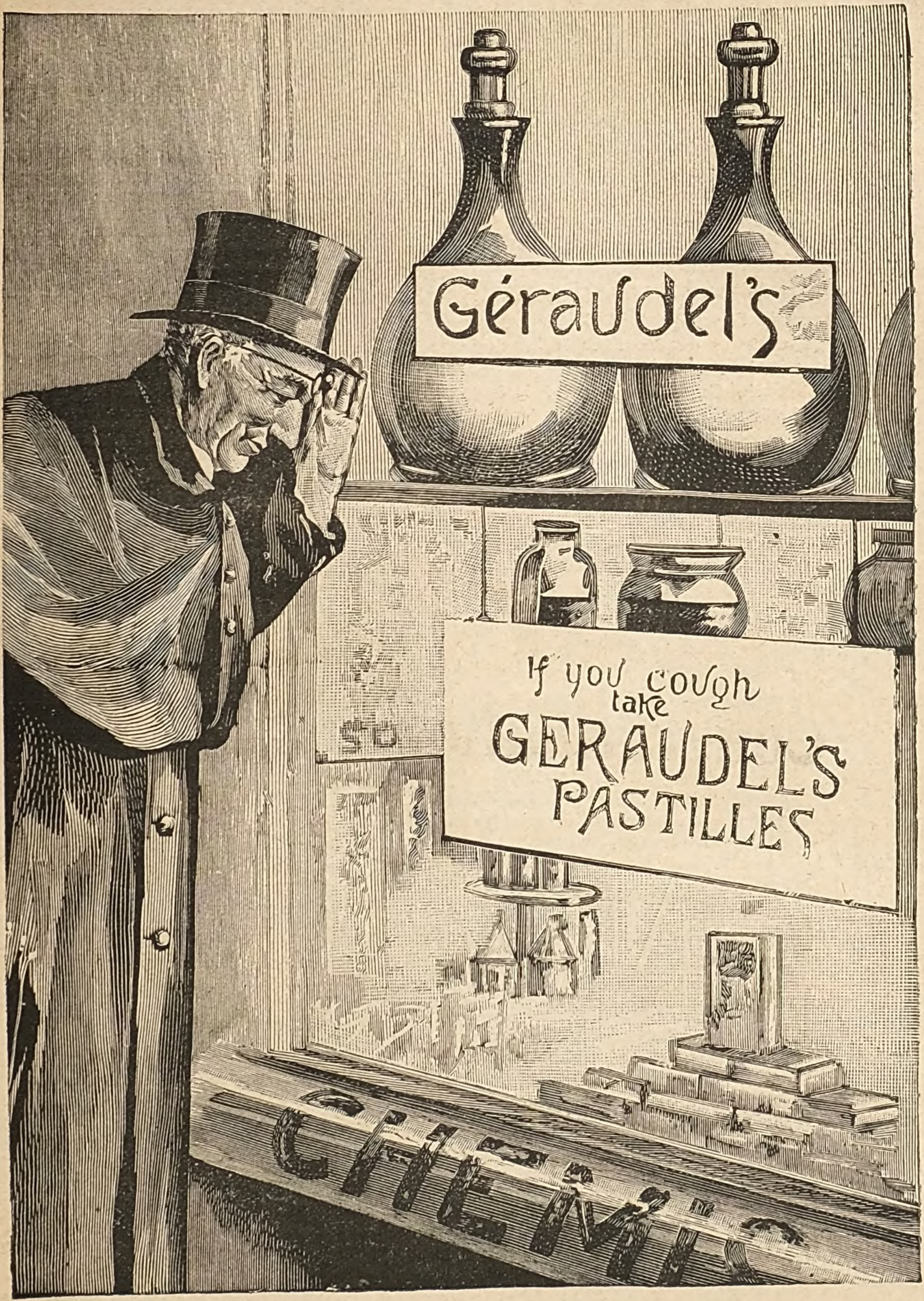

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JUST SO! “Just so, just so, says the old gentleman—Géraudel's Pastilles—the very thing I want in this beastly weather. Nothing like them for stopping my cough and keeping my lungs right.”

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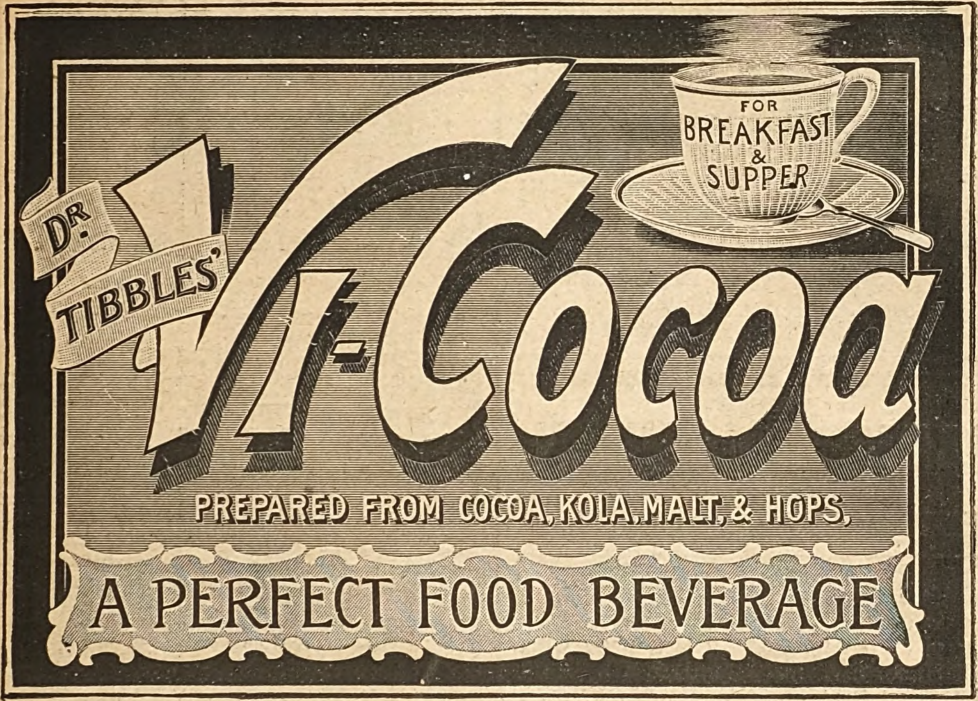
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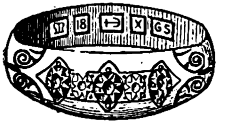

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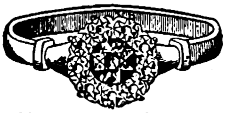

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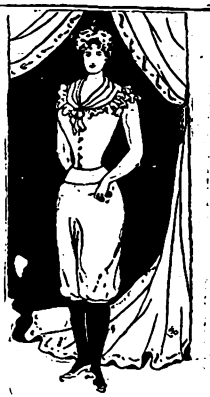

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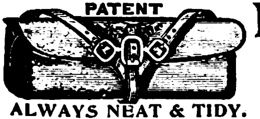

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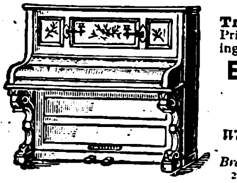

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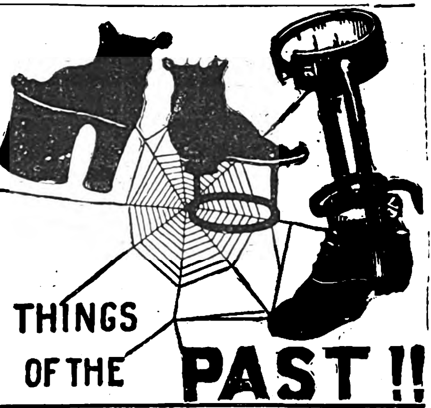

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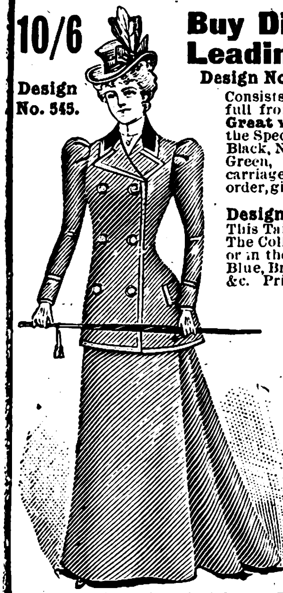

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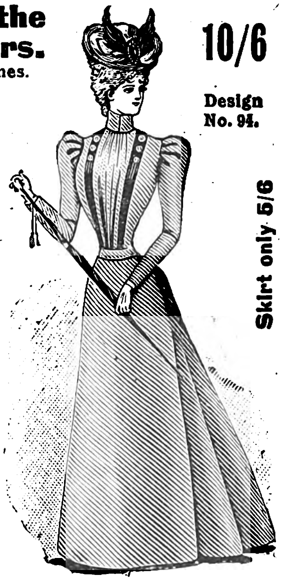

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"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.
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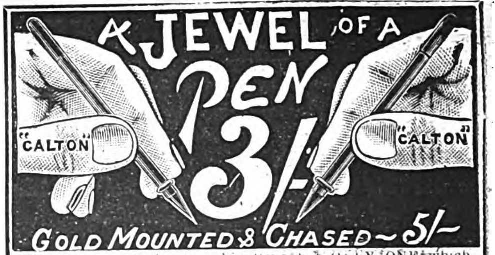

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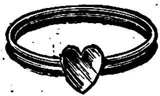

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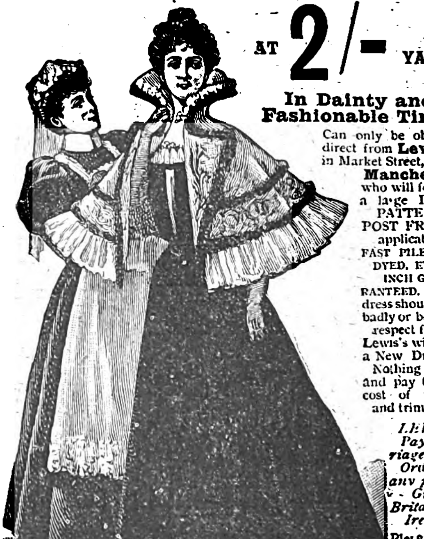

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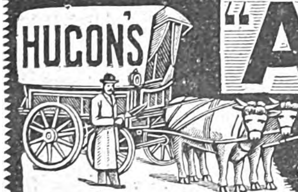

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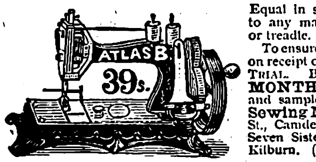

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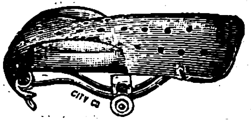

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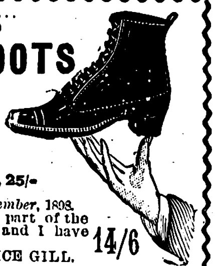

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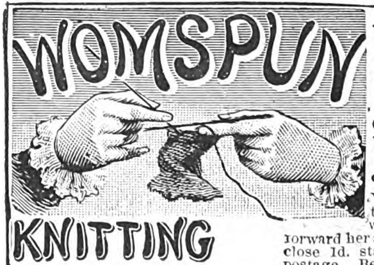

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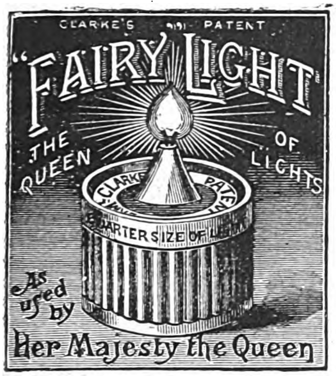
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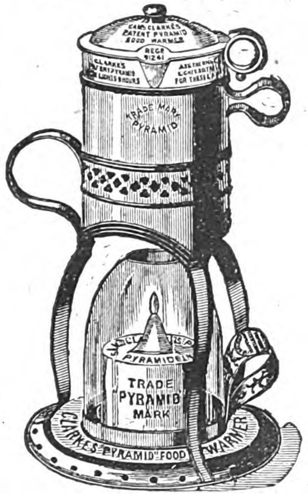
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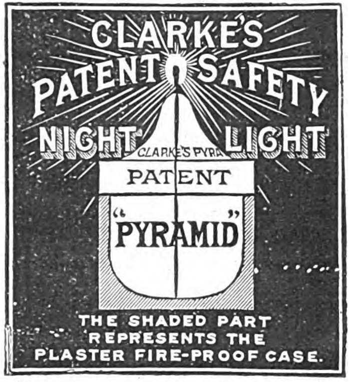
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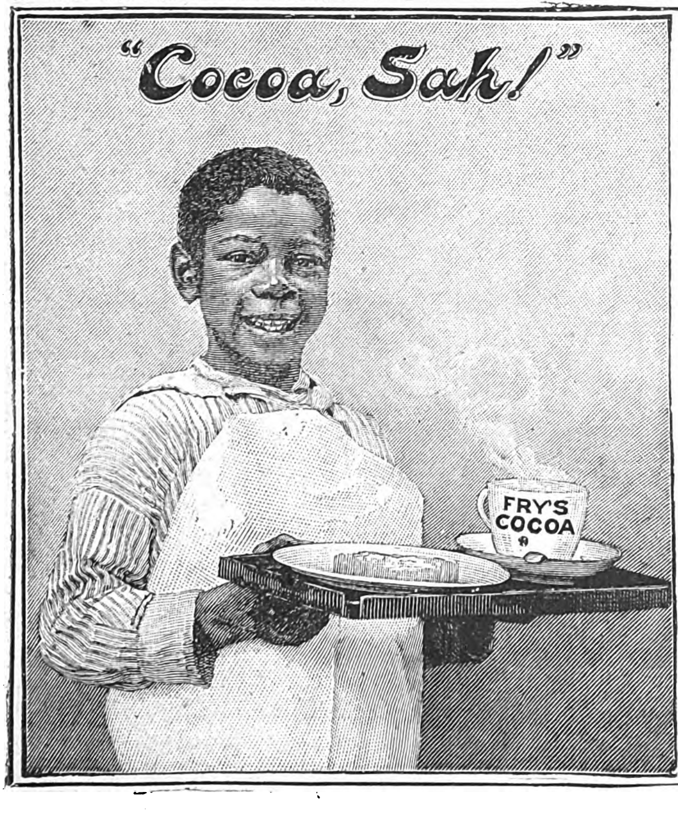
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FRY'S COCOA

FROM

A Lecture on Cocoa

BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &C.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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True Economy

is to enjoy Nature's gifts prudently, save without parsimony, spend wisely and get the best you can for your money. To use Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is true economy. In the first place, Cocoa is the most wholesome and nutritious of Nature's products, and Rowntree's Elect is made from the choicest Cocoa beans only by scientific methods, which ensure refinement of flavour and the maximum of nutrient properties. Its "concentrated strength" (see *Lancet*) is such that half a teaspoonful is enough for a full breakfast cup of strong, stimulating, warmth-giving, and supremely palatable cocoa. A quarter-pound tin, costing 9d. only, makes 30 full breakfast cups.

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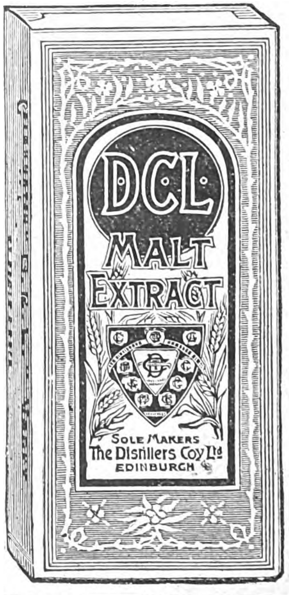

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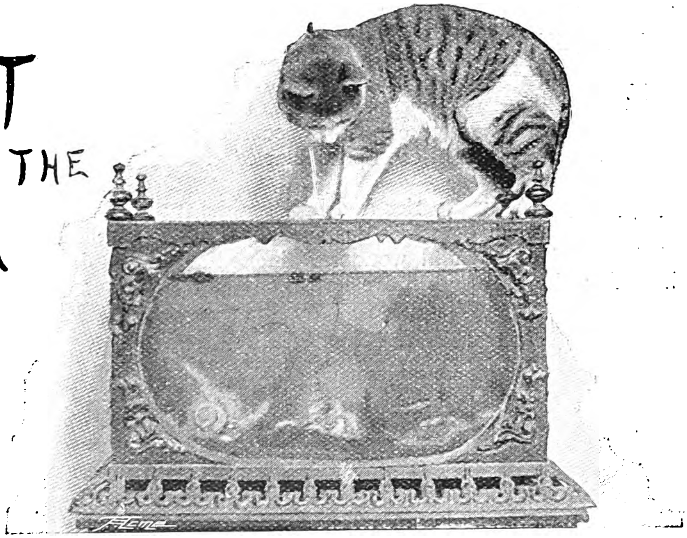
THE ART OF THE CAMERA



By Roderick Grey.

The Stereoscope. For some considerable time the stereoscope has been, comparatively speaking, neglected. In days that were it was a popular toy, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to write, apparatus. Heavy, box-shaped, and incapable of proper focussing, it nevertheless afforded considerable amusement and pleasure. All manner of elaborate slides were obtainable—at a price—from the ordinary silver print to transparencies worked up into really wonderful effects by coloured backings.

Gradually, however, the stereoscope lost its hold. It was expensive, perhaps; or the slides were badly selected; or—which is a more probable reason—a difficulty was found in obtaining a proper effect owing to the inability to focus.

Yet the stereoscope has by no means vanished from our midst. On the contrary, it gives abundant signs of being about to reassert itself with renewed vigour. Nor is this to be regretted, for in no way can the work of a camera appeal more powerfully to the average individual than by means of the stereoscope.

Two reasons may assuredly be offered for the resurrection of one of the most charming toys one could wish to possess. In the first place, the old cumbrous and expensive instrument has been superseded by a light and inexpensive toy that is not merely equally effective, but actually is a far more satisfactory instrument. The other reason I venture to suggest is that the slides are far better. The subjects are chosen with greater judgment, and from a vastly wider range, and the prints are, on the whole, more carefully finished.

The examination of an ordinary amateur's photograph album is generally a tedious affair, but when an inexpensive twin-lens hand camera for taking stereoscopic slides appears on the market—and this is likely to happen any day—then the amateur will have within his reach abundant possibilities for providing his friends with limitless amusement.

Photographing the Invisible. The use of photography in connection with astronomy is within the knowledge of everyone. Anything connected with the study of the vast mystery of the starry realms about us is of endless interest, even to those who have neither the time nor the mind to give much attention to so overwhelming a subject as "star-gazing."

The work done by the camera in connection with astronomy is every hour increasing in importance. The most delicate, almost one might say the most vital portion of the equipment of any of the eclipse expeditions has been the photographic apparatus. Through it all the wonders of the sun's coronna, of the mighty flame columns and other extraordinary phenomena have been reproduced with accuracy which we dub "mechanical.'

Photography of the heavens has, however, achieved something more than this, for strange as it may appear to some of the uninitiated, the eye of the camera has been able to observe and record that which the eye of mankind has so far failed to see, even through the most powerful telescopes in existence. Many celestial bodies, utterly invisible to the human eye, even when aided by the finest and most effective instruments yet made, have with the greatest facility been impressed upon sensitised plates with varying exposures according to the circumstances of each particular case.

Battlefield Photography.

THE vagaries of a bullet which has entered a man's body are many and wonderful, indeed it has taken the X rays to prove how many and how wonderful. In times when the location of a bullet was a matter of little else than guess work and a probe, many a limb has been amputated without necessity. Nowadays it is no longer thus.

Photo by A. & H. Fry.

A Type of American Beauty.

One almost immediate effect of a bullet wound is rapid swelling, and more often than not the surgeon has to wait until the swelling has subsided before he can attempt to locate the bullet.

Major Beevor during the recent operations on the Indian frontier made most excellent use of the X rays, and in some cases achieved almost startling results.

In one case a bullet had flattened itself against the thigh bone and rebounded to within half an inch of the surface. The swelling was rapid and so great that probing would have been impossible, and under ordinary circumstances amputation would have been resorted to. Yet the X rays at once disclosed the locality of the bullet, and the limb was saved.

Another case owes its interest largely to the fact that the native soldiers wear leather great coats, the skins of which are very imperfectly cured. In this instance a man wearing a coat was shot, the bullet carrying into the wound some of the skin and fur. Within a few hours there was violent swelling and blood poisoning. Yet with the X rays the bullet, the leather, and the fur were located and the man recovered.

The most extraordinary case of all perhaps that came within the work of Major Beevor's

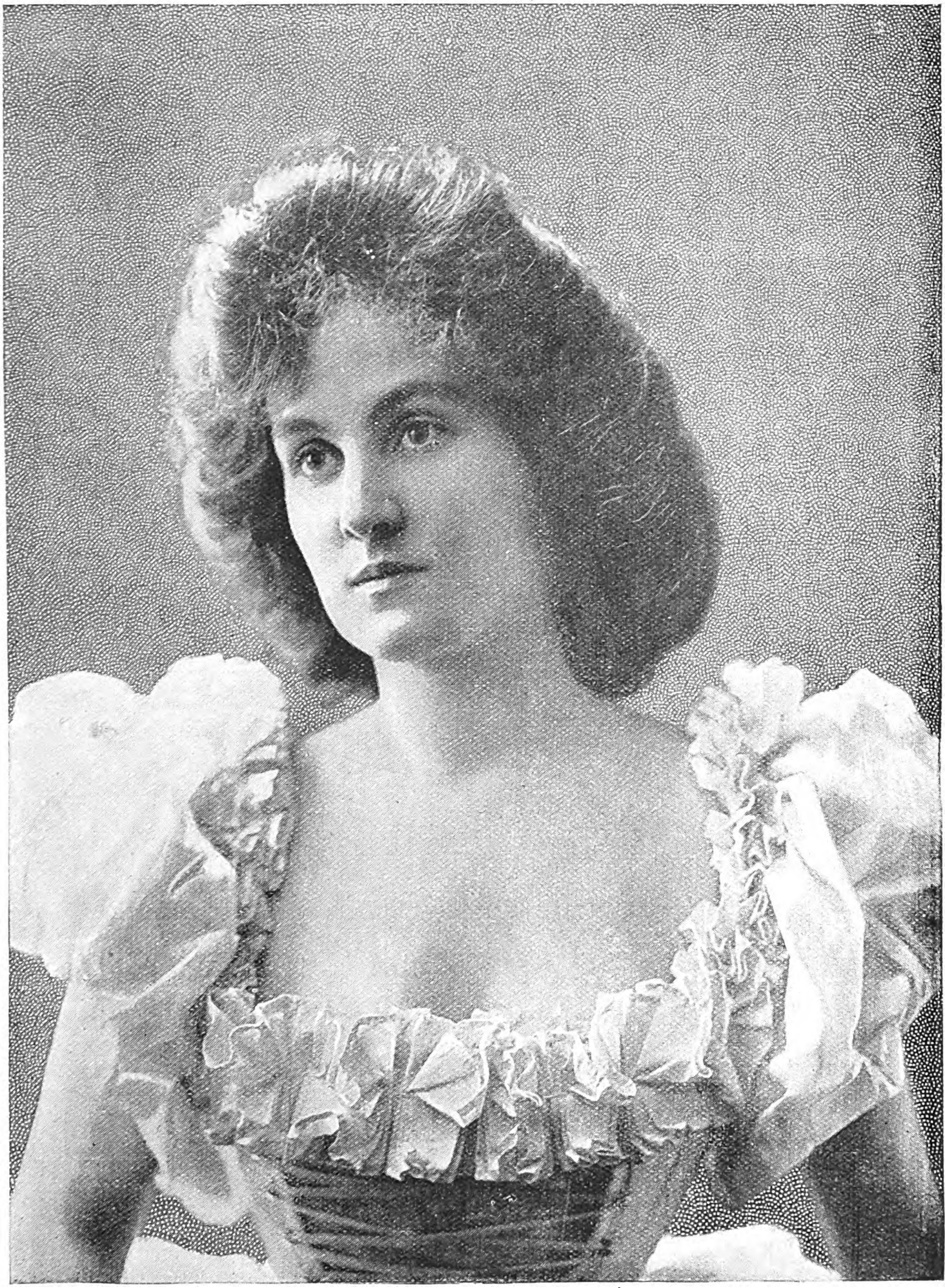


Photo by W. & D. Downey.

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN.

photography was that of a young officer who was shot in the chest as he was turning sideways to speak to a companion. The edge of the breastbone acted like a knife and cut the bullet into two pieces, one of which was easily located and removed. The other was only found after considerable use of the X rays, which revealed it as jammed between two ribs some considerable distance from the point of entry.

Such a wound in the old days would probably have meant death. Truly with the X rays has come the romance of photography.

Photo by G. Watmough Webster.

Miss Dorothy Drew With Some of her Pets.

The Inventor of Photography.

The average individual, and, indeed, one might go further and say the average photographer, is apt to regard Niepce and Daguerre as the true inventors and founders of photography. Such an idea is, to a large extent, fallacious, and, as it happens, does considerable injustice to an Englishman.

In Châlons there resided two brothers, Nicéphore and Claude, of whom the first named may be regarded as the inventor of photography generally. In 1813 Claude left his native place and settled down in England at Kew. Meanwhile, the other brother continned his researches, and ultimately entered into partnership with Duguerre, a partnership which lasted for five years.

The two men were curiously unlike. Niepce was essentially a student, strangely jealous of the discoveries which he made, modest and retiring. Daguerre, on the other hand, was essentially a man of business, who, lacking the inventive talent of his colleague, nevertheless pushed himself sufficiently to attain an infinitely wider reputation.

The daguerreotype, as invented by Daguerre and improved upon by Fizeau, and brought to still greater perfection by Goddard, attained considerable commercial success during the ten years prior to 1850.

Had photography, however, continued on the lines laid down by Daguerre, its scope would have been exceedingly limited. Wide departure had to be taken, and it is to an

Photo by J. S. Dumont.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Englishman, Henry Fox Talbot, that we owe all the marvels attained by the modern camera. Talbot was born in 1800, and received his education at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1821. The Talbots came of an ancient lineage, and the mother of the future discoverer of photography was a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. After leaving Cambridge, Talbot sat in the House of Commons for some two years. Politics, however, had no fascination for him, and he settled down to a private life, in which he could devote himself to scientific pursuits.

As often is the case in the history of great inventors, pure chance turned Talbot's attention towards photography. He happened to be travelling in Italy, and it was whilst sketching with a camera obscura that he conceived the idea of permanently fixing the images produced by the camera. On his return to England he sat to work to try and solve the problem, and, some two years later, succeeded in obtaining some practicable results.

Needless to say, the process evolved by Talbot was a long and tedious one, though a simple one. Lacock Abbey, the home of the Talbots, in Wiltshire, possesses the unique distinction of being the first subject of which a photograph was taken by the camera. The time required for the exposure was one hour!

Photo by Alfred Ellis.

Miss Letty Lind.

In 1839, Fox Talbot submitted the results of his experiments to the Royal Society, Daguerre publishing his process six months later. Five years later, Talbot had made a distinct advance in his process, or, rather, he had further perfected his process, which he patented as the "Calotype."

The difference between the photographic methods of to-day and of 1841 are, of course, gigantic; but, as has been repeatedly illustrated in the history of the world's greatest discoveries, when once the mind of men have been put on the right road, improvement is swift and sure. Daguerre was not on the right road, and, as I have said, his process could never have become universal in its employment. To Fox Talbot the credit is due for the original conception of photography of the negative and positive; and this may be safely asserted without distracting in the least from the magnificent work done by various individuals since Talbot's day. They deserve credit for much, infinitely much, that was new and original, yet what they did was, after all, but to branch off from the main road, at the head of which stands Fox Talbot.

The Glow-worm. THE true nature of the light of a glow-worm is still to a great extent a mystery. It is said by some that the rays are similar to the Röntgen rays. In partial support of this, there is an account given of an experiment with several hundred of these creatures. They were placed before photographic plates, screened from the light by several thicknesses of black paper, together with plates of brass, copper, and aluminium. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a dark room from which all foreign light was excluded. On developing the plate it was found to be blackened except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glow-worm would appear, therefore, to penetrate metal and incite luminosity in cardboard. When there is nothing between the sensitive plate and the glow-worm the rays are said to behave like ordinary light, but in traversing some metals and cardboard they seem to acquire properties like that of the celebrated rays. This latter suggestion, I think, still requires considerable proof.

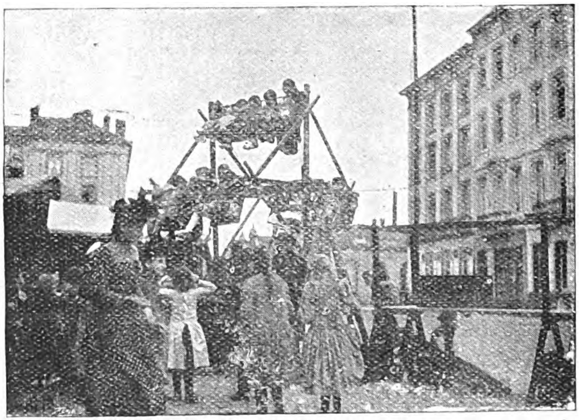


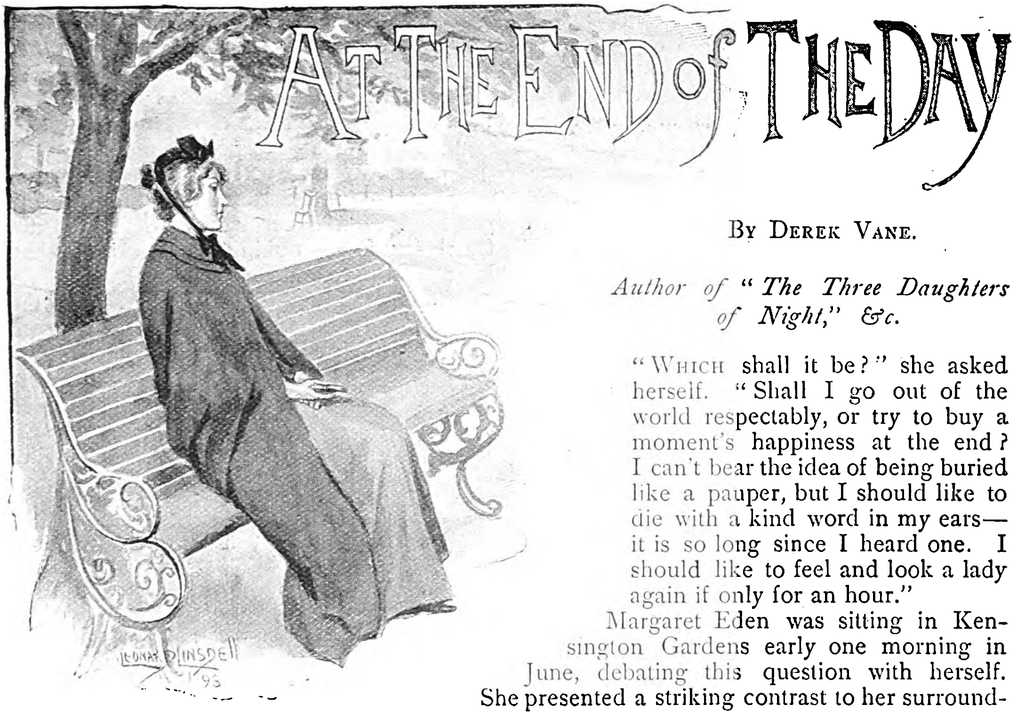
Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Corner of the Fair.

Photo by G. M. Webster.

Six Little Maids of High Degree.

AT THE END OF THE DAY



By Derek Vane.

Author of "The Three Daughters of Night," &c.

"Which shall it be?" she asked herself. "Shall I go out of the world respectably, or try to buy a moment's happiness at the end? I can't bear the idea of being buried like a pauper, but I should like to die with a kind word in my ears—it is so long since I heard one. I should like to feel and look a lady again if only for an hour."

Margaret Eden was sitting in Kensington Gardens early one morning in June, debating this question with herself. She presented a striking contrast to her surroundings. Nature was at her freshest and sweetest at this hour in the morning; thrush and blackbird warbled in the trees, and the bold sparrows dipped in and out of the ponds and sat in rows on the rails to dry. The woman who watched this pretty toilet performance with unseeing eyes was neither young, nor fresh, nor fair; though not so many years ago she had been all three. In her hand she held a shabby purse containing a £10 note, every shilling of which meant hard work. She had come here to decide what she should do with it; whether it should pay for a decent funeral, or purchase for her an hour's doubtful happiness; a taste of her old life? There might have been a suggestion of the ridiculous in such a debate to an outsider; but it did not strike her so.

Being a woman, excitable, apt to act on impulse, craving with a sick intensity for a little love and kindness, it was, perhaps, not difficult to foretell the result.

"Vogue la galère!" she cried recklessly, throwing up her head with a touch of her old grace, "I have been like Martha, careful and troubled about many things, I will be like the lilies of the field for a change, who take no thought for the morrow. To-day, at least, is mine, let me make the most of it."

"Just to look at you once more, Jack—just to touch your hand," she murmured, as she got up. "Then darkness and nothingness."

She gathered her shabby cloak round her, pulled the coarse veil over her face, and walked away, holding herself more erect than she had done for many a day. She stepped lightly along, instead of with her usual dragging, weary tread. Was she not going to take her old place in the world? The place that belonged to her before—in a fit of pique—she had married Lawrence Eden and sunk with him lower and lower, until at his death a few months ago, she had reached the level from which it is not easy to rise again.

"I must have some breakfast first," she said to herself gaily. She was not going to think of any unpleasant things to-day; she was going to be happy. "I wonder what I shall have?" And she felt an almost childish interest in the subject.

She entered a fashionable restaurant near Regent Street, which was only just being opened, and a yawning waiter looked at her askance; her appearance scarcely seemed to justify her presence in that white and gold salon. She smiled at his scarcely concealed disdain, as, in her excitement, she would have smiled at any trifle, and ordered coffee and an omelette.

"It is rather different from my usual breakfast of the contents of yesterday's teapot and a stale crust," she mused, as she daintily attacked the omelette, and, with pure physical enjoyment, inhaled the delicious aroma of the Mocha. "But I mustn't think of that. I am like one of the poor old "crackers" I used to let off on the Fifth of November in my childish days. I have lain smouldering in the darkness for a long time, and now I am going off with a fizz at the end."

She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while. Once she nearly laughed aloud when she found herself following a curious case with close interest.

"How absurd I am! What can it matter to me? I shall never see the end of it."

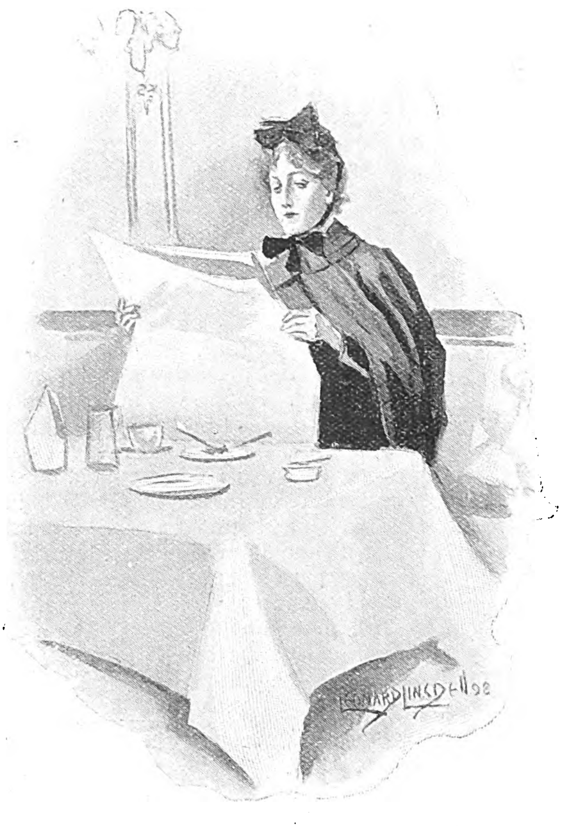
When she went out into Regent Street the sun was blazing and the shop windows were decked with all the novelties of the season. She stopped and looked in at one of the fashionable drapers. There was a pretty pink muslin frock in the window which caught her attention.

"He always used to admire me in pink," she murmured. "He said I looked like a rose. I wonder if I might venture on it now? I should like to remind him as much as I can of the 'Margot' he once loved."

It was such a dainty robe, and it was so long since she had worn anything bright and pretty, that she could not resist it. Rather timidly she went in. The great glass doors were thrown back; an obsequious attendant bowed before her, and the next moment she was going up the thickly carpeted staircase to the "Costume Department." Her figure was still slight and girlish, and the muslin being made blouse-fashion, with soft folds that supplied the roundness of which trouble and want had robbed her long ago, it needed but little alteration, and was decidedly becoming.

"It suits Madame to perfection," remarked the superior young person, who attended on her, thinking, at the same time, that she had got hold of a queer customer. It was not usual for faded-looking women in shabby black to come in and buy pink muslins.

And as Margaret looked at herself in the long pier-glass she could not but endorse the verdict. Her good breakfast and the excitement under which she was labouring had given back to the worn face something of its former youth and beauty; the eyes sparkled; there was a vivid spot of colour in the delicate cheeks; the plentiful brown hair, which was the only thing time had left untouched, fell in soft waves on her forehead. You could imagine that ten years ago it had been a pretty, dimpled, baby face; not very wise or strong, perhaps, but the type of face that makes its way very easily to most men's hearts. It was stronger and had more character now than in those bygone days; but much of the old nature was still left. It was too pure and high to consort with shame and disgrace, but it could not rise above circumstances or struggle on alone.



She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while.

"I will take it," she said with an attempt at dignity. "Now will you show me a hat? Something not—not too young."

After anxious consideration, she decided on a hat made of black chiffon, which shaded her face softly, and, having purchased a veil and gloves, she left the shop.

"Where shall I send your own things?" the attendant asked, as Margaret was going away without giving any address.

"Oh, it does not matter—" she began, and then seeing the surprise on the girl's face, she gave the name of the East End street in which she had a solitary room. It was not likely that the fashionable draper's cart would ever find its way there, and what need had she of those clothes now? They belonged to another life. She had gone back ten years.

After lunch, which she did not enjoy quite so much as her breakfast, for her appetite was less keen, and the critical moment, which she could not contemplate without a wild throbbing of her pulses, was drawing closer, she took a hansom to a little street in Soho. She would not walk; she did not want to soil the first freshness of her attire. A critical inspection of her face had not quite pleased her; it was not young enough for the frock; it was scarcely pretty enough to revive a dead or dying tenderness. She knew there was a famous face-artist off Leicester Square—a man who could give a semblance of beauty if there were any foundation to work on. She would go to him and see what he could do for her.

"I don't want to appeal to Jack's pity," she thought. "I couldn't bear that; I who once had only to hold up my finger for him to fall at my feet. He knows, of course, that I have come down in the world, but he does not know how badly. I do not wish him to know. I *must* see him again. I'm just hungering for the sound of his voice, but I don't want to spoil his remembrance of me. I should like him to find me fair to the last."

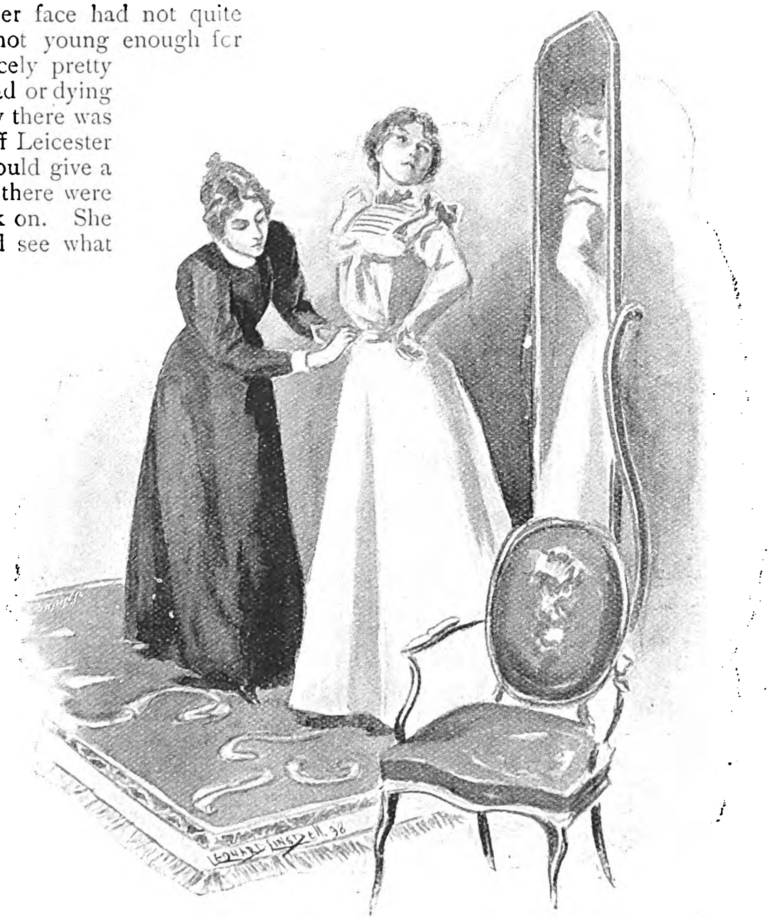
"Make me look as nice as you can," she said a little piteously, as she put herself into the artist's hands; and he, being a Frenchman, and, as such, qualified to understand the feminine nature better than most of his sex, felt a touch of sympathy, and did not laugh.

"Madame shall be quite satisfied," he said respectfully. "Madame has not taken care of herself, but the materials are all here, and my art is easy then."

When Margaret saw herself after those skilful fingers had done their work, she gave a little cry of delight and surprise. Behind a veil, she might almost have been the girl of ten years ago; nothing was coarse or palpably false. The man was an enthusiast in his profession, and worked on the human face as he might have worked on a canvas.

"How long will it last?" she asked, with a little, unsteady laugh.

He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.



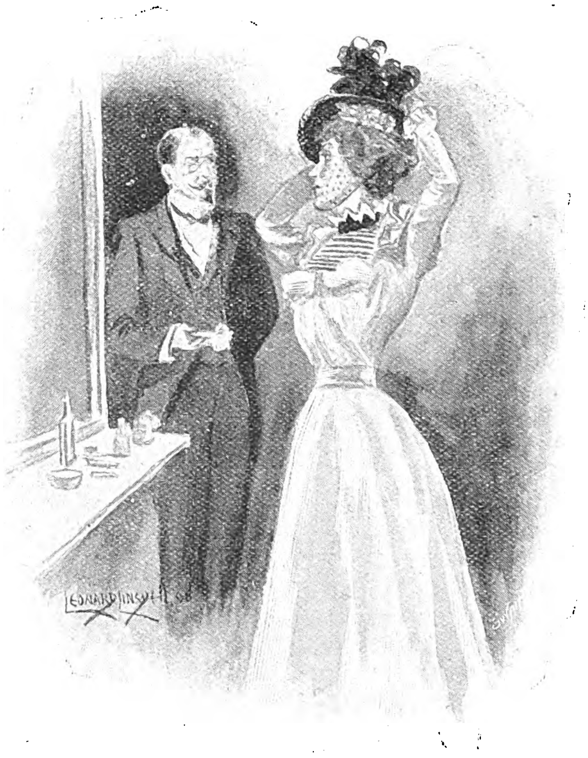
"It suits Madame to perfection."

"Madame must not give way to the emotions," he said. "They are very bad for the face—the emotions. To look bright and happy, even if one does not feel so—that is half the battle."

When Margaret found herself again in the neighbourhood of the Park it was nearly five o'clock.

"It is time," she thought, drawing a long breath. "I remember she always went out driving from five to six."

She turned into a street off Park Lane, and stopped at a little white house with gay window-boxes filled with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. Red and white striped sunblinds shaded the windows and reminded one of the villas on the Riviera.



"Madame must not give way to the emotions."

"She was always fond of show," Margaret thought, with a touch of bitterness. There seemed to be a suggestion of ostentation about the gay little house, and it was hard to contrast that other woman's fate with her own; to think of her filling the place she might have had. 'But she had good taste, too," she added more generously the next moment; "and she had the right to spend her money as she pleased."

It was not until she stood before the door and raised the knocker with a trembling hand, that it occurred to her that all the trouble she had taken might be in vain; that the master of the house might not be at home. She sickened at the thought, but thrust it back quickly. Fate would not play her such a shabby trick at the last.

The door opened and she found that her fears had been needless. Mr. Leslie was at home. . .

"You need not announce me," she said, as the man stopped outside a door. "I am an old friend." And before he could remonstrate she had opened the door herself and gone in.

The room seemed half dark after the glare outside, and Margaret paused a moment to look round. As she stood motionless, a man, reclining in a low chair, turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Margot!—Margot!" he repeated, with a touch of awe in his wonderment, but in tones of infinite love and longing. Was it a vision—the spirit of the girl he had loved ten years ago, and never forgotten? He did not move from his seat, but his eyes clung to her face.

At the sound of the old pet name, uttered with the same tender inflection, Margaret's self-control broke down. Gone was her pride, forgotten was the explanation she had mapped out for herself; forgotten was everything, except that the man she had never ceased to love was before her; that after nigh upon ten years she looked on his face again, and found in it the old tenderness which had always leapt out for her.

"Jack—oh, Jack!" she murmured, stretching out her arms with a little sobbing cry like a child, and running towards him she fell at his feet.

"Margot, is it really you? I can hardly believe it. I have thought of you so often, and lately I have been making inquiries about you in every direction, but all in vain."

"Why should you think of me, Jack—of *me*?"

"Have you forgotten?"—sadly—"I could never forget. If I am nothing to you, why have you come to me—why do you look at me with the eyes of the girl I loved?"

She rose to her feet, putting up her hands to her head.

"I don't understand," she murmured. "What do you mean? What can you and I be to each other now? I came because—because I knew it would be the last time; because I could not go without bidding you farewell. Oh, my pride has had a heavy fall, Jack, since the day it came between you and me. I wanted a kind word from you, that is all; I have no right to more."

"Then you have no love for me left? How could I expect it after all these years? And yet I had ventured to hope. I had heard that you were free, and when I saw you standing there, I thought you had come to me, knowing how much I want you."

She looked at him wildly. She had done and suffered much to-day, and her strength had been taxed almost beyond what she could bear.

"Don't torture me, Jack—you were never cruel! Why should you kneel at my feet"—for he had thrown himself down beside her—"at mine, which have walked in the mire for many a day? I am not what I appear to be. I am poor and lonely and growing old. Don't mock me, Jack! Give me a kind word and let me go."

But he clasped her hands the tighter.

"Let you go when I have only just found you again—when you have almost told me you love me?" He laughed.

She looked at him piteously.

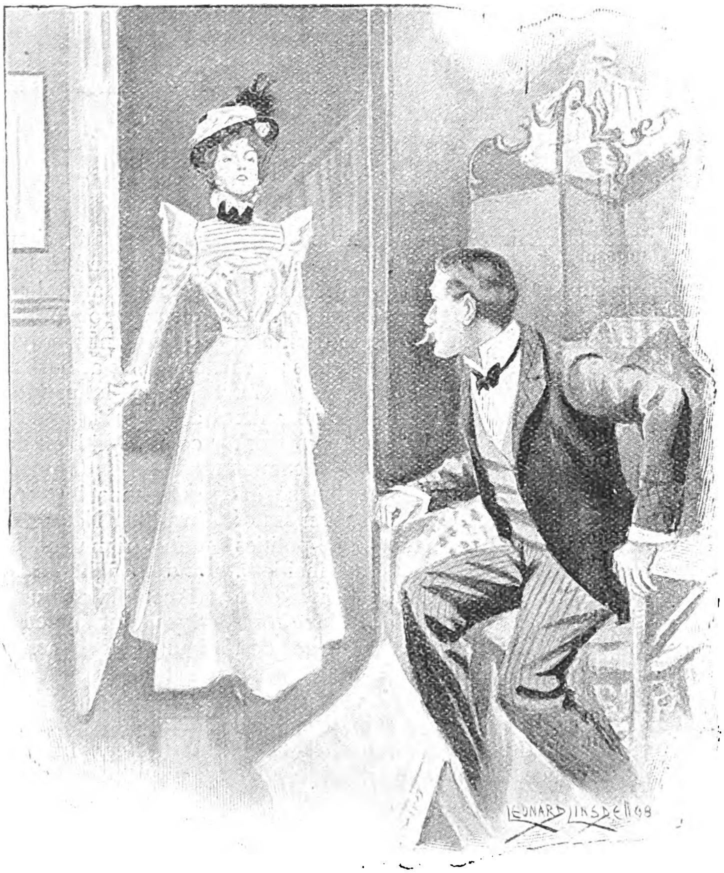
"Don't you understand?" she whispered. "Are you going mad or am I? I am such a poor creature, Jack—my life is so wretched, that I was going to put an end to it to-night. You see, you can't have anything in common with *me*. I had saved £10, so that the parish should not bury me—I could not bear the thought of that—and I should have gone out of the world quietly, just an overdose of chloral, which nobody could have said was not an accident. . . .

"But then came the thought of you, Jack—I felt I must see you once more. So—so the £10 went in *this*"—pointing to her dress—"that I might be presentable in your eyes to the last. There! you know all my humiliation now," and she laughed hysterically. "If you love me, don't seek to degrade me further. Let me go—I could not bear to meet your wife."

"My wife died six months ago," he answered gravely. "I thought you knew."

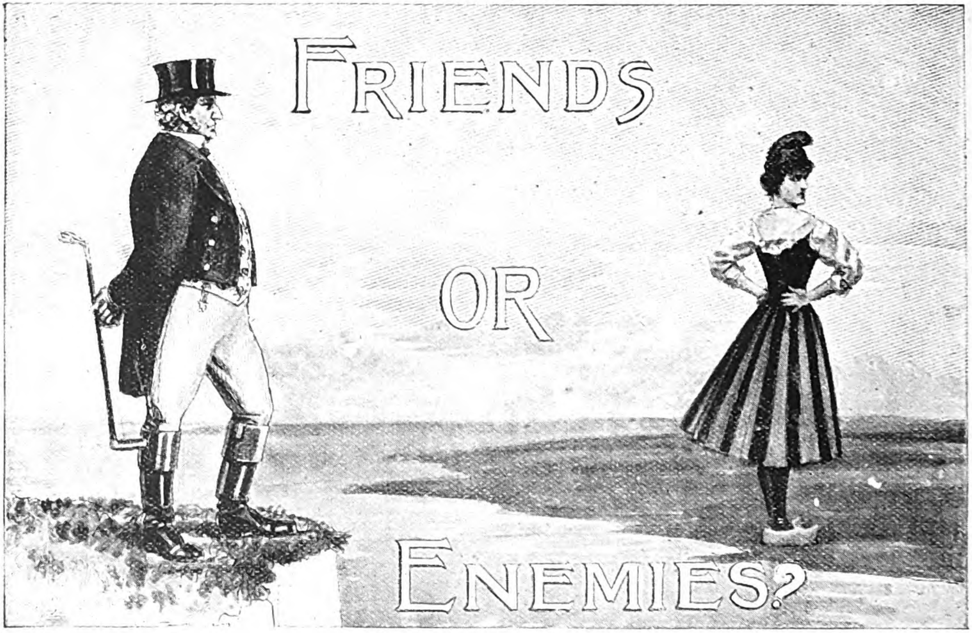
She looked at him a moment with dazed, staring eyes, her breath quickly coming and going. Then she swayed and fell senseless in his outstretched arms.

We may suffer hopelessly, dumbly, as the brutes do, until if joy comes it strikes us with the force of a blow. But, happily, it seldom kills.



As she stood motionless a man reclining in a low chair turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?



By J. Holt Schooling.

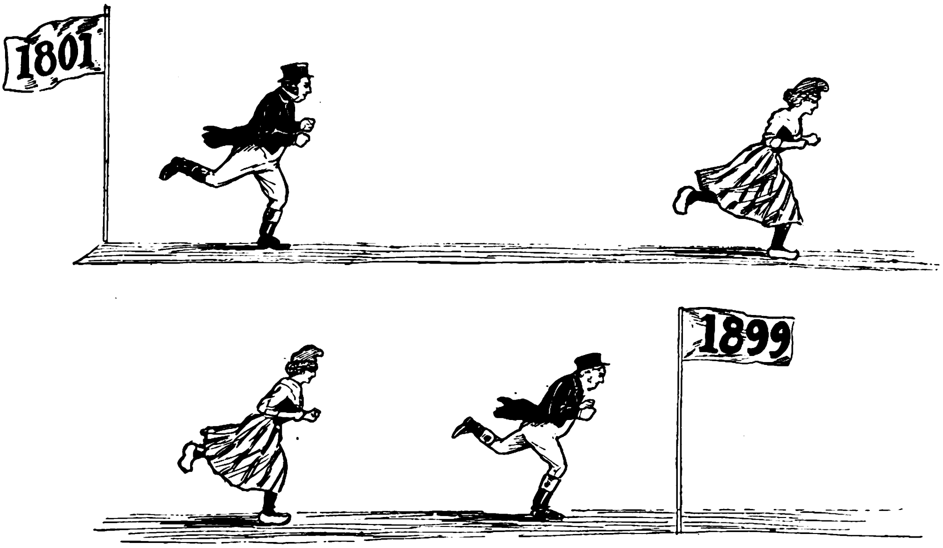
The Fashoda affair of last autumn caused a quick shock to our nation. That was immediately succeeded by a universal feeling of resolute intention, by all grades of the British population, not to permit France to trick and harass us any more in colonial matters; not to let the Boulevard phrase "*Embêter les Anglais*," (so common in Paris during the last ten years or so) continue to pass from word to act. The present generation cannot recall a matter of foreign affairs, that so instantly welded us into one compact mass of resolution, all differences as to home-politics being forgotten, as did this Fashoda incident.

And what is to be the upshot of it? Are the French relations with us to continue for a long term cold, even hostile? Or is the good sense of the French nation destined to trample the pernicious folly of those so-called French leaders who, sadly enough for France, have for years past, pitifully besmirched that fair land? Is France to be our friend or our enemy? Our friend, we hope.

* * *

We have been at peace with France since 1815—for nearly a century. What has that century done for France and for us? We will look at some of the changes which have come to our country and to France during the nineteenth century, and, in so looking, we will entirely dismiss from our minds any lingering soreness, or any unfriendly regard for France, and we will look at our facts merely as facts.

First, let us look at population. For, after all is said and done, you cannot run a big country without men and women, and plenty of them. The energy that makes a country great must be transmuted from the latent form in which Nature stores energy, by the active effort of man and women. The men to work, and to fight, and to build our ships, and to direct affairs must be got—and a nation that does not breed in sufficient numbers is badly off when compared with a nation that does. Moreover, biologists will tell you that the larger the number of units in a population, the greater is the degree of variety in the offspring, and for this reason a large and growing population stands a better chance than a stationary population of getting a higher quality of men as well, quite possibly, as a worse lot at the same time. There is *more variety*, and variety is the salt of a healthy life—individual and



No. 1.—Showing the race for population between the United Kingdom and France during the nineteenth century.

national. Moreover, natural selection will more or less tend to weed out the worthless units of population, and to encourage the worthy units to propagate others—so variety in a population is a net good.

This vitally important matter of population is illustrated in sketch No. 1, which suggests the race for population that has been going on during this nineteenth century between France and our own country.

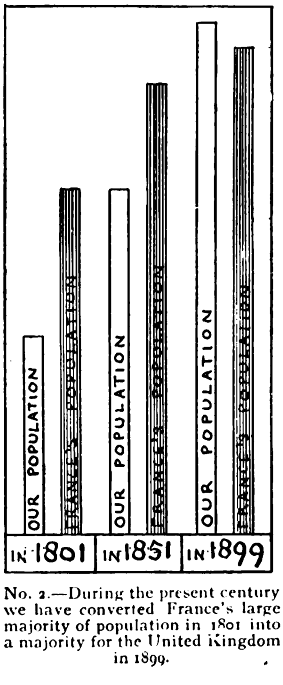
In the year 1801, we were a long way behind France, who then had nearly twice our population, but, in the present year 1899, we have succeeded in getting an appreciable lead over France, to the extent of about two millions of population.

The diagram in No. 2, illustrates the following facts as to the growth of population in the two countries during the present century:—

In 1801, France's population was over 27 millions:
In 1801, Our population was under 16 millions.
In 1851, France's population was under 36 millions.
In 1851, Our population was over 27 millions.
In 1899, France's population is 38½ millions.
In 1899, Our population is 40½ millions.

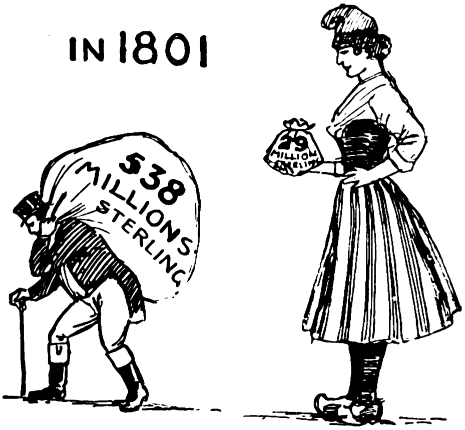
Thus, in 1801, we were (nearly) twelve millions fewer than the French; in 1851, we had reduced the French lead to under nine millions and, in the present year, we lead France, on the score of population, by almost exactly two millions of persons. I may say that we outran France in population, for the first time in the history of the world, in 1893 or 1894.

Another important point as regards the population of the two countries, apart from the size of the population, is the proportion of aliens, *i.e.*, of non-naturalized subjects, who form a part of the populations of France, and of the United Kingdom. In France, the resident aliens form the large proportion of 30 per 1000 of her population; with us, the resident aliens number only about six per thousand of home-population. The *native* French race has been getting actually smaller for some years past, while our native race left at home has been growing rapidly, despite the fact that our people leave the home country for other parts of the world, in very much larger numbers than the French leave France for life in her colonies.



No. 2.—During the present century we have converted France's large majority of population in 1801 into a majority for the United Kingdom in 1899.

Before we leave this population question, it will be interesting to glance at the position of France's other great neighbour—Germany—and to see



Showing the change in the National Debts of the

how the three of us have moved—or not moved—in the breeding of men to work the three countries during the last twenty years. Here are the facts:—

POPULATION OF,

	United Kingdom. (millions)	France. (millions)	Germany. (millions)
1879	34·3	37·4	44·6
1884	35·7	37·9	46·3
1889	37·2	38·5	48·7
1894	38·8	38·1	51·3
1899	40·5	38·5	54·6

We see that during the last twenty years, France has added to her population *only one million* of persons, while we have added more than six millions to our home-population, and France's other neighbour, Germany, has increased by ten million persons.

These are significant facts and the weight of them is not lessened when we bear in mind the modern French craze for colonies. We can spare men for our colonies and so can Germany, but can France?

We take up another leading point—the National Debt of France and of the United Kingdom. How important this is may be judged from the fact that France has now to spend yearly about £37 of every £100 she collects, merely to pay interest, etc., on her Debt, while it costs us only £24 per £100 of our National Revenue, to pay the yearly charges on our National Debt.

The two sketches on this page illustrate the change in the respective positions of France and of the United Kingdom, that has occurred during the nineteenth century as regards the National Debt of each country.

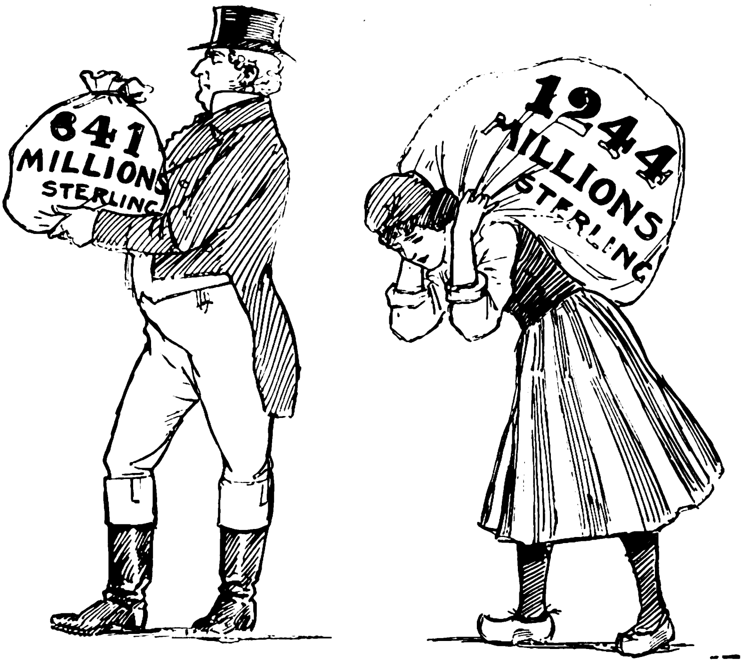
Here are the facts upon which they have been drawn:—

	millions sterling.
In 1801, France's National Debt was	29
" Our " "	538
NOW, France's " "	is 1244
" Our " "	641

Here is an enormous change. In 1801, our National Debt was more than eighteen times as large as the Debt of France; while at the present time the Debt of France is almost twice as big as our National Debt.

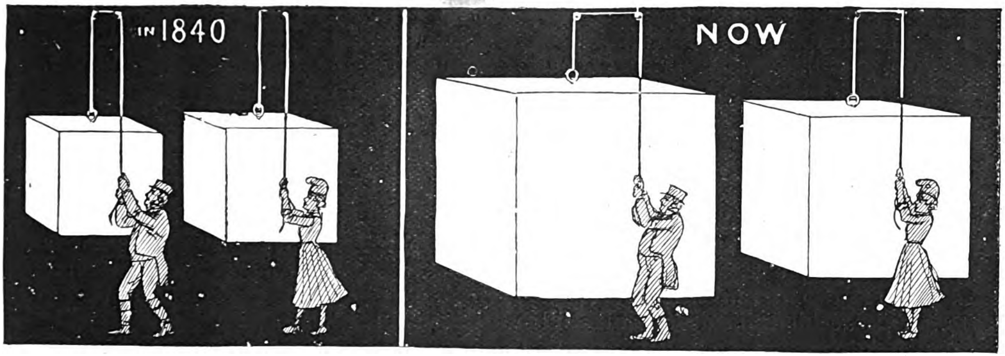
Moreover, in 1801, we had only a small population to bear our Debt, compared with France's population in 1801; while, now, we have a larger population than France has to bear a debt that is only one-half the size of France's great load of debt.

Here is a comparison of the two Debts, in



AT THE PRESENT TIME

United Kingdom and of France during the nineteenth century.



No. 4.—Contrasting the working power or energy of the United Kingdom and of France in 1840 and at the present time.

1801 and at the present time, per head of population:—

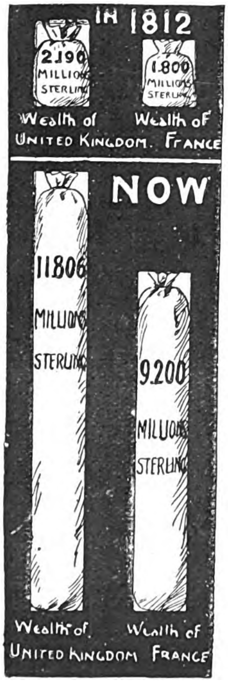
		Per Head of Population.
In 1801	France's National Debt was ...	£1
„	Our „ „ „ ...	£34
NOW	France's National Debt „ ...	£32
„	Our „ „ „ ...	£16

These results are rather startling. During this century, France, with a still-increasing National Debt, has, in 1899, practically gone back to where we started in 1801, as regards the debt per head of population. We, with a still-decreasing National Debt, have during the century reduced our Debt per head of population from £34 in 1801, to only £16 now.

Bear in mind also that France's load of debt entails such a heavy yearly cost to her for interest on her debt, that she has for years past been screwed down to a fixed expenditure upon her fighting-unit—the Army and Navy. We, on the contrary, have been able to spend more and more upon our fighting unit, and this without feeling the cost, as individual citizens, to anything like the extent to which the French citizen feels the cost of running his country.

Again, our source of National Revenue is elastic, and if necessary can be pulled out a long way yet; France's source of National Revenue has long ago been stretched tight, and her finance-managers have, year by year, an increasingly difficult task to keep up the Revenue.

We will now look at the Working-power—the Energy—of the two nations. It is of no use to a nation to have a big population if that population is not actively and, on the whole, usefully employed. Sketch No. 4 illustrates the Working-power of the United Kingdom and of France, in 1840 and at the present time. This Working-power is made up of hand-power, horse-power, steam-power, etc., and it is computed by methods accepted by French and English statisticians as giving approximately true results; the total Working-power, or Energy, being then reduced to the common equivalent of lifting a weight.



No. 5.—Showing the growth of wealth since 1812 in the United Kingdom and in France.

I do not give any technical figures as to the total of this Working-power, but I now mention the *relative positions* of the two countries as regards this Energy, taking, for convenience of comparison, the total Working-power of the United Kingdom in the year 1840 as the unit of measurement:—

	Units of Energy.
In 1840, The Working-power of the United Kingdom was	10
In 1840, The Working-power of France was	12
NOW, The Working-power of the United Kingdom is	63
NOW, The Working-power of France is	33

We see from these comparative results that in 1840 the Working-power of France was greater than ours in the proportion of twelve to ten. And that now our working-power is greater than France's in the proportion of sixty-three to thirty-three; *i.e.*, our Working-power is nearly twice that of France.

Although sketch No. 4 shows for convenience of comparison, the working-power being used to pull up weights, it is, of course to be understood that the working-power of a nation means its energy for making or for doing things that are useful to the community. Battle-ships, for example, are useful to a community of persons who possess, as we do, an ample sea-board—and you cannot have battle-ships without Working-power.

Diagram No. 5 compares the growth of wealth in the two countries since the year 1812. This wealth is made up of the value of land, houses, railways, merchandise, factories, cattle, implements, bullion, etc., etc., and the value of these items of wealth is computed by methods known to statisticians.

The relative positions of France and of our country as regards wealth in 1812 and at the present time were and are:—

	Units of Wealth.
In 1812, the wealth of France was	10
" " " the United Kingdom was	12
NOW " " France is	51
" " " the United Kingdom is	66

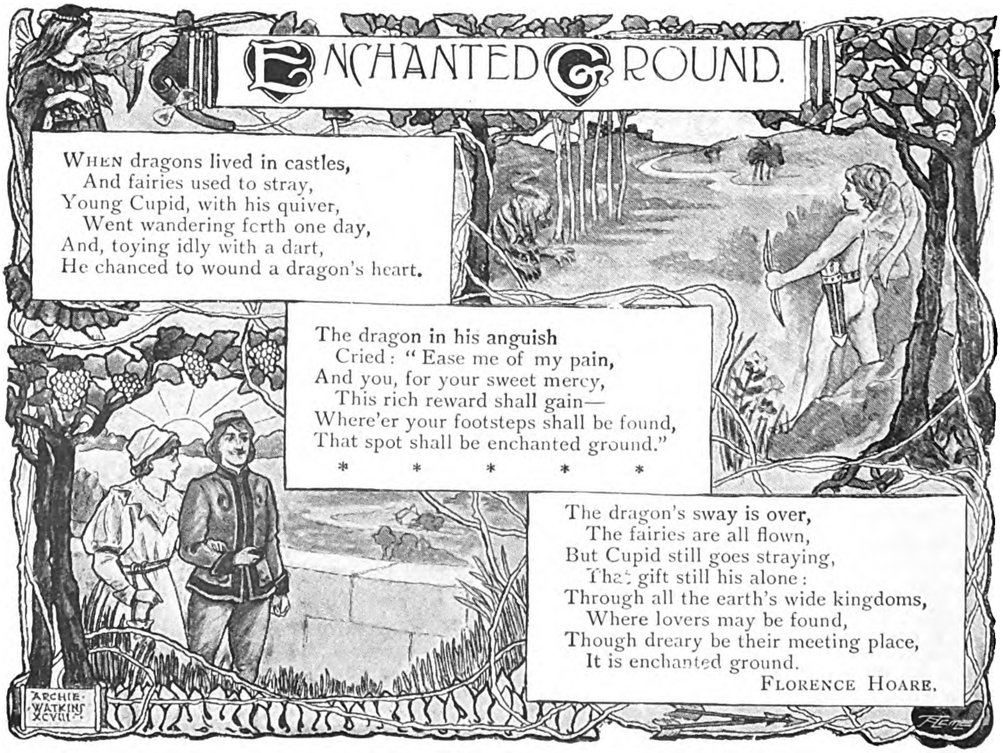
We see that our small lead in 1812 has now increased to the much bigger share of wealth that is represented by our 66 units of wealth to France's 51 units of wealth. And wealth is one very important item in war.

Not that any one of us wants war. We all deplore even the prospect of a continuance of any unfriendly feeling between France and our country. But as we glance at the facts now before us, the thought occurs to us that they may be of use to France as a friendly hint not to be again un-neighbourly to her old friend, John Bull, who is not half such a bad old man as the ragtag and bobtail press of the Paris boulevards declare him.

But John Bull does not want any more worrying from France; he is not taking any for some years to come.

He can be patient and forbearing, but there is a limit to his forbearance, and it behoves our neighbour to remember it. Moreover, if during the long period of peace John Bull has outstripped France, as I have shown, what would not be the effect of war? England would be successful. It is not an idle boast to suggest that France, on the other hand, would probably be reduced to a second-rate Power, with a load of debt on her almost beyond endurance.

ENCHANTED GROUND.



When dragons lived in castles,
And fairies used to stray,
Young Cupid, with his quiver,
Went wandering forth one day,
And, toying idly with a dart,
He chanced to wound a dragon's heart.

The dragon in his anguish
Cried: "Ease me of my pain,
And you, for your sweet mercy,
This rich reward shall gain—
Where'er your footsteps shall be found,
That spot shall be enchanted ground."

* * * * *

The dragon's sway is over,
The fairies are all flown,
But Cupid still goes straying,
That gift still his alone:
Through all the earth's wide kingdoms,
Where lovers may be found,
Though dreary be their meeting place,
It is enchanted ground.

FLORENCE HOARE.

THE SECRET OF MAKING MONEY.

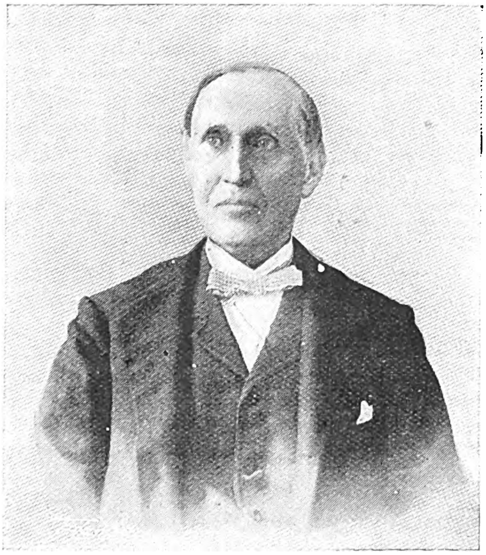
By RUSSELL SAGE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—Mr. Russell Sage is the wealthiest self-made millionaire in the world. With no other capital than his two hands, his head, and the position of errand boy in a country grocery shop this well-known New York man of money has amassed a fortune of over £20,000,000 (100,000,000 dollars). His advice on financiering is repeatedly sought, but this is the first time that his authorised views have ever appeared in any magazine anywhere.

THE secret of money-making is so simple that it can be mastered by any person of ordinary intelligence. It consists of nothing more difficult than the strict observance of a few common sense rules.

There is no such thing as "being born with a gift for making money." Financial success in every case is the result of a man of average brain-power devoting himself to hard conscientious work.

There are five fundamental principles which must be laid down by every person starting out with the wish to have a successful career. These are: Honesty, temperance, patience, punctuality, and strict adhesion to fixed rules for his office and his home. There are other rules to be followed in different lines of work, but these five must invariably be followed in all cases. These five rules are the foundation rocks upon which every fortune must be erected, or else that fortune will be certain to some day totter to the ground.



Mr. Russell Sage.
He is worth £20,000,000.

It is often said by amateur financiers that if a man is going to try to make a fortune on strict business principles, he sets out for himself a long tedious labour—and that by devoting less time to the observance of strict business rules and more time to daring ventures, he will make twice the money in half the time. Such remarks are never uttered by a man of practical business experience. A man may sometimes make a sky-rocket fortune by neglecting strict business principles, but like Hooley and many other prominent examples his wealth will some day be suddenly swept away.

I do not wish to be understood to mean that for the simple reason that a man is honest, patient, temperate, punctual, and conducts his affairs in a thoroughly business manner, he is, for these reasons alone, certain to be successful. To amass a big, permanent fortune in some business enterprise, every man must combine his strict adhesion to business principles with, first, a genuine liking for the work he has mapped out for himself; secondly, a clear, cool brain; and, thirdly, a bull-dog determination that he will overcome all obstacles that crop up from time to time.

One reason of many men being failures in life is because those men are unfitted for the particular line of business each has undertaken—a case of the round pegs getting into the square holes,

United States copyright, 1898, by Chauncey Montgomery M' Govern, New York.

and *vice versâ.* If a young man has started in any business enterprise—let it be law, the grocery business, or brokerage—and he finds, after a fair trial, that the work is not congenial, the best thing for him to do is simply to get out as soon as possible. Let him give his business friends and those interested in the enterprise with him due notice, stating his reasons for abandoning his business venture, and then strike out in a fresh field at the first favourable opportunity.

It is always best to think well, however, before acting, and not to be too easily discouraged or disappointed. The determination to succeed—the downright, persistent, take-no-discouragement feeling—makes more financial victories than any other one thing. Many a man has been on the brink of success when his courage gave out, and he has fallen to the ground a financial wreck.

Mr. Sage at his Desk.

It was whilst at his office in December, 1891, that one, Norcross, a madman, entered and demanded $1,200,000. On being refused he dropped a dynamite bomb on the floor, blowing himself to atoms, killing a clerk, and wrecking the office. Mr. Sage was so injured that his life was despaired of.

A great deal of bosh is printed nowadays about there not being any more opportunities left for the young person to grasp in order to succeed. "Every business and profession is overcrowded," is the cry. It is, no doubt, true that there are more men in the field to-day than there were twenty-five years ago—at least, it is so in America—but, on the other hand, the field itself has been enlarging all the while. There is always lots of room at the top everywhere.

Of course—it is scarcely necessary to say—the largeness of the fortune amassed must to a great extent depend upon the character of the enterprise undertaken, and also upon the amount of capital invested in it. But many men who have started out with nothing have in time amassed millions. I would not recommend any particular line of business as the best avenue through which to achieve success. The happy choice of a vocation depends entirely upon the person's individual turn of mind. As a man never thoroughly succeeds at anything he is not interested in, it is best that he should be allowed to choose his own vocation in life, instead of having it chosen for him. This is a point on which too many parents err. Many a good horn is spoilt without making even a tolerable spoon.

The "schooling"—the education—of the young person is no doubt an important factor in determining his ultimate success or failure. This brings up the question of whether or not a college training pays. I do not believe, generally speaking, that a college education will hurt any youth, but I do believe that in many cases it is so much trouble, time, and money thrown away. On one hand, if the boy wishes to become a lawyer, or a clergyman, or an author, there is no doubt about it that a college education will help him enormously to achieve success. But, on the other hand, if he intends to enter upon a business career I do not see how a college education is going to help him any.

The kind of education that counts most of all is a common school education, supplemented by a habit of reading books of information, the newspapers and the magazines in the hours of leisure. Put the boy to work when he gets through school, and let him do this reading in the evenings and on holidays.

It may be pointed out that the virtue of honesty which I have laid down as one of the five foundations of all fortunes is not necessary in all cases—in other words, that if a man is dishonest only in secret, and knows how to keep the secret to himself, that he can make money more rapidly than the honest man. I am well aware of the fact that many millionaires have acquired their wealth dishonestly—but do they enjoy what they possess? And what is the use of amassing a big pile of money if it is not going to give you any joy?

The man who has made his fortune by methods he knows to be dishonest is not going to reap the benefits of his money. In the first place, a fortune thus gained is usually lost again. But even should a penny of this dishonest fortune never be lost, it will never bring him happiness of satisfaction. The public is quick to feel the atmosphere of crookedness about a man's character. No matter how secretive may have been the dishonest methods he has employed to make his money, or what good reason he has to believe that no one but himself will ever know of them, yet, somehow or other, the truth is bound to leak out in time. Then that man's happiness is at an end. He will have the hatred of the poor, and the contempt of the rich alike—a double cross, that no man, however conscienceless, can carry with joy. The trite old maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," is as true to-day as it was the day it was first uttered. Too much pleasure-seeking has more than any one other cause brought fortunes tumbling about the ears of their owners. It has nipped in the bud an enormous number of promising careers. To quote the Scriptures: "A man cannot serve two masters." This law applies in business as well as in religion.

Mr. Sage in his Office.
He is perhaps the greatest railroad financier in the world, and controls over forty railroads.

Every business man should devote a fixed number of hours every day to looking personally into his affairs, and this, I think, is just as essential in the case of the man already wealthy as in the case of the young man who it still struggling up the ladder of success. No matter how trustworthy one's employes may be there are certain matters always that should be given one's personal attention.

It is to a large extent within the power of every woman to be herself the means of the success of the man dearest to her. By a judicious use of her opportunities for counselling, she can place him half the distance on the road to the goal; his own intelligence will carry him safely the remainder of the way. No wife need expect her husband to have great and lasting success if she causes him to lead a life of social dissipation. A man's wife should be his counsellor and helpmeet in everything, rather than the toy and plaything of his leisure moments; and the young man is fortunate who has a wife, well-informed and intelligent, and sufficiently in sympathy with his business interests, to be able to give him capable advice at the moment of crisis or in the hour of adversity.

Of course, everybody cannot become a millionaire. But it is in the power of every ambitious young man to, in time, increase his starting capital ten thousand fold. There are thousands of young men—mechanics, clerks, book-keepers, and others, with small salaries—who, by dint of careful saving and economy, have saved up from a hundred to a thousand dollars — and who are at a loss to know what to do with it.

There are a countless number of ways in which a young man can place even so small a sum as this so that it will yield him a good return. He must not think of dropping his regular business, of course, but he could buy some shares in a good railroad stock—or else a few shares in some solid bank. If he has not money enough to buy a whole share, he can find some companies which sell half, and even quarter shares.

But he must be very careful. Let him find out from some reliable acquaintance that the concerns he contemplates investing in are of good reputation. Many young men are dazzled by the glowing prospect held out to them by unscrupulous brokers of speculating in corn and wheat, and similar things. But an inexperienced man who attempts this sort of speculation is certain to come out the loser in the end. When he makes a profit on the principal he may afford to be a little more daring, perhaps, but no young man should ever risk his principal. If he should lose it, he will of course be obliged to start all over again, from the ground up, and starting out again after a complete failure is one of the hardest things to do in a man's whole career.

The photographs of this article are by Vander Weyde, New York.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WRECK.

By Arthur Elswick.

It sometimes happens that a vessel which by careless navigation or a combination of unfortunate circumstances has found herself ashore, becomes a total wreck without in the least degree betraying the fact from her appearance. Everything about her is unbroken and in order, and it is difficult to realise that she is not lying peaceably at anchor.

The converse is sometimes true, and the illustration we are enabled to give represents a steamer in a distinctly uncomfortable position, and at first sight it might be imagined, with every justification, that the vessel had become a total wreck.

The *Davaar* was a special excursion steamer, and left Campbelltown (Cantire), bound for Belfast, with some 500 excursionists on board. In the midst of a heavy fog she suddenly found herself almost on dry land at a spot named Groomsport, Co. Down, at the entrance to Belfast Lock. The weather, fortunately, was calm, and, beyond the shock inevitable in the unexpected grounding of a vessel no damage was done to the passengers. To all intents and purposes they might have been still at sea. With the falling tide, however, the steamer assumed a more uncomfortable position. She dropped by the stern until her decks were at a very considerable incline.

Nevertheless, so happy, if such a phrase is permissible, had been the steamer's excursion on dry land that the captain had steam kept up, on the chance that as the tide fell she might slip off into deep water.

Too often this is the one thing to be dreaded. Frequently a vessel is stranded on a ledge of rocks, and so long as she remains hard and fast she is a shelter for the passengers and crew aboard her. With the falling tide, however, she acquires a tendency to launch herself, as it were, from her unwelcome cradle, with the result that, slipping back into deep water, she sinks, dragging with her the unfortunates still clinging to her.

The most remarkable thing about this wreck is that, by extraordinary good fortune, the steamer threaded her way through a most dangerous series of rocks and reefs in deep water, and quietly glided into a little smooth gully on one of the most dangerous coasts in the British Islands.

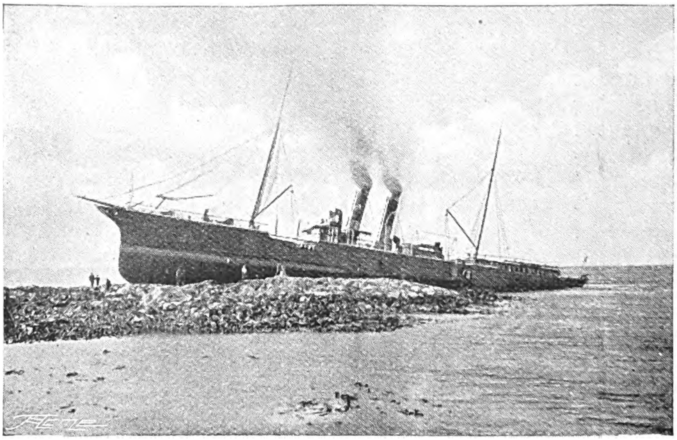


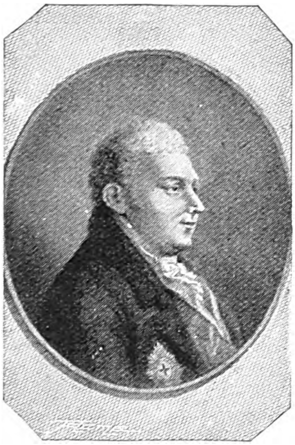
Photo by R. Welch.

The "Davaar" hard and fast aground.

An idea of the danger of these rocks may be gleaned from the fact that a steamer which was assisting to get the *Davaar* off some two or three days later accidentally touched one of them, and sank within a few minutes. Eventually Messrs. Harland and Wolff succeeded in getting the *Davaar* off, when it was found that the only damage she had sustained was the bending of some plates, which were repaired in a few hours.

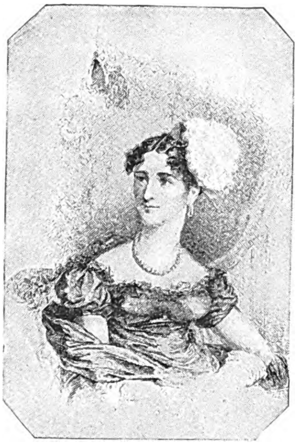
This was a matter of extreme good fortune, for it by no means always follows that a vessel which has sustained no damage can be successfully refloated. All manner of difficulties invariably present themselves in dealing with the gigantic dead weight of a ship out of her element, and in many parts of the world splendid vessels have been left to rot on shoals or rocks, although the actual damage sustained is meagre.

SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

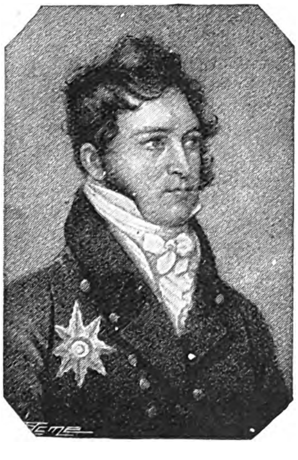


His Father.

Duke of Cambridge.

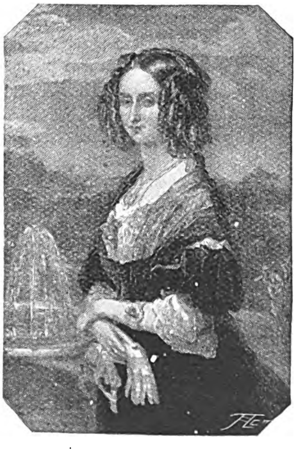


His Mother.

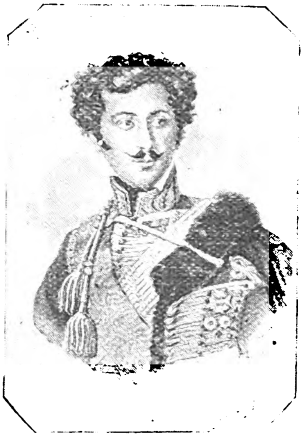


His Father.

King of the Belgians.

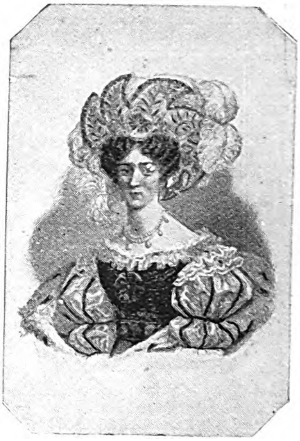


His Mother.



His Father.

King of Sweden.



His Mother

Her Father.

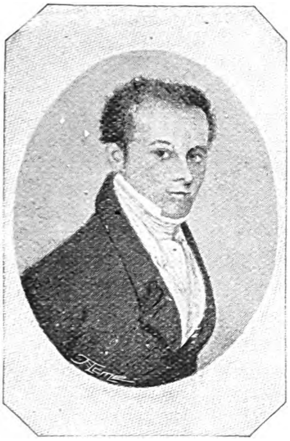
Mrs. Kendal.

Her Mother.

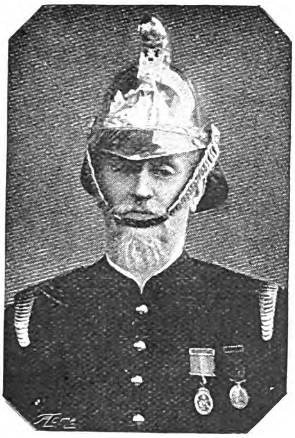
His Father.

Mr. George Griffiths.

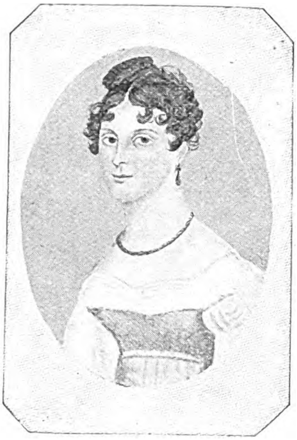
His Mother.



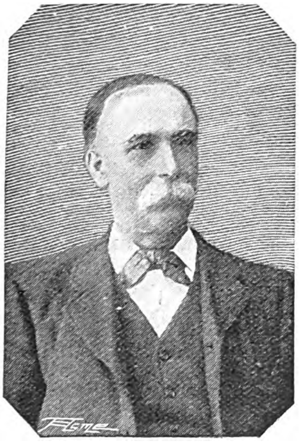
His Father.



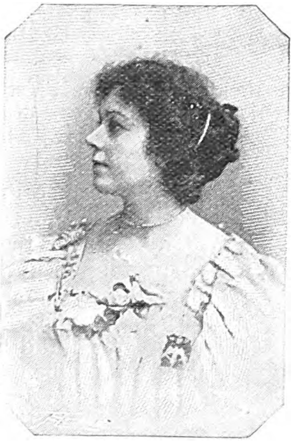
Sir Eyre Massey Shaw.



His Mother.



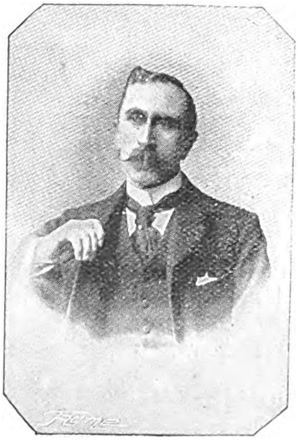
Her Father.



Miss Clara Butt.

Her Mother.

His Father.



Mr. Clifford Harrison.

His Mother.

Photographs by W. & D. Downey, London Stereoscopic Co., Gosta Florman, Mrs. Robinson, Lafayette, E. Davey Lavender, Barraud, Batten, Percival, Window & Grove.

THE MAELSTRÖM

By EDWARD NOBLE.

"Few of those who wander up and down the river know what lies behind the Sandspit at Holehaven," said Gaskin. "In those hulks there is enough dynamite to level half London, were it within reach."

We were steaming slowly against the ebbing tide, returning on Gaskin's launch from a late visit to the Medway. The sun had sunk behind a broken mass of clouds, and now threw a fiery glow across the purple river, that flashed and scintillated in wide-spread patches down to where the water tumbled in foaming savagery under the *Vigilante's* bow.

Suddenly we noticed the launch was swinging rapidly shorewards.

"What's wrong, Dismal," cried Gaskin, as he approached the skipper; "surely you are close enough to the sands!"

"There's su'thin' lyin' on the mud there, sir. Do you make it out? It's about a point on the port bow now, sir. Steady, Kosh!"

"I see. What is it?"

"Looks like a'zif t'wer anover of them 'missin's,' sir," said Dismal, with his eyes glued to the glasses.

Gaskin took a telescope from the rack, and stood searching the shore.

"Gad! You are right, Dismal," he cried, as he shut the glass with a snap. "Look, Ralston, yonder lies another of the shadows that cross the threshold of this great London of ours, a body stripped naked—by whom?"

"Steady, Dismal! Go dead slow, and have the boat got ready."

Five minutes later we left the launch, and, rowing quickly shorewards, presently came into the dismal shelter of the banks. The river ran more sluggishly here. A dozen creeklets, and countless twisting rivulets, drained over the flats from the farther channel. A desolate vista lay on every hand. The banks were dark; the swaying reeds and tufts of adventurous grass all dark, and from their midst ran the tortuous streamlets all crimson in the sun-glare.

When the boat reached the sands we leaped quickly overside, and waded through the slime until we came upon the object of our search.

It was the body of a man, tall and powerfully built, with bronzed arms and knotted muscles, massive thighs, and the torso of a Hercules—the sort of man who would sell his life dearly in a fight; whose strength would be a terrible weapon of defence. Yet here he lay, a flaccid heap of inertia, stark naked at the edge of the tide.

I had time to note these matters whilst Gaskin kneeled down, searching for traces of lingering vitality. At length he got up.

"We are too late," he remarked, quietly. "We must get him on board, and take him up. What a magnificent specimen, eh, Ralston?"

"A perfect gladiator," I replied. "Good God!"

The men had turned him over whilst we were speaking, and I instantly perceived a terrible expression, a white, scared look, the look of a man who had died in an agony of fear, printed vividly on his blanched face and in his staring eyes.

"There is a mystery about this man's death," said Gaskin sternly. "Cover him up, lads, and get him to the boat."

"My Gawd!" cried the skipper, who was stooping to lift the man's feet. "What's this? Lumme! If he haven't been sucked dry a'ready!"

He pointed to a punctured wound in the soft part of the big toe, where the flesh was drawn and blue.

"That has not been done in the water, Dismal," said Gaskin, as he stooped to examine the place. "The man has been bled there before death."

"By which, sir, you mean this chap's been murdered?"

"That's about it, Dismal."

The skipper whistled.

"He's a Dutchman, sir," he remarked inconsequently; "leastways, that's wheer I should say he hailed from."

"Norwegian or Swede, probably," said Gaskin. "By the way, how many Baltic-men are there lying in the Hope?"

"There was quite a fleet of 'em, but the lawst few days fair wind has sent 'em scootin'. I doubt if there's many now."

"We will run across river," said Gaskin, "and look them up as we pass."

By the time we had carried the body on board, and headed the launch up Reach, the darkness had closed in. Low in the far nor'-west a few faint coppery tinges lingered, and against the waning light the outline of fort-capped Coalhouse Point stood out in bold silhouette, whilst nearer at hand lay the clustering masts and yards of ships at anchor.

We crossed straight over from the tail of the sands into Mucking Bight, as much to cheat the tide as with the idea of looking up the foreigners which congregate at this end of the Lower Hope.

There were, as the skipper anticipated, only a few vessels left. Of these, two lay well down towards the head of the creek, another farther up, and almost in a line with the Port boundary mark. As we steamed past them we stopped to hail each consecutively, asking if they had lost any of their crew. In each case the same answer was returned. No. All hands were on board, and they were sailing in the morning. But as we crept slowly towards the third, we saw a light flashed many times rapidly from a position somewhere on the vessel's stern.

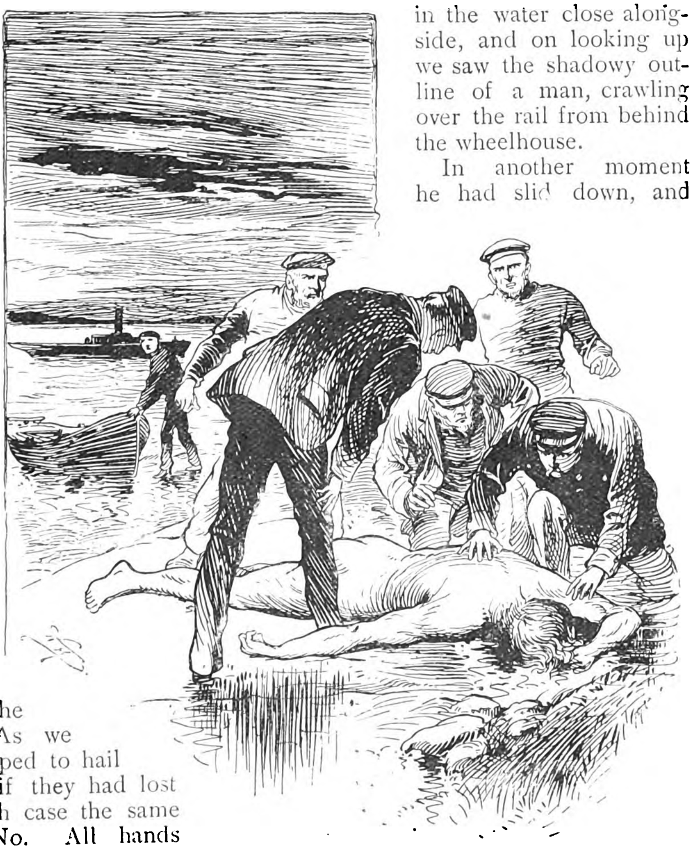
"Answer that chap," said Gaskin, sharply. "No, not the whistle; wave the binnacle lamp."

This was done, and we saw the light waved frantically a few moments; then all was darkness.

"Crawl up as quietly as may be," said Gaskin again. "There's something adrift here, or they would hail us."

Before long we drew silently under the great square stern of a Norwegian barque, and passed a line round her rudder chains, She was the *Mælström* of Bergen. Her name, picked out of a gigantic scroll-work in yellow letters, was just above us. There were three square ports higher up, but no light appeared in either. Evidently if the cabins were lighted the shutters were closed inside. Whilst I was wondering at the silence, the end of a rope lowered quietly from the taffrail, trailed in the water close alongside, and on looking up we saw the shadowy outline of a man, crawling over the rail from behind the wheelhouse.

In another moment he had slid down, and



It was the body of a man, tall and powerfully built.

was hanging in mid-air, just clear of the launch.

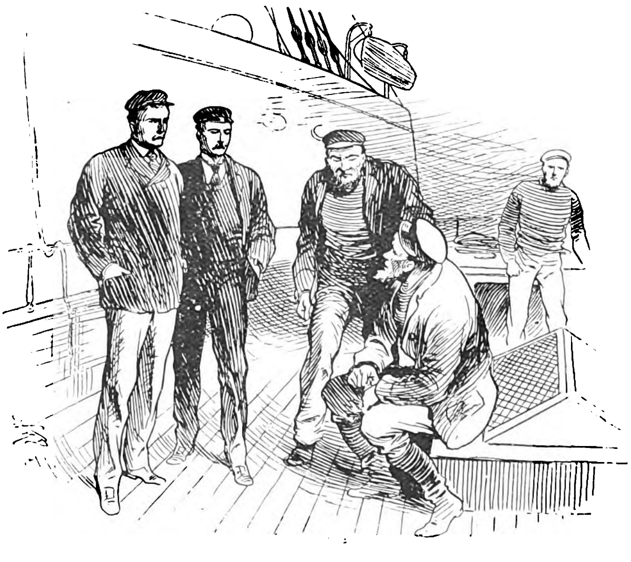
"Catch hold of the rope. Pull him in, Dismal," Gaskin whispered.

Presently, with the help of the skipper, the man was seated in a heap on the skylight before us.

"It's Cap'n Gaskin's launch?" he whispered, looking about him in a dazed fashion. "Yes, a' knew that—there ain't another launch wiv her sheer on the river. Whist, mate, wheer's a taste o' rum?"

"What's adrift, my lad?" said Gaskin, as he handed the man a toss from his flask.

"Sir," said the man, tossing off the liquor at a draught, "there's a song about some chaps as 'rode out of the Mouth of Hell.' That's me—I'm just out of it; an' my name's Hellings, which is coin*ci*dent. Drop the launch astarn, sir."



Presently the man was seated on the skylight before us.

Gaskin gave the order.

"Wiv the tide, sir. Oh, my Gawd! not wiv the engines."

As we drove through the darkness, Hellings rose from his crouching posture on the sky-light, and, creeping forward into the eyes of the launch, gazed steadfastly at the blurring *Mælström*.

"Why did I say, drop her astarn quiet?" he asked, coming aft when at length the ship was faint in the distance. "Becose, sir, there's a devil on that ship—a female devil, sir, which is the wusser sort. Oh my Gawd!"

The man had stumbled across the partly covered corpse that lay on the launch's deck. In a moment he was all excitement, kneeling beside it, his face twitching and working in the glare of the engine room skylight.

"Sir," he whispered. "It's Björnson—the last of 'em! the last of 'em!"

He stumbled to his feet again, and called to Gaskin for his flask.

We went over to where he stood, and I heard Gaskin speaking quietly to him.

"Were you to pilot her down?" he questioned.

"That's about it, sir. Times are hard—a man must live."

"I don't blame you, but the pilots would."

"There's as good men in the boats as ever piloted for Trinity House, sir. Talk about robbery, Cap'n Gaskin; ain't it robbery for one chap to have the pref. over all the rest? Ain't that robbery?"

"That's better," said Gaskin, quietly, to me; "now we shall get something out of him."

"Look here, sir, it's like this. I'm afloat in the old boat betimes off Greenwich lawst Tuesday, when I see the *Mælström* coming down stream in the wake of a little tosher* as she could have stowed betwixt galley and mainmast. There are no boats alongside, so I says to myself, I'll take the liberty of putting my hook aboard you. Perhaps there'll be a job out of it, perhaps there won't. Odds is evens in cases of this sort, so hook her it is. By-and-by, I fix the boat's slip and climb on board over the stern. There's a white-haired Dutchman at the wheel, an' there's a yellow-haired Dutchman, wiv a long yellow beard, walking the poop.

"'That's the skipper,' says I; 'but there's no pilot. Hellings! there's oil in this here cruse or I don't know nothin.' 'Good mornin', Cap'n,' says I. 'Goot morning,' says he. 'Sir,' says I, 'you are wanting a pilot. Any man could see that by the way you're standing out in the thick of the tide when you might be cheating it. You'll have to take a pilot a bit lower if you don't take me.' 'Wheer your papeers?' says he.

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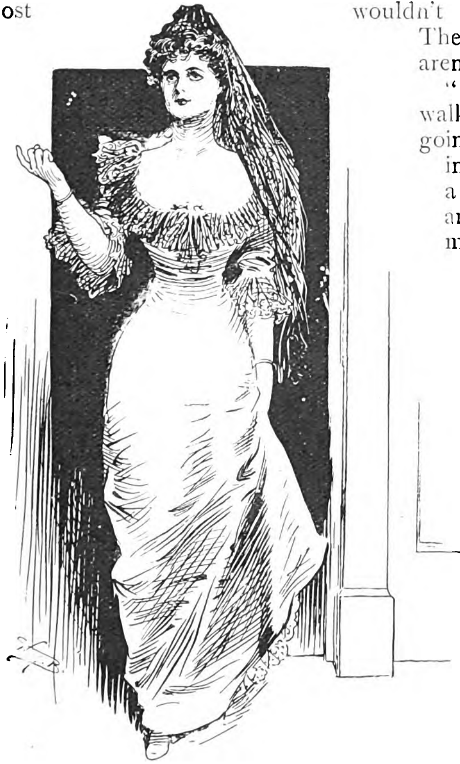
* A small tug-boat.

'Here,' says I; and I out with my ticket like a bird. 'Licensed under Waterman's Hall,' says I. 'Ten shillings to the Nore,' says he. 'A pound,' says I. 'I vill giff you fifteen schilling or go avay.' 'Done, sir,' says I; 'I'm your man,' and we clenched the deal in as good a glass of Hollands as ever you may wish to get outside of.

"Well, sir, we tow down river all day as quiet as you like, and towards evening come to anchor at the foot of the Lower Hope. There's a lot of Dutchmen lying there then, but the wind coming westerly a Wednesday morning, sent the most of 'em scootin' wiv a flowing sheet.



There she was standing atop of the companion stairs."

"That morning, shortly before noon, I'm standin' aft talkin' to this here Björnson, when I hear the flutter o' petticoats about the kebbin stairs. 'Hallo!' says I. 'Women aboard?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Björnson, who spoke English first-class, like most o' these Dutchmen. 'It's the Cap'n's wife. Haven't you seen her?'

"'She grubs in her room then,' says I; and with that I turn about, and there she was standing atop of the companion stairs.

"Cap'n Gaskin, I ain't much of a hand at givin' you the pictur of a woman, not havin' had much truck wiv 'em. But I've seen picturs—picturs of angels and gells wiv dawk eyes, and babbies at their breasts at the Hospital up at Greenwich — and lumme! there you are; tall, straight as a lowermast, round as an apple, dawk hair, red lips, and eyes, sir — eyes that would look through a man and bring him up all standing.

"Björnson takes off his cap and stands looking at her. I do the same, and stand like a fool while she blares at us out of those black eyes of her's a minute. Then she turns and goes below, looking as haughty as they make 'em. There's a flush acrost Björnson's face.

"'Cap'n's wife, eh?' says I. 'Ought to be,' says Björnson. 'Ho, ho!' says I, 'that's the game, is it? Where did you pick her up?'

"'Out in Rio last voyage,' says Björnson. 'She was for marrying the old man when we got home. But it didn't come off. He felt shy of it in his own town; promised to marry her here. Now my lady won't be married, and there's smoke between 'em.'

"When I come on deck after tea, Björnson, who has taken a fancy to me, comes up, and whispers: 'There's trouble down aft, Pilote; there's muddy water being stirred. I wouldn't be the old man. These Spanish women aren't to be trusted.'

"That night, whilst I'm walking the deck, it's going on for two o'clock in the morning, I hear a sound down below, and I remember in a minute what Björnson has told me. So I slip over to the scuttle which is drawn. There's a low, swashing noise down in the dawk of the kebbin. S-w-i-s-h-h-h, w-h-r-r-r, w-h-r-r-r; then all is as still as the dead. My hair goes up acrost my head, sir, and the chills run down my back, for it's a ghostly noise I hear—not the sound of any mortal thing, I know. It don't belong to ships, or steamers, or the river. It's like the fluttering of a giant moth.

"Awhile this went on, then all grew as silent as the grave. And in that silence—if I'm asked—the skipper died. Died stone dead, Cap'n, wiv nary a spill of blood in all the kebbin."

"What make's you say that?" asked Gaskin, quickly. "Did you think of foul play?"

"Not that night I didn't, sir. 'Twasn't till the next day—yesterday that is—that it struck me. Then I remembered there was no sign. The skipper died in his bed, sir, and I saw the sheets as white as the full moon."

"Go on," said Gaskin. "How far are we from the *Maelström*, Dismal?"

"Matter of half-a-mile, sir."

"Creep up in shore of her, and let me know when you are well ahead. Go dead slow."

"In the morning Björnson comes to me," Hellings went on slowly. "'The Cap'n's dead,' he says in a queer voice. 'Lumme!' says I; 'then I heerd his ghost quit.'"

"'How,' says Björnson? Then I tell him just what I'm tellin' you, Cap'n, an' he sits wiv his head acrost the rail shiverin' like a child. 'She wants to see you,' says he. 'Who?' says I. 'Christobel, Crissy; the skipper's wife.'

"Then he slips away and I hear him hammering and sawing fore-side the galley. 'She wants me, does she,' says I. "Lumme then, let her fetch me!'

"I look round, and there she stands, smiling and beckoning in the companion. The mate is standing beside her. He's the skipper's brother, but can't talk much English—no more can she. So they call Björnson aft, and talk to him a spell in their dirty lingo.

"'They want to know whether they need report the Cap'n's death,' says he. 'They want to sail to-morrow, and would rather take him to sea and bury him there.' 'That's as you like,' says I. 'We're pretty nigh outside the port o' London. You've no call to declare, although it would be more regular, if you ask me.'

"After some more palaver, that's arranged. Then Björnson turns to me again and says, 'She wants to know whether the river is easy to navigate to the Nore?' 'Easy!' says I. 'It's full of shoals and the like. No man that don't know the waters can sail this crawft down.' 'Will you take us clear of the channels below the Nore?' says Björnson. 'Two pound ten's my price,' says I. 'She'll give it,' says Björnson, after more palaver. 'Cash down,' says I. And cash down it is in a little while. Then they go below, and I light my pipe and sit down.

"In the afternoon I come on deck about four o'clock. There's a boat being lowered, and the crew are getting over the side. 'What's up?' says I to Björnson. 'The men are going ashore on leave,' says he. And so it is. Crissy has persuaded the mate to let the hands go for a run, and at six o'clock, bar me, and Björnson, Crissy, and the mate, there ain't a soul aboard.

"However, it's nothin' to me so long as they're back for a stawt next day. Lawd! it's easy to see wheer this crawft hailed from. Show me the Englishmen who would lie here wiv all his crew ashore, and a fair wind blowin' down reach. Lumme! these foreigners take their tea cool, and no error.

"Cap'n Gaskin," Hellings went on, in a quiet, hushed voice, "that night the mate died, too. It would have happened whilst I slept. Yes, sir, I was asleep; that chap's gassin' had set me off. I slept when I should have been watching, and Gawd alone knows how it came about."

"Did you see the mate as you did the skipper?" Gaskin questioned.

"I see his face, sir, but no more."

"Did Björnson or you know of it first?"

"I did, sir. There's no two ways about that, for I met him comin' out of his room before he's dressed. 'Björnson,' says I, 'the mate's dead. What sort of a ship is this at all?' But he never answered me. He seemed to fall all of a heap at the sound of my voice. 'Dead!' he groaned. 'Dead!' 'Aye,' says I, 'as dead as mutton.'

"For a while he lay acrost the chest in his berth smothered up in a kind of knot, an' he's shakin' like a ship in stays. At last he gets up.

"'Pilote,' says he, 'there is a mystery here that we cannot understand.' 'Lumme,' says I, 'what are you giving us? As though a chap wiv a hole for a eye couldn't see that.' 'Hold,' says he, 'the mystery is aft—in the cabeen—inside the cabeen—wheer—sh-h-h-h—*where there is a blank door*.'

"Just then the skipper's wife comes to the kebbin door. She stands but says nothing—only looks, until Björnson grows fidgetty, turns round and sees her. Then he looks too; she smiles, and a flush grows on his face.

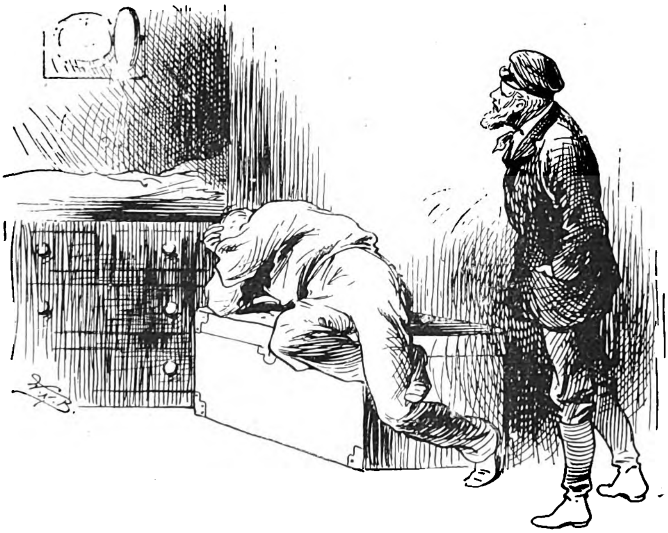
"Sir," said Hellings, as he paused to gaze like one spellbound into the night, "that's the lawst time but one I see him away from her side, and when I think of it, it fair strikes me dizzy. All day long they stay together on the poop, on the main deck—anywhere within sight of me, until I begin to think I'd best sling my hook as soon as may be, for it's *me* they're watching now.

"After dinner I see a chawnce of a tow coming up, and slip aft. But my boat is gone. That sets me by the ears. 'Lumme,' I shout out, 'you'll pay fer this, that boat'll cost you fifty pound.' 'What boat?' asks Björnson, who stands quiet as you like with her beside him. 'My boat as was fast off the quarter this morning.' 'I am very sorry,' says Björnson, coming aft to look; 'she must have slipped adrift. Alas! with our short crew we cannot put out the long boat to find her, and, you see, there is no other.'

"It's true as gospel, and I'm in a hole, and know it. What can I do? Nothing; only look, and pray fer a crawft to drive past us, and pick me off. But we're too far down in the Bight fer that. So night comes on, and I make ready to spend mine on deck. 'No sleep to night, my son,' says I, 'an' keep your weather-eye liftin' fer what may be cruising around.'

"But it's no use, sir; a man must sleep sometimes, and I had been awake all day. I don't know what time it was. It must have been after twelve o'clock when I jump up with a stawt. How long I've been asleep, Gawd alone knows. The lawst I remember is hearin' the sound o' them two whispering, and smothering each other wiv kisses.

I remember this, and somethin' more. It was the sound I heard the first night I'm aboard the cussed hooker—s-h-w-r-r-r, s-w-i-s-h-h-h, so soft and onholy.



"For awhile, he lay acrost the chest in his berth."

"Sir, it's going again, as I sit there blaring out into the rain. It's that that has woke me, and my cap's leavin' my head wiv mortal fear.

"Were you ever stuck up wiv such a feelin', Cap'n Gaskin? Do you know what it is for to try to shout, and to feel your tongue won't quit the roof of your mouth? Do you know what it is to sweat till you're blind, and the rain pourin' down atop of you the while? What it is to try to get up from your seat, and your knee-joints are in mutiny wiv your will? Sir, if you've known what this is, you've known how I felt that night as I sat on the sky-light, and listened to the awful sound.

"How long it lawsted, only Gawd, He knows! How long I listened, how long my blood ran freezing in my body, only Gawd, He knows! I remember nothing but the sound, and the cry that rang from keel to truck, before I see a man—Björnson!—going across the deck almost naked; his skin shining in the whimper of moonlight that broke through the cloudrack; Björnson flying like a hunted man acrost the deck, up the forecastle ladder and over the bows.

"I heerd the splash, sir. I saw him spring out into the night. I saw it all, and saw the ebb carry him out of my reach, before I could get anigh him. Then I'm up too—up, wild and dazed with the scare, and down on to the maindeck.

"Sir, that kebbin is locked as secure as when I fixed it off. The skylight, the scuttle, the ports—all are fast; and down aft in that kebbin, there's two dead men, a she-devil, and Gawd knows what besides."

Gaskin turned to the skipper.

"Drop down to the *Mælström*," he ordered.

"Give me a drink of whiskey, Cap'n," said Hellings, "and I'm wiv you, sir."

"Bring to under the ship's bows, Dismal. Put us on board. Then run up and fetch the police. All speed, my lad, when you've left us."

After giving these orders, Gaskin went below and presently emerged from the cabin carrying a brace of pistols.

"You will come, Ralston?" he asked.

"Aye, I'm with you, Gaskin," I said, "but I think a peg wouldn't kill us before we start?"

The night had settled down dark and lowering. The wind came in fitful gusts across the broad expanse of river trending to the westward. Here and there, out in the middle of the stream, the dusky tracery of outward bound barges loomed darkly against the almost invisible Kentish hills. Whilst close at hand, towering above us, the solitary *Mælström* lay silent as the grave, with her one twinkling light hanging on the rigging abreast the foremast.

Presently the launch had driven close under the high overhanging bow of the Norwegian ship. She was lying at double anchor with a score of turns in her cables, one of which stretched out broad on the starboard bow, carrying the other slack upon it.

"Let her come astern a bit," cried Gaskin, under his breath. "Gently does it. Look out for the launch, Dismal, and put us alongside the cable. So! Steady starboard! Dead slow ahead! Now, then, Ralston, follow me. Only look out; the chain is slippery."

In another minute my friend had climbed the outstretched cable, and was twisting himself into the head-knees above. Hellings and I followed, clinging tenaciously to a rope Gaskin lowered to us.

"Now, Dismal, away you go—full speed as soon as you are clear of the ship."

We waited silently, resting in the ship's "head" until the launch had disappeared from sight; then crawled warily to the main deck. It was bare, deserted; not a vestige of life appeared. The galley door flapped idly in the fitful breeze. The voices of the night sobbed eerily high aloft, where the taut shrouds caught the wind. Here and there a rope "slatted" against the mast. But beside these sounds, and the sight of a stray marlinspike and serving mallet, nothing appeared. The ship was as solitary as a derelict borne on the breast of the wide Atlantic, and to us more full of mystery.

We crept warily along the deck until we reached the galley. Here we stood awhile to make sure of the details Hellings was giving us of the cabin and its sleeping berths. It was necessary that we gained this perfectly, for nothing would persuade the man to come below with us. He would stay on deck and act as circumstances required.

Whilst speaking, he silently unbarred the rough fastenings he had placed on the companion hatchway and opened the door.

"You have your pistol, Ralston?" Gaskin asked in a whisper, as we stood ready to go down.

"Aye—and you?"

"I have this also," he answered, showing me a long wooden belaying pin he had taken from the rail. "It may be handy."

We had taken off our boots, and now stole quietly down the stairs, searching the gloom. The saloon was dark, and silent as the deck had been. Opening a glimmer from the dark lantern, we crawled on tiptoe across the dreary room. My heart was thumping sonorously. To my strained senses it beat loud enough to waken the dead. Indeed, I fear I cannot boast the composure of my companion. We reached the door at the after end of the saloon, opened it, and crept silently into a narrow semi-circular room. The transom lockers rose high behind a fixed settee that ran its length. Above them I could see the shuttered ports. Amidships, a great square casing concealed the rudder. The swirl of the river, bubbling and eddying inside, echoed through the quiet room.

Suddenly, as we sat listening, waiting, we scarce knew what, a soft, whirring sound broke upon our ears. Instinctively I gripped at my revolver, and half rose. But Gaskin caught me by the hand, and we stood motionless.

The whirring died and grew, came and went, but it was not in the room with us.

"Hist," Gaskin whispered, "the secret door he spoke of leads from here. We must find it."

Again he opened a small ray of light, and searched the bulkhead. Away in the corner of the room a panel was missing. It was the door, standing open.

Gaskin closed the lantern. We crawled breathlessly to the secret entrance, crept through it, and found ourselves in a long room, as dark as the last. But in the distance, leagues away it seemed, two gleaming beads of light, standing out eerily, held us transfixed.

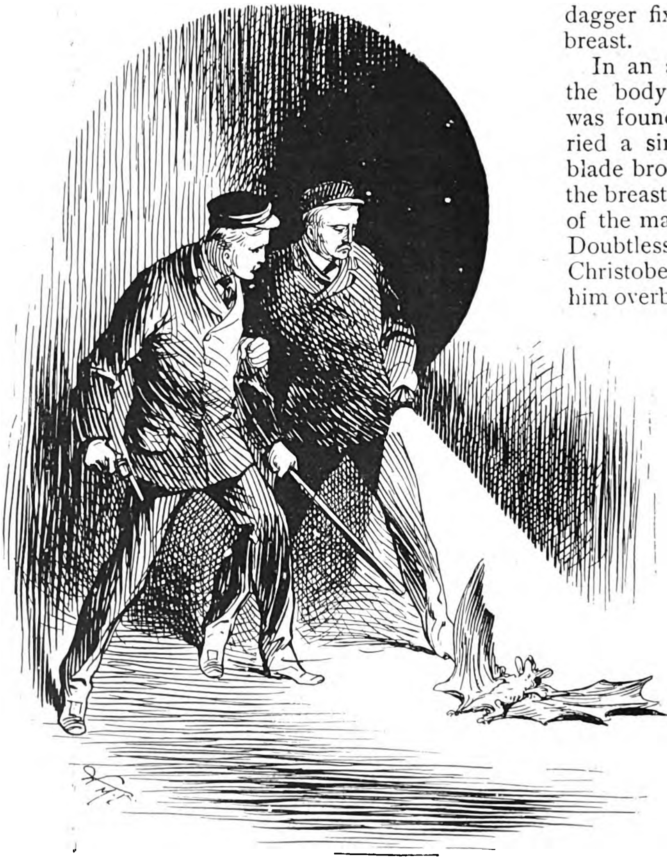
I clutched at Gaskin's arm, and stood pointing, but the whisper died on my lips. A soft, whirring sound crept out of the stillness, and the points of light vanished momentarily, then reappeared, darting hither and thither about the room.

In another second it was whirling about us, and we were fighting the air with rapid blows, heedless of everything but the horror of the swift, slanting movements. Once I touched a part as it swirled past me. My hand bled suddenly. The sweat poured down my face. In another moment I should have shouted aloud. Then I heard a dull thud. Gaskin had struck the brute in mid-air. It fell to the deck a twisting, writhing mass. Gaskin opened his lantern fully now. The glare revealed a gigantic vampire struggling in aimless circles at our

feet, its wing shattered by one of Gaskin's blows.

“So much for the mystery,” said my friend, as he gripped the brute by the neck and squeezed the life out of it. “This chap will suck no more men anyway. By Gad! we are easily frightened, Ralston.”

“Man born of woman is a stutterer before the sex,” said I, “and a trembler in the dark. What would you have? Hist!” My straining ears had caught another sound. “Keep the light on, Gaskin.”



The glare revealed a vampire struggling at our feet, its wing shattered.

A door opened at the end of the room as I spoke. Hellings appeared in the aperture, half dazed with fright.

“I heered the noise, Cap'n Gaskin,” he said, “and see your light; but the spirit's gone out of me like out of a spiled cawsk o' rum.

“Lumme!” says I, “I cawn't face that aftermost door, and I cawn't see the Guv'nors go under.” So I'm in through Crissy's room, an' if this 'ain't the final—Lumme!”

We followed hastily into a tastefully decorated room. Against the bulkhead, amidships, stood a bed draped with creamy hangings. The clothes were tossed back, partly disclosing the white-robed form of a woman.

It was Christobel, lying as though asleep, with one white arm thrown back above her head, and her left breast bare of covering. She looked beautiful enough to warrant even Helling's description; beautiful enough to turn the heads of some men, and to draw the life-blood of others.

But in her soft, white breast, was fixed one of those slender Venetian daggers that spill no blood; and in her eyes we saw a look of agony difficult to associate with the calm symmetry of her rounded limbs.

We drew a sheet across her body. A search revealed a letter, written during the day, in Spanish; also several thin steel blades adjustable to the dagger fixed in the girl's breast.

In an adjoining room the body of the captain was found; he, too, carried a similar thin steel blade broken off close in the breast. But the body of the mate was missing. Doubtless Björnson and Christobel had passed him overboard in order to make their tale good to the crew when they returned.

So we went back to the room where the girl lay, and Gaskin gave me the letter.

“You know the lingo, Ralston. Read it,” he said; “it may give some clue to all this misery.”

I took the letter from him, and opened it, faltering. It ran thus:

> To the Caballeros Inglesos, who will be my judges. This my extenuation. Capitan Hendricksen loved me at home, in my country, Brazil. I love him, too. He tells me marriage with him in Rio is illegal for him of Norway. He promises to marry me at home. Bueno, I come with him. I am a fool; but I bring Matador, my pet, with me. He is tame. He will do my bidding. The Capitan gives me a place for him. We come to Bergen. The Capitan is at home, but he does not marry me. My love turns to hate. He is playing with me. I, too, play with him, for he is afraid of me in my moods. In time the ship which was his, is mine on his death. Behold, Señores, the papers in my drawer.

> It is the truth. It is the truth. So time draws on; we come to England, and I grow to love Carlos, whom you call Björnson, but whom I name after his race, whose mother was of us. Carlos I love. No other is possible. I kiss his feet; amigo mio, there is no other under heaven. And, now, alas! alas! oh, that the past could pass, and he and I stand alone together. He, my hero—my king! I, his wife—his slave! But it is gone. All life, all love, all hope is gone. Madre di Dios! Madre di Dios!

There was a blank space here, and the page was stained with tears—tears Cristobel had evidently tried to erase. Then turning the page, I read in a voice that I could with difficulty control:

> The past is dead. This is my extenuation, not my apology. The Capitan trod me in the dirt. With the help of my pet, I killed him. He being dead, his brother, Piloto, the mate approached me. I hated him, and killed him as I did the other. Then I called Carlos—Björnson—to me. We loved. I showed him the papers; I showed him all my soul; and he loved me, too. We were to be married. It is written amongst my papers by him. Then came the night, the sweet, dark night, and we slept. But I had forgotten to fasten the secret door where lived Matador. Dios! He escaped! He had grown accustomed to blood. He attacked Carlos, my husband, as I slept. When I awoke, the night was black—Carlos had fled in terror, for it was all secret, hidden from him, and I was alone with Matador. Him I fastened securely, whilst the Pilote fastened me here. There is no escape. I must die, but I die calling upon Carlos; to him I go. Señores, buenos noches! I am asleep.

I sat long in the darkened room after the others left to go on deck, thinking, brooding over the possibilities that cross a man's path; of the heights of which we are capable, of the depths to which we fall; and all in pursuit of that old blind passion we dignify with the name of love. The night grew on apace. Steamers wailing in the darkness passed up the river. Now and then a vessel under sail approached the port, and the thunder of her canvas sounded in my ears. The tide had turned. Dismal came back with the launch and the representatives of the law. There was nothing else to be done. So we returned to the *Vigilanté* and steamed slowly home, leaving Hellings where we had found him.

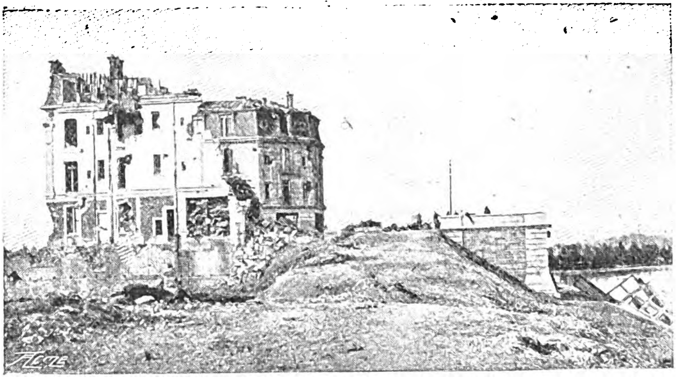
WAR CRY BICYCLE GIRLS.

The introduction of the bicycle into their ranks has been hailed with almost as great delight by the men of the Salvation Army as by the women, although it is said that it was principally through the consideration for the female "soldier" that Commander Booth-Tucker decided to adopt it.

The sight of the Salvation lads and lasses on their wheels is still a sufficiently novel one to excite comment and occasional criticism from the lips of the people in United States cities, but not more so than did the sight of the bicycle corps of the regular army when that division was first organised. At any rate the good common-sense shown by the officers in the Salvation Army in the introduction of this very useful modern method of locomotion into their ranks, is so self-evident, that neither the public nor the members of the Salvation ranks will be likely to regret the innovation, although, naturally enough perhaps, there are always opponents to be found to any new idea.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

Salvation Army Lasses who sell the War Cry in New York.



From a Photo.

Bridge de Clichy, Asnieres.

A result of the bombardment. The holes made by the shells are plainly visible.

THE MOST TRAGIC WINTER OF MODERN TIMES.

By Caley Wainwright.

On September 1st, 1870, at the battle of Sedan, eighty thousand Frenchmen surrendered to the Germans. Amongst them was Napoleon III. himself.

The German victory marked the downfall of the Second Empire. On September 4th, the Third Republic was proclaimed with Gambetta at its head, and Trochu as its military chief. Many of the German leaders would have ended the war at this juncture, but the desire to complete France's humiliation was too strong. The German army continued its advance towards the capital, and on September 19th, the siege of Paris commenced.

Through the dying year and beyond into the new, the siege continued, until, within the great ring of the Prussian outposts, there hovered about the city the gaunt shadow of starvation.

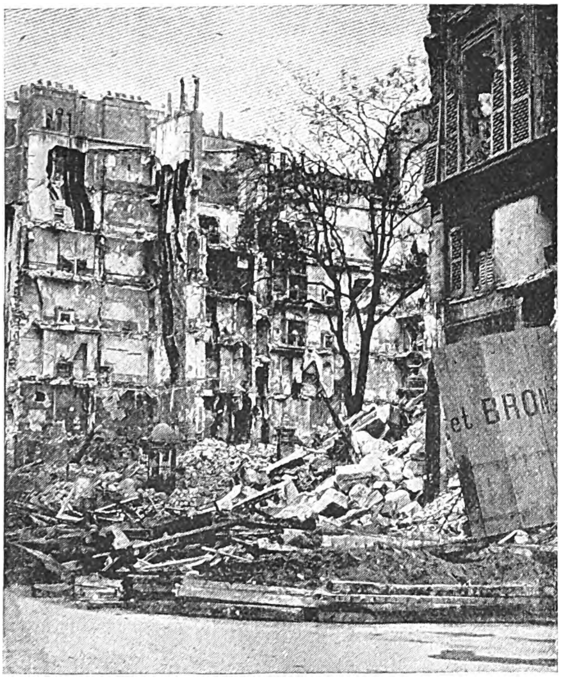
Butcher's meat grew scarce, then scarcer, then failed. Horse flesh became a not uncommon food, then a necessity, then a luxury, then even an impossibility.

Curiously enough, almost throughout the siege, the restaurants were able to serve meals with all manner of choice delicacies. It was not well, perhaps, to be too inquisitive. It did not tend to promote an appetite to persist too closely in inquiries as

From a Photo.

Battery in Construction, Asnieres.

The Garrison of Paris were ceaselessly engaged in strengthening the fortifications by putting up earthworks.



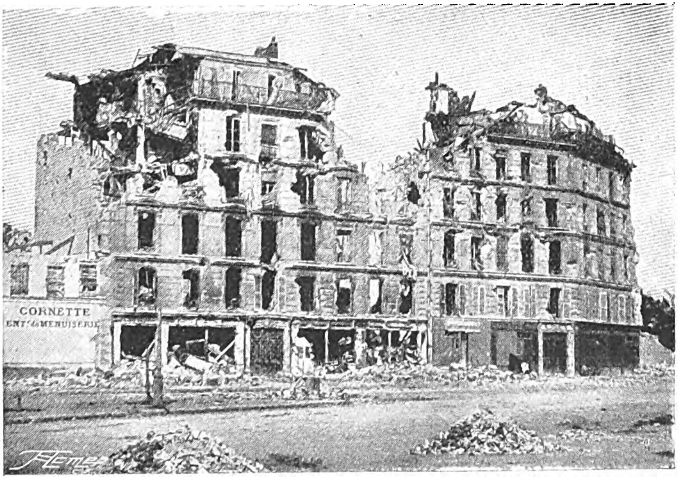
From a Photo.

A Collapse in the Rue Royal.

The damage done by Prussian shells has been intensified by the buildings catching fire.

to the basis of any delicate entrée that was served up. It was food, it was palatable, and more than this the hungry individual had no right to expect. Bread was the difficulty, and the restaurant keepers were obliged to put up notices, asking their customers to bring their own bread, as they themselves were unable to supply it.

By January, eatables were at famine prices. A hare, we learn, cost £2 0s. 6d.; a lark (in all probability the dainty bird was a sparrow in disguise) fetched 2s. 4d. each; an apple stood at the same high figure; whilst a fresh egg fetched two shillings. Bread and butter became an almost impossible luxury, for, apart from the scarcity of bread, butter cost 30s. a pound.



From a Photo.

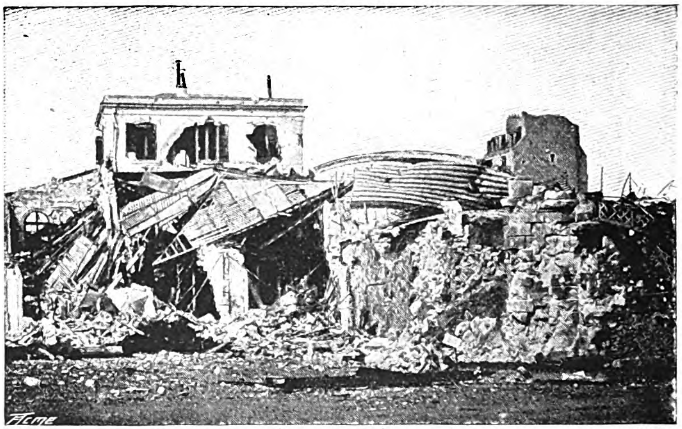
A Block of Shops in the Avenue du Route, Neuilly.

The effect of the bombardment is to leave very little more than the outer walls, fire and falling masonry having destroyed the whole of the interior.

One restaurant keeper invested a considerable amount of capital on an elephant. The trunk was considered the tit-bit, and when we learn that small slices of about the size of a man's hand, fetched 24*s*. each, we would imagine that the speculator reaped a substantial gain. As a matter of fact, however, we learn that he lost considerably over the transaction.

It is not often that one is called upon to decide the edible merits of cats and dogs, but during the siege those who were able to afford such luxuries, were able to form very decided opinions upon the subject. The hind leg of a dog, properly cooked and served with red currant jelly, proved to be almost indistinguishable from hare. Apart from this, the flesh of a cat was held by connoisseurs to be distinctly whiter, more tender, and more succulent than that of a dog.

Whilst the richer folks could indulge themselves in food, amongst the poor there prevailed the most terrible misery. Outside the bakers' and the butchers' shops there ranged long strings of women, waiting and waiting, hour by hour, throughout the wintry day, in the hope of obtaining



From a Photo.

Railway Station, Auteuil.

The destruction of the railway station appears to have been somewhat unnecessary, for the railways were, of course, in the hands of the Prussians.

small scraps of food. In those long waits, many fell through sheer exhaustion, in some cases dying or even dead.

The city was, of course, to all intents and purposes isolated from the rest of the world. The sole means of exit was by balloon, and it was in this manner that Gambetta managed to reach the outlying provinces and eventually establish himself at Bordeaux. News was brought into the beleagured city by the use of carrier pigeons.

One method by which people were enabled to communicate with individuals inside the French capital was by means of minute photographs of the front page of the *Times*, containing as much as five columns of French advertisements. Copies were sent to Gambetta, who transmitted them by pigeon from Bordeaux. When received in Paris, the pigeon's letter was magnified by the aid of a magic lantern to an enormous size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks was engaged whose business it was immediately to transcribe the messages and send them off to the parties indicated.

From a Photo.

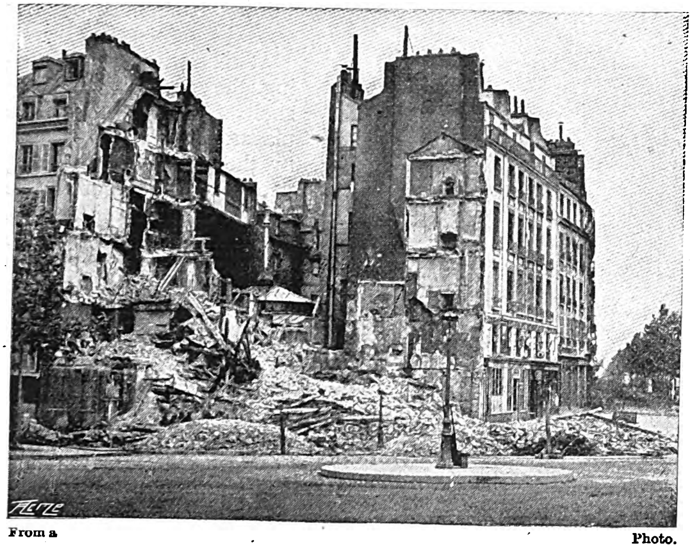
A Corner of the Rue du Bac.

A house has been totally destroyed by shot and shell. A pathway has been cleared through the fallen brickwork.

The residents of the French suburbs, had unconsciously, by fleeing into Paris and leaving their houses and belongings intact and full of food, rendered the Germans an immense benefit. The officers took full possession, and as there was no one to dispute their right, made free of the quantities of wine and provender they found, in the use of which they would have been decidedly restricted had the owners remained at their homes.

Now and again, the monotony of the besieging operations was broken by acts of peculiar daring. One German officer, able to speak French like a native, disguised himself as a French peasant, and, appearing to elude the German outposts, made for the French lines. The German sentries, under strict instructions, aimed at the fugitive, but carefully missed him. He was received with acclamation, spread a large amount of false news, and eventually returned to his own camp with a thorough knowledge of the state of Paris.

On another occasion, some officers were talking with the Crown Prince, when he turned to one of them who had been describing with great minuteness some of the



From a Photo.

Place de la Bastille.

The effect of the bombardment is distinctly curious in this case, for while the houses standing at the extreme corner were destroyed, those on either side were scarcely injured.

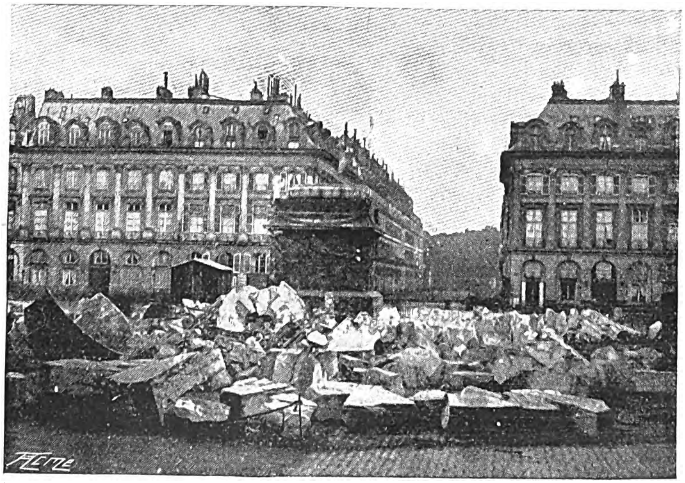
dwellings within the French lines, and remarked that all he would like now would be one of the latest Paris newspapers. The young officer said nothing, but the following evening, when visiting some outposts, he quietly left his men, and, passing within the lines of the French, made for a house. Creeping round to the drawing-room, he found a gentleman before a fire reading a newspaper. The astonishment of the individual must have been great, when, on hearing a noise, and turning, he found himself face to face with a Prussian officer, who, revolver in hand, ordered silence, and then demanded the newspaper which had fallen to the floor. Having obtained this, the young Prussian quietly withdrew, and the probabilities are that he lost nothing by the rapidity with which he had gratified his Prince's desire.

Another instance of the coolness, almost amounting to contempt, that characterised the attitude of the Germans towards the French is to be found in an engagement between a troop of Silesian Huzzars and a French battery. The Germans made for the Frenchmen as they were lumbering up, but before the drivers could mount, the cavalry had charged, and almost without a blow had taken the entire battery prisoners. They ordered every officer and man to take his proper place, and then quietly escorted the battery off the ground into the German lines, as if they were on parade with their own battery.

Terrible as had been the sufferings in the wretched city, by reason of the siege, it was increased tenfold on the commencement of the bombardment.

The first shell is said to have fallen in the Rue Lalande, and bursting in the street, it scattered the fragments of a window over the cradle of a little child sleeping in a room. Three others followed quickly almost on the same spot, and were received with cries from the people of "Vive la France!" "Vive Paris!"

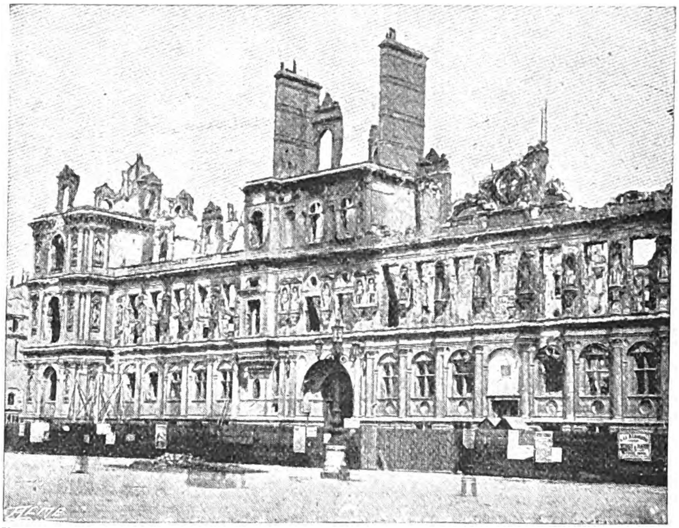
As showing the misfortunes of some buildings, in the Rue Daguerre, four shells



From a Photo.

The Remnants of the Vendôme Column.

This was one of the most wanton acts that disgraced the Commune The decision to pull down the column was not an impulse of the mob, but a deliberately decided act on the part of the leaders.



From a Photo.

Hotel de Ville.

No greater vandalism than the burning of this building could be imagined. Women played no small part in scattering petroleum and spreading fire throughout the unfortunate city.

fell at intervals on the same unlucky house. Strange to relate, not a single person was hurt, but one shell burst in a room where a little child was sitting in bed nursing a dog. The dog was killed, but the child was not even scratched. Frequently the great iron balls fell into the Seine, or in some instances striking on the ice, ricochetted, to the immense delight of crowds of children who stood on the bank clapping their hands.

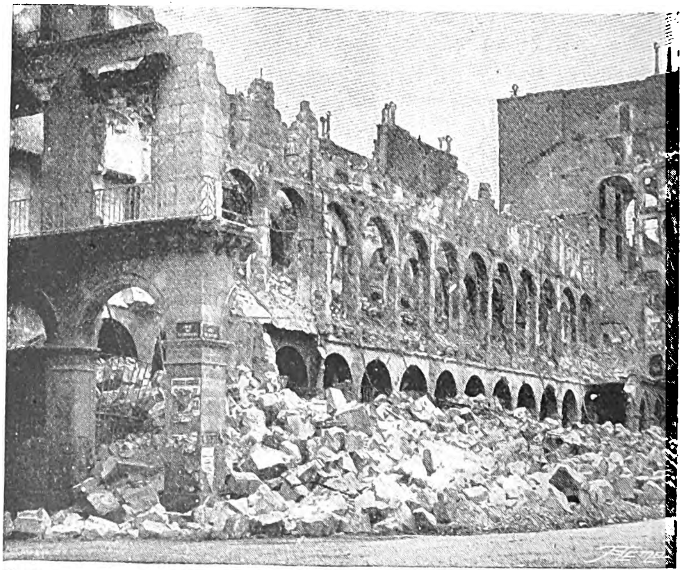
The Rue d'Enfer received a liberal baptism of fire. On one occasion a number of men were drinking at a counter of a wine shop, when a shell burst on the pavement of the street, and the fragments, striking one of the drinkers, killed him.

In the Quartier Latin, a shell struck a wine shop, penetrating the walls and passing clean through the dwelling. The proprietor, with an eye to an advertisement, promptly engaged a painter, who painted under the big hole made by the shell, the words "Au rendezvous des obus."

With a view to minimising the damage that the shells might do, notices were placarded about the streets by the authorities, warning people to remember and be careful of three things, viz., in the first place to remove all combustibles from the upper stories to the cellars; in the second place, to avoid congregating in groups in the streets; and, lastly, to leave the front door ajar in order that any passer-by might, in the event of a shell suddenly falling, dart within and seek shelter.

The accusation has been levelled at the Germans that in bombarding Paris, they made no effort to avoid hitting the hospitals and places, not merely of national, but world-wide value. Whether true or not the hospitals were certainly frequent victims.

One shell impinged on the gilt of the Invalides. Fortunately, however, it caused no great damage. A bomb ricochetting along la



From a Photo.

Ministry des Finances.

The result of fire. In the pockets of several dead Communists were found letters from the leaders of the rebellion ordering the destruction of public buildings by fire.

Place du Pantheon, hopped on to the window of the School of Law, and lodged on to the window-sill of Professor Ortolan's room.

In the Zoo, curiously enough, not one single animal was killed, but a collection of orchids valued at over six hundred thousand francs was destroyed, the glass houses being shattered and totally wrecked.

In the studio of Nanteuil, twenty thousand pounds worth of pictures was reduced to tatters, whilst in the dispensary of Coursenant, the oculist, a bomb entered and shattered every phial in the room. Marvellous to relate, although a number of people were present waiting, not one was hurt.

The theatre of the Odeon was hit by two huge projectiles, and the nurses had to take the wounded patients on their backs and carry tnem down to the cellars.

As illustrating the pathetic and useless aspect of a bombardment, there might be mentioned that a shell falling in the Rue Lacourde burst and killed six poor women, who were waiting for their scanty rations.

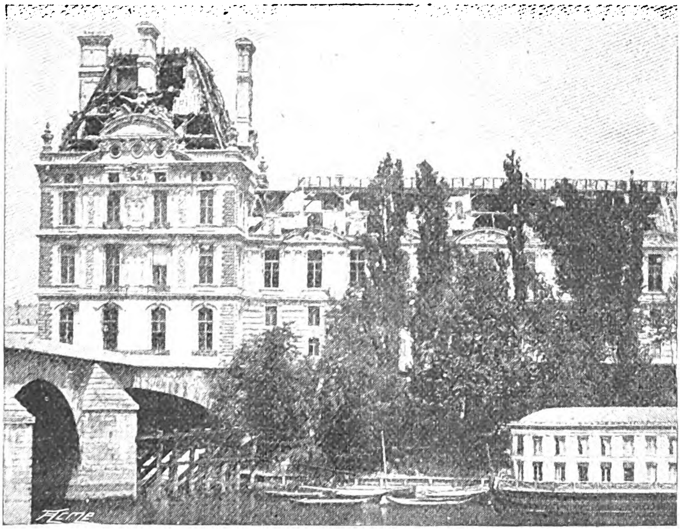
The bombardment ceased on January 28th, and an armistice was announced. On March 1st thirty thousand Germans entered Paris. Within a few days they withdrew, yet the misery of Paris was not yet complete, for on March 18th the Commune of Paris declared itself in opposition to the Republic of M. Thiers.

MacMahon was instructed to take possession of the city, and once again the horrors of a siege were undergone. This time the conditions were somewhat different—more bloody and more terrible. The men who held power were impelled, perhaps, by certain patriotic feelings and some good motive, but all sense of right and justice was lost. Men, women, and children were shot down in cold blood. In the Rue Haxo fifty-two hostages were callously butchered.

Finally, as a climax, the wretched Communists seemed suddenly to be possessed of a desire to destroy not only her citizens but Paris herself.

The great column of La Place Vendôme was dragged to the ground. The Tuilleries were set on fire, and through its length and breadth the rabble tramped plundering and destroying. The Ministry of Finance was fired, and became a smouldering ruin. The Hotel de Ville, the Louvre, and the Palais Royal became preys of the incendiary. Women went about pouring petroleum on private dwellings and kindling them to flames.

On May 28th MacMahon accomplished his task, and then justice or vengeance was wrought on all who were proved to have taken any part in the uprising. It is calculated that during the last portion of the Commune and the eight days succeeding it, thirty-five thousand people, men, women, and children were shot. In addition thousands of wretched creatures were consigned to the gaols and prisons of France, or transported.

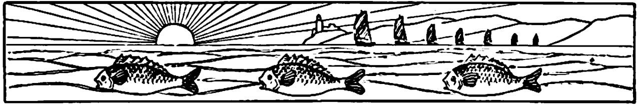

From a Photo.

The Tuilleries.

Here again the nation suffered at the hands of ignorant vandals, although the desire to destroy anything savouring of the then existing dynasty is understandable.

The Court set up was a species of Court Martial, with, however, even more summary methods of procedure. The unfortunate prisoners, and mere suspicion was almost sufficient for conviction, were hurried before this tribunal and found guilty.

It is of interest to add that the photographs used in this article were taken by an English photographer unfortunate enough to be shut in Paris during the two sieges.



·THE·SILVER·HARVEST·OF·THE·SEA·

By Laura J. Sprigg.

PHOTO BY H.WANLESS

OFF TO SEA

The sun set in a wondrous blaze of glory. The reflection caught the waves of the restless sea, and changed them from grey blue into molten gold. Just beyond the pier lay the herring fleet, and the low sun caught the brown sails of the boats, and turned them into masses of burning red.

In the fast gathering night, the boats looked like a phantom fleet with their dark hulls, tall masts, and set sails. They were waiting for the right moment on which to take the tide, to sail away in the gloom, to spend the long night on the tossing waves, in search of the silver fish. For it is in the night time, when the world is sleeping, that the fisherman is away on the water. The night is the time when the herring must be caught.

Very wily is the herring. He has been studied for generations, yet many of his ways are still past finding out. The old fishermen, however, know enough of his habits to tell with almost unerring accuracy the time and the place where he is to be caught. When the darkness is descending the boats put out to sea, and sail about twenty-five or thirty miles from the shore.

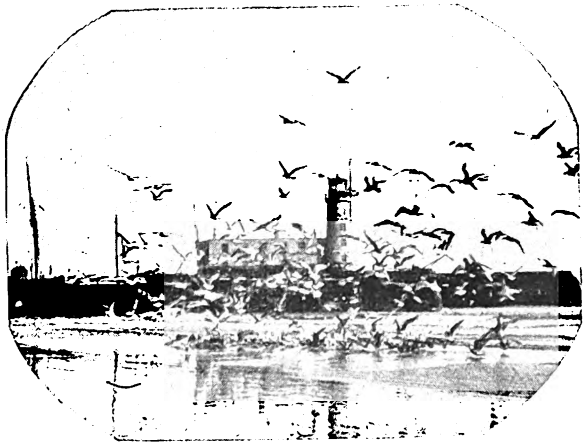


Photo by Rev. W. T. Reeder.

Seagulls after Herrings.

Most of the boats carry a crew of eight—usually seven men and a boy, and they take the big nets all ready for the night's work.

Hardy, stern old souls are these fisher folk; brave and independent. They live face to face with nature in her grandest moods, and learn much of her secrets. Many of the skippers are owners of the boats they work, while the fishing nets are usually the property of other members of the crew.

Each boat carries about one hundred to one hundred and fifty nets, which, with the buoys and ropes, are worth from £200 to £300. If they should get entangled in a derelict, £50 or £100 worth of nets may be lost in a single night. This is one of the dangers of the fisherman's calling.

Just as the farmer knows the times and seasons of harvest, so the fisherman knows the times and seasons of his harvest of the sea. Danger, toil and hardship is the common lot of the fisherman. Yet, he takes no thought of this, as, with set face, which time and rough sea weather has bronzed, and on which it has drawn many deep furrows, he sails to the ground chosen for the night's work. Then, whether on calm seas, or on wildly rushing waters, he battles to gain the fish.

In countless numbers the herrings swarm in the North Sea. The practised eye of the fisherman is ever alert for signs of the fish, as his boat sails along. The whereabouts of the fish is often determined by the presence of flocks of sea birds, which hover

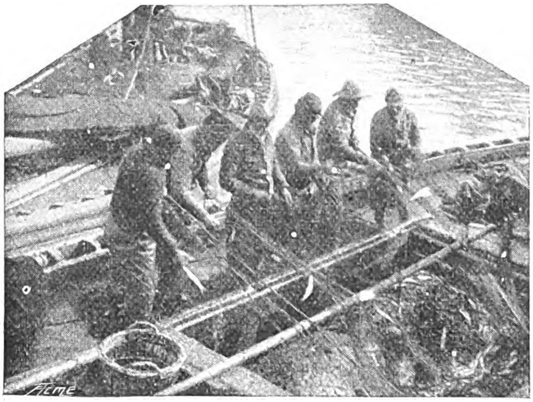


Photo by H. Wanless.

Hauling in the Net.

around and indicate that the herrings are in the near neighbourhood.

Then the night's work begins in earnest. The large nets, which have been fastened end on end, are "shot" into the sea. Each boat casts about a mile of nets fastened to cork ropes. When these are thus joined they are termed a "fleet" of nets. The nets hang for a few fathoms perpendicularly in the water, being kept afloat by corks or buoys, and thus form a long wall or barrier to intercept the herring.

When "the drift nets" are set, the sails are taken in, the mast is lowered, the lights set to mark the presence of the fishing boat, and the little cobble is allowed to drift, drift, drift, all the night through wherever the wind and waves may take it.

Into this "drift net" swim the fish. They try to pass it, but become entangled in the meshes. The herrings will force their heads and gill covers through the nets, but can go no further. Nor can they retreat, and so they fall as spoil to the fisherman.

Photo by H. Wanless.

Landing Herrings

For ten months in the year the herring fishery lasts—from May to March. In May the fleet assemble in the far north; Stornoway being the headquarters. Eight weeks they fish there, and then the boats begin to move down the coast. By July they reach Aberdeen, and the long summer nights are spent fishing along the Scottish coast. September is the height of the herring season in Scarborough and Grimsby, and October and November in Yarmouth, while the dark, cold nights of December are spent round the Channel Isles and off the Cornish Coast.

"It used to be thought," said an old fisherman, "that the herrings migrated down the coast in shoals. Now, we know better. All the year they live off our coast, but at a considerable distance from the shore. When spawning time comes they are driven nearer land, and then we catch them."

Photo by H. Wanless

Packing Herrings.

The nets are "shot" at sunset, and hauled in at sunrise. It is heavy work hauling in the great nets with their load of fish. Very anxious are the men to see the outcome of their night's toil. The dog fish is a common and much dreaded enemy of the fisherman. When it gets into a catch it badly injures the nets and spoils the fish.

The nets, having been hauled in, are quickly shaken, and there on the deck lie the heaps of shining beauties, the gift of the sea. The herrings are quickly sprinkled with salt and stored in the fish-room. Then once more the sail is set, for the night's toil is over, and away the boats make for the harbour.

Very early in the morning the fishing pier is the scene of intense excitement. When the fleet comes in no time must be lost in dealing with the night's catch, for it would alas! very soon depreciate in value. It often looks, to an inexperienced observer, as if so large a number of boats could never make the harbour. But cool judgment and good seamanship enable them to glide in and take up positions side by side, till their masts and spars look like a forest of tall trees, so closely are they packed in safety from storm or inclement weather.

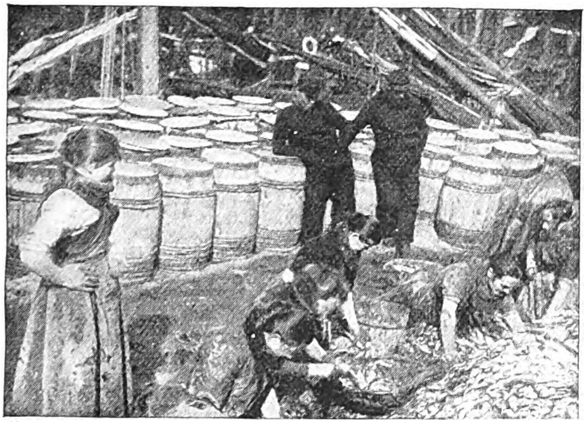


Photo by C. E. Wanless.

Sorting the Herrings.

Sometimes the herring boats, which are fishing together, will number 2000 vessels, but from 600 to 800 is the usual fleet.

When the boats are berthed there goes up a confused babel of sound as the fish is brought ashore. The broad, strong accent of the Scotsman, the harsh note of the Cornish skipper, the foreign twang of the Norwegian sailor, mingle with the more musical dialect of the Yorkshireman, till the visitor is bewildered and wonders how business can be done at all.

Photo by H. Wanless.

Early Morning on the Pier.

A little way up the pier, in the midst of an anxious throng of earnest men, stands the auctioneer, who sells the fish. Buyers, dealers, curers, and fishermen crowd round to see the price the fish will make. For a few minutes the excitement rises higher and higher. No wonder the men are so anxious for everything depends upon the market price. In Scotland and on the North East coast, the herrings are sold by the cran, and a cran varies according to the size of the fish, from 800 to 1000. An average good catch is 40 or 50 crans, a big haul will give 100 crans, and the price varies from 50s. down to 5s., so that between these prices there lies a comfortable living or semi-

Photo by C. E. Wanless.

Girls gutting the Herrings.

Photo by H. Wanless.

Salting the Herrings.

starvation. In the height of the herring season the average is from 10s, to 25s. per cran. At Yarmouth, and in the South, herrings are sold by the last (10,000 herrings), while some of the Lowestoft men persist in selling their catch by the hundred.

On the stone pier, at the auctioneer's feet, lies a little heap of shining fish—a sample of the night's catch. The auctioneer quickly takes the bids, as quickly falls the hammer, the fish is sold, and the price of the sample governs the rate for the fish caught by that particular boat.

When the fish is sold, the fisherman's work is done, but much remains to do before it reaches the consumer. On the fall of the hammer the catch is taken over by the fish salesmen and curers. Part of it is simply packed in ice, and despatched by fast trains to the great markets of our large towns to be sold as "fresh herring, alive oh!" But only a portion can be thus disposed of, and the remainder has to undergo some form of curing. And here is where the women's work begins. Most of the women, especially the Scotch girls, go from place to place with the fleet, to help in the sorting, curing, and kippering of the herrings. Many of these girls come from little fishing villages in the north of Scotland. They will join the fleet in May at Stornoway, and some of them will not see home again until Christmas or even the early spring of the following year.

Often by five o'clock in the morning, in rain or sunshine, these girls are on the pier hard at work. Here in the open air, bareheaded, or covered with a small shawl, their short skirts enveloped in a huge thick oilskin apron, they stand and work—salting, sorting, and packing the fish. The work is hard, but merry, careless, happy-go-lucky lasses are these workers, ever ready to do a good turn or help a sick comrade, but quick at repartee, and merciless in their jokes.

The herrings are tipped into huge tanks. Near by are small tables. The girls work in companies of three, technically called "a crew." Two of the girls sort and gut the fish, each worker being armed with a short, sharp knife, and in an incredibly brief period the fish slip through their busy fingers. The third girl packs the prepared herrings. Rows and rows of barrels stand near, and into these go the fish. They are packed in neat rounds, and each round is covered with a layer of salt. This is repeated until the barrel is quite full. Then it is allowed to stand until, as the salt is absorbed, the herrings subside, and three times the barrel is re-filled. These barrels contain 700 to 1100 herrings, according to the size of the fish.

On a good day the girls will pack from thirty to forty barrels, for which they receive—to divide among the crew—9d per barrel. In Scotland these barrels are examined by a Government officer, and branded to guarantee

Photo by J. H. Rowntree.

Just finished packing.

their quality. Much of the salted fish is sent abroad to Germany and Russia, "where," as one skipper, with a fine British disdain for foreigners, put it, "they eat them raw, and don't even waste the brine!"

Many of the herrings are loaded into carts, and taken to the kippering houses. Here again women, as well as men, are at work. The long rooms are loaded with herrings. As soon as the fish is taken out of the carts it is put into a wide open creel, which is quickly immersed in a huge tank of water. Round and round it is quickly swirled, and in a few minutes the fish is washed quite clean, and freed from the salt which was put on it in the boat. Then the herrings are tipped in big shining heaps on the broad tables, near which the women stand. They reject all the small or badly fed fish, only retaining the best to be converted into kippers. These are quickly slit down the back, and are cleaned with a dexterity which only comes with constant practice.

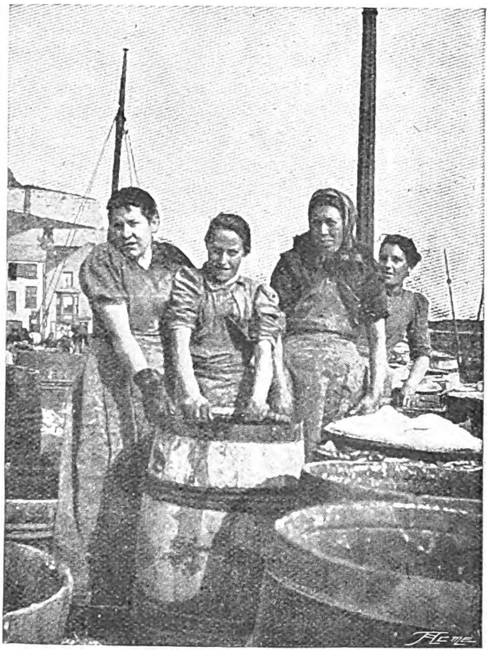


Photo by J. H. Rowntree.

A Group of Workers.

Photo by H Wanless.

When the Fleet comes Home.

Then each herring is separately placed on a small hook — a number of which are fixed to a long rail—and taken to the curing room, a wide open space, with upright beams. Across these the herring-laden rails are placed, and a very weird scene does the curing house present. The fire which is lit in an open grate at one end is made of oak bark, the smoke ascends and winds round the fish, and by morning the herrings are kippers. They are then taken down, and stripped from the rails.

The herrings which are designed to change their nature and become bloaters are treated somewhat differently. They are washed from the first salt, and then resalted for from six to twelve hours, and afterwards slowly dried over a coke fire.

In either case, whether the fish is a kipper or a bloater, it is packed in neat boxes, and comes as a breakfast dainty to houses all over the land. The sprat, the pilchard, the sardine, and the shad are all species of the same genus; but none of these equal the common herring, either for its excellence as an article of food or in its value as an article of commerce.

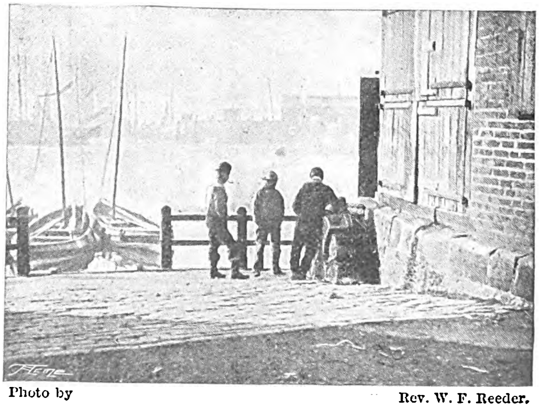


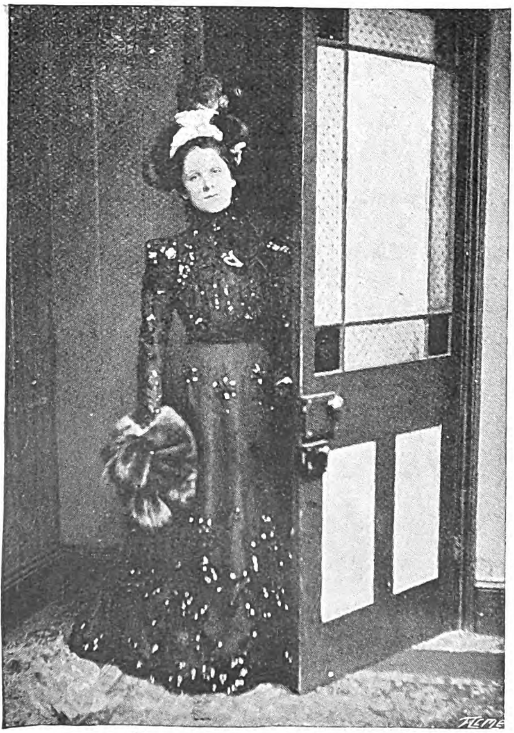
Photo by Rev. W. F. Reeder.

When Work is over.

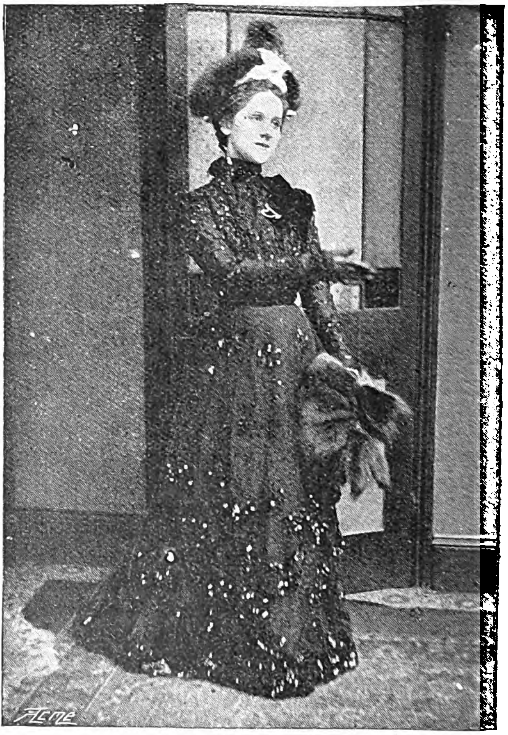
SNAP SHOT
INTERVIEWS
NUMBER V.

MISS EDNA MAY.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

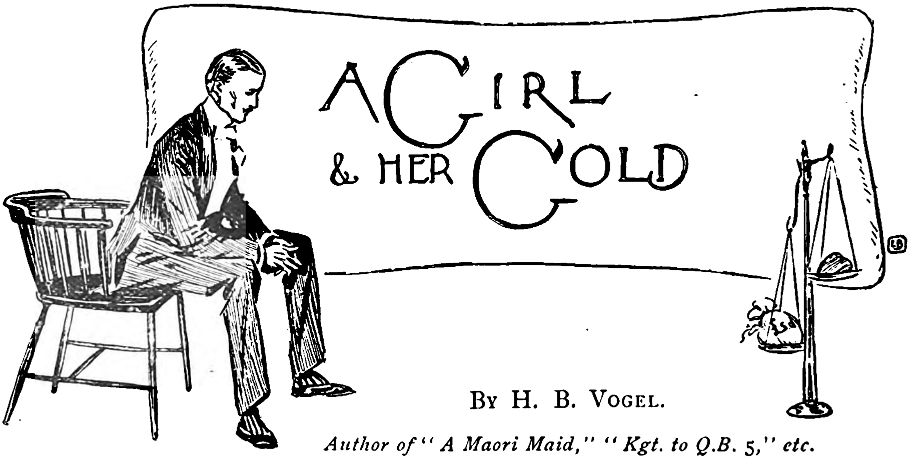


Are you from the ROYAL—— ?



Ah! Good morning; I'm afraid I'm just a little late.

A GIRL & HER GOLD



By H. B. Vogel.

Author of " A Maori Maid," " Kgt. to Q.B. 5," etc.

Royan, senior, educated his son and trained him as though when dying he would leave a fortune. Instead, he left a multitude of debts, which his gentle, honest-hearted widow paid, even out of her own money. It reduced her to poverty—such poverty that her living depended upon her son's exertions.

It was easy enough for Archie Royan to realise this, and, as it chanced, it was easy to obtain a means of earning just sufficient to support the frail, silver-haired old lady and himself. It was not so easy to overcome the habit of his training. Gradually the work grew more and more distasteful to him, until at length, unknown to his mother, he left the desk and became one of those mysteries so often chanced upon in the great gay world of London fashion.

No one knew where he worked—if he ever worked. Whence came his money? Whence, indeed, came he himself? All that the men knew was that he frequented clubs, and could hunt and shoot and play billiards or cards with the best amongst them, and that he was to be found as a guest at all seasons in some house or another, and was hail fellow well met everywhere.

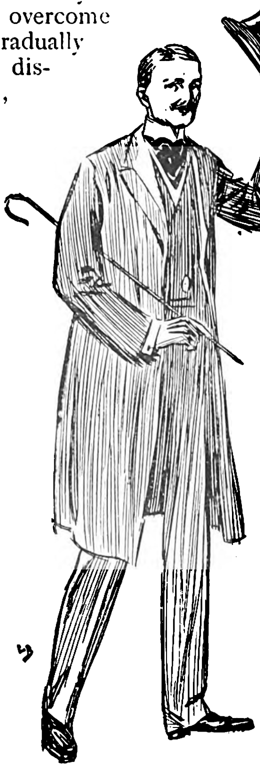
As for the women they were content that he danced to perfection, was a thorough gentleman, and that sometimes—just often enough to awaken interest and sympathy—there lingered in the dark-brown eyes a shade or shadow as of trouble, and a ring in the strong voice that seemed to be a part of some other than a man of pleasure and society. Generally he was the gayest of the gay, and he and his bright, cheery laugh were very welcome.

Thus you have him. To society a gay, bright, sparkling man of the world, careless and thoughtless, an idler without purpose. To himself an idler by profession; a man with a fixed and a firm determination; a man who realized his power amongst women, and who knew that the marrying of money was counted in the social world as success rather than disgrace.

What conceit he had—it was not exceeding much—came to his aid and told him that the woman he made his wife would have an upright gentleman for her husband, and would never have cause to repent her choice. It was not for himself that he wanted money. It was for his poor old mother, patient and uncomplaining, but sadly in want of many little luxuries the counting-house desk would never give her.

To wed money for love of the woman was his hope. But to wed money and never to give way to love was his resolution.

Had he been free and alone, with no one dependent on him, he



An Idler without purpose.

would have stepped out into the New World and have found life in the open, and have striven. But he was not. So he entered into this other life, outwardly a man careless and a slave to pleasure, inwardly with a set purpose and a bitter contempt for himself. Honest and honourable at least he would always be; and honest and honourable he was as men go in the wild whirl of moneyed folks. Not for a moment could anyone ever breathe a word against his play at cards or his promptness in paying when he lost. Only he played to win, and very rarely lost, and always mixed with rich gamblers because—well because they were rich..

Thus it happened that his skill at billiards and cards, and living upon invitations, enabled him to put by, for the comfort of the one being in the world he really loved, more money than he could ever have earned at the office work.

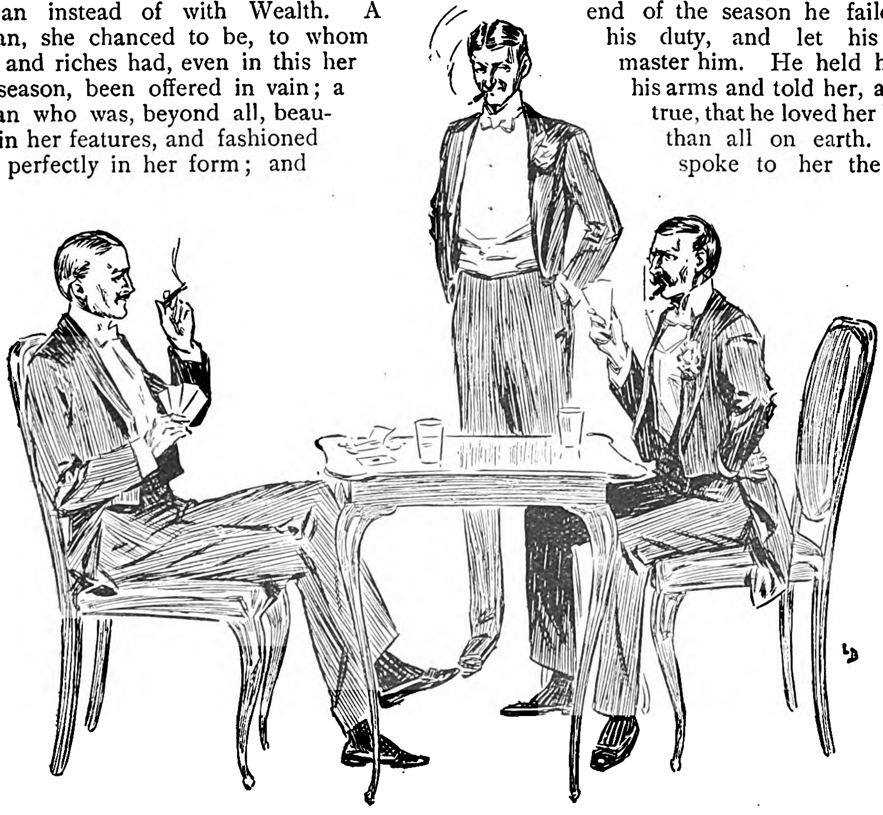
Then suddenly he awoke to the frailty of his purpose and the emptiness of resolving. He had entered into the hateful life he led simply in order to marry Money, and behold, he had fallen in love with a Woman instead of with Wealth. A woman, she chanced to be, to whom titles and riches had, even in this her first season, been offered in vain; a woman who was, beyond all, beautiful in her features, and fashioned most perfectly in her form; and yet not a woman; only an unassuming, pure-hearted, gentle girl, passionate, impulsive, lovely and poor.

She was a girl to whom love was life, who loathed and detested the hollow admiration of those who coveted her for their stately homes, as they would covet a lovely picture, or choice piece of furniture.

Royan had heard of her and her beauty, and she of him; and thus, when it chanced that the two met, they looked the one at the other as though to ascertain the accuracy of their estimates. And looking, they knew they had each met an affinity.

She welcomed it—to love him was no difficult task—and every word and action swelled her passion for him. He, when he realised, strove blindly and madly to conquer himself — and failed. He knew the impossibility of it, and the total wrecking of his life — and hers, that it would mean. Money, money, money, was the god he had sold his soul to. He swore that he would drive her from his mind.

Yet he scarcely ever left her side. Thus it came to pass that by the end of the season he failed in his duty, and let his love master him. He held her in his arms and told her, as was true, that he loved her better than all on earth. He spoke to her the soft,



He played to win and mixed with rich gamblers because—well, because they were rich.

wild words of passion, and pressed upon her lips her first, long kiss of love. She yielded and was content.

It was done, and no sooner done than he awoke to the utter impossibility of it all. Yet he never told her. He loved her too much to lose her at once; and perhaps—perhaps it might be possible. He often made tens of pounds by backing horses, and why not thousands? So he plunged and lost, and when he reached the Hazelton's for a month's Christmas gaiety, he was worse than poor—in debt—and his mother was almost hungry.

His engagement had been kept a complete secret, and he had accepted the Hazelton's invitation chiefly because he knew that she would be there. He had not seen her since the end of the season, although they had written.

"Perhaps I ought to write," he argued within himself, "and yet—no, I must see her. I don't want her to think worse of me than she need. Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, I love you! No one will ever care for you as I do. I can't give you up! I can't—and yet——" and Royal buried his head in his arms.

Money, money, money, kept ringing and jingling in his ears, and a pale, pinched face kept dancing before his eyes.

To break it to Ethel so as to give as little pain as possible was his wish, and unwittingly he did it in the bitterest, cruellest way of all.

The beginning of the end was the coming of another girl, who was an heiress and with much money of her own. She fell in love with the tall, handsome young fellow, who was friendly with the fair-haired girl. He very soon saw his opportunity and seized it.

She was good to look upon, and rich; and had it not been for the love of the sweet, gentle girl who had given her whole heart to him, he might have learnt to care for her. Yet her money, and his necessity for it, formed the golden magnet that drew him. He became her slave—and her master.

"Ethel will see me with her, and will think I have changed my mind—that is bad enough, but better than that she should think that I am doing what I am doing. Eh, Archie, old man—face it, realise it—you're selling yourself for money, and wrecking your life. Breaking her heart, too, perhaps—No, no, not that! I wouldn't do it if——Bah! She likes me, but after all it is only a girl's first love. Boys and girls can't really love. The world says that, and the world must be right. She will forget me in a few weeks—whilst I—Oh, sweetheart, if you only knew—only knew."

She never did. She never learnt that his heart was breaking between the agony of his love and the doing of that which he thought was his duty. She only saw him in constant attendance upon the other girl, and felt that he was changing—that she was losing him.

Theatricals had been organised, and with them came the inevitable. They were amateur—even the very piece. One of the guests was the author. Archie was cast as the hero, and the final scene of the play was the shooting by him of the mad woman in order to protect his betrothed. Ethel was the mad woman, and the other girl the betrothed.

When a man wants to love a woman—a beautiful woman—and she already loves him, the acting and rehearsing of lovers' parts grows quickly very real. So it came to pass that Ethel saw the other woman—who had guessed her rival's secret, and was waging war for the handsome man—draw her lover from her, and take him for herself.

Poor lass! He was all in the world to her. To lose him seemed the losing of the light of her living. Passionate and impulsive, she beat the empty air in her agony of mind. Yet never a word did she breathe, but was always the same sweet self to him. Pride perhaps it was, or a vain hope that the love-making was after all acting, and his neglect of her but forgetfulness.

Her struggle was his, though she knew it not; and day after day he postponed the telling of what had to be.

Then he told her—partly. Not everything, for he made no mention of his poverty and of his necessity. He simply said that that which had once seemed so good was now impossible. He tried to be kind, and knew he was cruel and—almost broke down.

She scarcely spoke, for times are when words only mock the feelings and play strange discordant tunes upon them, sounding otherwise than meant. She grew pale, so pale that he was frightened when he saw the blow he had struck. Yet she neither faltered nor failed, but carried her head with the pride of a woman and quietly left him; and then, being out of sight, she bent and ran swiftly to her room. And he stood staring into empty space—still and motionless like unto a man of stone.

Thus towards the close of the wintry evening, with the firelight dancing about them and the laughter of gay folks round them, two hearts were broken.

She would fain have thrown up her part in the play, but it was too late to alter the caste. The piece promised to be a success, and besides, it seemed strangely correct now since the hero was openly engaged to the heroine.

The final rehearsal went splendidly and a cartridge was slipped into the revolver just to see how loud the report would be.

"Take care you don't put a bullet in; we don't want Ethel shot," was the hostess's careful injunction.

"No fear of that, Lady Hazelton. I have fixed up four or five cartridges so that there will only be a little powder in them. Practically, they are only caps," said Jackson, to whom the weapon belonged. "There are the loaded ones in this compartment, so that there can be no possible mistake. Besides I will load the revolver myself before we go to dinner to-morrow, and put it under this shelf, and you can get it, Miss Ethel, when the time comes to use it."

"Aren't you frightened of the horrid thing?" asked some lady.

"No," said Ethel; and in after times people seemed to recall that answer and the giving of it.

"No need, Miss Ethel. Royan wouldn't hit a haystack a yard off," said Jackson.

"What is that you are saying about me?" asked Archie, turning from his betrothed to whom he had been talking.

"We were remarking that there is no need for Miss Vyvyan to be frightened of your hitting her, even if the revolver were loaded. You couldn't hit that door from here."

"I should be sorry for the door if I tried."

"You know," went on the young fellow chaffingly, "it looks so bad to see a chap on the stage point a pistol at the roof and some one just in front of him fall dead. It spoils the effect. Don't you think so, Miss Ethel?"

"Yes. The revolver certainly ought to be pointed somewhere in the direction it is meant to be fired in."

"I'd bet a hundred to one that when I fire it to-morrow it would, if it were loaded, hit you," said Archie.

"Bet with him, Miss Ethel. Take him in gloves," said Jackson. "It's easy enough," he added. "You see there is a small wad in each cartridge. If it hits you it will probably leave a tiny little bit of black."

"Then I will accept your wager, Mr. Royan," said Ethel very quietly. "I will wear a rose in my dress. Try and hit it."

"Right you are. But I say, Jackson, are you sure the wad won't hurt?"

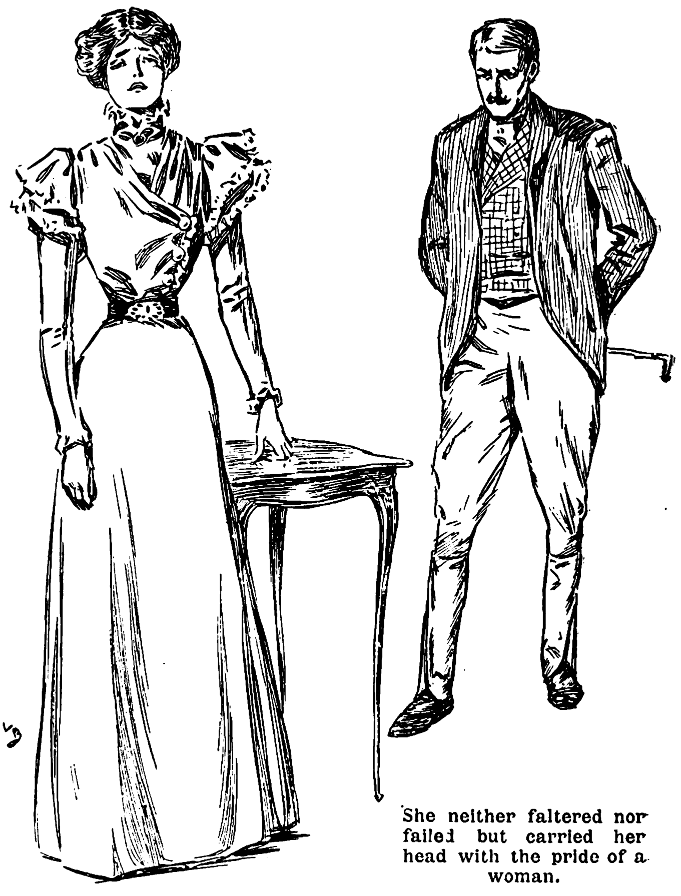
"Certain, old man, certain."

And thus, amid laughter at its oddness, the silly bet was made.

The principals—Ethel, the other girl, and Archie Royan—fairly excelled themselves in the performance, Ethel especially.

"One would think she really did hate Miss St. John," meaning the other girl, said one lady to another.

The audience, a large one gathered from



She neither faltered nor failed but carried her head with the pride of a woman.

all the country side, was fashionably enthusiastic and properly appreciative.

"I never thought Ethel would have done so well," said Lady Hazelton. "She seemed ill at dinner and left in the middle."

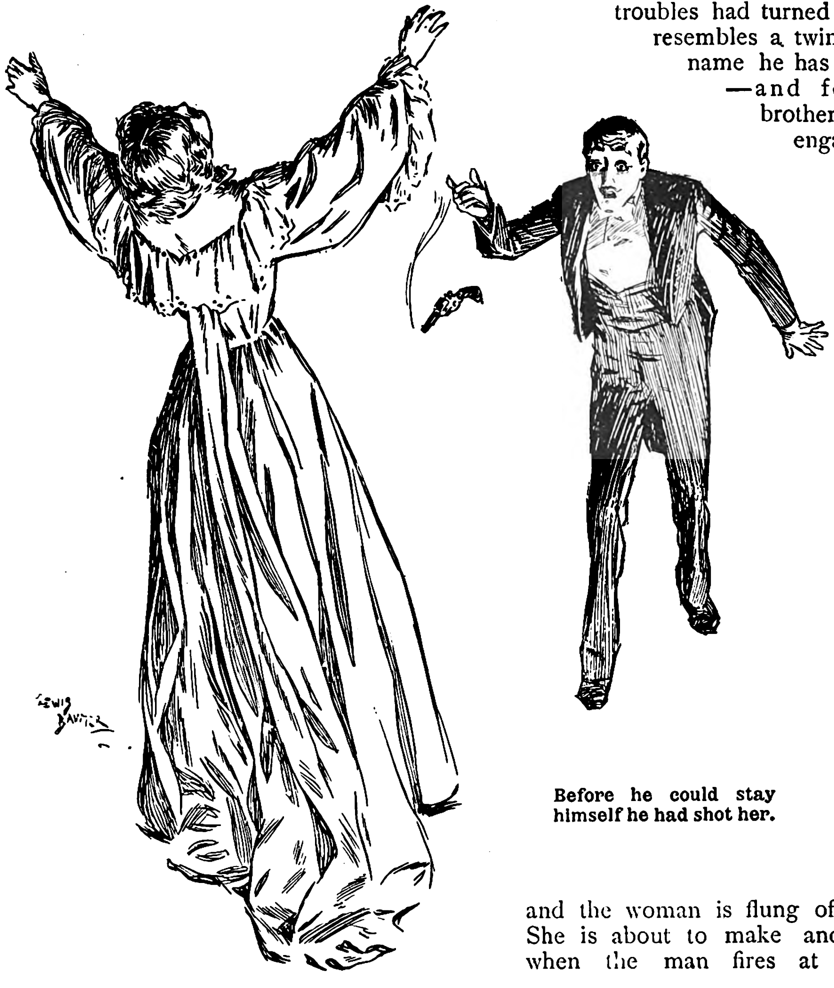
She had. But it was not that she was unwell. Nor did she go to her room straightway. Had anyone been near they would have seen her stop at the end of the long corridor by the study door. For a moment she paused and glanced up and down as though fearful of being detected. Then she turned the handle and entered.

It was a large room, and as it opened into the back of the big hall was used in times of theatricals as a sort of dressing room or green room. There were no lights, only a great blazing fire. It was sufficient for her purpose. Stepping up to a bookcase she drew from one of the shelves something that glittered and glistened. For a few moments she bent over a leather case standing on the table, and the firelight heard the rattle of metal, as though of the handling of the cartridges. There was a click and a snap. Then she returned the thing to its hiding place and sped swiftly to her room. She locked the door and, throwing herself on the bed, burst into a wild, hopeless, helpless, fit of weeping.

She was dressing when she unlocked the door for Lady Hazelton, who had come up to see if she was ill.

Yes, the performance had been an unqualified success, and the last act passed rapidly towards the climax. It was really a well written piece although conventional enough in its plot. The closing scene was strong and powerful.

The villain of the play had succeeded in ruining an unfortunate woman whose troubles had turned her mad. He resembles a twin brother whose name he has often assumed—and forged. The brother, the hero, is engaged to marry a girl whom the wretched victim knows to have been instrumental in preventing her marriage. Driven to desperation she determines to take the life of this other woman and thus revenge herself. Armed with a revolver she obtains entrance into the room where the girl is and, after a stormy scene, is on the point of shooting her when the hero appears and snatches away the weapon. A scuffle ensues and the woman is flung off utterly insane. She is about to make another onslaught when the man fires at her and kills



Before he could stay himself he had shot her.

her. The play then came to a happy ending.

Why the hero was not at once arrested, and how it could end happily was not made clear; but the words of it all sounded very well, and the point was not pressed.

The last act was nearly over. The girl and Royan were on the stage, Ethel stood in the wing waiting her call, her right hand under her mantle toying with the revolver. Leaning against a pillar, quite lost in thought, she looked wonderfully beautiful though white and wearied.

Who shall say what was in her mind? The thought, perchance, of what might have been? The thought of what she had won—and lost? Of what she had given and received? Perhaps. But the hand that held the toy neither shook nor trembled. Nor did the girl make a movement save once when she swept aside a tear and glanced at the blood-red rose she wore in the bosom of her dress above her heart.

Then her call came, and she was playing her part. Playing it with an abandonment and passion that seemed too real. A passion that grew and grew until, as the man entered and found her with the revolver, the acting seemed beyond her power of acting. Quickly and well they feigned to struggle, and then she was flung a pace or two away, with the revolver in his hand gleaming towards her.

"The wager," came a voice with a laugh from the irrepressible Jackson. The faint shadow of a smile passed across the face of the man as he glanced along the barrel. The mockery of it seemed to strike him as he found himself aiming the weapon, now harmless, but which could be so deadly, at her who was everything in the world to him. Shoot straight! Oh, yes, he would do that just because of the wager, and he would try and put the little black bit of paper into the red rose.

Staggering back, the girl paused, and, as arranged in rehearsal, she straightened herself ere she sprang at him. It was to be the moment of his firing.

Then a strange thing chanced. For she arose as, rehearsing, she had always done; but, as he pressed the trigger, instead of springing towards him, she threw out her arms and called his name. As the revolver spat out its ugly tongue of flame the call passed into a shriek of agony. In the fraction of a second it had all happened. Before he could stay himself he had shot her. The petals of the blood-red rose were scattered, and, fluttering downwards, sank upon her as she fell—dead.

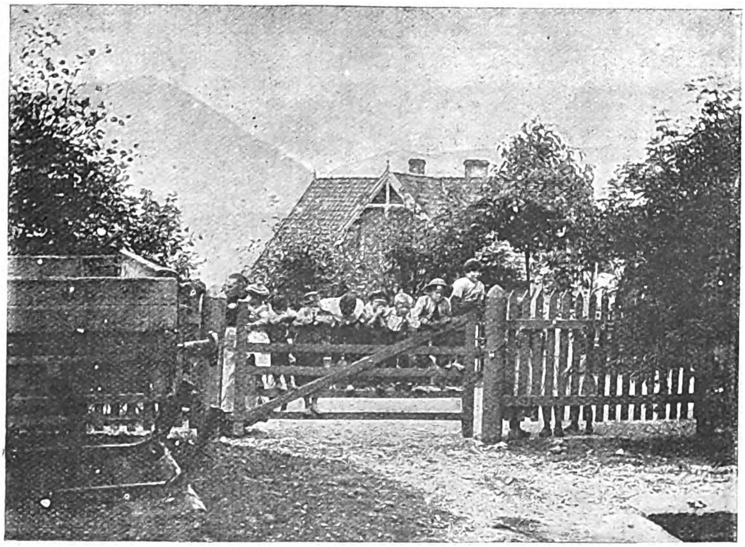


Photo by F. Foulsham.

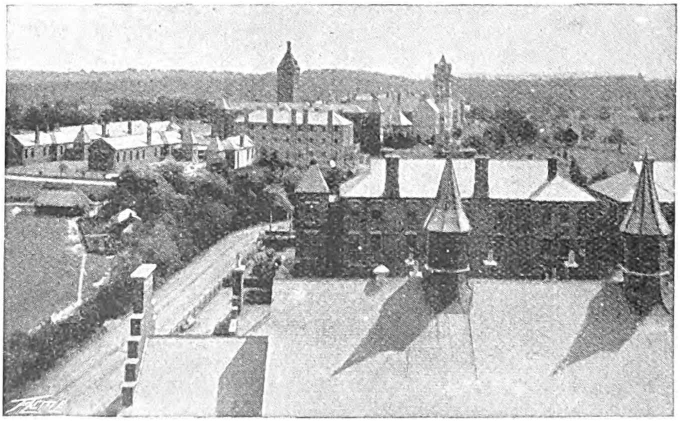
Eight on a Gate.

A PEEP INTO AN IMBECILE TRAINING COLLEGE.

By Dr. Ch. H. Leibbrand.

Illustrated from photos taken under his direction by Mr. T. Neasbey.

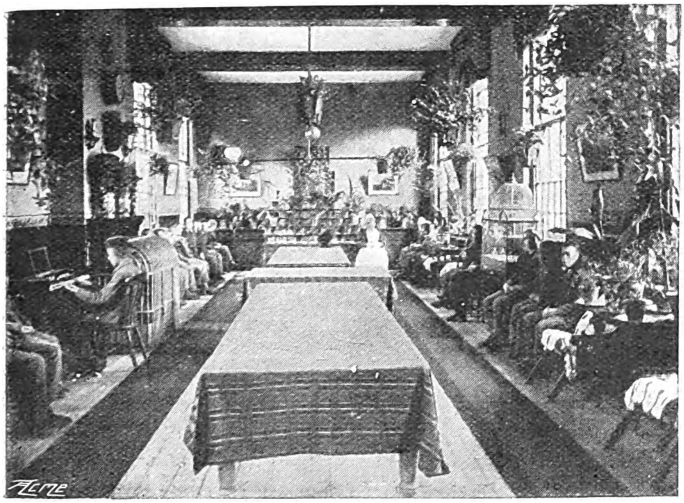
Passing strange is the spectacle with its hundred and one phases which you see at the Darenth Schools and Pavilions for Imbeciles and Idiots! It is fatalistic tragedy in its intensest developments. And stranger still to look at are the ill-starred and but too frequently unconscious actors in this Drama. They are the flotsam and jetsam of human society. They are the wreckage of London's humanity. No wonder you gaze wonderingly. No wonder you gaze awe-struck. No wonder your heart wells forth in pity. For, it is true tragedy.



A bird's-eye view of Darenth Schools.

Indeed, as ward opens upon ward, you are forced again and again painfully to recognise that verily the sins of the fathers are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation. But as group upon group of hapless inmates and solicitous nurses appears, you are once more encouraged. You hopefully recognise that terrible though this visitation is, it is much alleviated by the ministrations from womanly love and man's kindly fellow-feeling. And so throughout this Drama you see love battling against misery; science, tempered by pity, endeavouring to mitigate—if not to suspend—the curse wrought by selfishness and over-indulgence.

It is, in truth, a strange spectacle you thus witness. It is a spectacle full of grand potentialities. And grand and in keeping

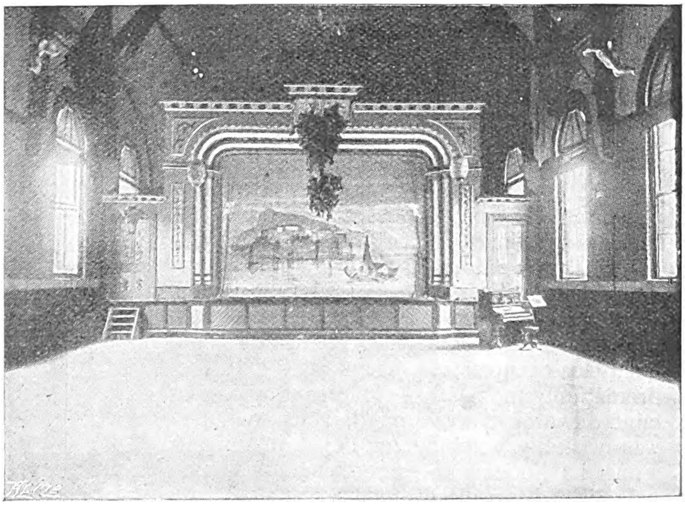


What a day-room looks like.

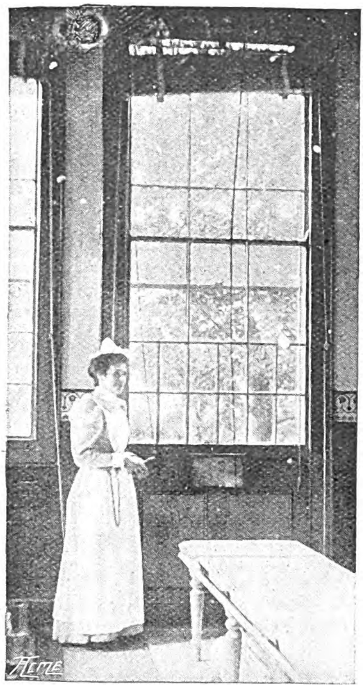
are the background and the field itself of this strife between hope and despair; between medical skill and the blight of hereditary disease.

Spreading its manifold wings across a breezy and commanding hill, you see the vast Institution, known as the Darenth Asylum and Schools, towering above the Thames, and the Essex Plain and the Darenth Valley in Kent—a look-out and a refuge, as it were, for miles upon miles of hamlet and village, and township and upland country. Let your eye travel westward, and below from the far distance rises the Crystal Palace, while still farther on may be seen the spires and cupolas of the million city, London. Let it rest nearer home, and from out a sea of green meadows and wood-spotted pasture land greets you the town of Dartford, with its historical church—in the dim past a Roman "Castellum"—then centuries after an Anglo-Saxon fort, and now a place of worship to the Christian God. Turn eastward, and you may breathe the breeze from the German Ocean. Look southward, and the Surrey hills send you from their woody crests a tempting invitation to speed thitherward.

Though set in such exceptional surroundings which brilliantly show forth man and Nature's fair and various handiwork, the Darenth Schools and Pavilions are not an unworthy monument of architecture. Not that these buildings are erected in, and representative of any particular style. They are neither Tudor nor Gothic nor Victorian. They are a style unto themselves; not too self-contained, however, to have largely borrowed from those established and acknowledged. Still, with all these architectural incongruities, the *tout ensemble* produces a most pleasing effect as our illustration shows. The lofty spires dotted here and there, the gracefully curved pavilions, the not too massively shaped blocks, the glass covered, serpent-like winding corridors, and again lengthy and straight running passages are suggestive of plenty of variety, of plenty of air, of plenty of light, of plenty of change. There is nothing that indicates restraint. There is nothing that forces upon your attention an impassable boundary line. There are classrooms, the chapel, and the recreation halls. There are the thirteen wings for male and female patients. There are the administrative sections, the laundry, the kitchens, and the stores. There are the ten one-storeyed pavilions, each accommoda-



A bijou theatre, where entertainments are frequently given.



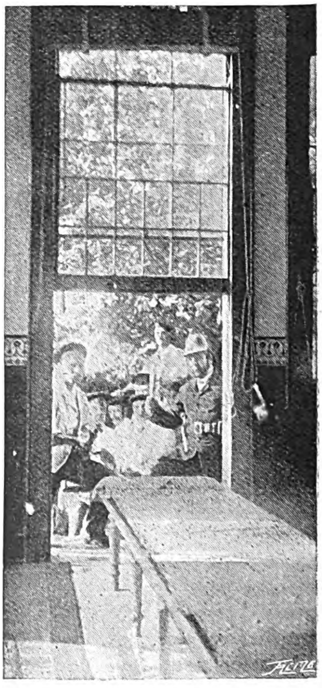
Window fitted with fire-alarm and fire-escape.

ting forty-four patients. But however numerous these buildings, they are not crowded together. Though intercommunicative withal, they are spread over an extensive area, interspersed with airing courts and playgrounds, and surrounded by not less than 173 acres of land under varied cultivation.

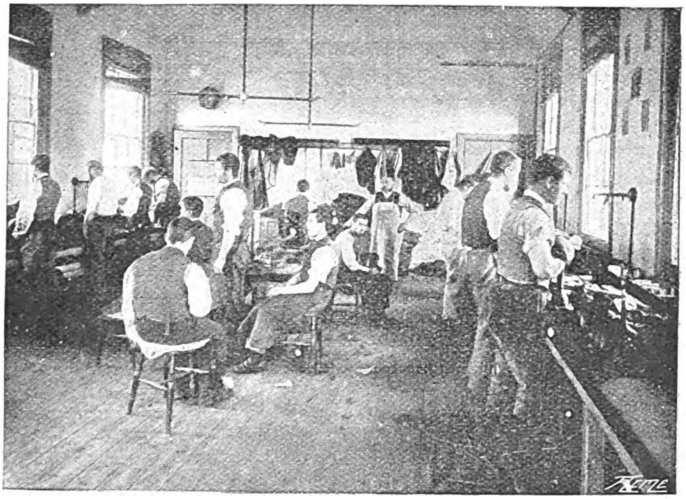
And it is well for the thousand inmates that this is so. Even to a healthy mind, nothing is more paralysing than the idea of a boundary—than the shock produced by a limit. Whereas, is it not just the opposite possibility of infinite acquisitions—no matter whether they be of a material, moral, or intellectual nature—that wholesomely stimulates the human mind, and spurs on man's activity? How much more disastrous, therefore, must be the effect of rigorous restraint and of a prison-like boundary upon a half-witted child? It is not merely that the suggestions of such restraint check its tentative though eager grasp after some new interest or some enlarged occupation. They also—but too prematurely and fatally—cloud over again the faint dawn of its weak mind, which, may be, was wistfully watching for the development along its horizon of some gleam of knowledge it had just discovered.

Thus it is that the same vastness, though, of course in a modified form; the same freedom from harsh rigidity; the same variety—which are so noticeable in the outside appearance and arrangements of the Institution—greet you as you pass from ward to ward, from dormitory to dormitory, from pavilion to pavilion. It needs but a glance at our illustrations to recognise this fact. Everywhere here the eye is appealed to—and, not less, the ear is called into service—and wisely so.

Emotion admittedly expresses itself best in song—in music. Equally, observation tends to reproduce itself most successfully in colour and form. However, this music and painting and sculpture—what are they, but highly developed manifestations of speech and eyesight? In order first to develop such faculty of expression and power of observation, it is obviously, therefore, only necessary to reverse the process of evolution which culminates in these perfected manifestations. Or in other words, what is required is frequently to exhibit the creations of these three arts. You surround the child with their productions even though they be but cheap, if only fair, reproductions. In so doing you teach it to observe. In compelling it to observe, you again induce it to give utterance to the impressions resulting from its observations.



The same window after the alarm has been sounded.



Bootmakers at work.

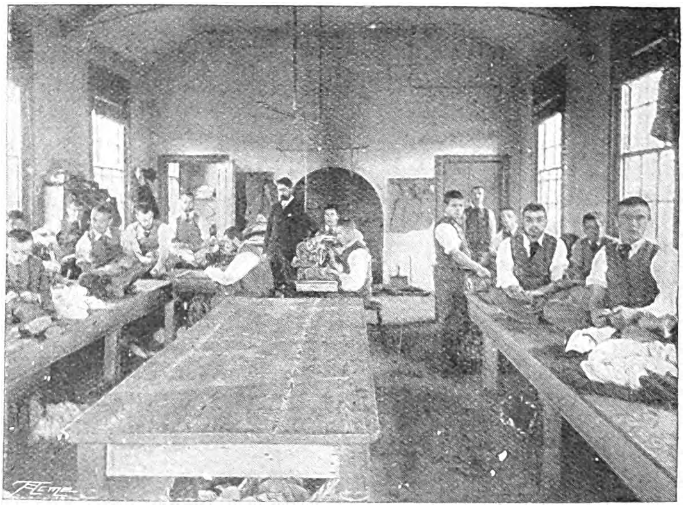
It is, indeed, here that the system of training and the method of education at the Darenth Schools seems so well adapted to the youthful inmates and pupils. For, with no class of children is there a greater necessity for enlarging the capabilities both of eye and ear. In their case, more than in any other case, are these the only possible conduit by which to stir up emotion and to infuse intelligence. Without the aid of physical impressions, the majority of these thousand patients could never be successfully approached. So the flickering sparks of intellect are solicitously nursed by whatever means are likely to create and to stimulate an interest in existence.

For proof, go through the wards, go through the dining-rooms, go through the day-rooms. Everywhere you will be impressed by their brightness, their cheerfulness, their pleasing colours of various agreeable hues, their airiness and light. Everywhere you will be animated by the activity, by the movement that is enlivening them. The fact is, there are plenty of means to bring about this variety in the patient's daily life. There are pianos, there are harmoniums, there are all kinds of sweet singing birds. Especially there are flowers and plants innumerable, as is shown by the snapshot illustrating one of these day-rooms. And these comforts are not wasted. You need but look at the occupants of this very room. To be sure, to the medically trained eye, they bear the imprint of their unfortunate ailments. Yet, at the same time, even you yourself can see that, notwithstanding, theirs is not a hopeless case. You yourself will recognise that with the care with which they are surrounded, their mental condition can—it must be—improved; simply because it is physiologically proved to be improvable. In fact, of the 634 male and 348 female patients, as many as 490 are stated to be distinctly capable of amelioration.

For this reason certain reforms in the *régime*, excellent though this already is, which the Committee of Management, headed by Dr. Hill, its indefatigable chairman, contemplates, are most warmly to be welcomed. They will facilitate a more thorough selection of the hopeful from the hopeless cases—a selection the more beneficial, because imbecility and idiocy are, in their way, as detrimentally contagious as any febrile or other infectious disease. Withal, these inmates must be treated like plants. There

A look into the upholstering department during a surprise visit.

is but little to distinguish them from these lower forms of creation. Many of them, on their arrival at "Darenth," are incapable of speech, many more of action, whilst not a few are devoid of will power. So their mind, their nature, like some inorganic substance, requires to be *moulded* rather than to be trained and educated. Hence the necessity of elimination—of selection. Each inmates' own characteristics and requirements must be studied, and his potentialities ascertained. His career from infancy, as, indeed, the careers of his fathers and forefathers, are to be inquired into; for the afflictions of these patients are mostly *purely hereditary* afflictions. To but enumerate some of the principal causations of these. They are, on the part of one or both parents alcoholism, tuberculosis, epilepsy, insanity, or fright; or worry and anxiety of the mother before the birth of the child. Obviously, therefore, you must know the causation before you can reasonably attempt the cure. And as there are scores of varieties and gradations of idiocy and imbecility, this knowledge is the more important.



In the tailoring department. Some of the patients are really expert tailors.

It is in respect of these latter that the arrangements at the Darenth Schools and Pavilions are almost perfect.

Look in at the classrooms, the recreation halls, the trade shops, the workrooms. You will find everywhere there the same corresponding varieties in employment and training and teaching, as well as the same corresponding gradations. There is the Slade system. There is the Kindergarten system. Once again, there is a wisely graduated system of elementary education. Particularly the latter testifies not less to the ingenuity of the head mistress, Miss Hoatson, than to her and her assistants' devotion. Not only are these elementary school lessons vastly interesting; they are also simplicity itself. Above all, they are efficient and full of usefulness. To appreciate them you need only to consider that many of the would-be pupils are at first incapable even of conceiving a single idea. Hence both the wisdom and the necessity of arranging these lessons conformably to Tucker's doctrine of the association of ideas. You give the child a brick. With the help of this you suggest some sort of building. The idea of building leads to that of a house. A house again implies occupiers. These occupiers in their turn suggest the idea of a family—of father, of mother, of children. And so on.

To be sure, such a process of instruction is a slow one, but it is a sound and reliable one; and as the pupils are more or less mentally weak and afflicted, thus exceptionally slow of understanding, it is the only appropriate one. In short, for them nothing better could be invented than the accepted scheme of lessons. You find there purely elementary subjects, such as spelling, writing, dictation, counting, addition, subtraction, drawing, cubes, natural history, object-lessons, and personal appearance. You see these varied by instruction in ornamental paper-plaiting, paper-folding, paper-cutting; by instruction in pricking, in knot and loop, in stick-laying; and by instruction in what is understood under colour and clock, coins and shop. These again you find advantageously interspersed with lessons in cane-weaving, basket-making, sewing, and knitting. And they, in their turn, are varied with Kindergarten, marching, drilling, singing, reciting, tables and games.

It is especially in reference to these games and to physical recreations, as well as amusements and entertainments, that the *régime* and system at the Darenth Asylum Schools

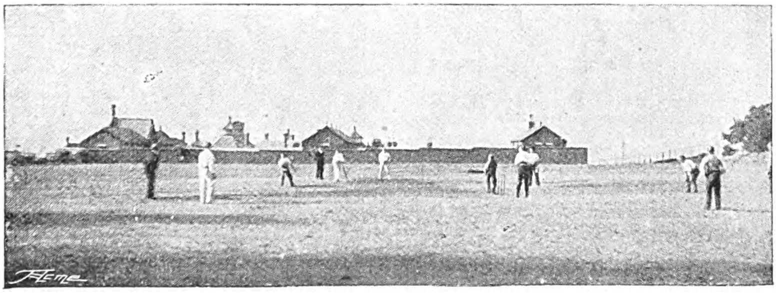
How the Slade system is taught.

and Pavilions may pass muster. In fact, the arrangements for these are models of their kind, as is even shown in our snapshots of the cricket ground, and of the stage. They may truly be imitated, to the benefit of the imitator, wherever the care of half witted children and imbeciles and idiots is in question. For the physical, the moral, the educational influence of such games and exercises and amusements is particularly and most comprehensively wholesome in the case of those who are thus sorely afflicted.

It s, therefore, not wholly unexpected that with all these inducements to take an interest in life, some most satisfactory cures are being wrought amongst these hapless inmates. Nor is it strange that, after a more or less long training, imbecile children, who previously were in their primitive habits, mental sterility and physical incapacity, on a par with the lowest grade animals, become capable of employment. What is rather surprising is the large number of these improvements. Indeed, out of a thousand patients, on an average more than three hundred are in this way constantly reclaimed from a living death. And, in 1897-98, there were even as many as 378 of those fortunate ones. During that year, of the male inmates, there were employed in the tailors' shop, 18; in the shoemakers' shop, 16; in the upholsterers' shop, 16; in the grounds as farm labourers, gardeners, and so on, 50; whilst of the females, 30 were occupied with needlework, 30 in the laundry, and 20 in the workroom. This is no small achievement to be proud of.

Our snapshots catch them thus busily engaged in their various occupations, and these illustrations need no special explanation. They show at a glance the roominess, the light, the airiness of the workplaces. They show at a glance the content and physical healthiness of the workers. They graphically depict the interest these take in their not unfrequently difficult work. Above all, they demonstrate once more the infinite usefulness of an Institution such as the Darenth Schools and Pavilions.

Truly the Metropolitan Asylums Board can be proud of this establishment, the medical superintendence of which is in the able care of Dr. Taylor and his deputy, Dr. Beresford, whilst its economical interests are well managed by Mr. James Taylor, the kindly steward. As to the ratepayers, they cannot but be satisfied with the manner in which their money is so successfully spent.



In the cricket field.

Settled for the night.

A FAITHFUL FOSTER MOTHER.

By Lewis Stevens.

In all branches of animal and bird life the foster-mother is to be found, and there have been many family gatherings quite as strange and unusual as "the wolf and the lamb feeding together, and the lion lying down with the ox." But, without doubt, one of the most remarkable instances of a creature fostering the young of an entirely different species was that of which many of our readers may have heard recently.

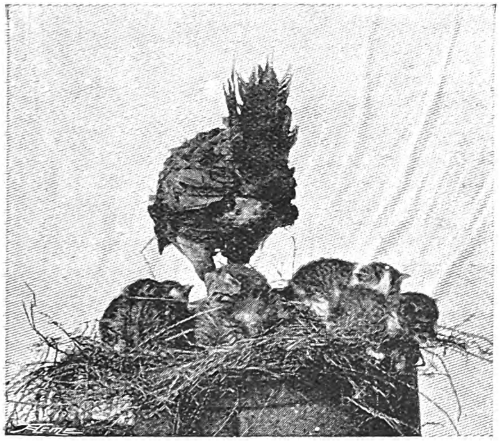
Early in October a cat and five kittens were found one morning, comfortably ensconced in the hayloft of a stable at Brockenhurst. They were not wanted there, and so the men about the place removed the happy family to a crib in the stall where a broody but persistent hen had been for many days sitting upon some china eggs.

All went well at first, and the little party seemed comfortable enough, but before long sounds of a struggle were heard, and the cat left her little ones with a good deal of haste; in fact, she gave every indication of having been wonderfully helped in her exit from the new homestead.

An investigation was at once made by the stablemen, who found to their astonishment that the broody hen had taken up her place

These troublesome children will rise early.

Why, there's one kitten missing!

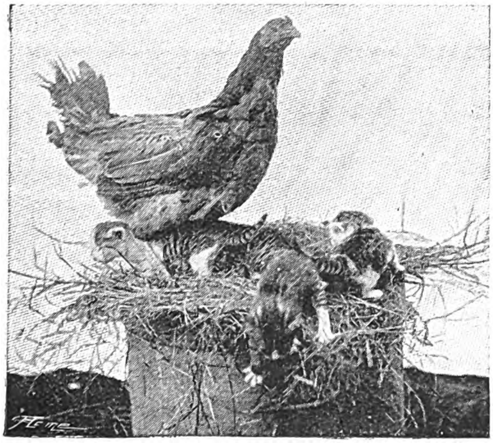


Where is that missing kitten?

as foster-mother of the kittens. She was not to be turned out of her nest and had soon settled differences with the cat.

But she by no means extended her resentment to the tiny kittens. They to her were as dear as the chickens which she could *not* hatch from the china eggs, try she never so hard.

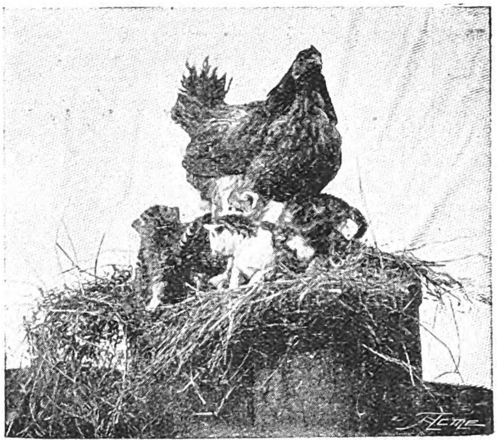
She would coo to them and do her best to amuse them, and, when they became restless, she did not fail to exercise her matronly abilities in keeping the little creatures well within bounds. Sometimes, while attending to one side of her nest, a kitten would stray from the other. But the foster-mother was not to be so evaded. The loss would soon become known to the hen and she would at once leave her place and search till she found the truant and persuaded it by pushing and other means within her power to return to the old homestead.



Who said cat?

Of course, it was necessary that the cat should be allowed to approach her offspring from time to time in order to exercise her right and privileges as the actual mother of the kittens on such occasions, but the hen had to be forcibly removed, and the door barred against her. No sooner, however, was it opened again than the hen would drive out the cat, and resume her place as head of the house-hold.

At night the hen spread her wings over the little animals just as though they were chickens, and certainly they seemed to like the cosy warmth of their feathered quilt. Our readers will appreciate the splendid photographs which we are able to publish by the courtesy of Miss Edith Batt—truly the most curious photographs of animal and bird life ever seen. The hen belonged to Mr. Fort, proprietor of a hostelry well known to cyclists and tourists in the New Forest.



All safe again.

Although other birds often act the part of foster-mother to broods of an alien species, the common fowl seems particularly adapted for such a peculiar office. It is, indeed, a regular practice in London and in the country for a hen to be set upon ducks' eggs, and when the little ducklings are hatched, the foster-mother will give them as much attention and care as she would a brood of her own. It is amusing to see her consternation when the ducklings first take to the water.

THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

By James S. Metcalfe, M.A. (Yale).

Your Chinaman abroad is a sociable chap. Six days a week he may be working hard in his laundry in some remote suburb with no other Chinaman within five miles of him, but on the seventh he hies him joyfully to New York's Chinatown, there to mix with his kind and eat, drink and be merry. Here he finds his beloved opium, the Chinese theatre and restaurants, his fan-tan gambling, and all the other comforts of home.

Less than forty years ago, New York had no Chinamen and consequently no Chinatown. To-day it numbers in its population more than 700 Chinese professional gamblers, to say nothing of some 500 highbinders or professional assassins, and a score of young female slaves. The total Chinese in New York and its immediate vicinity are considerably over 10,000, of whom more than 8,000 are laundrymen. The others are engaged in ministering to the peculiar wants of their countrymen as doctors, apothecaries, restaurant keepers and dealers in Chinese goods.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

A Chinese Woman and Her Children.

Chinatown proper consists of about a dozen city blocks of crowded tenements and lies adjacent to the lower end of the famous thoroughfare known as the Bowery which corresponds to London's Whitechapel. The only whites to be found here are the police and the degraded women who live with Chinamen. It is a busy place and its narrow streets are crowded at all hours of the day and night with its yellow-skinned denizens. Verily, it seems as though John, as all Chinamen are familiarly known in America, never sleeps.

John's principal occupation is doing laundry work for white brethren. As a washerwoman he is a success, although some of his customers complain that his methods wear out clothes faster than is really necessary. Others object to his peculiar way of sprinkling the garments before ironing them. This consists in filling his mouth with water, and then, in some manner known only to John and his kind, sending it forth in a cloud of the finest spray. The entire laundry business is controlled by the closest kind of a union, which has its headquarters in Chinatown, and to which John reports regularly. It fixes the prices to be charged for work; controls the location of laundries so that they will not be too close together; settles disputes and does a number of other things which conduce to John's business welfare It insists on perfect obedience to its decrees, and if John objects — well, the highbinders are always ready for a job.

Another objective point for John in Chinatown is the Joss-house or temple. This contains the Joss or god that

John pretends to worship. Mr. Louis Becke, who has made an expert study of the Chinese in America, claims that John really has no religion, and that what passes for such is only a conglomeration of superstition and diluted philosophy, which permits him to do anything he wants with a clear conscience. Each body of Chinese has its own Joss with its own peculiarities. One of those in Chinatown is based on the career of Chinese Gordon, and is supposed to be endowed with his virtues. John never prays to his Joss to be made a better man; only to be made well when he is ill, to succeed in his business or gambling, to overcome his enemies, or to achieve some other material object.

Very few of the Chinese in America have any family life. The Exclusion Law and the expense of bringing out wives operate against it. A few wealthy merchants have imported wives, but a larger number of Chinamen marry white women of the very lowest classes. These latter keep their wives in physical comfort at least, and treat them kindly.

The highbinders are the organized criminals of Chinatown; that is to say, we would consider them criminals, but the Chinese nature is so constituted that what we regard as criminal is to him only usual and commonplace. The highbinder is a blackmailer, a paid assassin, a procurer, a spy for a gambling house, in fact anything that will yield him pay without hard or continuous labour. It may seem strange that he should be permitted to exist when his occupation is so well known, and he makes no effort to hide himself; but it must be remembered that he is a member of a powerful organization of which all Chinamen stand in mortal terror; further than this, the American authorities are absolutely helpless because, no matter what crime the highbinder may commit, no Chinaman can ever be found to testify against him.

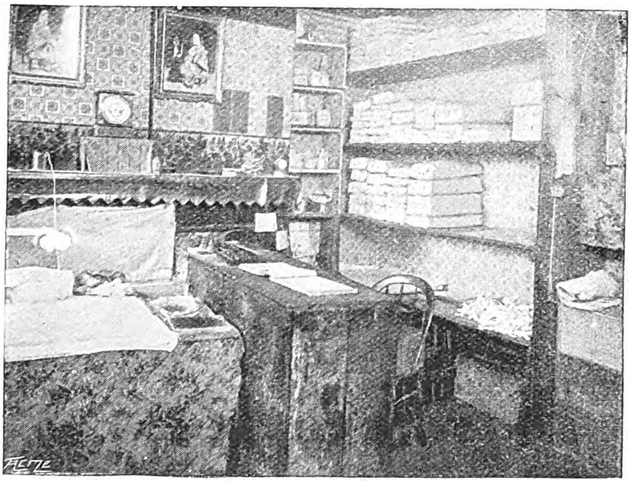


Photo by Vandor Weydo, N.Y

The Interior of a Chinese Laundry in New York.

Gambling in Chinatown is conducted on a large scale, though secretly on account of the efforts of the police to suppress it. The lottery provides a favourite method and is drawn regularly; but John's greatest passion is for fan-tan, which liking is shared by some white New Yorkers who have learnt its rules. The game is played by taking an indefinite number of coins from a box or bag, and placing them on a table; then the banker divides them into lots of four. The result hinges on the number of coins remaining after the last four have been removed. Manifestly, this will be either one, two, three, or none. This is apparently a very simple game, but John's nature is in some ways a simple one although in others, to us, most complex. Simple as the game may seem, John will come miles to play it, brave the dangers of arrest, and lose at it everything he owns; his wife, if he has one, or even his life, if his enemy be his opponent.

Opium-smoking is at once the bane and the joy of John's existence. It is his joy, because when used in moderation—and some Chinamen do smoke in moderation—it seems to do the Chinese constitution no harm. It brings into his life of toil an occasional period of dreamy happiness and a forgetfulness of life's asperities. There are those who say that opium is an actual benefit to the Chinaman, enabling him to do an increased amount of labour with a less amount of fatigue. So far as outward appearance and demeanour go, the moderate opium-smoker is a less objectionable person than even the moderate drinker.

Opium is John's bane because often he becomes its abject slave, and then he is no better off than the white man or woman who has sold his soul to the opium pipe. He is besieged day and night by horrors no sane mind can picture, he is no longer able to earn a livelihood. His body is racked by the pains

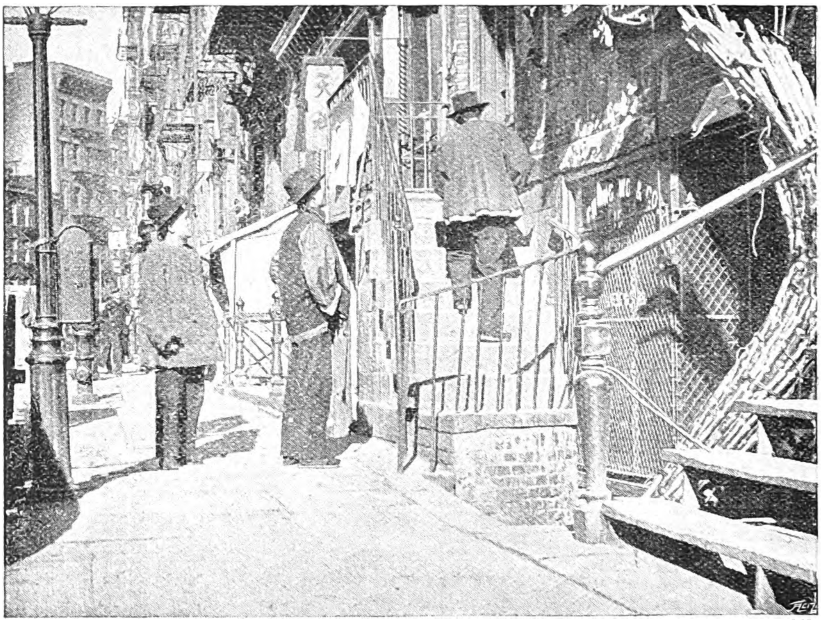


Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

Where a quiet Game of Fan-tan may be played.

and torments of the infernal regions, and ever present is the terrible craving and gnawing for the drug he no longer has the means to secure. Is it strange that he is willing to steal, to become a highbinder, to murder, to do anything which will relieve his horrible agony of body and mind?

Some of the opium "fiends" who prowl about Chinatown are horrible objects to gaze upon. Unkempt, emaciated, their glittering eyes sunk deep in the bony sockets, they seem like ghouls who, satiated with feasting on the dead, have left some neighbouring graveyard to clutch and strangle the living with their claw-like fingers. If in charity you should pay for a smoke for the wretched creature in one of the near-by dens, or "joints" as they are called, you would behold a wonderful transformation. The squalor would remain, but after one or two "pills," as opium smokers call the minute quantity of opium contained in a pipe, the whole appearance of the poor devil would change. After a few pipefuls his eyes would lose their unearthly glitter, his cheeks would seem to regain their fullness, and one might almost imagine the hue of health had returned to them. A sort of languid rapture succeeds the former hunted, ravenous look, until finally the head sinks back in the dreamy ecstasy of the opium victim. Ecstacy it is not, but deep, heavy sleep, which, compared with the former horrors, is Paradise itself.

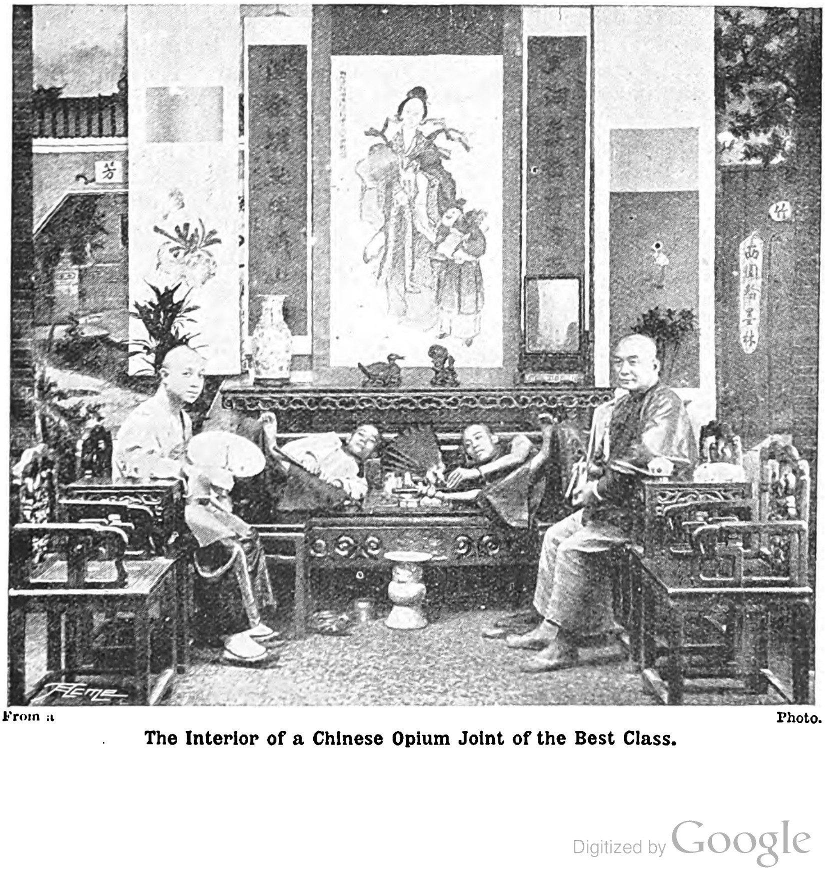
The opium den, or joint, of Chinatown is not an inviting place. The vigilance of the police and the blackmail of the highbinders preclude any idea of luxury. But what does the opium fiend care? In his beloved drug are all the luxuries of the Orient and all the comforts of the alien land where he has made his temporary home, for in America all Chinamen are only transients who will eventually return to the Flowery Kingdom either in the flesh or in the box which contains their bones. The joint is quite often located in a sub-basement, where, if you have the *entrée*, which few white people have, you will find yourself in a close, muggy atmosphere laden with a penetrating, sleepy odour different from anything that has ever before possessed your nostrils. It is this peculiar and penetrating odour which leaks through cracks and keyholes, and reveals the concealed joint to the searching police.

About the walls of the joint are ranged tiers of bunks, each occupied by a Chinaman who is in some stage of his national intoxication. One may be taking the first whiff of his first pipe; another, partially under the influence of the drug, indulging in a dreamy cigarette; and others in the condition of dead unconsciousness which marks the final stage of the indulgence. About the place shuffles the Chinese proprietor carrying to and from his customers the trays on which are the opium and the smoking implements. In joints of a little better class, those patronised by the well-to-do Chinamen and by the women who dwell in Chinatown, there is a trifle more regard paid to appearances and to comfort. Instead of the bunks a broad sloping shelf surrounds the room and this is covered with matting. On it, with their feet towards the centre of the room, the smokers are stretched out in couples, each pair with a "lay-out" (as the tray and utensils are called by their users) between them. There is a slight attempt at decoration and the dim light which is characteristic of all joints, humble or magnificent, comes from bright-coloured paper lanterns.

The opium differs largely in quality and cost, but the method of smoking it is the same with rich and poor alike. The pipe which in the minds of non-smokers is often confused with the tiny-bowled tobacco pipe of the Japanese and Chinese, has a stem of bamboo about an inch and an half in diameter. Into one side of this, near the end, is set the bowl. This is of about the same diameter as the stem and is made of clay. Its top is roofed over with the exception of a hole in the centre about the size of a pea. The lay-out includes, besides other articles, a small jar of prepared opium, and the lamp and small hook used in "cooking" the drug. These latter are the essentials; the others, like the sponge for wiping the pipe-bowl and the knife for scraping it, are in the nature of luxuries.

The process of smoking consists in first dipping the little hook into the opium and twirling it with the fingers until a pill of the dark, thick, sticky stuff adheres to it. This is then twirled in the flame of the lamp until it bubbles and seethes, and finally reaches a dull red heat. This glowing pellet is then transferred to the orifice in the top of the pipe, and its fumes, with more or less rapidity, drawn into the lungs. An old smoker will take them all at one inhalation, others will devote three or four to one pill. The joints and smoking here described are those of Chinatown itself.

A discussion of the Chinese in New York would not be complete without some reference to their influence on their white neighbours. They have not appeared in commerce because their dealings have been confined to their own people. Except as laundrymen, they have not affected the labour market



From a Photo.

The Interior of a Chinese Opium Joint of the Best Class.

because the law which prevents the further immigration of the Chinese into America was passed before there was any great influx of labourers. White people come into contact with the Chinese in the laundries, but it is a strictly business relationship, and frequently is in the nature of a row over the mysterious-looking hieroglyphics on the rice-paper which John gives as a receipt for the clothes left with him.

Some whites have achieved a liking for Chinese food, and are regular frequenters of the restaurants of Chinatown. These institutions are strictly national in character and serve nothing but Chinese food and drink. The odours of these places are peculiar and not appetising to the uneducated palate. Rice and tea are of course the principal viands served. The rice is beautifully cooked and the white pile of large, distinct grains is tempting even to a Caucasian. Pig and chicken are the favourite meats and are cooked in a number of ways. The best compound dish—from our point of view—is called "chop suey," and is made of pork hashed up with onions and beans and celery tops. Others are made of such ingredients as shark fins, moss, bird-nests, eels' bladders, and sturgeon's head. The drinks are rice brandy and palm-root wine.

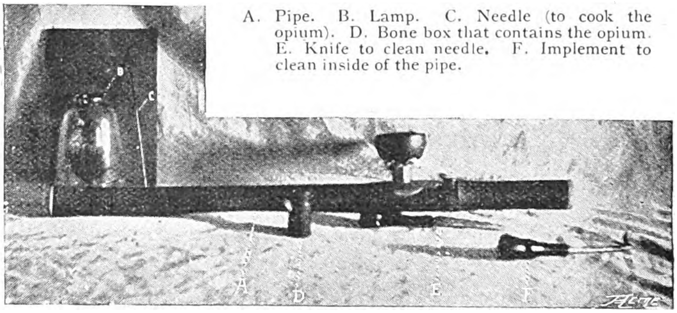

A. Pipe. B. Lamp. C. Needle (to cook the opium). D. Bone box that contains the opium. E. Knife to clean needle. F. Implement to clean inside of the pipe.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

An Opium Smoker's Outfit or "Lay-out."

It is in teaching them to smoke opium that the Chinese have had the greatest influence on the people of New York. It must not be inferred that the vice has become a general one in the metropolis of the United States. It is not largely prevalent, but it has slowly crept up from its lowly beginnings in Chinatown until now it has a few devotees in almost every circle of American society. The police are vigilant in their efforts to suppress it and are usually successful, on account of the betraying odour, in raiding joints in those parts of the city occupied by the middle classes. Rich "fiends," however, can so seclude their pet indulgence that they need be in no fear of the police and the consequent arrest and public disgrace.

It may, or may not be, the influence of the drug, but the white smoker seems to have a mania for surrounding its use with the greatest luxury. The writer once visited a place of this kind, and a description of it will serve for that of several others. These private joints differ only in the details of the decoration which their owners' diseased fancy lavishes upon them. The method of smoking or "hitting" the pipe is always the same.

The private joint in question was situated on the top floor of a magnificent private residence. The indulgence of the hosts' guests was usually preceded by a dinner, more dainty than filling, accompanied by the most delicate wines that money could buy. Your opium smoker does not care much about eating and drinking. A string quartette furnished music for the dinner, and its soft strains were heard in the distance during all that followed. The lift carried the host and his guests to the top floor. Here was a medium-sized room, most fantastically but richly adorned. Its low ceiling was covered with dark-blue felt. Scattered over it were golden stars of different sizes clustered about a golden sun, from which hung an electric light dimmed by a deep purple globe. About the edge of the ceiling and at the top of the walls was draped a gilded fish-net, through whose folds was drawn the stuffed body of an enormous serpent. His head, with glittering eyes and protruding tongue, hung down just in front of one of four soft divans which occupied each corner of the apartment. The floors were covered with heavy rugs, and the walls hung with artistic embroideries in all the colours of the Orient. On the soft resting-places the party quickly arranged itself in congenial couples. Then came a pleasant-faced Chinaman, dressed in delicate silks, bearing four trays on which were the opium lay-outs, and in addition a complete selection of cigarettes.

The divans were all broad and well supplied with handsome pillows. The only light, aside from that of the central burner, was supplied by the tiny lamps on the trays between the men and women on the divans. They were all devotees of the drug, and a speedy loosening of shirt-collars and unhooking of bodices, showed they were eager for its enjoyment. The etiquette of opium-smoking is that when two persons are smoking together, each shall alternately cook a pill for the other. It is rather a slow process, and dreamy conversation, punctuated with many cigarettes goes on in the intervals.

The Chinese in New York were harmless when left to themselves. If their principal vice has spread to the Americans it is not because the Chinese have spread it, but because the Americans have sought it. They have many virtues which the Americans and other races might well emulate. They are frugal and industrious, and alcoholic intoxication is with them an unknown vice. So long as a Chinaman has any work to do he sticks at it, stopping neither for food nor rest until it is finished, no matter what the hour may be. Often, long after midnight, when everyone else has gone to bed, the light in his laundry is the only one to be seen in the quiet suburb or remote side street where he has located the little industry which is to gain him a competence, and enable him to return to the Flowery Kingdom, there to pass his declining years in affluence and in the worship of his ancestors. This is John's highest ambition. He has no interest in America, and no desire to become a citizen. If he cannot return to China alive, he insists that his bones shall be sent there after his death, and he and his friends form societies to carry out this sacred purpose. If he dies they bury him, and after a suitable time his bones are taken up, scraped, carefully packed, and, at the expense of the society, sent to his native town for final interment.

A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

THIS elegant bridge spans the Esk near Glaisdale, a picturesque village in the North Riding in Yorkshire.

It is said to have been built in 1621 by Tom Forres, who loved an Eskdale maiden, whose father opposed the match because of the poverty of her suitor. Tom thereupon determined to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and on the eve of his departure had agreed to meet his sweetheart to say farewell. But, alas, the flooded river divided them and could not be forded, and he had to depart without seeing her, vowing that if ever he should return rich he would erect a bridge so that no Eskdale lover should be in such a plight again.

His ventures abroad proved successful, and, returning to Eskdale, he carried out his vow and built the bridge. His sweetheart had remained faithful to him, and he eventually married her, and in after life he became Mayor of Hull.

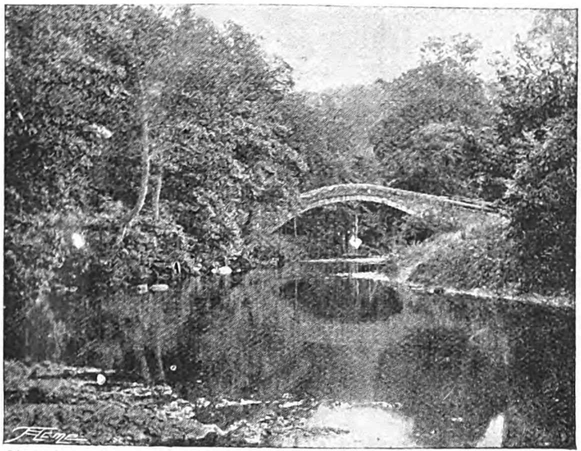


Photo by H. Vaughan Walker.

The Beggar's Bridge, near Glaisdale.

"The rover came back from a far-distant land
And claimed from the maiden her long-promised hand,
But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now."

FARQUHAR OF THE "CRESCENT"

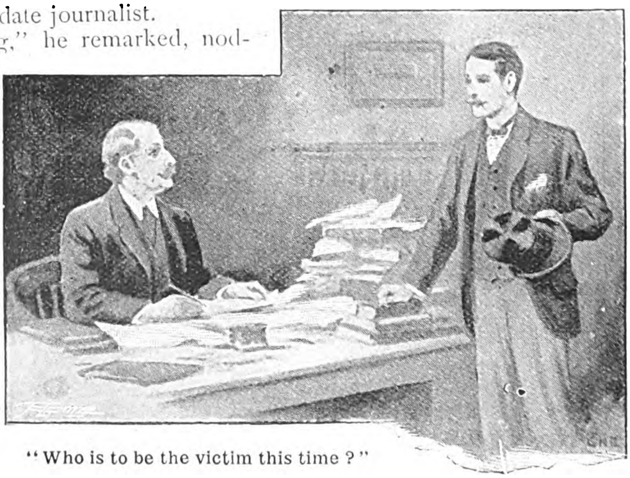
BY MAUD CHURTON AND HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE EDITOR of the *Crescent* frowned moodily as he plunged his blue pencil ruthlessly through paragraph after paragraph of the MS. sheets before him. It was already Wednesday evening, and, as they went to press on the morrow, he had to work rather against time. Consequently, the atmosphere of the office was somewhat sulphuric.

"I do wish those beggars wouldn't scamp their work so infernally!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I can never use more than half the rubbish that they have the impudence to send in."

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and, in response to the Editor's growling "Come in," a young man entered. He was a good-looking young fellow of about eight-and-twenty, apparently, with a clever face, and the bright alert look of the thoroughly up-to-date journalist.

"Good evening," he remarked, nodding pleasantly. "Anything in my line to-night? I feel inclined for work."



"Who is to be the victim this time?"

George Henderson looked up from his desk. "That you, Farquhar?" he said, wearily. "Yes, I can let you have a page this week. I want you to do your best with it. The circulation always falls slightly at this time of the year—I'm sure I don't know why. Let me have something good this time, by way of a change, you know. Something smart and snappy, like your 'Nostrums of a Novelist' and 'Minor Moralities," for instance."

"All right. Who is to be the victim, this time? I'm spoiling for slaughter just now."

"What a bloodthirsty fellow you are," returned the Editor. "It's positively indecent! Let me see—give me a review of this book, will you? I haven't read it myself yet: I never have any time for this sort of thing, but I hear that the *Planet* people are gushing over it. You can take your cue from that, and slate it accordingly."

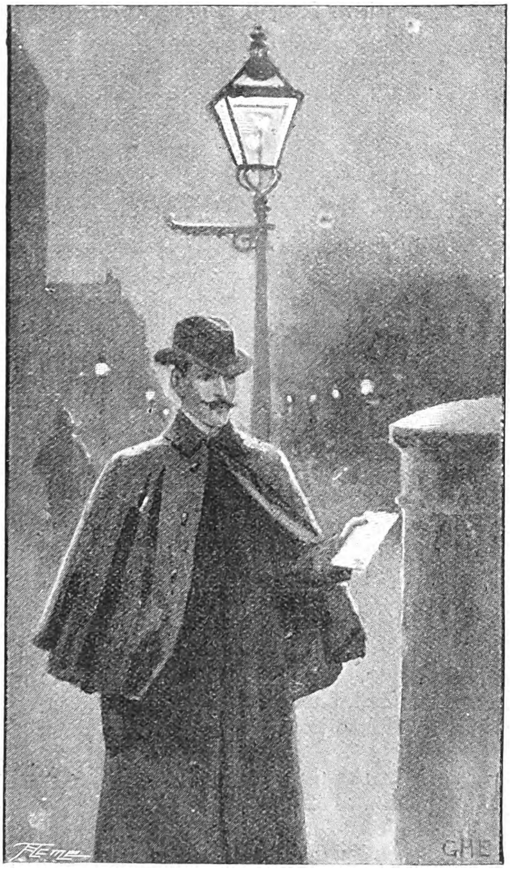
His companion glanced at the title carelessly. "Ah, 'Lilies of the Field.' Well, there's no striking amount of originality about the name, at any rate. I rather think it is a plagiarism from one of the Gospels. Who is the gifted author, by-the-way? Reginald Denton? Can't say I've heard of him."

"A *nom-de-guerre*, I believe," answered the other. "I can tell you something about it, too. 'Reginald Denton' is a woman."

"Oh, come!—this is really too much of a good thing! I can't stand this phase of Newer Femininity; it gets on my nerves. When they take to annexing our masculine cognomens in this calm fashion, I must seriously think of calling myself 'Mary Jenkins,' or something of that sort, in self-defence. Well, goodnight; you shall have the 'copy' by to-morrow morning."

At ten o'clock that evening Harold Farquhar commenced his task in his little room in Gower-street. His confident frame of mind had vanished, for, on perusal, the book had proved an agreeable surprise. It was strong and striking, and the treatment and conception particularly appealed to him. The writer had struck—with considerable success, he was fain to admit—a note of more than average interest, and it annoyed him that he should be instrumental in condemning good work. He was of an age when he had lost neither his hair nor his ideals, and consequently he rather prided himself on his critical impartiality.

"Confound it all!" he said to himself for the tenth time. "I shall have to slate it now, I suppose. I said I would, and Henderson evidently expects me to do so. Besides, those idiots on the *Planet* have raved over it, and that ought to be quite enough to decide any self-respecting member of the *Crescent* staff. Here goes, then—her blood be on her own head!"



The copy was due at the "Crescent" office next morning.

Seizing a sheet of paper, he placed his pad on his knee, and settled down steadily to the work before him. Every now and again he paused, read over the last few lines, and laughed quietly to himself. When a couple of sheets were filled, he signed them at the bottom with his pen-name, and carefully blotted the concluding paragraph. As he did so he could not help smiling at the thought that, in making use of a pseudonym, he was doing the very thing against which he had so inveighed. But then in his case, he told himself, it was not with the idea of misleading anyone as to his sex.

Since the 'copy' was due at the *Crescent* office next morning, Farquhar put on his hat, and went out to post it at the corner of the street. As the MS. dropped with a dull thud into the pillar-box, a sudden sense of remorse flashed upon him. The *Crescent* was by way of being a leader in literary matters—suppose his article did the book serious harm? It was a disagreeable thought. The writer was a woman after all, and for the sake of another woman whom Harold Farquhar loved, the action was already hateful in his eyes. A woman—and he had struck at her in the dark! The idea made him feel very uncomfortable, and he acknowledged to himself that he would like to recall the review, if he could. But it was too late—there was no help, and it must go.

He leaned against the pillar-box, hesitating. Certain felicities of phrase which had pleased him in the novel recalled themselves importunately, together with the brutalities of his own review.

"Hang it all! I must be getting soft-headed in my old age," he muttered fiercely, as he strode the street. "I'm not bound to gush over every book that comes my way. Why should I cut up like this about it?"

But she was a woman, and the novel had been good. He could not forget it. Visions of 'Reginald Denton' weeping over next Saturday's *Crescent*, and refusing to be comforted, kept him awake that night. The incident haunted him with curious persistence all the next day.

On Saturday morning he woke up cross and irritable. "Thank goodness, I shall see Stella to-day," was his first thought, "and get out of this infernal Fleet-street atmosphere." But when at five in the afternoon he entered the little drawing-room of the flat in Denton-street, where Stella Sutherland lived, the first thing he saw was the new number of the *Crescent* lying on a side-table. He threw it across the room. Hardly had he done so when the door opened and Stella herself came in.

She was *petite*, with a sweet, sensitive face, and fair hair. To-day she looked very pale, and black shadows encircled her large, blue eyes. Farquhar crushed her in his arms as she entered, and kissed her fondly.

"It's good to see you again, my darling," he cried. "But what on earth is the matter, little girl? You're not looking cheerful at all—are you ill?"

The girl buried her face on his shoulder, trying to control her voice before answering.

"No. I'm only miserable, Hal," she replied, at length. "I'll tell you all about it . . . where is that number of the *Crescent*? I want to show you something in it. Why, how did it get over there?"

"Sorry, darling," said Farquhar, apologetically. "I'm so sick of 'shop' to-day that the sight of a newspaper makes me wild. I was obliged to pitch it aside."

"But why should you object to the *Crescent*?" she asked. "You don't do any work for it, do you?"

"Oh, the Editor gives me a column, now and then," he answered, carelessly. "I look him up when I feel inclined."

A sudden light came into her eyes. "Then you can tell me who he is," she cried, clutching his arm. "Who is he, Hal, who is 'Northcote Boyd?'"

Turning over the leaves rapidly, she thrust the page he knew so well before him. Harold Farquhar saw his own review, headed "Dreary Drivel," and signed with his pseudonym of "Northcote Boyd."

The words danced before his eyes. A horrible foreboding was at his heart.

"Who is Northcote Boyd?" she repeated, passionately.

"I don't know, dear," he heard a strained voice saying. "It is probably a pseudonym—very few of the staff use their own names. What's it about, though?" he continued, more naturally. "Oh, I see—a very cruel attack on a new writer—'Reginald Denton.' Very bad taste, of course—but what does it matter to you, my dearest?"

"It matters a good deal to me," said Stella slowly, "because I—I am Reginald Denton, I took the name from Denton-street as a pseudonym. 'Lilies of the Field' is my work—the first fruits of my pen. I wanted it to be a surprise for you, Hal, but it's all spoilt now—and I—I loved it so!"

She broke down and began to sob miserably.

"Good God! If I had known of this before," exclaimed Farquhar, as he soothed her in his arms. "You, 'Reginald Denton!' *you!* Oh, why didn't you tell me, child?"

"Yes, I ought to have told you," she answered, lifting a tear-stained face that wrung his very heart, "but I wanted it to be a surprise. I thought you would be so pleased and proud of me. I ought to have told you, of course, and you would have reviewed it for me, wouldn't you, Hal? And then I might even have gone into a second edition."

"No reason in the world why you shouldn't now," he said, trying to comfort her. "One bad review can't spoil a book—and the *Planet* was very eulogistic. Come, dear, you must cheer up about it."

"Ah, did you read that notice in the *Planet*, then?"—she brightened involuntarily—"It made me ever so happy. But the *Crescent* is more influential. And at the very outset a review like this is enough to ruin a beginner's book. Just listen!"

She began to read aloud some of the passages in which he had laid himself out to assail the work. Farquhar groaned as he heard, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. That he of all men should have done this thing!

"It seems to me pure malice," the trembling little voice went on. "What do you think of this concluding paragraph, for instance?"

> The "Lilies of the Field' are scarcely likely to blossom in such feeble soil as this. If "Reginald Denton" will accept a well-meant word of counsel, she—for the writer is misguided enough to seek to palm off her inanities under cover of a masculine cognomen—she will in future eschew the perilous paths of literature, and return perchance to the more fitting occupation of knitting socks, and other legitimate feminine pursuits.

"Cruel!" he could only mutter, desperately. "To hurt the sweetest little heart on earth! Never mind, dear. Try to forget the thing, and I will do my best to boom the book all round the clubs and everywhere. We'll show them that the *Crescent* is no good at all as a judge of literature."

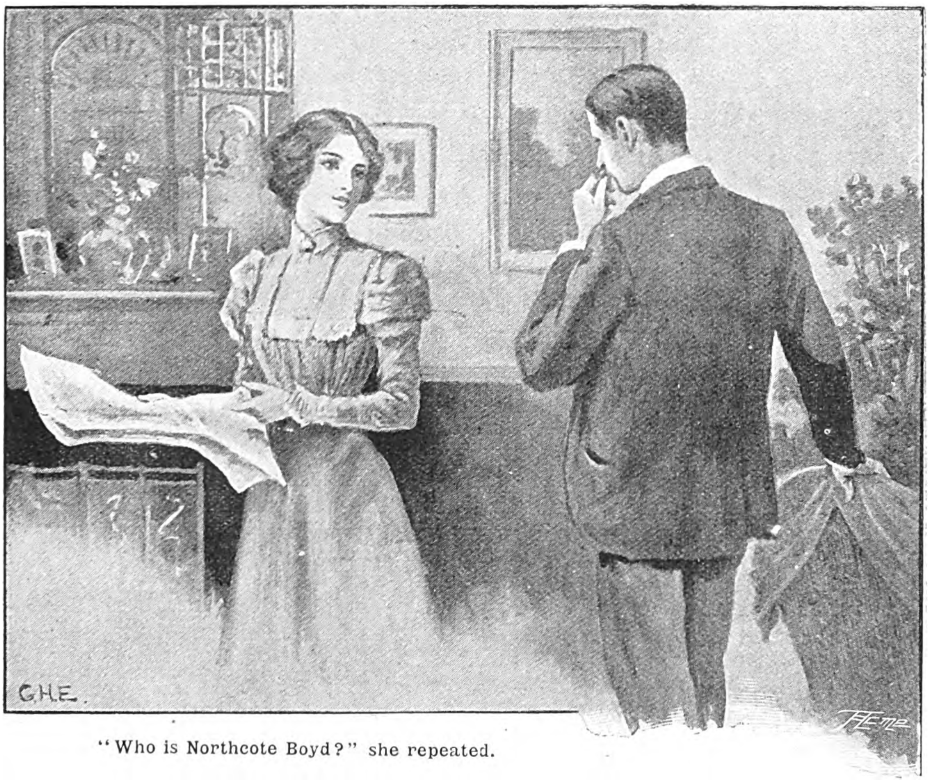
But the mischief had been done; the poison was working. Farquhar did not dream the effects of his review could be so far-reaching. Several lesser lights took their cue from it, and almost a dozen unfavourable notices appeared within three weeks, quite counteracting the few friendly criticisms which had led the way. From the day "Dreary Drivel" was published, the sale of "Lilies of the Field" grew less and less, until gradually it ceased to move altogether. He had killed the book!

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd is satisfied?" Stella said to him one day, with a dreary little smile. "I wonder if he realises what a first book is to a young writer—the blood and tears which go to the making of every page. No one who has not produced a book can know what it means."

The pain in her voice made him wince. "Don't take it so to heart, dear," he implored. "You are far too sensitive about it. Do try and forget."

"You don't understand," she replied, turning wearily away. "You are a man—I suppose women feel more. I cannot forget—it was my heart, Hal! I worked at it day after day, and often half the night as well—every word of it was dear to me—I put my best into it! And now it has been killed by the pen of 'Northcote Boyd' and buried in two columns of the *Crescent*." She laughed hysterically, and the man told himself that his punishment was more than he could bear.

Nemesis had indeed overtaken Farquhar. His thoughtless action had been punished a thousandfold, for not only did Stella take the affair to heart in an incredible degree, but to add to the torture which the sight of her grief occasioned him, he was continually haunted by the fear that, sooner or later, she would discover the hand that had struck her.



"Who is Northcote Boyd?" she repeated.

It made him shudder to think of it; and to-night the sense of impending calamity was stronger than ever, for Stella had asked him to take her to dine at Pinsuti's—the restaurant above all others patronised by the *Crescent* men. He would be certain to meet some one or other of them, and nothing seemed more likely that by some fell mischance, his identity with Northcote Boyd would be discovered.

Stella, however, had set her heart on the promised expedition. She was eager to see, at close quarters, the literary and artistic celebrities who foregathered there, and of whom he had so often spoken to her. Anything seemed worth while which helped to cheer her. Flinging prudence to the winds, he hailed a cab, and together they went down to Fleet-street.

For a time, all was well. He chose a table in the most secluded corner of the room; there were no pressmen about as yet, and Stella was delighted with everything. She talked and laughed with all her old vivacity, and took the deepest interest in the people he pointed out. The *Crescent* men did not generally arrive before half-past eight or so; if they could get away before then, all might yet be well. They had a delightful dinner, and Farquhar at length managed to shake off a little of his despondency.

Then came a portent of evil. A couple passed on their way out, engaged in animated conversation—a very handsome woman, dressed in a magnificent black and silver costume, and a man well-known as a dramatic critic of eminence.

"But, my dear lady," he was saying, "consider—an editor is only a man after all!"

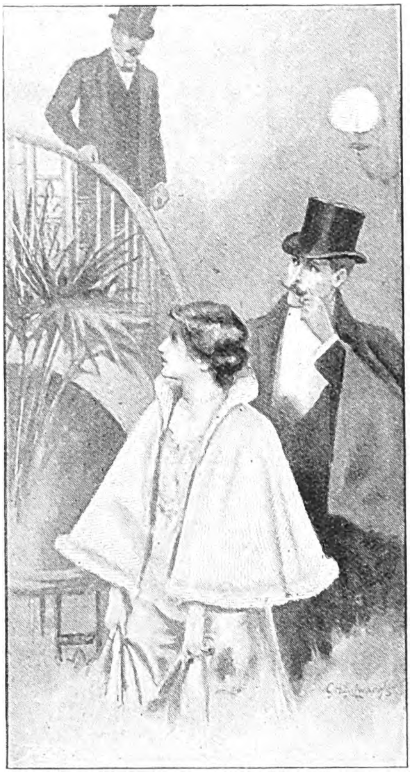
The woman looked back at him over a white shoulder.

"No journalist is a man," she laughed; "they are all charm-proof neuters!" Stella observed the effective play of her lashes. They did not catch his answer, but the lady's reply was quite distinct.

"Oh, you critics!" she added, with another silvery laugh. "Why you're the worst of all. You would kill the book of the woman you had kissed an hour before, and think nothing of it!"

A leaden weight seemed to fall on Farquhar's heart. He stole a glance at his companion who had gone pale.

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd has ever killed where he has kissed?" she said, wistfully.



"Hullo, Northcote!" he cried out.

He did not trust himself to answer, but, calling the waiter, paid his bill and got up to leave. Almost as he did so the door opened, and the next moment one of his colleagues on the *Crescent* was coming towards them.

With a groan of despair Farquhar recognised the man. It was Harrington, the one above all others whom he was anxious to avoid, on account of his invariable habit of addressing him by his pseudonym.

"Come along," he exclaimed hurriedly, seizing Stella's cloak. "You can put this on outside . . . A man I don't want to meet," he added in a lower tone, seeing her bewildered expression. "Quick, now!"

Stella hastened on as fast as she could. "Some dun or other, I suppose, she said, smiling. "Naughty boy!"

But Harrington had already noticed Farquhar and hurried out of the room after him. Stella was a few steps in front and he imagined Farquhar to be alone.

"Hullo, Northcote!" he called out, at the top of the stairs. "Hi, there, Northcote Boyd! You're in a deuce of a hurry!"

Stella flashed round in an instant.

"Who—where is Northcote Boyd?" she cried, wonderingly. "Where is he, Hal?"

Farquhar stood on the staircase between the two, his face ashen. There was no other man in sight. Her gaze swept the landing and returned to him.

"Harold?" she said.

"Er—I—" stammered the bewildered Harrington from the stair above.

Stella turned to him sharply, "Why did you call this gentleman 'Northcote Boyd?'" she asked in a low voice, looking fixedly at him. "I have a particular reason for asking."

"Er—a pen-name of his, madam," he

replied, in confusion—and then, *sotto voce*, when he saw the expression which came over her face—"Beastly sorry, if I've let anything out, Farquhar. Afraid I've put my foot in it."

Stella turned and passed on without a word. Farquhar's eyes were blazing.

The commissionaire hailed a hansom. For a second they stood waiting on the kerb, but he dared not look at her. They had been going to the Lyceum, but now he gave the cabman the address in Denton-street instead.

No word was spoken during the short drive. Stella unlocked the door of the flat with her latch-key, and he followed her in silence to the drawing-room, turning on the electric-light as he passed.

She sat down and faced him. Her white quivering face was utterly pathetic.

"It—it's true?" she asked, swallowing painfully.

"God forgive me, darling," he stammered, "I——"

"Please go. I can't bear any more," she said, simply. "I'll send you—your letters, and—and the ring."

"Stella!" he cried, imploringly. He had never dreamed of this. "Only listen to me—I never knew—I swear——"

"Please leave me alone," she repeated, a piteous little break in her voice. "W—won't you do even *that* for me?"

"Is all our love to count for nothing?" he protested, vehemently.

A spasm of pain passed across her face. "It was all the world to me," she said, slowly, "and I—I cannot love a liar and a coward."

"I will explain everything," he cried, passionately. "Stella! Stella! Only listen, only think—all our love against such a little thing. You can't really mean it?"

"It was not a little thing," she repeated, beneath her breath. "It was my heart."

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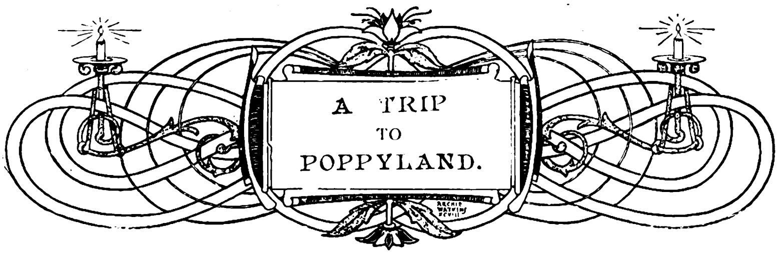


A TRIP TO POPPYLAND.

The first train starts at six p.m.,
For the land where the poppies grow;
The Mother dear is the engineer,
And the passengers laugh and crow.

The Palace-car is the Mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
Then the passengers wink and blink and nod,
And fall asleep in the train.

But what is the fare to Poppyland?
I hope 'tis not too dear!
No! the price is this, one loving kiss—
And it's paid to the Engineer!

At eight p.m. the next train starts,
For the Poppyland afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

So I ask of Him who children took,
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge I pray of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight!"

E. R. Louden.

CURIOSITIES OF PARIS LOCOMOTION.

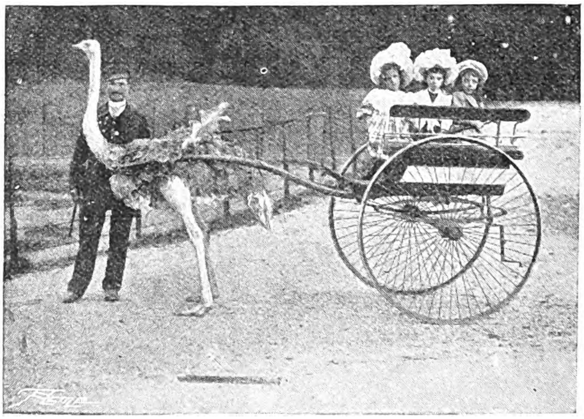
Illustrated with Photographs by Lancelot Bayly.

BY ELLSWORTH DOUGLASS.

IT is said that all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; but the average Englishman, who detests the sight and abhors the smell of a motor-car, would find the paradise turned to purgatory if he chanced to be sent, after his very respectable demise, to haunt the Avenue de la Grande Armée in that city.

Apropos, it was the "day of the dead" in the Catholic calendar, that is the second of November, when the truth of the foregoing observation was forced upon me. French holidays are few (except the one they are having all the time), and the Parisians were certainly making the best of this one. It occurred to me that the day, instead of sending them mournfully to the cemeteries, had merely reminded them of Mr. Bill Nye's advice to "have a good time while you are alive, for you will be a long time dead!" At any rate, all Paris was on wheels of one description or another, and was scorching and quacking over the avenues and boulevards, hurrying to the parks, to the races, to the suburban gardens and cafés. I was bound afoot for the Bois de Boulogne.

To get there I merely had to cross "Big Army Road," as the Avenue would doubtless be called in London. It is really three streets, two railway tracks, three broad sidewalks, a shaded promenade, and an asphalt bicycle path, all welded into one gloriously broad avenue, leading from the Arch of Triumph to the Maillot Gate.



A feathered Biped in Harness.

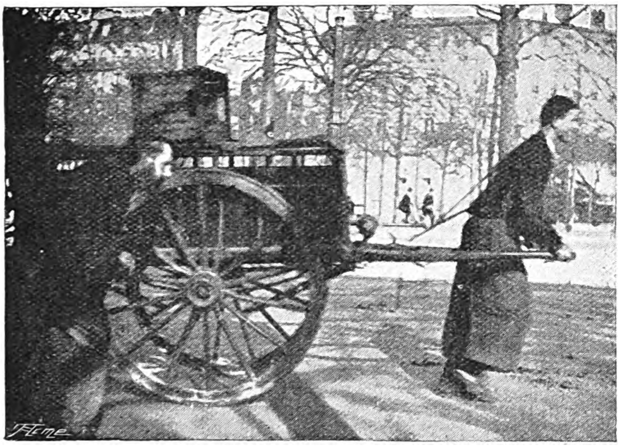
The ostrich which draws a children's wagonette in the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

I managed to cross it; but that is because I am a man, more or less keen of eye, quick of movement, and, perhaps, over confident of my ability to take care of myself. Had I been a timid woman, I should be there yet, looking up and down in my bewilderment for a policeman to stem the tide of wheeled traffic, which knows no bobby's truncheon, and never slackens for mere pedestrians. I recall dodging two steam tram-trains running in opposite directions, two three-horse buses, eighteen or twenty bicycles, three motor-carriages, two automobiles, a voiturette, five motocycles, and a distance-eating motocyclette, or self-propelled bicycle. But what struck me most was the solitary coachman, completely hemmed in by this concourse of self-propelled vehicles, swearing in desperation and vainly trying to extricate his neglected *fiacre*. Even his travel-weary horse seemed to surrender to the inevitable and resignedly to join in that cry so infectious in France: "Vive l'Automobilisme!"

This was no special occasion for the dis-

Copyright by Ellsworth Douglass in the United States of America, 1899.

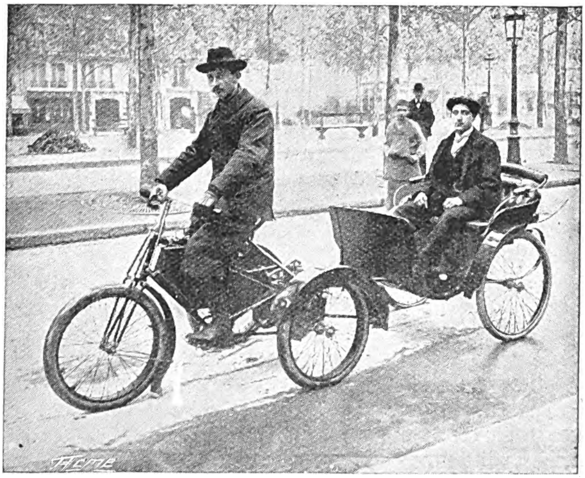
play of motor-cars ; no procession or intended exhibition of them. It was just a winter holiday which happened to impress me with the extraordinary development and rapid pace of self-propelled traffic in Paris. There were fancy automobiles driven by liveried footmen, with milady and her poodle in the comfortable rear seat; there were young men on motor-tricycles, hauling a staid father and mother in a two-wheeled cart behind for a swift run through the parks ; there were enthusiastic *chauffeurs*, mud-spattered and reckless, off for a trip to Versailles or Fontainbleau ; there were jolly *bourgeois*, rubicund and rotund, with well-packed hampers to be emptied in the gardens of St. Cloud or the forest of St. Germain ; and there were faultlessly dressed gentlemen, remnants of the nobility, enjoying their latest and most exhilarating fad.



Unfeathered Bipeds who draw the Fruit and Vegetable Carts of Paris.

I caught the infection of it, became enthusiastic over it, went back through it to my hotel for my camera and spent several hours in photographing the most interesting specimens of it. With all the crowd, with all the rush, with all the reckless speed such as would be permitted in no other city on earth, I saw no accidents and heard of none. It is characteristic of the Paris authorities that instead of suppressing or restricting automobilism, they have recognised it as an advance of civilisation and have encouraged it. There are some cities which struggle against every innovation, and shun a new idea, as they would the invading army of the enemy, but it is not so in Paris. The city authorities soon became convinced that a motor-car is better governed, and more easily stopped than a horse. They simply require that every driver or conductor of a motor-car or motocycle must know how to do it. He must have thoroughly learned from a competent teacher and carry with him a certificate to that effect. In case of an accident, if he should fail to produce this certificate it would go hard with him.

Before taking up the automobile pictures in detail we have two very different sorts of bi-peds in harness to consider. From the place where the Avenue de la Grande Armée turns into the Bois de Boulogne, there is a sort of minature tramway, with little cars on a narrow track, and drawn by a single pony or mule, on which the French children delight to ride to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. In this garden they first become acquainted with strange birds, beasts and plants, which are brought from distant lands and acclimatised there. The obliging ostrich, shown in the photograph with which this article opens, is the largest acclimatised bird there. He is harnessed somewhat after the fashion of a horse in a



A Motor Tricycle drawing a two-wheel Cart.

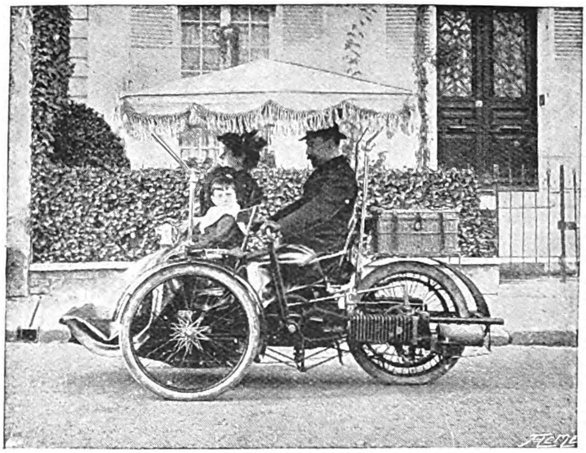


Photo by Dubroni & Co., Paris.

A Family Party off for a Pic-nic.

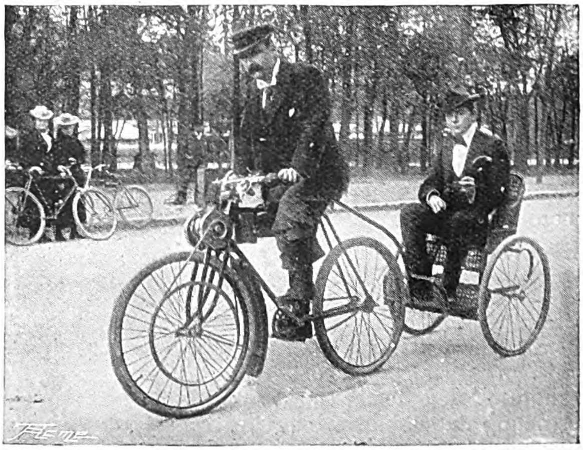
hansom cab, but he requires to be "personally conducted" by an employé. He would not deign to take a bit in his beak, and he utterly refuses to learn the use of lines, which are only there to please the pretty little passengers whom he is taking about the grounds in the neat little waggonette, especially constructed for him. If he saw a motor-car he would probably leap over the fence and bury his head in the sand, but these are excluded from the Jardin, and he has now become quite accustomed to the half-hourly ascents of the big captive balloon not far from him. This balloon is quite as tame and manageable as he is and affords as much amusement to the children who go up in the basket nearly a thousand feet above the beautiful park, when their parents are not too timid to take them.

Men in harness hauling vegetable carts are quite as common a sight in Paris as mokes in London. If they happen to own a dog, they harness him up with a rope collar to help pull the cart, and it is wonderful how willingly and how vigorously the dogs work at their unusual task. The harnessed men in our photograph have not lost their hats in a strong wind; they are simply "wearing their hair" as the French expression goes, and this is a very common thing among working people. One often sees shop-girls and *bonnes* going to market, walk miles in the rain without hats. They arrange their generous tresses in a sort of shock, coming to a peak like the top of a haystack to shed the rain, and hanging over the brows to keep the sun a little out of their eyes.

But to return to the question of automatic travel, we call attention to the illustration we give of a motor-tricycle (or as the French say, more euphoniously, motocycle) towing a neat cart behind. This very natural addition arose out of a protest by the ladies against being left at home while the men went "burning up" the pretty park roads. Papas take their children, husbands take their wives, and boys take their staid parents through all the joys of "flight on the surface" in this fashion.

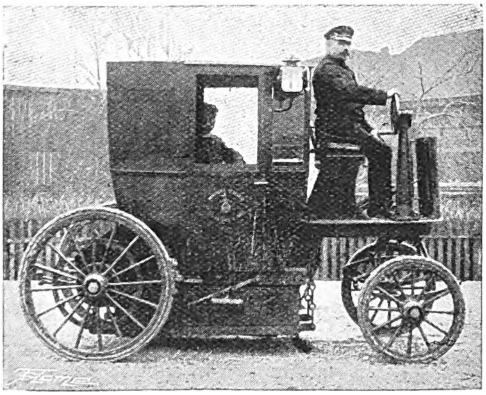
Another style of three-wheeled motor is that constructed with the two wheels in front instead of behind. The front seat is well placed to get the best view and catch all the park breezes. It is a favourite seat with the ladies, and those who have once ridden there will never consent to take the rear seat on a tandem bicycle again. The man sitting behind has the guiding wheel in his right hand and the motor regulator in his left.

Perhaps a still more convenient form is the family motocycle, which we show above. The front seat is wide enough for mamma and the young hopeful, while the father drives. The canopy top may impede progress a little, but it adds comfort on the ordinary summer day. An ample lunch basket rides over the rear wheel, and the happy family is



Werner Moto-cyclette or Motor Bicycle towing a Cart.

well provided with all that is necessary for a thorough day's enjoyment.



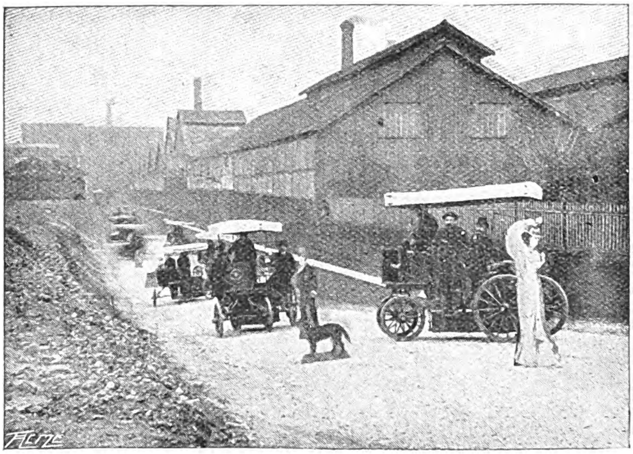
A Parisian Motor Cab.

It has long been the fond dream of the wheelman to see a light and convenient motor invented to drive an ordinary bicycle. On heavy roads he has longed for it, and on steep hills he has prayed for it. Let him now look at our illustration of the Werner Motocyclette. The motor is admirably located in view of the cyclist in front of the handles over the front wheel. It is almost a pocket edition, and can be attached to any strong bicycle. It weighs only 22lb., and a still lighter form is now being perfected by the same inventor. It turns at the rate of twelve hundred revolutions per hour, and imparts motion by means of a leather belt, sewing-machinewise, directly to the front wheel. Inside the frame, below the seat, is a compact reservoir, carrying enough petroleum essence to drive the wheel more than sixty miles, but one must count on a less distance if he wishes to take a friend in tow in the neat wicker cart which trails behind. The great advantage of motocycles having pedals is that they need no awkward starting apparatus, such as automobiles require. The ordinary motor-car appears to the uninitiated to be running away when it is standing perfectly still, as there is such a violent revolution of the fly-wheel used for starting them. This motocyclette is started with the pedals, which are arranged on a rachet, and need not revolve when the motor is well in motion.

Motor Cab Drivers being taught on the specially prepared Track, with its Dummy Figures.

In case of an accident to the machinery the rider is not put to his wits' end to get home. He simply pedals home as on an ordinary bicycle, and charges the little extra exertion to the fun he has had with the motor on more propitious occasions. The weight of the entire bicycle and motor in our photograph (exclusive of cart) is only 67lb., and it really seems to realise the ideals of swiftness, lightness, and the liberty to take any sort of roads, even very narrow paths which would be closed to other motors. The success of these machines has been demonstrated by twenty months hard usage in France, and in such countries as Algeria, Servia, Turkey, and even Madagascar. Over reasonably good roads a speed of twenty miles per hour can be maintained.

The only sort of motor-cars which have not been seen in Paris are those which are commonest in London, namely: public carriages plying for hire. The opening for such is exceedingly promising, since nearly every resident of Paris is deeply interested in automobilism, and wild with desire to ride in some sort of motor carriage. The Compagnie General des Voitures recognised this long ago and saw that the future was likely to leave their one-horse victorias in the cold. They began experimenting with petroleum motors with satisfactory results, until they were assailed by the grave question of the vile smell a dozen such carriages would give off about a station where they might be in waiting. That set M. Bixio, the director of the company, to investigating and experimenting with electric motors, with most satisfactory results. Three styles of such carriages have for some time been built for this company, which will in due time circulate over the Paris thoroughfares for hire at the regular rates now charged for horse-drawn carriages. But so far they have only served to teach the small army of coachmen employed by this company, how to conduct a motor-car over every sort of road and through every sort of obstacle.



Looking down the Track.

The Paris authorities insist that each such conductor must have a diploma from the police department certifying to his ability to manage the motor. To give all the coachmen proper training, the company has built at considerable expense and great pains, a practice track at Aubervilliers, which is a decided novelty in its way. One part of it is built at the same slope as the steepest street in Paris; here it is paved with brick, there with wood, and in another place with vitreous blocks or asphalt. There are stretches of common dirt road and loose sand, and in one place it crosses a number of tram-tracks.

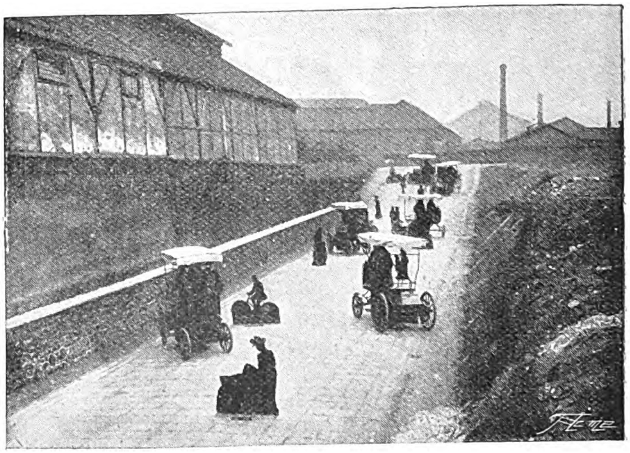
But this is not all. It was necessary to train the conductors to dodge the crowds of the Paris streets. A training which took no account of careless pedestrians, helpless children and reckless bicyclists would be of small account. So the ingenious M. Bixio has devised a score or more of dummy figures which are scattered in confusion, here and there, down the slope of the practice track.

A special design of carriage has been built for convenience in teaching the primary class of would-be conductors. The instructor is seated in front, with his right hand on the steering wheel, his left on the motor regulator and his feet on the brakes. Behind him, stand the pupils watching his operations and receiving preliminary instructions.

After a few lessons of this sort, the pupil is put in the seat and the instructor walks by his side or stands behind him. The dog, the nurse with the baby, and all the other things are only make-believe figures, which require but a light touch of the motor wheels to fall over dead and testify against the conductor.

Soon under full speed he dashes down the hill, cutting between a woman with a perambulator and a boy on a bicycle; then he passes two more heedless boys and a stupid *bonne* with a big basket and other equally indifferent figures.

A dignified man created by some scene-painter, has drawn himself up in the middle of the road and refuses to budge. The driver turns his wheel, whisks past, and goes his way. At the end of the hill he must turn and dodge the same difficulties on the up-hill journey, which is quite a different problem.



Looking up the Track.

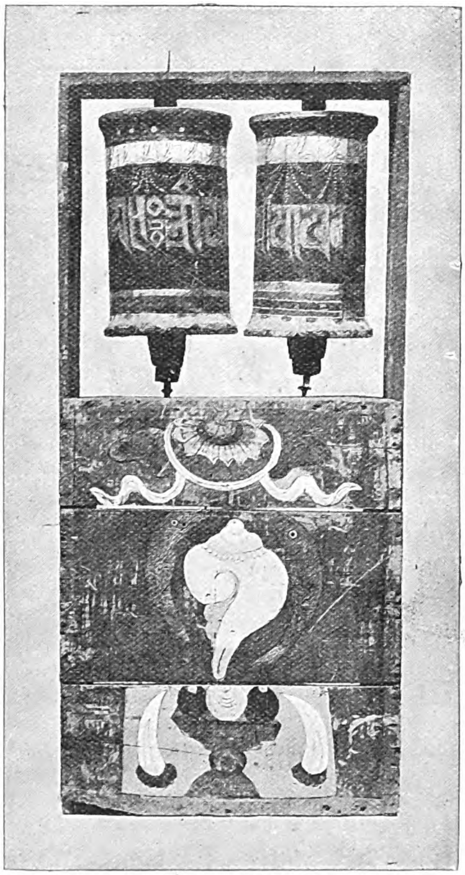
PRAYING WHEELS.

By Lewis Stevens.

The religion of the lamas of Thibet is a most accommodating one, especially in regard to the many prayers which have, on pain of heavy penalties, to be offered to the Deity. To recite the requisite number of prayers per day, not even the many thousands of lamas in the country would suffice, but an ingenious device has been brought into requisition which enables even the most ignorant and busy to "pray" without ceasing.

The prayer-wheel has been described many times before, but we are able to present our readers with an exceptionally interesting photograph of a praying machine which stood in a Thibetian village.

The wheels are not only inscribed outside with prayers, but the cylinders are also full of little slips of parchment with invocations of the Deity and petitions written upon them. The machine stood in the village square by the side of a monastery, and it was open to any faithful Buddhist to give the wheels a twirl as he passed.


From a Photo.

A Thibetian Praying Wheel.

Wheels of this sort are placed in the walls by the street side, and are spun by the passers-by

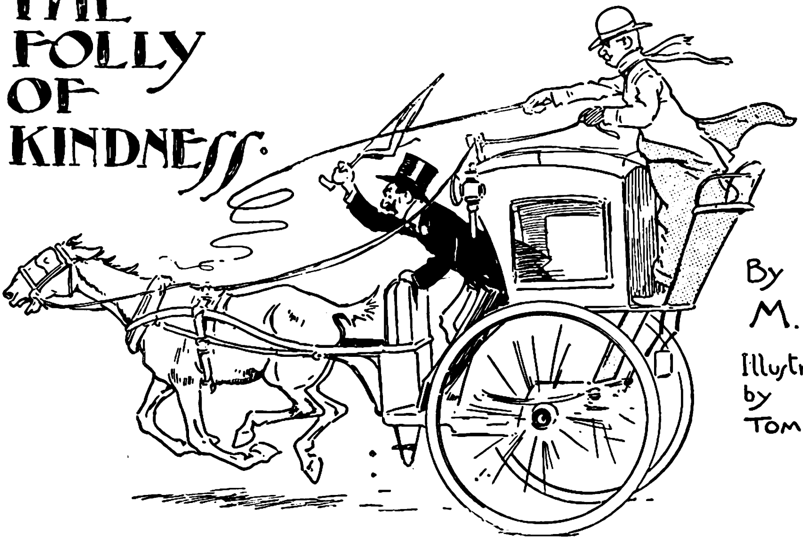
Throughout the day the wheels would, almost without ceasing, keep up a series of spasmodic spins, urged on by various devout worshippers. Each time the cylinders revolved, the whole of the prayers contained in and upon them were supposed to go up to God, and to be accepted by Him as readily as if they had been said by the devotee.

The Buddhists of Thibet have also hand prayer-wheels, which they carry about and twirl as they go, whilst at many monasteries huge cylinders, containing many hundreds of prayers, are turned perpetually by wind or water power.

A traveller, recently returned from Thibet, says that at Soonum he saw several large prayer cylinders arranged over rivers and streams, and the people of the village considered themselves in a very special way the favoured of the gods. In one instance the prayer cylinder was nothing more or less than an ordinary beer barrel, which had been filled with parchment prayers and fixed on a pole. The other end of the pole was in the water, and had a rough horizontal fan-wheel affixed to it.

Here we see a distinctly practical method of devotion. The power of water is harnessed by civilisation and turned to many useful purposes, but scarcely to that of praying on our behalf.

THE FOLLY OF KINDNESS



By M. DENNIS

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE

I ASK for no sympathy. Some, perhaps, may think that my narrative displays me in a ridiculous position. I do not hold that view. still, if any foolish person likes to laugh at me he may. But sympathy I absolutely decline.

For many years I devoted a large slice of my leisure to a dutiful endeavour to enliven the old age of my Uncle Janson.

Regularly every Sunday afternoon—well, nearly every Sunday afternoon—I called upon him about half-past six and stayed to dinner.

I will do my uncle the justice to admit that his dinners were not bad, and his cigars were distinctly smokable. Still on my part I invariably, and often laboriously, kept up a proper show of listening to his reminiscences.

Then, when at last he died, after years of devotion I was insulted by a legacy of five hundred pounds.

Nor was that all.

A whim of the old man's magnified the insult into an outrage.

He left directions that the contents of his will were not to be disclosed until after his funeral; and so my insult was ostentatiously proclaimed in the presence of Benjamin, whom I despise, and Christopher, whom I detest.

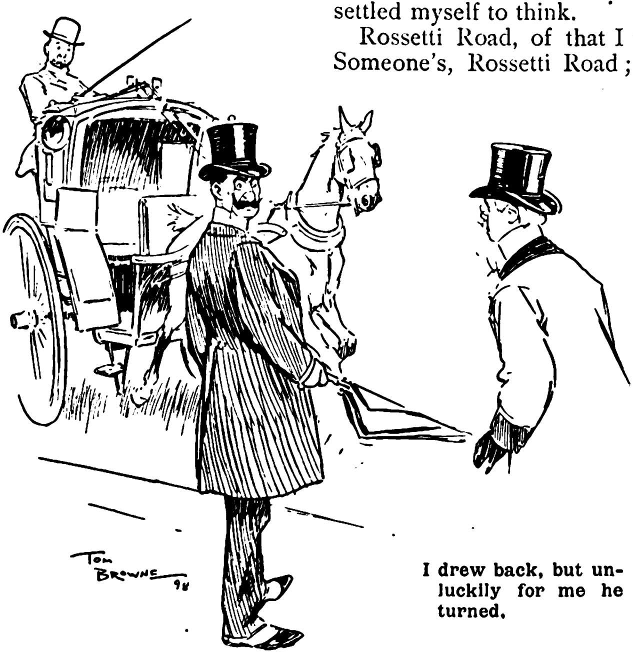
We three cousins seldom met. Even at the ceremony of reading the will we met, if I may so put it, as little as possible. I sat myself in one corner of the room, Benjamin slunk into another and Christopher aggressively seized upon a third.

No one spoke until Higgs, the butler, from the odd corner, suddenly asked the glum looking solicitor at the table whether he would like a sandwich. Then Christopher laughed. I mention the fact both to indicate Christopher's character and to record the only laugh he got that day. For old Janson had seen through him after all; and even now the indignation which I feel at my own treatment is tempered by the remembrance of Christopher's expression as it dawned upon him that his transparent toadyism had failed. As for Benjamin, he was not even mentioned in the will. I doubt if anyone, who had a choice in the matter, ever did mention Benjamin.

There were extravagant legacies to the servants (Higgs, a mere butler, getting twice as much as I), that beggarly five hundred to me, the same to Christopher, and then all the rest—and such a rest it was—to Anna. What possessed the old man to pitch on Anna I cannot conceive. True she was his niece, but was not I his nephew? She was perfectly happy out there at Swampton Park. She didn't want the money as I did; she couldn't spend it as I could; she hadn't earned it as I had. So she got it. Still, though justice is justice, I did not for a moment bear any malice towards Anna. Indeed I was only drawn into the painful struggle of which I have to tell by a kindly thought for her. Before the lawyer had quite ceased his droning it occurred to me that I might well go myself to Swampton Park and convey in person Anna's good news.

I am a man of action. In a few seconds

I was out of the house and across the road to the underground railway station. There was no train in Anna's direction for ten minutes; still the rail would be quicker I thought than a cab. Returning to the station door I nearly ran against Christopher, who was just outside in the act of hailing a hansom. I drew back, but most unluckily he had seen me; for he turned, and, in one coarse sentence which I shun to repeat, he indicated to me his sinister intention of proceeding immediately to Anna's. It is right that his exact words should be stated. They were these: "My little lot to your little lot I'm there first."



I drew back, but unluckily for me he turned.

Without waiting to hear my indignant protest he jumped into the cab and was off. I knew Christopher's character; if hė got there first he would ask Anna to marry him. I knew Anna's age; if Christopher got there first she would consent. I looked again at my watch; he had nine and a half minutes' start, and a good horse. It was clearly my duty to persevere, but it might be an unpleasantly close race.

The train was late, and when it did come it waited an age in the station. At last it started, but not before another whole minute had been added to Christopher's start. In one minute and three-quarters—a horribly long minute and three-quarters—we reached the next station. There three-quarters of a minute were wasted. The train was delayed, actually kept back, while a fat old woman was prised into the next carriage by the guard. He was impudent, too, to me when, with my watch in my hand, and my head out of the window, I warned him that I should report his conduct to the company. Then another crawl to the next station, and there another unnecessary delay. If it took five minutes to clear two stations how long should I be in reaching Swampton Park? I am no great mathematician, but I managed the calculation on my cuff. To add four minutes for the quarter of a mile from Swampton Park station to Anna's house was the work of a moment, or rather would have been the work of a moment had I not received in its course a sudden mental shock. It flashed upon me that I hadn't the faintest remembrance of the name of Anna's house.

I anathematised the builder's folly, and Anna's folly, and everybody's folly, in not having numbered the houses; and then I settled myself to think.

Rossetti Road, of that I was certain. St. Someone's, Rossetti Road; for I knew that in Anna's red-brick paradise all the houses were in the nominal ownership of saints. But try as I might I could not recall Anna's particular saint. I could only remember that she was near the end of that dreary road, and that there were some very odd saints down her way.

I allow that for a short time I was dejected. I had already gone through much, and the thought that it might be my duty, for Anna's sake, to run backwards and forwards like a startled chicken was depressing.

But I soon took heart again. For Anna no doubt would be well known in Rossetti Road; and, besides, I could remember that every inaccessible ledge on the outside of her villa was guarded by white wood bannisters. That style of decoration could not be very common, even in an artistic suburb. And of course—I wonder that I had not thought of it before—Anna's blinds would be drawn.

Cheered by this thought, I once more attacked my calculations. Soon their completion showed me that I was bound to arrive at Anna's five minutes before Christopher, even if his horse kept up all the way a speed of twelve miles an hour. Anna would be saved.

I gave up timing the train, lit a cigar, and began to think quietly over what I should say to her.

Obviously Christopher's conduct would force me, for Anna's good, to propose to her, and to propose to her at once. I am no hypocrite, and I do not pretend that I loved Anna—in any strict sense of the word. Still it is sometimes one's duty to make a sacrifice, and I held myself bound to run any risk to prevent the success of Christopher's nefarious scheme.

But my proposal, I felt, must be made as gently as possible.

There must be no shock about it; above all no opening for hysterics. I should have liked ten minutes for a nice graduation, but I could only count on five, and nothing must be left to chance.

It would be unfair to conceal from Anna her altered fortunes, so I would allow half a minute in which to tell her that we were both beneficiaries under our uncle's will. It would not, of course, be necessary to go into details.

I would congratulate her, and possibly she would congratulate me. I allowed another half minute for that. Then I would say that even the circumstances under which we met were brightened by being the bearer of good news to her. It would be impossible to let Anna waste any time there, so I would proceed at once with a reference to the great regard and affection which I had always felt for her. It might be necessary, in common politeness, to pitch the affection a little higher than the facts altogether justified.

I allowed another two minutes. Then I would gently suggest the joining of our fortunes, and end by asking her in so many words to be my wife. I reckoned that I should have a margin of a minute at the least.

My train plunged into the last tunnel. I was getting very near. Beyond the tunnel the railway and the main road from town run alongside one another for some three-quarters of a mile to Anna's station; and Rossetti Road is less than another quarter of a mile beyond the station.

Perhaps it would be inadvisable to smell too strongly of tobacco.

I let down the window, and was instantly deafened by a whistle from the engine. The train was scarcely moving. Another whistle and yet another and the train stopped in the middle of the tunnel. It was scandalous; but as I had prudently allowed a margin I felt that I could spare a few seconds.

But the few seconds grew.

However far I leant out of the left-hand window I could see nothing. Out of the right-hand window a red light was visible low down in the distance, at which I directed some ineffectual observations.

The seconds mounted to a minute. My margin had gone. Still no movement of the train; nothing more to be seen from either window; an awful silence.

Five, ten, twenty seconds. Then suddenly another whistle. Now, no doubt, we should be off. I might not after all be able to mention to Anna those financial considerations, but still—

Thirty seconds; the train had not started. Forty, fifty, another minute; was the thing ever going on again?

I gained nothing by poking my head out of alternate windows; I could no longer sit still; my eyes could scarcely follow the small hand of my watch as it raced through the seconds.

Three minutes. Oh, to be cooped up alone, in a dark hole, unable to do anything but rush from window to window; with that rascal's horse, perhaps, galloping along over my very head! I was possessed with a longing to attempt to push the train along, and then with a frenzied desire to shout out of the window; but, where could I push and to whom could I shout?

I have some idea that when at last the train did creep on again, after a delay of five and a half minutes, I was saying something to someone out of the window; but what it was and to whom I was speaking I cannot remember. Exhausted I sank back on to the seat. The insufferable heat filled my brain with thoughts of old Janson.

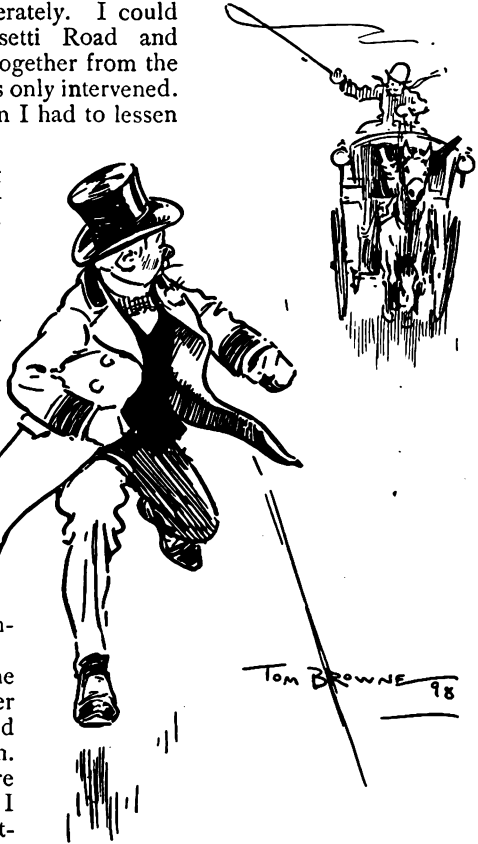
As daylight at last began to show, I managed with an effort to get again to the window. The train left the tunnel. There was the road, his road; and there, yes, there was he. I can scarcely bring myself to describe the sight forced upon my eyes. Christopher's hansom; the doors wide open; the driver lashing his horse unmercifully; and Christopher himself belabouring the unfortunate animal with his umbrella. The poor brute was doing his best, though I rejoiced to notice that he had gone a bit lame. Christopher's absolute cruelty compelled me, as the train whizzed past, to shout "Shame" and "Whoa" from the window.

Neither cry seemed to have any effect; and the cab, still galloping, grew smaller and smaller in the distance. As a minute later I rushed from the station I could not catch any glimpse of it. My mind was made up. I would struggle to the end. I would run for it—for her I mean; I would sacrifice everything, even a proper dignity of appearance, in my efforts to save poor Anna from that inhuman villain.

I did run. I started along the straight main road, away from the station and away from the cab. I ran desperately. I could see the place where Rossetti Road and another road branched off together from the high road. Seven lamp-posts only intervened. I ran past four of them; then I had to lessen my speed. Before I could walk to the next post I heard a low rumbling sound. I looked round and there, passing the station, was the cab. I ran more desperately than before. The pain in my side was terrible; I felt that I could run no further. He would pass me then. My indomitable spirit refused to be beaten, and I struggled on. When I had nearly reached the corner, I looked round again; the cab was not a hundred yards behind.

On I raced, reached the corner, turned, and then, after one rapid survey, my mind rose to the desperate occasion.

Rossetti Road lay before me, but, exhausted as I was, I could not hope, without assistance from my brain, to reach its further end before that infernal cab.



When I had nearly reached the corner the cab was not a hundred yards behind.

But right across the second of the two roads which here branch off my quick eye discerned a wooden obstacle, warning the passer-by to beware of an apparently mythical steam-roller. I also noticed, and properly appreciated the fact, that a telegraph boy was strolling towards me down Rossetti Road. I made these observations, and thought out my plan, in an inappreciable fraction of time, and almost as quickly I proceeded to its execution.

“Do you want to earn five shillings?” I shouted to the boy. He stood still, stopped whistling, opened his mouth wide and stared vacantly at me.

I know the signs by which Post Office people depict their failure to grasp what is asked of them.

He had not heard.

It was absolutely necessary to regain my breath. The cab rattled horribly.

“Do you want to earn half-a-crown?” I repeated, each word a separate pant.

“Show us it,” he replied.

I threw him the half-crown; made him take one end of the obstacle; seized the other myself, and in a moment Rossetti Road was closed to road traffic.

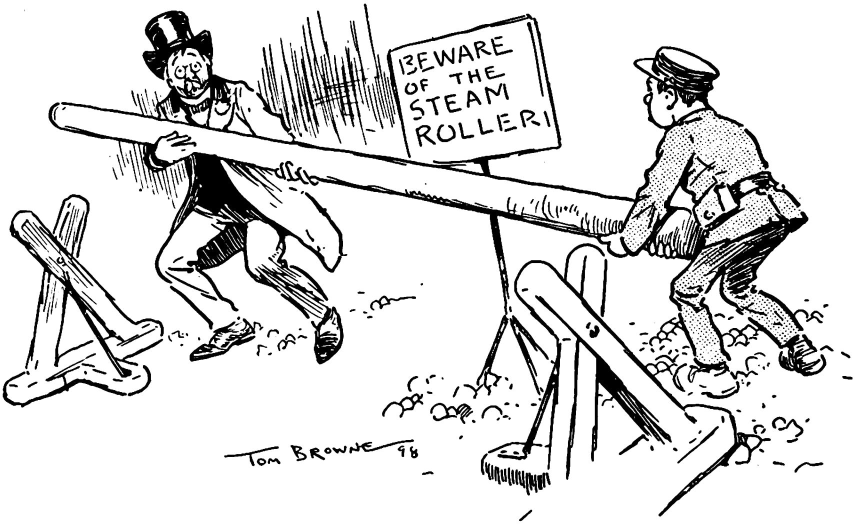
On again I fled. Past St. Bruno's, St. Leopold's, St. Buildina's, and dozens more. Hastily scanning each as I ran past, I could not spare a moment to look round even when a clattering and a shouting told me that Christopher had reached my obstacle. The third house from the end had the blinds drawn.

Yes, there were the white bannisters; that was Anna's.

I rang both bells, knocked twice, and then, running down into the road, I looked back.

The cab was still the right side of my obstacle, pirouetting round and round. The driver, acting on that general principle so loved by cabmen, was beating his horse and trying at the same time to communicate with Christopher through the trap; while Christopher was endeavouring to dodge the reins to shout back over the roof.

As the servant opened Anna's door to me


BEWARE OF THE STEAM ROLLER!
TOM BROWNE 98

I made him take one end of the obstacle; seized the other myself, and in a moment Rossetti Road was closed to traffic.

I saw Christopher jump out and the cabman gracefully flick his hat off with the whip as he sprang.

I hustled the servant off to fetch Anna. I would wait in the hall.

As soon as the woman was out of sight I shot the bolts of the front door. Then a second time I rose to the occasion. Taking my match-box from my pocket I thrust wax matches one by one through the pin-hole into the lock of the latch. The ninth was nearly home when I heard Anna descending the stairs. Out it came again and, slipping it back into my pocket, I advanced to meet her. As I did so a shuffling noise outside, a violent ring of the bell, and a still more violent knock told me that Christopher had arrived.

"Come in here, Anna, will you?" I asked a little loudly, perhaps, "I have urgent news for you."

"Oh, it's you, Edward, is it?" Apparently thinking this not quite the most idiotic question conceivable, Anna paused at the foot of the stairs to add: "And, pray, what is the matter?"

I shook her warmly by the hand as we walked together straight across the hall; indeed, I had to shake her by the hand right into the drawing-room. As I shut the door I saw the servant cross the hall to let in Christopher.

"I think I know your news already," Anna began, with a silly smile, before I could get breath to start. "Dear Benjamin telegraphed to me at once."

The officious busy-body! What on earth had it got to do with him? But I said nothing. I was thinking how to begin. The shaking which the front-door was undergoing baulked me abominably. Suddenly faint exclamations reached me from the hall, and I heard the bolts withdrawn. Only eight wax matches standing, so to speak, between Christopher and me, I felt that I must plunge for it.

"You know, Anna," I said with a convincing wave of my hand "I have never attached importance to mercenary considerations. Doubtless Benjamin's telegram was concerned with some mere matter of money."

Anna seemed to wish to break in, but a crack from the hall warned me to push on.

"You may," I continued, "have suspected, but you cannot have known, what I have come to tell you."

Another crack; I warmed to my work.

"You cannot have known it," I went on, speaking as quickly as I could, "for never before this moment have I breathed of it to a soul. You may well have suspected it, for it is impossible that an affection such as I have long entertained towards you could exist without some occasional indication of its presence. Anna, I have come to-day in some haste, and as you may perceive in some agitation, to tell you that I love you——"

At that point I grasped her hand; and I am perfectly sure that Anna would have blushed had she been a few years younger, and had not a sharp report, like that of a pistol, rang out in the hall. As it was, she jumped up and screamed.

"Be calm, be calm," I shouted to her. As I heard the front door thrown open, I thought it best to scramble quickly to my feet. "It's nothing; nothing ——" I could hear Christopher in the hall—this was no time for further eloquence. I got between Anna and the door. "Anna, I love you madly; will you marry me?"

The door had opened. The servant was announcing Christopher; and in he walked. Anna had not answered me.

With his usual want of manners Christopher pushed past me to shake hands with Anna. On tip-toe, and with a pleading look, I tried to catch her eye over his shoulder. Suddenly he turned to me.

"May I congratulate you?"

I could hardly venture, under all the circumstances, to say anything, but I smiled triumphantly in answer. The fellow turned to Anna, and put the same question to her. This time I caught her eye.

Anna giggled. Anna distinctly giggled. I should pull it off after all! She looked again at me. My eyes beamed with expression.

Finally she looked at Christopher and said, "Yes, I think you may congratulate *me*."

I *had* pulled it off then! I had fought and won! Ah, brains will tell! I had not suffered for nothing. I had saved her! I took a rapid turn up and down the room; and then, notwithstanding some show of reluctance on Anna's part, I kissed her hand. The accent she had put on the "me" was really charming.

Christopher broke in again:

"It's just the least bit sudden, isn't it?" he had the impertinence to ask Anna.

"Not at all," I began hotly; but Anna insisted on interrupting.

"It is a little sudden, I know," she said, "but, you see, as he had paid for a reply, and as——"

"Who had paid for a reply, Anna?" I asked.

"If you will only be quiet, Edward, I will read it to you," she replied.

"What on earth is 'it'?" I demanded.

I do not wonder that Anna looked ashamed of herself as she extracted a telegram from some hiding-place in the front of her dress. I took it from her quickly and read:

"Uncle left you all will you marry me reply paid Benjamin."

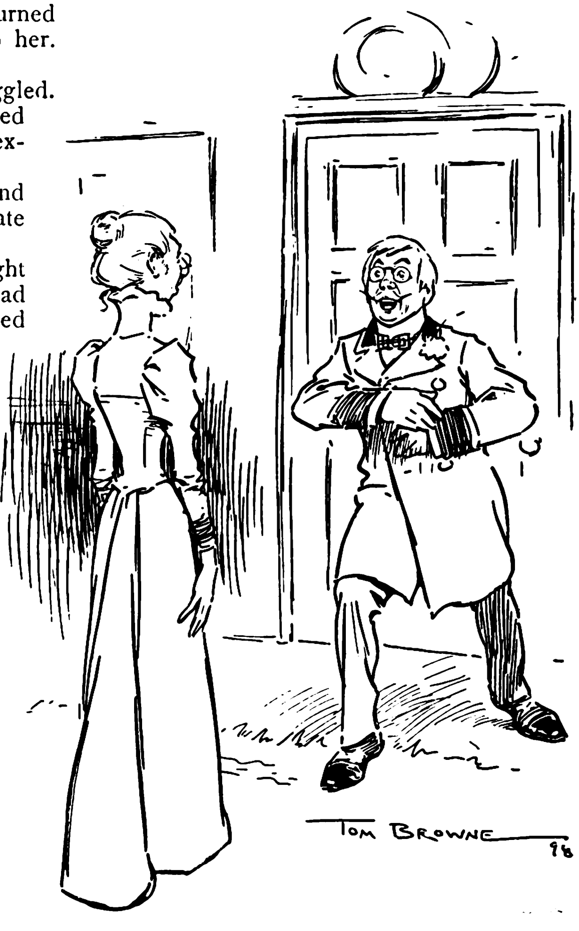
"Of course, you haven't answered this thing, Anna?" I asked, still strong in my faith in the woman.

One moment more and that idol went.

"I have just answered 'Yes,'" she said.

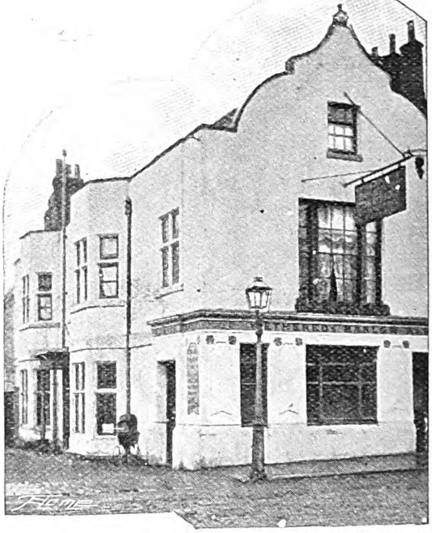
I was roused a minute or so later by Christopher's voice, sounding far away, babbling some horrible nonsense about his having had the honour of meeting Cupid's messenger at the end of the road.

'Cupid's messenger,' indeed! Cup——"Oh, great Heavens!" I should have ejaculated (had I been less affected) as I left the house, "if that—if that" (for I was really very affected)—"if that little whistling lout hasn't my half-crown."



I got between Anna and the door. "Anna, I love you madly; will you marry me?"

SOME FAMOUS LONDON INNS.



The Crown and Treaty House, Uxbridge.
It was here that Charles I. signed the treaty between himself and his Parliament in 1644.

By Beatrice Beaman.

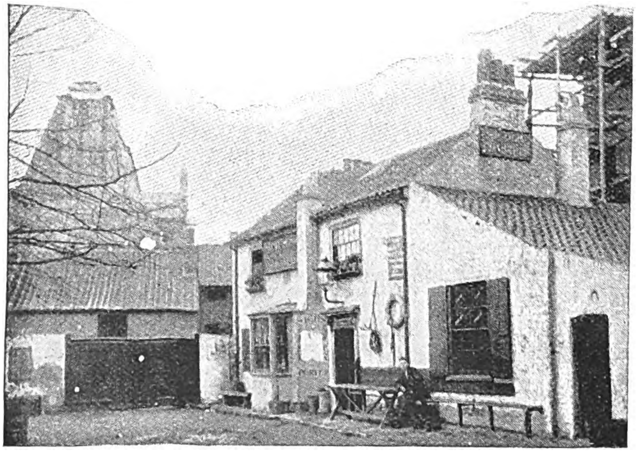
Every year in descriptions of our famous 'Varsity boat-race, mention is made of the "Crab Tree," which is a well-known riverside landmark. Until a few years ago, on this spot stood the old "Crab Tree Inn," which claimed to so great an age that we find it spoken of as a landmark in the fifteenth century, when a certain lord built a house half-way between here and the Bishop of London's palace.

Interesting tales are told of the place when it was the noted abode of smugglers, and it was with great regret that the news of its demolition was received by all lovers of the historical and antique.

In all parts of England may be found inns and taverns of great age and interesting associations, especially in London and its suburbs. In some cases, the names are as household words amongst us, yet probably but few know or trouble their heads about the histories of these ancient hostels.

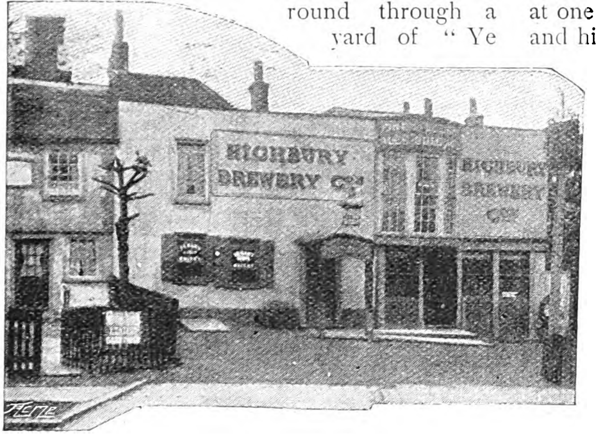
The old saying "He has been sworn at Highgate," meaning "he is a knowing fellow," arose out of the custom of swearing on the horns, practised until a quarter of a century ago at the "Red Lion" and "Olde Gate House," Highgate.

Various reasons have been given for the origin of the custom, of which the most sensible seems to be that graziers, who had cause to stop frequently at the various Highgate Inns, tried on those occasions to keep the accommodation exclusively for themselves. Finding they were unable to do so, they insisted that whosoever wished to join them, should swear brotherhood and friendship on the horns of an ox or stag. A huge pair of mounted horns may still be seen in the "Olde Gate House"



The Crab Tree Inn.
This inn was so ancient that we find it spoken of in the fifteenth century.

hall. The ceremony is too long to detail here, but it is interesting to note that in 1742, a pantomime song on the subject was sung at the Haymarket. Up to 1769, all waggons of any size had to go round through a yard of "Ye Olde Gate House," as they could not pass under the low "Gate" arch on the Highgate Road, which was demolished in that year. Many celebrities have visited this inn in their day, among the number being George Cruikshank and Doctor Johnson.



The Bull, Highgate.
Nell Gwynne used to spend a considerable portion of her time at this inn.

The present edifice is an ordinary looking building, disappointing in its modernness, though its historic associations remain the same.

"The Angel Inn," on the crest of Highgate Hill, is remarkable for its antiquity, dating as it does from before the Reformation. Doubltess it was originally the Salutation Inn, and when the Virgin was struck out at the time of the Reformation, the angel remained, and became the sign. It is one of the few hostelries still in existence built altogether of wood.

Not far from it stands the "Bull Inn," worthy of note as the favourite resort of George Morland, who used to stand for hours in the inn yard, joking with the waggon and coach drivers. Nell Gwynne, the famous paramour of Charles II., is said to have spent much of her time in this hostel. The club room of the "Bull" contains some interesting relics of former days, whilst its tea gardens, well-known to many a Londoner, with its rustic seats and summer houses, seems to spread an atmosphere of byegone days about the place.

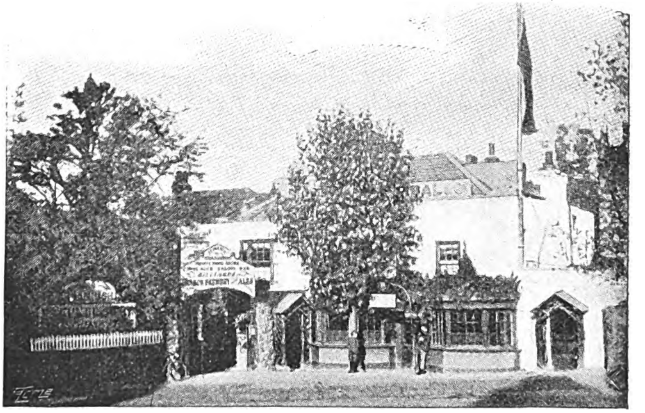
The "Bull and Bush" at Hampstead, a notable public-house in North End, was at one time the frequent resort of Addison and his various friends. In its pleasant tea gardens some curiously made bowers and arbours are still to be seen. The tavern is also renowned as having been once Hogarth's country seat.

The district of Southwark can boast of more than one inn of ancient date. Here stands the "Talbot," once known as the "Tabard," and famous under that name in the "Canterbury Tales." Chaucer says :—

> "Befelle in that season on a day
> In Southwerke at the Tabard as I lay," etc

The hostel was built in 1307 by the Abbot of Hyde, and was much frequented by pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.

"The White Hart," of Southwark, according to Hatton, had the largest signboard in London, after the "Castle" of Fleet Street. It is supposed to have been the headquarters of Jack Cade in 1450, Shakespeare among others mentioning (in Part II. of Henry VI.) the rebels in Southwark. In the quaint chronicle of Grey Friars we read, "At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke one Hawaydne was beheddyd." Neither the "White Hart" now standing nor its immediate predecessor, which was pulled down some years ago, can lay claim to being the building that sheltered Cade, for in 1876 the whole tavern was burned down by the great fire of Southwark, though the new inn was rebuilt on the model of the old one.



The Bull and Bush, Hampstead.
This inn was once Hogarth's country seat.

"The Pack Horse," at Chiswick, has been well known for over two centuries, as we find it mentioned in an advertisement in 1697. Here Walpole frequently stopped on his journeys to and from Strawberry Hill. The very name takes one back to old days and primitive modes of travelling.

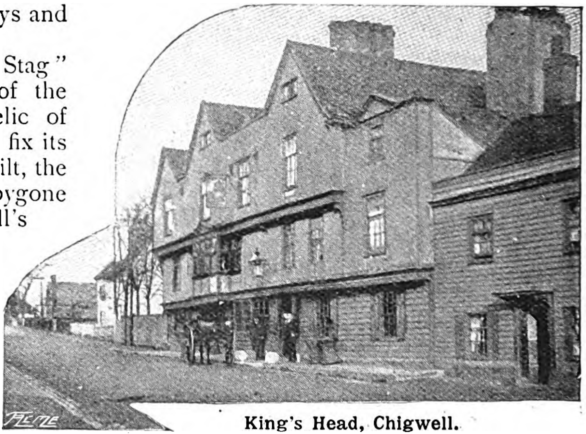
A famous inn is the "Bald-Faced Stag" of Edgware, and dear to the heart of the London cyclist. It is evidently a relic of great antiquity, but it would be hard to fix its exact age, and, though partially rebuilt, the greater part of it retains the form of bygone centuries. The culprits of the Gill's Hill murder are said to have stayed here with a cart containing their victim's dead body, ere they threw it into the pond, to which it was afterwards consigned. Dick Turpin was a frequenter of this tavern, and it is here that he is supposed to have had his horse's shoes turned, so as to make his pursuers imagine he had gone in an opposite direction. Over the parlour door hangs a horse-shoe, worn by a horse that broke its neck in a stag hunt, the fortunate rider escaping uninjured.

The "King's Head," Chigwell, opposite the Church, is a long plaister-fronted inn, with projecting storeys and fanciful gables, dating from the time of the Stuarts. The sign is a portrait of Charles I. painted by Miss Herring, several years ago. Dickens accurately describes this Inn in his description of the *Maypole*, and they are undoubtedly identical the one with the other.

Castle Hotel and Jack Straw's Castle.

Over the kitchen fireplace of the former there was a mantel-tree, made from the post of a gibbet. Jack Straw was second in command to Wat Tyler.

Gordon, in Barnaby Rudge, is supposed to have put up at this inn. Dickens was a great lover of the place, as may be gathered from the following extract from a letter by him to John Foster—"Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world." The "King's Head" contains on its first floor a large and interesting room known as "John Chester's Chamber."



King's Head, Chigwell.

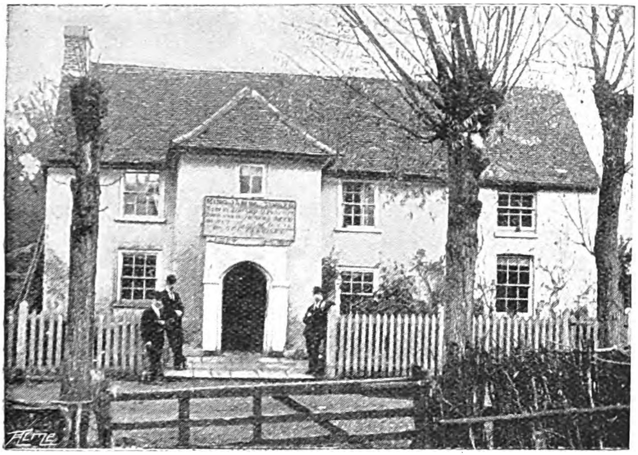
This inn was a very favourite place of Dickens, and is described in "Barnaby Rudge."

"Jack Straw's Castle" at Hampstead is by no means an old inn, but it is a fairly interesting one all the same, and has long been noted for its public and private dinner parties and open-air entertainments. In the "Cabinet of Curiosities," published in 1822, the following four lines on this tavern are to be found, namely :—

"With best of foods—of beers and wines,
Here you may pass a merry day.
So shall mine host while Phœbus shines,
Instead of straw, make good his hay."

Jack Straw was second in command to Wat Tyler, and was to have been made king of one of our English counties had the rebellion succeeded. Probably on account of his celebrated confession his name alone of the rioters of that time has associated itself with any local habitation. His "castle" was a mere hovel on the hill side. Both this inn and the adjacent "Castle" boast Romney, Blake, Morland, Dickens, and others as frequent visitors in their day.

The "Castle Inn" had in 1818 the post of a gibbet as mantel-tree over the fireplace of the kitchen, and outside an elm tree still marked the spot where Jackson, the noted footpad, was hanged.



King James and the Tinker Inn.
This inn is still standing, although it is now 988 years old.

A truly historical hotel is the beautiful "Star and Garter," of Richmond, with its princely accommodation and stately appearance. It was built originally in 1738, and so limited was its size that not a single person could be housed for the night. A drawing by Herne of the primitive building is still kept and exhibited. In 1794, an important view of Richmond was taken, and it is supposed this was done from the "Star and Garter."

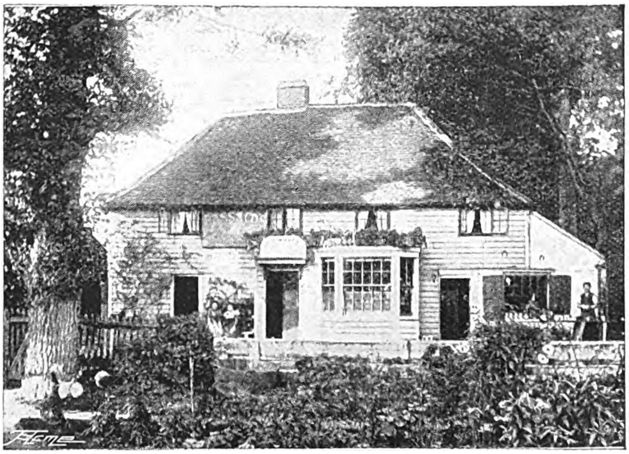
The little inn was at its worst in the baby years of our own century, when not a whole pane of glass could be found in its windows! Then Christopher Crean, the Duke of York's cook, bought it, renewed and enlarged it, and opened it as an hotel in 1809. At his death, his widow kept up the business, but the hotel was chiefly noted for its high prices! However, it thrived until twenty-eight years ago, when a terrible fire entirely destroyed it. On its site a palace has been erected.

The "Red Lion" Hotel, of Henley, is probably identified with more historical associations than any other inn in the kingdom. Charles I. and Prince Rupert are both reported as having stayed here, and the great Duke of Marlborough here furnished a room for himself, sleeping in it before starting for his various famous campaings. In July, 1788, the King and Queen and Princesses breakfasted here. General Blücher was a later visitor, and it is authentically reported that George IV. as Prince of Wales dined at the "Red Lion," and ate fourteen mutton-chops! The hotel's chief claim to fame lies in the interesting fact that it was here William Shenstone wrote with a diamond upon the window-pane the well-known lines:

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's special grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

The sign of the "King James and the Tinker" at Enfield is probably unique. This inn is still thriving, though it lays claim to nearly a thousand years of existence. It is popularly associated with the well-known ballad of the King and the Tinker, and though the poem is essentially a Border ballad, the inn must have been connected with some episode of the kind. According to the legend King James I., having lost his followers during the chase one day, wandered about in the forest till he came to an inn, where sat a tinker having a modest drink. The King began talking to him, and asked

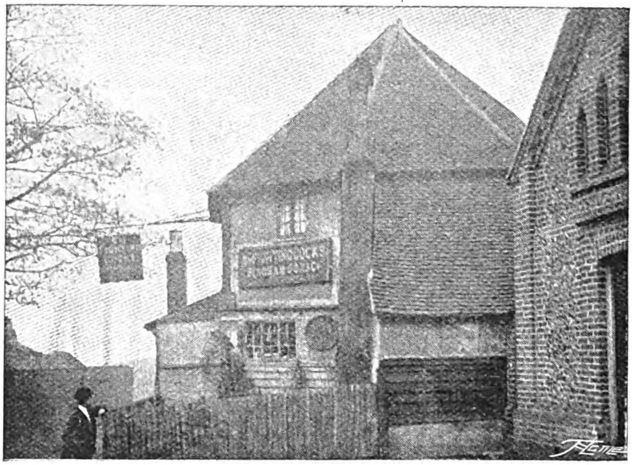


The Plough, Kingsbury Green.
This is amongst the oldest of English inns. It is said to be over 800 years old.

him "What news, honest fellow?" to which the tinker replied that there was none save that the King was out hunting in the forest, and added that dearly he would like to see him. At this the King told him to get up behind him on his horse and he would show him the King. "But," said the tinker, "how shall I know which is he among all the grand nobles?" To which the King replied: "The King will be covered, the nobles all bare." So up got the tinker, but great was his dismay on finding out he had been talking to the King all the time, and besought for mercy on his knees, "like one that was frightened out of his wits." King James, however, did for the tinker a very good thing indeed, making this mender of kettles, and lover of good ale, a "knight with five hundred a year." An old oil-painting representing the chief incidents of this story, was found in London some years ago, and a copy of it is to be seen at Enfield.

"The Plough Inn," at Kingsbury Green, is supposed to be over eight hundred years old, but possesses no other interest save its antiquity. Those who would visit it are warned not to get lost in Hendon lanes and fields on the way.

Probably the oldest inn in England is the "Fighting Cocks," of St. Albans, known also as "Ye Rounde House," and claiming to be twelve hundred and twenty-seven years old.


The "Fighting Cocks," of St. Albans.
This inn is also known as "Ye Rounde House," and claims to be 1,227 years old.

"Ye Olde King's Arms," at Sandwich is very old, and of quaint interesting appearance, with its projecting upper storey, and pointed gables. Under the eaves is some curious carving, dated 1613.

The photographs for this article were taken by W. J. Burnell, London.

AN AMPHIBIOUS ARRANGEMENT.

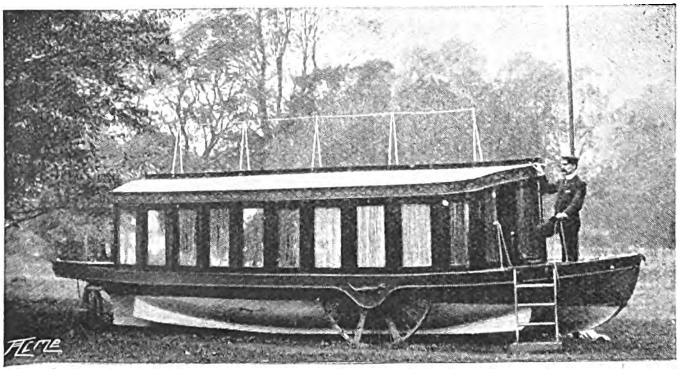
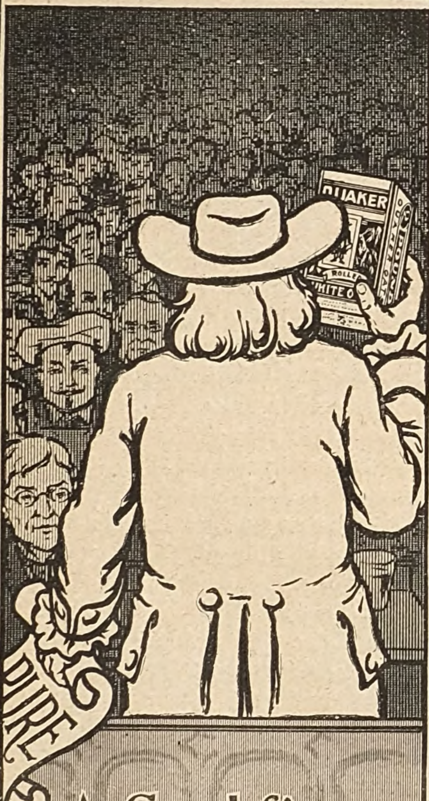


Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

This queer-looking craft used to be on Virginia Water, and was built for the double purpose of travelling in the water and on the land. The Prince of Wales has frequently used it. Its present home is at Twickenham.



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Inside and Outside.

It is the fellow who stands inside the house and looks out through the window that most enjoys the storm. How jolly to see the passers-by struggling against the wind or scudding before it, their coat collars up to their ears, their hats jammed down on their heads, slapping and slashing over the flooded pavements, soaked to the skin, maybe, cursing the weather with what breath they may have left, as they pelt and writhe along the road. Great fun, I say, this is for the man who looks out through the window. Not his are the wet clothes "clinging like cerements," as poor Tom Hood said about the girl who had ended her sorrows, as so many do, in the Thames. Not his the able-bodied chance of catching a bad cold and getting floored with rheumatism or pneumonia. Oh, no; he is on the right side of the brick wall, snug as a bug in a rug, and dry as a bone. So he just fills himself full up with what is probably one of the meanest forms of delight, the enjoyment of witnessing the miseries of others. You may not believe it, but I know people who take a distinct and positive pleasure in attending funerals for the sake of looking upon the grief of the afflicted, and hugging the idea that it is somebody else and not they themselves who is being macerated and ground up in the merciless mill of sorrow.

On the same lines we may regard strong healthy persons; they who have been hearty as pigs all their lives; they who eat like hungry horses and sleep like policemen off duty; who have scarce ever had a pang or a pain, and fancy that illness in others is a culpable weakness, if not an absolute sin. I have a notion to add that chronically well people are the coldest blooded wretches on earth. There! I *have* said it, and it's true. If the reader is one of them, he can skip the following letter if he likes. There are plenty more to whom it will be an advantage to peruse it carefully.

"For over ten years," says the writer, "I had suffered from indigestion and weakness. I felt weak, low, and heavy. I had no appetite, and when I sat down to the table, often I could not touch a morsel of food. After meals I had excruciating pains at the chest, through to the back; also a gnawing constant pain under the shoulder blade. I had frequent bilious attacks, being so sick that I could not lift my head from the pillow.

"At night I was restless, getting no proper sleep, and in the morning feeling worse tired than when I went to bed. I was much swollen about the waist, and was constantly belching wind. I got gradually weaker and weaker, it being a misery to get about. I continued like this for ten years, never being well, not knowing what it was to enjoy my meals. I saw doctor after doctor (I am sure that I consulted twenty doctors), who gave me medicines, but I received no benefit from them. They did not suit my case.

"I gave up all hope of ever getting well again, and wished that I was dead, always fretting at my weak state. In April of last year (1896) a pamphlet was sent me by post, and I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My symptoms were accurately described in this small book, and I determined to try it.

"I sent to Mr. Coppin's Stores, Marsham Street, Westminster, for a bottle of this medicine. After taking it a few days I found it was doing me good. I could eat and enjoy my food, which agreed with me. This gave me confidence and I continued with it, and soon all the pain left me, and I felt as strong and well as ever I did in my life. I felt brighter, and could eat anything, nothing coming amiss. I have since kept in good health, taking an occasional dose when required. You can make what use you like of this statement, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs) Annie White, 117, High Road, New Southgate, London, N., August 10th, 1897."

This lady is the wife of Mr. H. White, butcher, New Southgate. In private conversation they both speak very enthusiastically of Mother Seigel's Syrup. Mrs White says that although during her long illness she could scarcely walk at all, she can now walk six miles without fatigue. And that is not half a bad tramp, even for a woman who has never been ill Many of them cannot do as much. That our correspondent *can* is a striking illustration of the power of the medicine that cured her. I who write these lines have not always had the luck to be looking out of the window at other people fighting the bad weather. I have been bowed down under the tempest of sickness and pain myself. And so have millions. And it is we who sympathise with Mrs. White and rejoice with her on her recovery.

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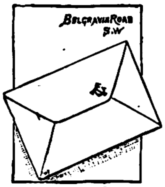

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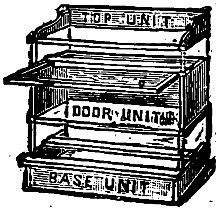

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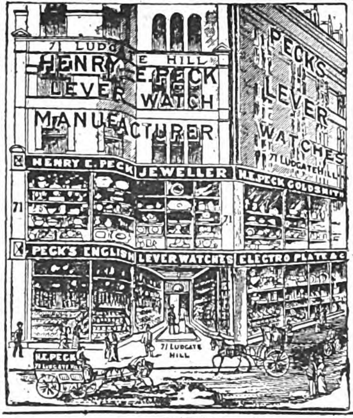

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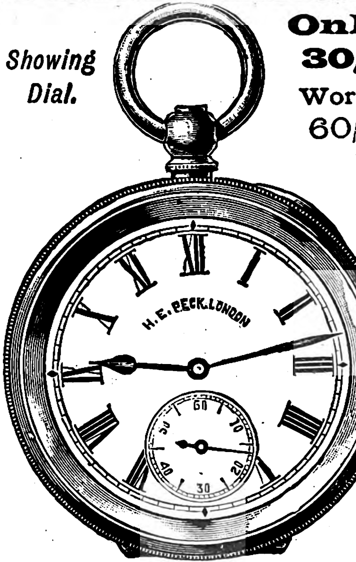

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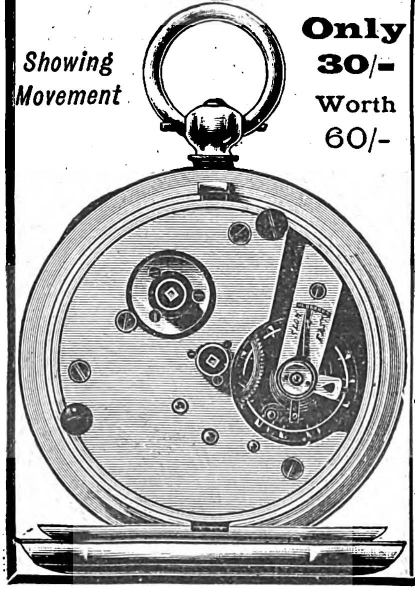

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WHEN a man asks himself whether it is worth while to buy a book, the burden of proof rests upon the book, and not upon the purchaser.

The vis inertiæ, the rule that change and movement shall not occur without a cause, is the elementary law that keep the planets in their places, and it is as sound a rule of conduct as of physics. There is the money at the banker's, capable of transformation into any one of a thousand pleasing forms, and desirable in itself, without any transformation; a power in reserve, a sword in the scabbard; and a sword that does not rust, but grows longer and sharper day by day; doubling itself after a few years, if one leaves it undisturbed. Yet within the last year more than ten thousand of the people of these islands have exchanged money for copies of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, believing that the books are of more use to them than the sovereigns would have been.

Why?

To begin with first principles, every man lives by the exercise of his wit, the use of his mind; the capitalist and the landowner as well as the merchant and the professional man, for it needs as much intelligence, nowadays, to keep money when one has it, as to make money in the first place; the percentage of persons who are unable to take care of the money they have, and to get the best value for the money they make, being quite as large as the percentage of persons who are unable to acquire money. The brain is the watchdog, as well as the money-getter; the housekeeper, as well as the breadwinner. Thought has taken the place of physical force. The cave-dweller who could run fastest and strike hardest brought home the largest store of meat and pelts, when the world was young. Nowadays the man who thinks quickly and accurately is the man who attains his object in life; whether it be power or pleasure, power for good or for evil, enjoyment for himself or for other people The cave-dweller had to eat meat and wear skins in order to gain the strength to seek for more meat and more skins, and we have to spend money in order to train our minds. During the earlier years of life we give nearly all our time and energy to this training, but it is only the foundation that we can hope to build before the struggle begins. A man cannot cease to read and think when he has completed the process of formal education, any more than he can cease eating when he attains adult stature. His mind works with or without his consent; it is a ship in deep water; it may be guided, but there is no anchorage; it must move in one direction or another. Of all the winds and currents which affect its course there is one influence that never ceases to act—the influence of the printed page. Everybody reads, everybody thinks about what he reads. If he reads nothing but jests, his thoughts never rise above a titter; if he reads nothing but the weekly police reports, his mind never escapes from the fog of crime and misery; if he reads nothing but cheap fiction, his mind never grasps the essential facts of life. Every one, however, reads one thing worth reading, nowadays, the daily newspaper. The man who has not heard of the Soudan campaign, of the Dreyfus case, of any one of the dozen topics of the day, is unimaginable; he ceased to exist when popular education bacame part of our national life. And the reading of the news of the day is in itself a keen stimulus to mental activity. Fiction is mixed with the facts; matters not worth a thought must find their place in the newspapers, as they do in the world's history, which it is the function of the newspaper to chronicle from day to day. But, on the whole, the world's doings yield sound food for thought, and every man who reads his newspaper, and thinks about what he reads in it, is using his mind to good purpose. If he does not think about it, his time has been wasted; he might as well have been shaping the paper into boats, like a child, or tearing it with his teeth, like a puppy.

It is when he begins to think about his newspaper that he finds the need of books. The newspaper may print a war map to help him understand the movements of an army, but it cannot print a treatise upon every subject which the news of the day invites attention. Yet the treatise must be accessible if the news is to be clearly apprehended; the reader must refresh his recollections in one case, acquire new information in another case, in order intelligently to form his opinions. Books are as indispensable to the newspaper reader—and therefore to everyone—as a chart is to a navigator. A library of some sort is a necessary of intellectual life.

The question, then, changes. Is it worth while to buy the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA rather than some other systematised library? A systematised library it must be, since its function is to answer questions, to meet any one of the doubts that present themselves from day to day. Here, again, the consideration of cost, of the other uses for money, must be faced. The *Times* Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is a much lower-priced book than the original impression, completed nearly ten years ago, although it is a verbatim reprint—the same words in the same type, the same illustrations, no abridgement or curtailment. But, notwithstanding the reduction in price, it costs, even now, in the cloth binding, £16, or, in monthly payments, 16 guineas, at the rate of one guinea a month.

Can an equivalent library be purchased for less money? Not in the form of a work of reference, that is certain, because there is in the English language no other work of reference which attempts to treat in detail any such a variety of subjects as are included in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA; it is, in its own field, quite without a competitor.

Cannot a man, however, purchase isolated treatises, dealing with the various branches of knowledge, for his money?

That is a question which everyone can answer for himself; it is a mere matter of figures, and the calculation will, in itself, furnish agreeable and instructive food for thought.

Of the sixteen thousand articles in the work, at least fourteen thousand are brief essays. There are certainly not more than two thousand subjects which are each important enough to justify the existence of a separate book upon each subject. Of these not more than five hundred are long enough to make each a book in itself. Upon nearly every one of these five hundred subjects separate books have been published; many of them written by the same men who wrote the articles for the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Everybody knows roughly what books cost; a good history, so much, a good biography, so much, a good handbook upon any special subject, so much.

The most satisfactory way to answer the question at the head of this column is to take pencil and paper and estimate the cost of five hundred good books.

If the total be more than a hundred guineas, as against sixteen guineas, there is very little room for doubt, and the next thing to do is to call at the office of the *Times* in Printing House Square, or to write to the Manager of the *Times* asking for an order form. Residents of the West End may obtain order forms and further particulars of the offer at the establishment of Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

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A MAN AND MANSION OF MANY MARVELS.

(See Page 518.)

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No. 6. Vol. I.—April, 1899.

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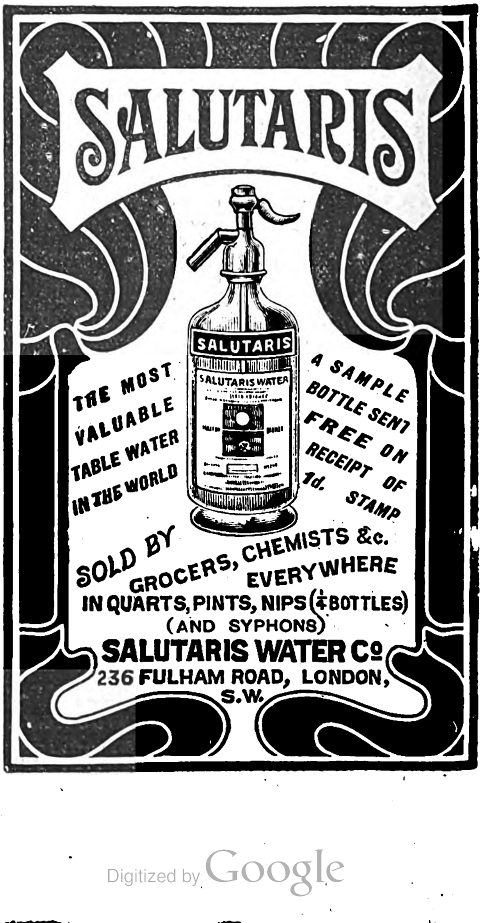

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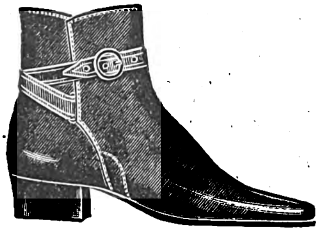

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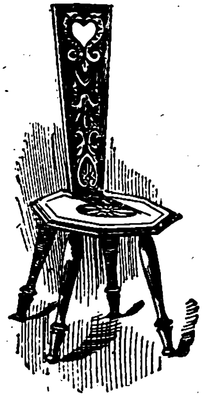

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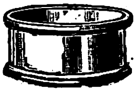

CARVED ANTIQUE OAK SPINNING CHAIR, 7/9

SOLID SILVER HANDLE BUTTON HOOK, 6½ in. long, 1/9

SOLID SILVER SERVIETTE RING, 4/6

SOLID SILVER HANDLE BREAD KNIFE, Wheat-ear design, fitted with best steel blades, 7/11

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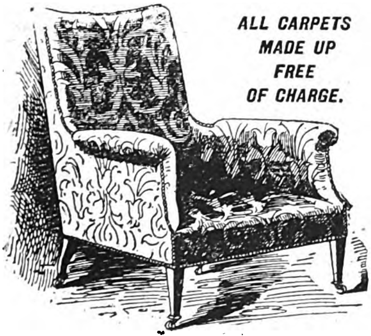
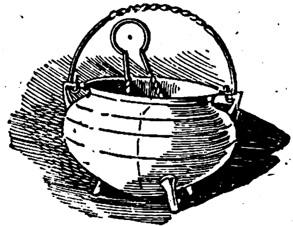


SHERATON EASY CHAIR.
Well upholstered, with Spring Seat, and covered in serviceable Tapestry, 27/6



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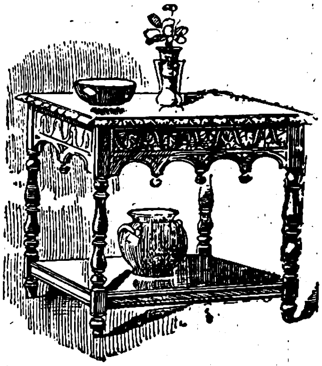
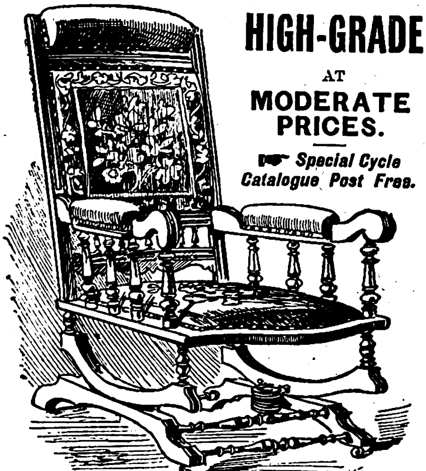
All Black, with Wrought-iron Handle complete.
Medium size, 3/11; Large do., 4/11
Do., with Twisted Polished Brass Handle, 2/- each extra.
Covers for ditto, 1/- each.
COAL TONGS to match, all Black, 1/6 per pair.
Black and Brass, 1/11 per pair.



CARVED ANTIQUE OAK OBLONG TABLE.
With Underboard, 26 in. long, 18 in. wide, 14/9



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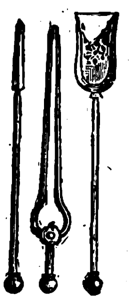
5/11 7/9 10/9
PER PAIR.



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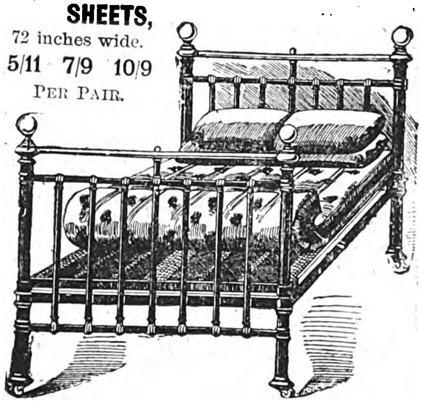
BRIGHT STEEL FIRE-IRONS.
Medium size, 1/11
Do., all Black, 2/11
Do., Black with Brass Heads, 4/9



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With double-woven Wire Spring Mattress, good Wool Mattress, in striped tick, Bolster and Feather Pillows, complete. 6 ft. 6 in. long, width, 3 ft., 31/6; 3 ft. 6 in., 36/6; 4 ft., 42/-; 4 ft. 6 in., 45/-

COMFORTABLE SPRING ROCKING CHAIR.
Polished Walnut colour, upholstered seat and back covered with saddlebags and Utrecht velvet, 17/9

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A Jet Black Marking Fluid, for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. **Will not injure the most delicate Fabric.** Every bottle guaranteed. **Of all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Bottle.** Sample sent on receipt of 13 stamps.

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CURES DISEASE WITHOUT MEDICINE.

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For Breakfast or Tea— PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.

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ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY
DIRECTION
MANUFACTURED BY
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Neither OLD METHODS nor NEW IMITATIONS
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Unrivalled for
STRENGTH and PURITY.

An agreeable, stimulating, and sustaining beverage. Instantly prepared and most economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical profession. Of all grocers and stores, or a sample bottle post free for 8 stamps.
Also try **Mason's Wine Essences** and **Mason's Extract of Herbs.** Sample bottle of either, sent free, for **9d.**; Two, assorted, **1/3**; Three, assorted, **1/8.** *Agents Wanted.*

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If you would have the BEST you must have MASON'S!

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Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d.
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Thousands have been sold, and are acknowledged to be infinitely better than the old fashioned petticoat. No. 1, dark coloured serge, 2/11 per pair, post free; No. 2, velvet corduroy, in cardinal, tan, navy, green, electric, white, 3/6 per pair, post free; No. 3, soft spun serge, 3/11 per pair, post free; No. 4, superior fine coating, 4/11 per pair, post free; No. 5, fine velvet corduroy, in cardinal, tan, green, 5/11 per pair, post free; lining slips, 1/- per pair. The above are about half shop prices.
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IN USE 70 YEARS

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THE GRAND OLD REMEDY FOR LUNG DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.
Affords **great relief** *in* **Asthma** *and* **Chronic Bronchitis.**
Invaluable for **Hoarseness. Splendid** *for the* **Voice.**
Of all Patent Medicine Vendors, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/-

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And 73 to 76, King William Street, LONDON, E.C.
Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.
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The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

Sale Price

2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

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Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	4/11	REDUCED SALE PRICE.	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	6/-		10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	18/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6		12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	9/-		9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19/6
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9 ft. by 10½ ft.	13/6		12 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	15/-		12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

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HEARTHRUGS Sale Price 5/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft.,	11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.,	38/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.,	18/-		11 ft. by 12 ft.,	47/-
7½ ft. by 9 ft.,	23/-		12 ft. by 13½ ft.,	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.,	28/-		12 ft. by 16 ft.,	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ ft.,	33/-		12 ft. by 18 ft.,	77/-

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

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Princess Palæologœ Nicephorœ Commenœ.
Princess de Croy.
Duchess of Wellington.
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MANOLINE SQUARES (REGD.)

A most desirable Carpet, in Walnut, Brown, Art Shades, for Smoke Rooms, Kitchens, and Clubrooms. These are manufactured of the finest yet strongest Twill Cord Matting, which in point of wear is perfectly irresistible and durable to a degree hitherto unexperienced in real household comforts in the way of furnishing. They have a pretty Greek Key Border and various other designs in Navy and Red; also just produced, our new Art Designs for the Spring trade. The only further addition to add is this—that to see them is to admire them.

5 ft. by 6 ft.	Sale Price 5/3		9 ft. by 9 ft.	Sale Price 12/4		12 ft. by 12 ft.	Sale Price 22/-
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	" 6/9		9 ft. by 10½ ft.	" 14/6		0 ft by 15 ft.	" 20/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.	" 8/3		9 ft. by 12 ft.	" 16/6		12 ft by 13½ ft.	" 24/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.	" 10/4		10½ ft. by 12 ft.	" 19/3		12 ft. by 15 ft.	" 27/6

Our **MANOLINE HEARTHRUGS** can be had to match, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., at **2/9** each.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine." 1/4/99, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value

4/6

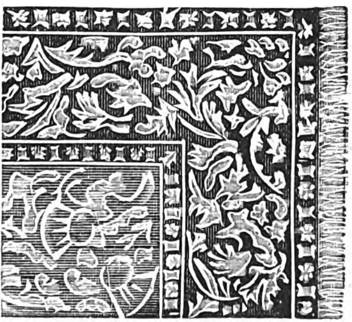
DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

(Regd.) We will send you an ECLIPSE CARPET, THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. [*Cut this out.*]

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd.)



Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each.
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3/11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5/11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/3	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15/9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

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GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

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TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

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No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ...	**30/-**
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No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs.	**48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

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COMPLAINTS OF THE THROAT, CHEST, LIVER,

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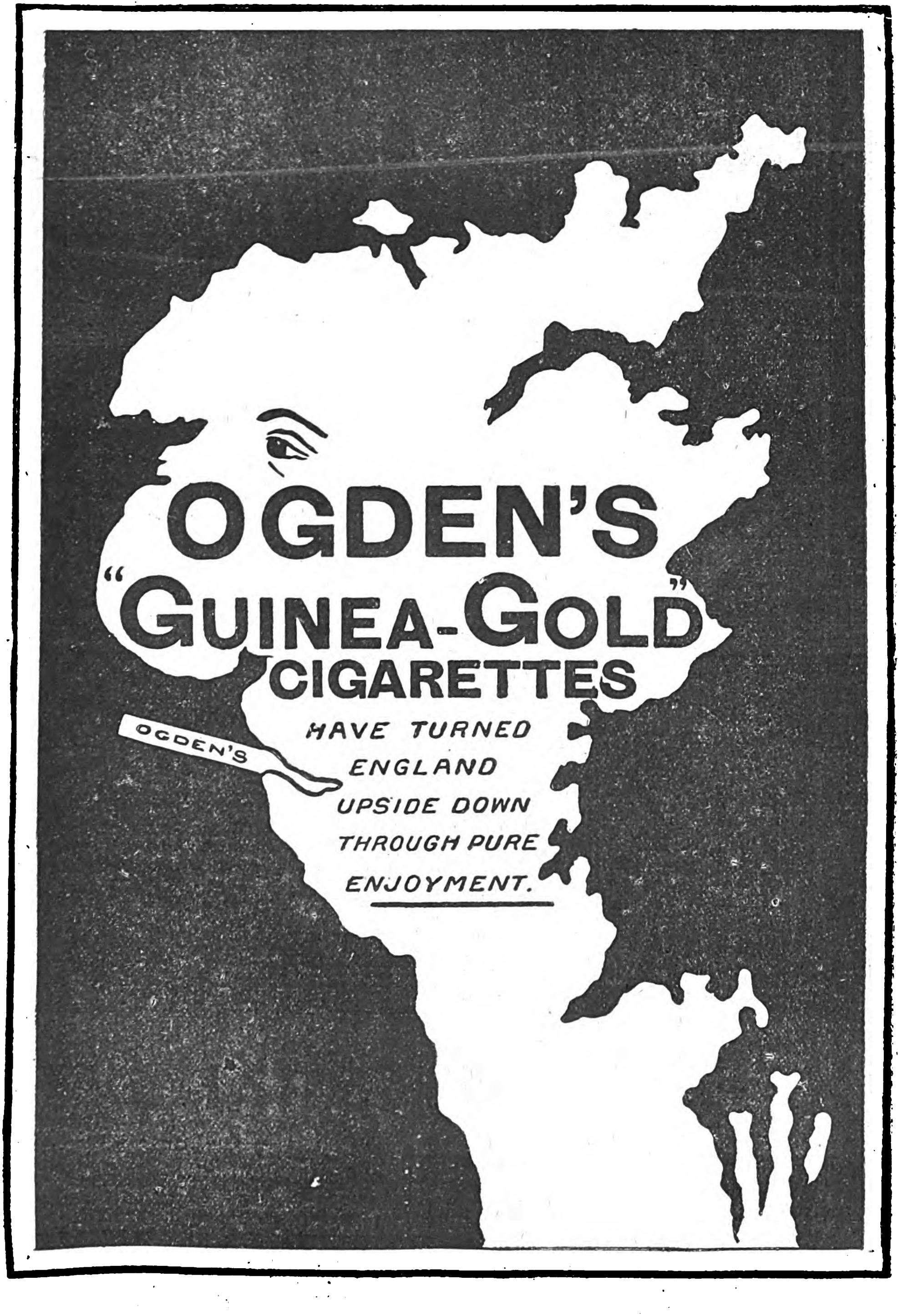
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Ladies, have you seen the

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Try it also for
**Bronchitis, Consumption,
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4s. 6d., and 11s.

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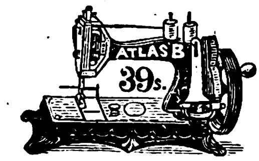

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To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

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White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56 in. wide, 6/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides,* **1½d.** *per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, CRETONNES, TAPESTRIES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, &c., Post Free.

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THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

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Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft., 11/3; 9 ft. by 9 ft., 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft., 15/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/6; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft., 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-. HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

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"The MAGICAL Effect of
GLYSTRE
The QUEEN says: "Capital appearance
. . . Singularly Inexpensive."
Colours—Suitable for all occasions.
11/9 UPWARDS, FROM ALL IMPORTANT DRAPERS.
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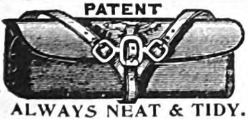

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ALWAYS NEAT & TIDY.
Martin-Silent Tool Bag, made in one piece of leather. No stitching. The centre strap only has to be buckled to fasten the bag. This strap also automatically fixes the bag tightly against the saddle. The 1899 pattern is greatly improved in substance and quality.

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Our Saddles are the careful production of practical experiments resulting from experience in hard and long distance riding. The fittings are of the finest quality Steel covered with Leather. Made in Light, Medium and Heavy Roadsters and Racing Patterns.
We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.
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MADE IN SUPERIOR QUALITY ONLY.
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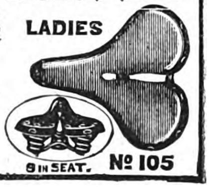

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Wet the day—Sad the Girls,
"Hinde's" Curlers—Curly Curls.
CURLERS.

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New Book of Instructions, 1s. Complete Outfit, £1 1s. Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

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ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

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6/- PER DOZ.
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CHEST DISEASES,

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Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE, LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a

PERMANENT CURE

is assured.

I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results, and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one.

Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have **suffered for 30 years,** and more, though in advanced years—say 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

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No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from

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ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

"My very best thanks for the attention and for the friendly treatment I have experienced during my cure, after having been confined to my bed for four months with Asthma and Bronchitis, and been given up by doctors as incurable. From one week's end to another I had to sit up in bed and gasp for breath. I got so bad the doctor said I should never get up any more. I placed myself in communication with you, and in a very short time I lost all the traces of Bronchial Asthma. Now, after a whole year's freedom, I am without a sign of the return of the dreaded malady.

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COMFORT, DURABILITY,
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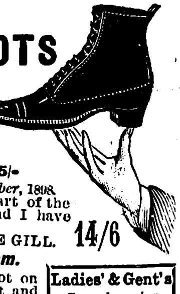

Every pair guaranteed.

Superior qualities, **17/6, 19/6, 21/-, 25/-**

Sunny side, Hereford, 23rd *December*, 1898.
The boots supplied in the early part of the year have worn excellently well, and I have certainly never had better value.
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Beware of Polishes that set up injurious acids when brought in contact with the metal. They impregnate your cloths with verdigris and spoil your hands.
"SIMPLE TEST."
Dab a small quantity on a penny and leave it overnight. If it sets up acid the surface will become green with verdigris.
"MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH will not turn any metal green, and is therefore free from acid.

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METAL POLISH.

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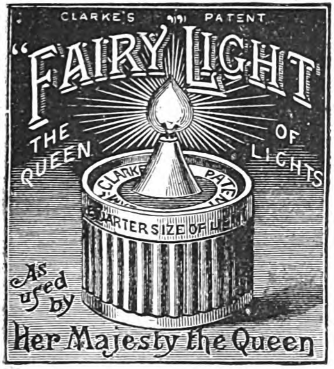
FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS



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With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

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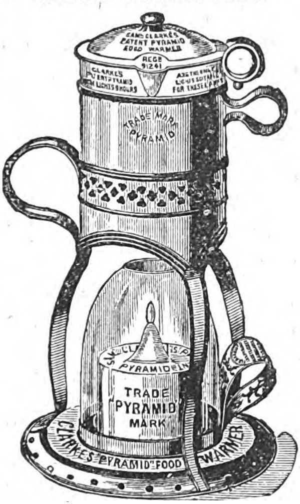

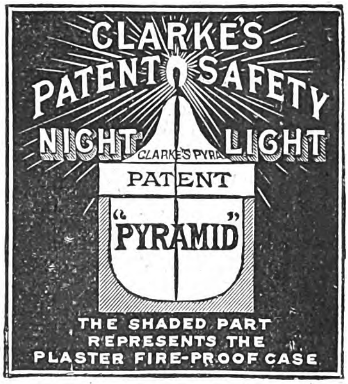
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THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE

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Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

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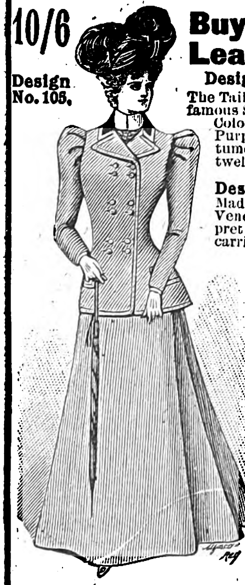

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Made in the world-renowned Spécialité Serge and in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth (all colours). The bodice is shaped to the figure, and very prettily designed. It has a pleated front, and trimmed with a frill of cloth carried over the shoulders, and large fancy buttons. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full and fashionably. Costume complete, **10/6,** carriage paid 6d. extra; Skirt alone, **5/6,** carriage paid 5d. extra.

ALL PATTERNS & PARTICULARS POST FREE.

Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are 34 36, and 38 in. round bust under arms, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger and Special Sizes to customers' own measurements, 1/6 extra. In sending order, please give measurement round bust under arms, waist, and length of skirt in front.

Allen Foster & Co. are offering a Special Line in **LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS,** in Black and Navy Serge. Lined throughout.

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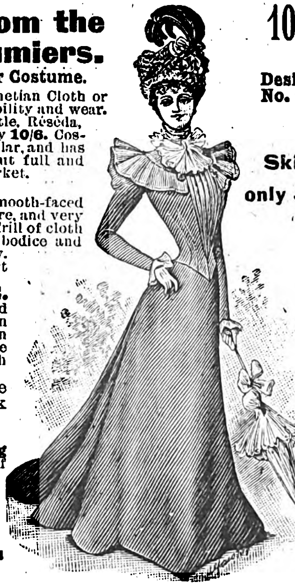
Skirt only 5/6.



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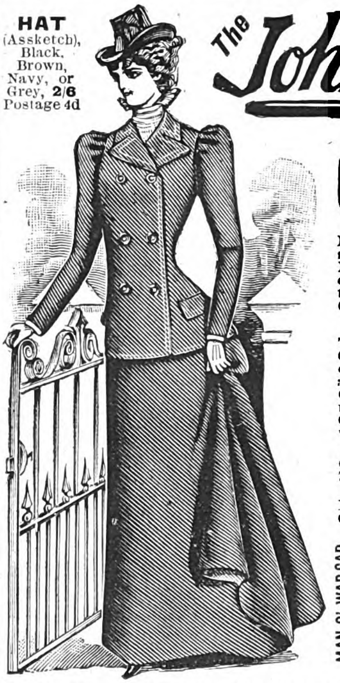
The John Noble HALF GUINEA COSTUMES



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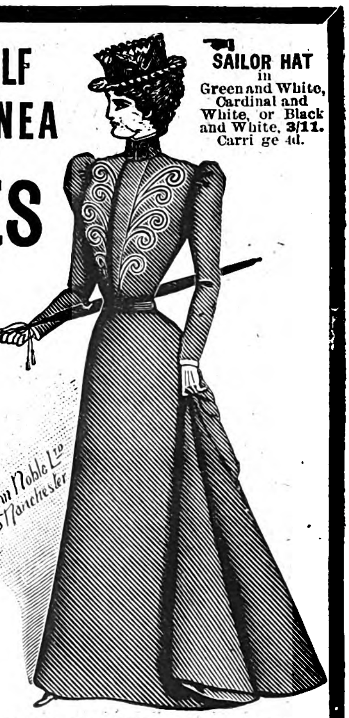

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Made to look smart and yield loyal service, promptly sent by Parcel Post direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers and Mantlemen in the World, the Originators of Half-Guinea Costumes.

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Together with the **NEW FASHION CATALOGUE LIST** (84pp. Illustrated) of the two good durable Cloths in which all Costumes are made: **I. John Noble Cheviot Serge,** weighty and weather-resisting. **II. John Noble Costume Coating,** smooth surface, medium weight.

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Colours of all Costumes, Black, Electric, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Moss, Sage-Green, Purple.

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Any of these designs or Ladies' own designs can be made up in any kind of Dress Fabric by skilled dressmakers at the most moderate charge.

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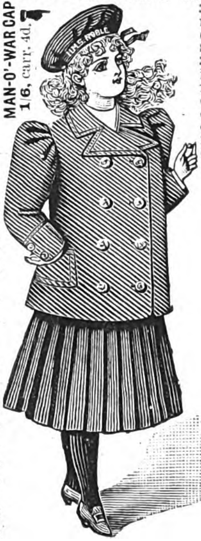

Model 1014 consists of a smart Frock, with kilted skirt attached to Bodice of same material, and a smart Reefer Coat, lined through and finished off with gilt buttons. The two garments together thus form a splendid outfit; while the Frock alone can be worn for school or house wear. The Jacket, too, would look well with any other frock. In Black and Navy only.

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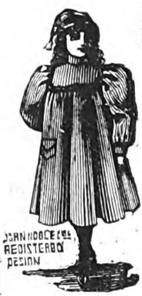
Prices	**7/11**	**8/11**	**9/11**
	30	33	36 in.
	11/-	**12/9**	**14/9** each.

Postage 6d. extra each Outfit.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THE JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS.

Thoroughly well made, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket.

Lengths and Prices.

21	24	27	30 in.
1/6	**2/-**	**2/6**	**3/-** ea.
33	36	39	42 in.
3/6	**4/-**	**4/6**	**5/-** ea.

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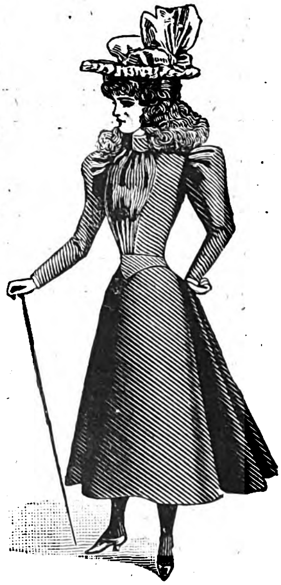
Cap, as Sketch, **1/-**

Tam O'Shanter or **Brewer** shape.



MODEL 1016.—A Young Lady's Costume, consisting of Smart Bodice lined through, and with pretty gathered front. Full well-cut Skirt. Lengths from top of neckband to bottom of Skirt in front.

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BOUQUET VERSAILLES

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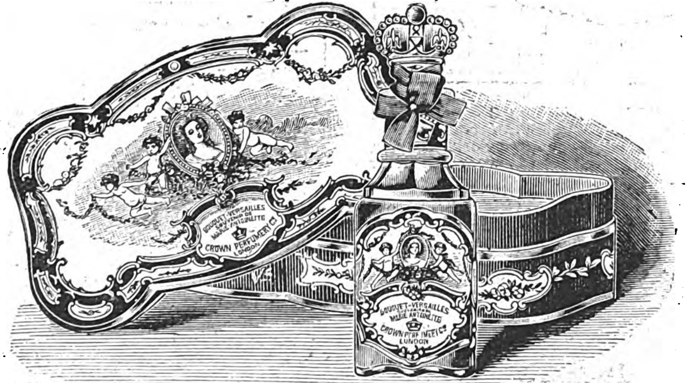
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CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS

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BLOSSOMS
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Money returned if Goods not Approved of.

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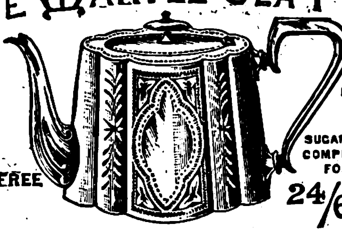

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Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives, **6/-** doz. Dessert **5/6** doz. Carvers, **3/-** pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, **2/6** doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, **5/6** doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, **6/6** doz.

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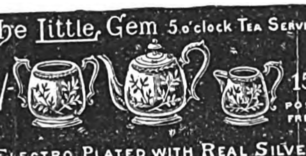

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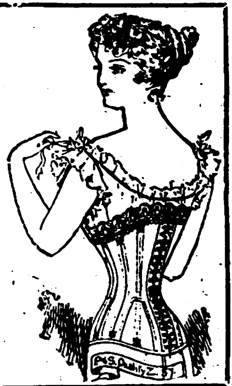

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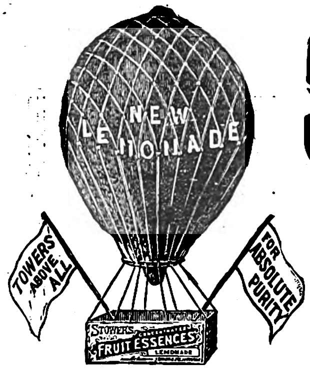

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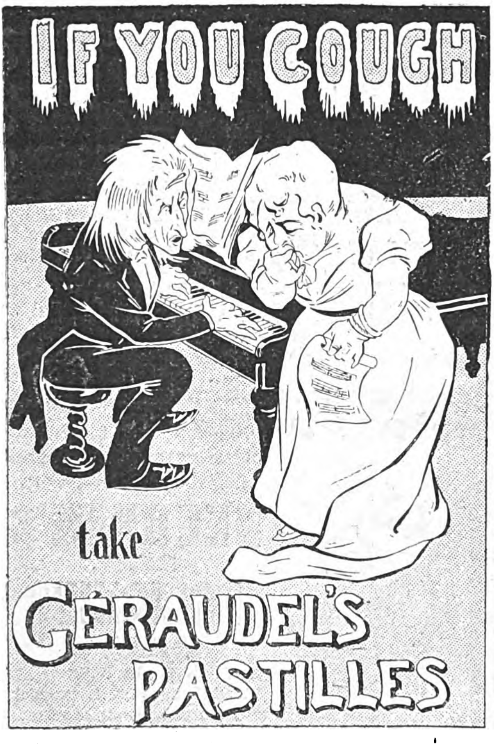

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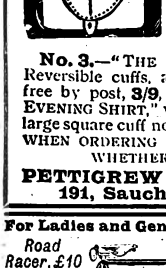

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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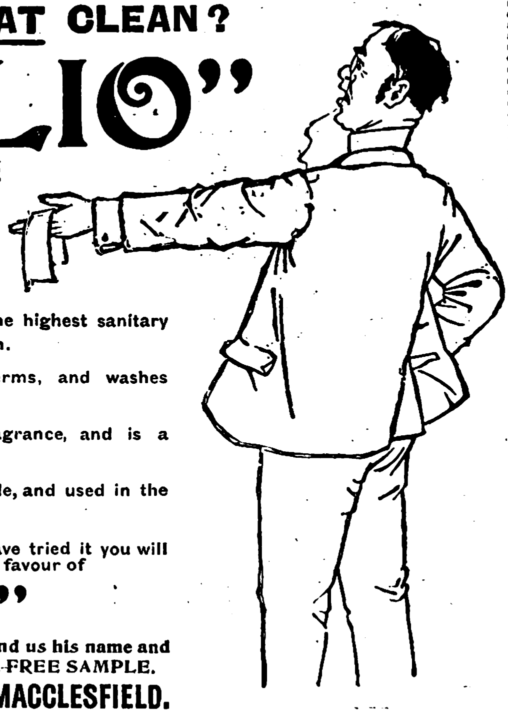

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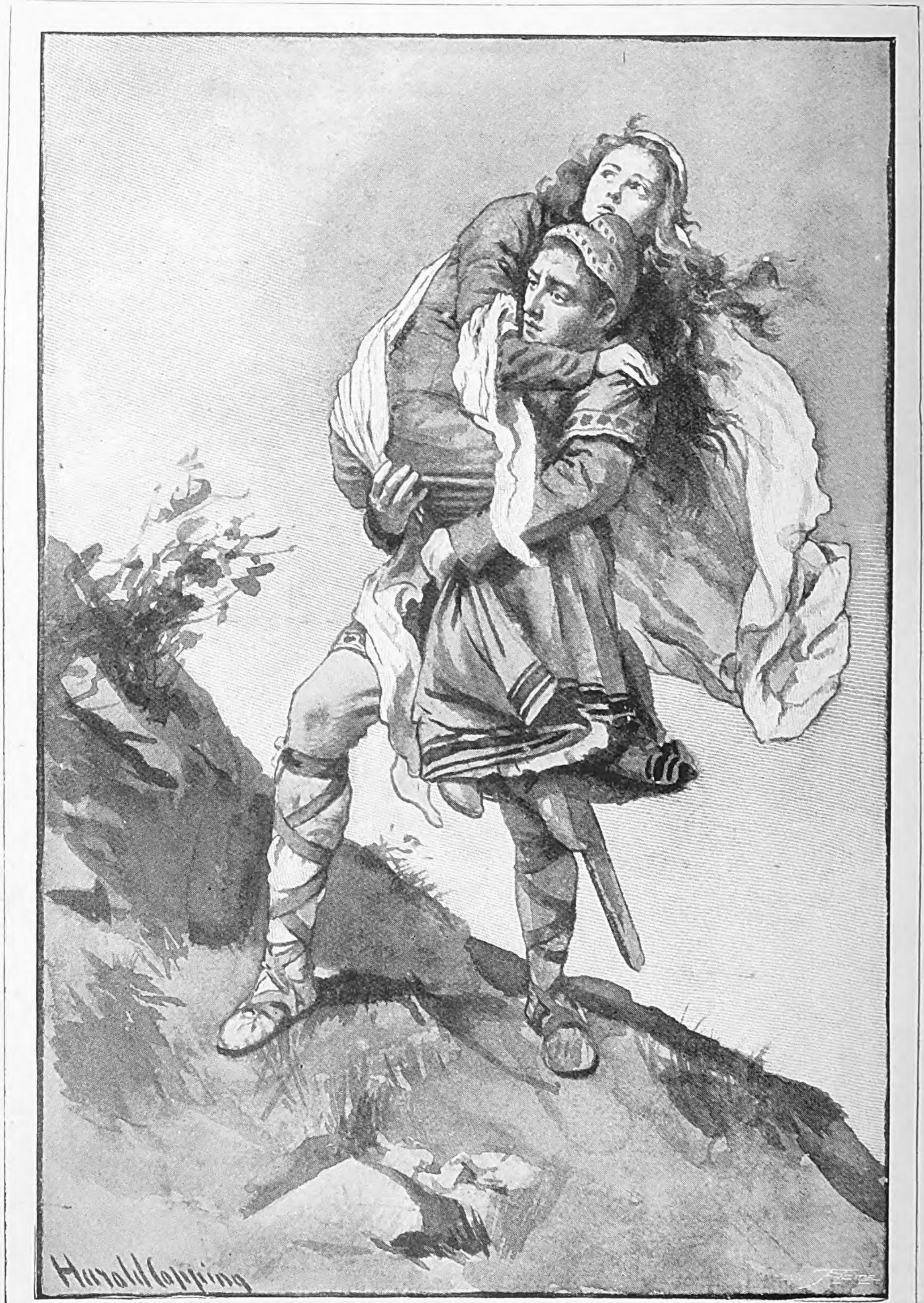
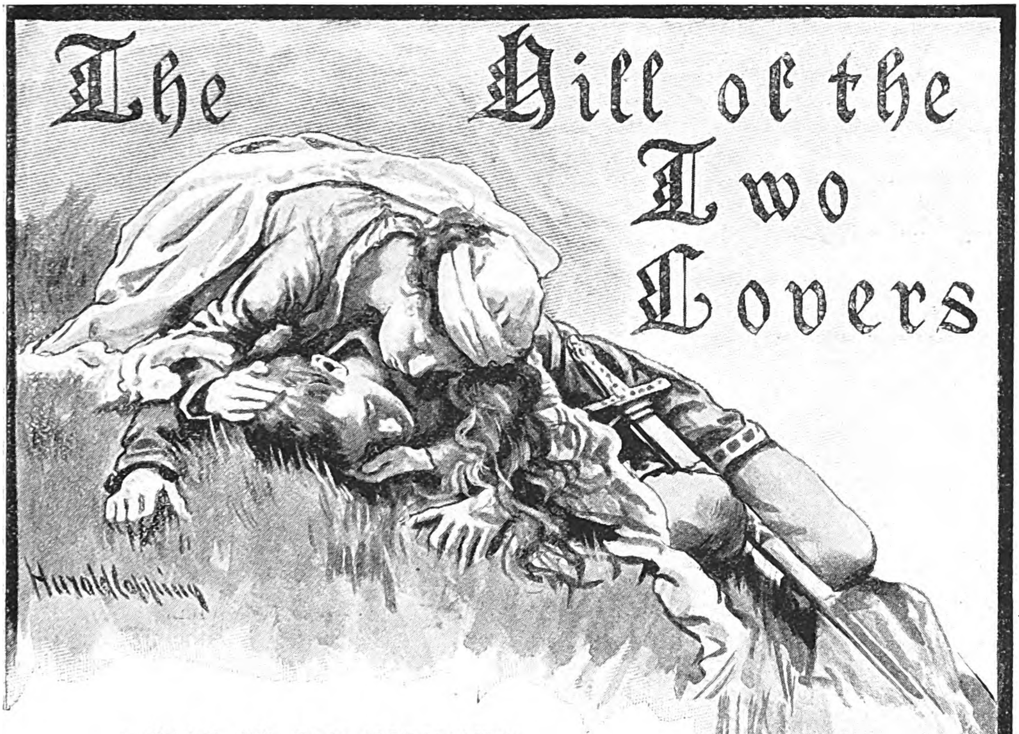

Harold Copping

"COURAGE, DEAREST, ONLY A FEW FEET MORE AND THOU HAST WON THE TOP AND ME."

(See page 489.)

The Hill of the Two Lovers



A TALE OF OLD NORMANDY.

By Kirby Draycott.

As you leave the ancient and stately city of Rouen in the direction of Paris, you cross the Seine and run along the river course for some miles, having on your right all that is left of that famous forest of Rouvrai, where, in the old heroic days, the great Duke Rollo, wishing to see whether his people had really laid to heart the laws which he had made for their well-being, hung up his golden chain and bracelets on the trees, and, coming back three years afterwards, found them still where he had put them.

After this you pass by two pretty little Norman villages, stopping at each after the leisurely fashion of French local trains, and then for a third time you stop at the end of a long white stone bridge of seven arches. We will alight here, if it please you, and cross the bridge to the quaint little old-world town which lies at the other end of it, nestling snugly under a little semi-circle of well wooded hills. This is Pont-de-l'Arche, and if we climb one of the hills behind it we shall look upon as goodly a scene of hill and dale, grassland and woodland, and broad fat meadows spreading out on each bank of the curving river, as you could find anywhere in all the fair land of Normandy.

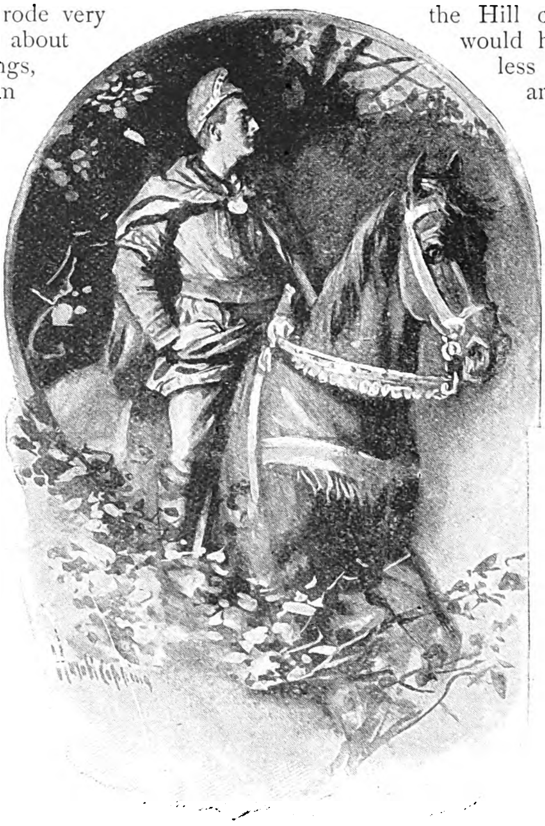
Looking up the river, we can see, about four miles away, just where the Andelle flows into the Seine, a conical hill whose grass covered sides rise very steeply from the triangular plane between the two rivers.

This, the landspeople will tell you, is called "Le Coté des deux Amants," or Hill of the Two Lovers, and what follows here is the true story of how it came to bear a name which tradition has preserved to our own days from those of the Dukes of Normandy.

On the top of the hill, a little back from its brow, there are traces of the ruins of a small building. Further back still, half a mile or so across the plateau which runs back for some considerable distance, are other wider-spread ruins, which are all that is left of the once haughty stronghold of Raoul de Vauray, who, a good many years after the time of our story, died for his sins on the field of Senlac instead of winning the lands of some Saxon lord in England.

One soft moonlit summer's night, a little more than nine hundred years ago, a solitary horseman rode across the narrow bridge over the Andelle, and took a path leading through a little belt of woodland which fringed the

Vol. I.—April, 1899.—No. 6.



A solitary horseman rode through a little belt of woodland.

base of the hill. He rode very slowly along this for about a couple of furlongs, looking about him from side to side as though he expected someone, and towards the end of the second furlong the figure of a man stepped silently out of the wood, and stood in the middle of the path.

"Is't thou, Pierre?" whispered the rider, bending down over his saddle-bow.

"It is, lord, at thy service," came the reply in an equally low tone of caution. "Will it please you to dismount here? It would not be prudent to go further on horseback, and even on foot, my lord, must tread softly and go carefully."

The knight had dismounted meanwhile, and, as he stood beside his horse, it was easy to see even in the half darkness of the moonlit wood that he was as tall and strong and shapely a youth as ever a fair lady waited for in a secret tryst. There was nothing in his costume to denote his rank. He was dressed merely as a simple gentleman of the time and his only arms were a light single-handed sword at his hip and a dagger at his girdle.

Yet the man who had taken the bridle of his horse had not addressed him as "Lord" without reason, for this was Norrys de Breval, Count of Rouvrai, who but two years before had come by his father's death into the inheritance of as broad and fair a domain as any in Norman France. Why then should he be approaching the Castle of Vauray in this fashion, like an outlawed bandit or a thief in the night—he as noble a knight and as honourable a gentleman as any who had honestly won favour at the court of Duke Robert, surnamed the Devil?

If there had been no good reason for this, the Hill of the Two Lovers would have remained nameless and undistinguished, and would never have played its part as one of the scenes in that long drama, now comedy and now tragedy, which began when Adam first looked with love on Eve, and will not end until the last kiss of the last man has grown cold on the lips of the last woman.

"Where is it, Pierre?" whispered the knight, as he stroked his horse's nose by way of bidding him good-bye for the present.

"My brother guards the postern gate under the eastern bastion to-night," was the whispered reply. "When the moon makes a straight shadow across the angle, our Lady Arline will come with Mistress Elise to the garden between the inner and outer walls. If my lord knocks thrice on the gate at that time my brother will admit him, and be his guide."

"And his lordship of Vauray?"

"My lord is at present in Rouen," was the reply. "He is there on business concerning the new taxes which the Duke has ordered, and he is the guest of the Worshipful Sieur Joseph Pommeraye, bailiff of the city."

"Who has a son whom he would marry to the daughter of a noble line!" murmured the young knight with a low scornful laugh. "Well, we shall see. And now, Pierre, we have gossiped long enough. Take this for thy kindness to me, and thy faithfulness to thy mistress, and when she is Lady of Rouvrai thou shalt never need to carry weapon or do another hand's turn of work all thy life, unless for thy pleasure."

"And that will be to serve my lord," said Pierre, bowing over the hand which held the clinking purse that de Rouvrai had given him.

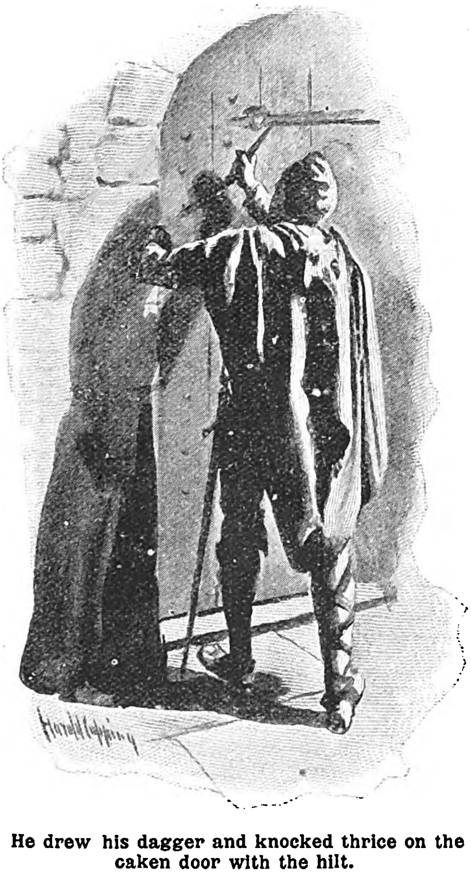
The knight waved his hand and disappeared into the shadows of the wood. Quickly, and yet cautiously, he made his way out of the wood and up the zigzag path, which led round the spur of the hill to the rear of the castle. He kept as far as possible in the shadows and crossed the moonlit portions of the path at a run, and so at length he reached the plateau on which the castle stood without being seen from the walls. Then, more cautiously than ever, he made his way towards the eastern bastion and got into the angle, at the bottom of which was the little postern-gate which was just then to him the entrance to a forbidden paradise.

He crept under the wall and leant against it in the deepest part of the shade watching the line of shadow cast by the now bright moonlight from the end wall of the bastion across the angle between it and the next point of the fortifications. It moved very, very slowly, for, as all the world knows, time flies on leaden wings when a lover is waiting. But at last it stretched out fairly across the angle, making a straight line between the two outer points. Then he crept swiftly along the walls towards the gate, drew his dagger and knocked thrice on the thickly-studded oaken door with the hilt, his heart echoing the knocks as he gave them. He heard a stealthy shuffle of footsteps on the other side and then half-smothered voice asking:

"Is is my Lord of Rouvrai who knocks?"

"It is, good Jacot. Open quickly, I pray thee, for I would not be seen here from the walls."

A key turned gently in the well-oiled lock, two well-greased bolts slipped back almost noiselessly, the gate half-opened and Norrys de Rouvrai slipped through. He heard the gate close behind him and while he was waiting for Jacot to come and guide him through the plaisaunce, or garden, which lay between the inner and outer walls, he was startled by the quick tread of armed feet and the rattle of weapons. Instinctively he clapped his hand to the hilt of his sword and turned sharply to find himself confronted by a tall burly form behind which were half a dozen others, which a glance showed him were men-at-arms.



He drew his dagger and knocked thrice on the oaken door with the hilt.

"My Lord of Rouvrai is welcome," laughed a gruff voice, which he recognised as that of André Gaillon, the warden of the castle. "He was expected and so my lord, who is presently absent at Rouen, left orders with me to take a guard of honour and receive him in a fashion suitable to his rank, if not to the manner of his coming, and to offer him the hospitality of the castle until his return."

Before the warden had begun to speak the young knight saw that he had been betrayed and that there was no hope of escape, so he replied with a quiet laugh:

"Well, well, Master Gaillon, since your invitation is so politely pressing, I can but accept it with as good a grace as it is given. Doubtless you have an apartment prepared for me. Lead on, sir. I follow."

II.

For five days Norrys de Breval was lodged in all comfort and treated with all courtesy in a set of apartments in the northern wing of the castle, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was in reality a prisoner. He was waited on as he would have been in his own castle, and nothing either of meat or drink that he asked for was denied to him. But he was not permitted to pass beyond his apartments except on to an isolated portion of the battlements reserved for his daily exercise. He could learn nothing of the doings of the other inhabitants of the castle. The only time that he had mentioned the name of his lady-love, the warden, to whom he had addressed the question, had said curtly:

"My lady is not in the castle, and if she were here, it would be as though she were not here. Doubtless my lord will give you tidings when he comes."

And after that he had not spoken her name again.

The days and nights passed slowly enough for him. He knew that someone must have betrayed him. Whether Pierre or Jacot, he did not know, though he could hardly suspect Pierre, since Arline herself had commended him to his confidence. He felt, too, that there must be something very like falsehood in the warden's words—possibly that sort of half truth that is worse than a lie, but however all this might be, there was nothing for it but to wait until time had cleared up the mystery.

At length, when the afternoon of the fifth day was waning, the warden came to him with a message to say that his lord had returned and awaited his presence in the audience hall. Whatever the summons might mean, it was welcome as ending his suspense, so he rose from his seat and said:

"Master Warden, those are the best tidings you have brought me yet, and as I have not the wherewithal to make any suitable change in my dress I can follow you at once."

The Lord of Vauray was sitting at a table which ran across the top of the hall, with a tall flagon of wine beside him. He was a big, red-haired, red-faced, red-bearded man inclined to corpulency, and his dark-blue eyes deep set under his shaggy red brows, gave a strange expression of fierceness to his countenance. Near him to his right sat a stout, sleek, well-clothed man in fur-trimmed robes and with a chain of gold about his neck.

This was the Sieur Pommeraye, Bailiff of Rouen—a rank which in those days was of great dignity and consideration—and next to him was a tall, handsome youth, but somewhat effeminate-looking, chiefly in consequence of the over richness of his dress and ornaments.

The Lord of Rouvrai at once recognised him as Gaston, the bailiff's son, who had had the presumption to stand against himself as a suitor for the hand of the Lady Arline. Both had flagons of wine before them, and on the other side of the table was an empty chair and a fourth silver flagon.

As de Breval approached the table, the three half rose in their seats and the Lord of the Vaudreuil said with a motion of his hand towards the vacant chair:

"We must ask your pardon for such a tardy welcome, my Lord of Rouvrai. My only excuse is, that when guests arrive unexpectedly, they have small cause for offence if they do not find their host at home. Will you take trouble to be seated and do us the favour to join us in a flagon of wine?"

"My lord," said Breval, ignoring the invitation to be seated, "to be quite truthful with you, I came because I knew you were not at home. From what has happened it is plain you knew I was not altogether unexpected. Doubtless you also know that I came to seek that speech with your daughter, the Lady Arline, which you have so unreasonably and so unjustly denied me. If I have entered your castle more like a bandit than an honest gentleman, that is not my fault but yours. I made no secret of my love, for it was only what a good knight might be proud of. You answered my suit with scorn, you turned me from your doors as though I had been a landless man and a beggar, instead of a knight whose blood is as pure and whose name is as honourable as your own, and this, too, you did, well knowing the answer the Lady Arline had already given me."

As he said this, he looked proudly and scornfully at the bailiff's son, with a note in his voice and a gleam in his eye, which, between two gentlemen, would have meant the settlement of the question by the sword. Gaston returned the look as well as he could, and his father turned to the Lord of the Vaudreuil and murmured something to which his host lent a ready ear. Then de Vauray went on, speaking to his involuntary guest:

"And do you, my lord, know so little of the laws and customs of this land as to forget that the consent of a disobedient child is no better than a refusal. You know well that not even the Duke himself could compel me to add my consent to hers, and that without mine hers is less than nothing. And that consent being withheld, you bribe my servants, you steal into my castle, as you truly say, like a thief in the night, no doubt with intent to steal its dearest treasure. But come, my lord," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "will you not be seated and join us in a cup of wine?"

"I will join *you*, my lord, with pleasure," said de Breval, "but I do not drink with tradesmen, and, therefore, in your lordship's present company I must beg you to hold me excused."

The Sieur Pommeraye had risen to his

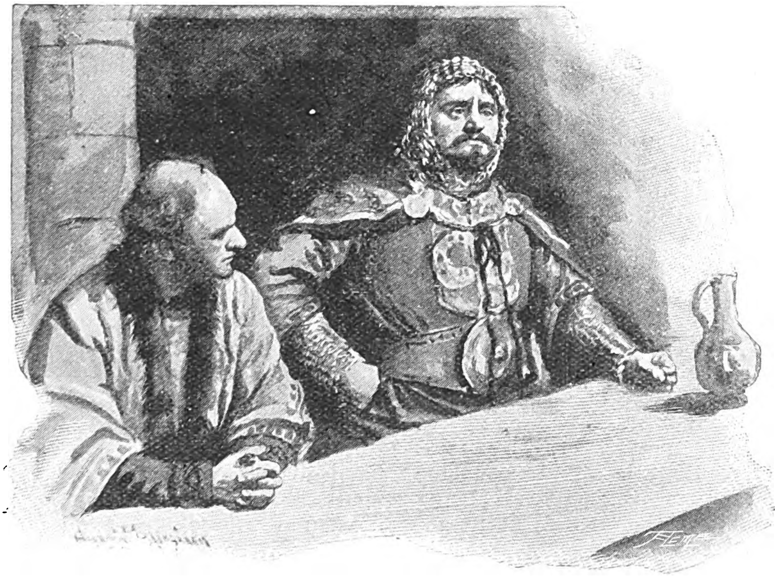
present office from being a trader and a usurer in a small way, and had got his advantage as much by bribery and cunning money-lending as by natural abilities. His son would have been very glad to forget all this, and so the stroke went all the harder home. Gaston sprang to his feet as though he would try to avenge the insult by force, but his father took him by his long, hanging sleeves and drew him back in his chair, murmuring:

"Tut, tut, lad! Wait, wait; we shall have a better answer to him later on.

"Well, well, we will not make any bones about that," replied de Vauray with a laugh that his two guests did not altogether like, "and since you would rather take my answer standing than sitting, and dry than drinking, is that you are an insolent who has defied my lawful authority over my daughter and my ward, and wooed and, perhaps, in lover's language, won her after I had told you that I would have none of you as a husband for her. To this offence you have now added a transgression of the law and entered my house by stealth. For this alone I could hale you before the Duke and take a heavy judgment on you according to his justice. But there is another reason why I should prefer to take my own judgment on you."

"I deny your right!" exclaimed de Breval taking a step forward. "My lord, you forget that I am your peer. While I wear belt and spurs you cannot judge me."

"But if I may be allowed to speak," the bailiff interposed here, in his soft, smooth voice, "it was not a knight belted and spurred, not the Lord of Rouvrai, who entered the castle five nights ago. It was but a nameless man, an interloper, who, by bribing the warder of the gate to give him entrance without his lord's permission—nay, against his commands—by that act placed himself under the judgment of the Lord of the Castle. So far as I know it, that is the law of the land."



The Lord of Vauray was seated at a table, a man in fur-trimmed robes by his side.

there is no reason why you should not do so."

"And at the same time," interrupted de Breval somewhat angrily, "your lordship may also explain by what right you have kept me, a Noble of Normandy and a loyal vassal of our Lord the Duke, a prisoner here for these five days past."

"Young sir," replied the Lord of the Vaudreuil, speaking for the first time with anger in his voice, "noble though you be, I am ready to answer to the Duke or to anyone else for the safe-keeping of one who entered another man's house as you entered mine. And now to the explanation you ask. You are here for two reasons, the lesser of which

"Well said, Sieur Pommeraye!" laughed the Lord of Vaudreuil. "And now, young sir, having heard the law you may listen to me for a little space longer."

De Breval bowed his head in scornful silence, and de Vauray went on:

"And now, speaking as to one who has put himself beyond the law, I will tell you the second reason why you are here."

"And that is?"

"Because you are a son of your father and mother," replied de Vandreuil with a savage snarl in his voice, "and more especially because you are the son of your mother. It is well said that there is no hate so deep as that which springs from love, and it was I who first loved her who is still mourning her Lord in the Castle of Rouvrai. But for your father she would have been my wife and the mother of my children. In life he avoided my vengeance, and now death has put him beyond it. But she who long years ago blasted the first hope of my life still lives, and through you, her only son, lies my shortest and surest road to the just payment of my debt. Having trapped you here, my first thought was to hang you like a felon from one of the turrets, so that the shame of your death might go over all the land, but I have consulted since with my good friend the Sieur Pommeraye here, and out of the mercy and justice of his nature he has found a more generous way of dealing with you. I have taken his advice, and this is the choice I put before you.

"You are renowned throughout the countryside for your strength of body. You call yourself the strongest man between here and the sea. You have also in speech with me boasted of the extent of your lands and your wealth inherited from him who robbed me of my dearest treasure. You have said that no other man, gentle or simple, in the Duchy could support my daughter in better state than you. Well, now at sunrise to-morrow we will see how far you can sustain this boast, and that, my lord, is all that I have to say to you at present."

The Lord of Vaudreuil made a motion with his hand, a couple of men-at-arms strode forward from the door, and de Breval, wondering greatly at what these strange words might mean, and yet not deigning to ask for an explanation, turned his back on the table and left the hall between them.

III.

De Breval slept little that night, being tormented with many thoughts and doubts as to what was to happen and whether he would ever win his way alive out of his present quandary, and so he was quite ready to rise when the warden came to wake him about daybreak. While he was dressing a flagon of wine and some bread and meat were brought him and he ate and drank heartily. Then the warden asked him to follow and, no little to his surprise, he was led out of the castle gate and down the hill-side until at length he found himself standing on the level ground at the bottom of that steep ascent which rises nearly a thousand feet above the river beds.

He asked in vain what he had been brought there for, but the only answer that he got was from the warden, and that was:

"If my lord will wait, he will see."

Then presently there came round the other side of the hill the Lord of Vaudreuil with the Sieur Pommeraye and his son, and following them was a litter borne by four men-at-arms.

"Welcome, my Lord," said de Vauray, bowing like the others in mock politeness. "Certain accidents have so far prevented you meeting with the lady whom you came to the castle to see. The delay is to be regretted, but it is now at an end."

While he was speaking the men had put the litter down. He went to it, drew back the hangings, and the next moment de Breval saw him leading the Lady Arline towards him. What passed between the two lovers, even at a distance of several feet, was not a pleasant sight for the bailiff's son, for it was impossible to look upon them and not see that they rejoiced in the sight of each other.

De Breval sprang forward with arms outstretched, but her father strode in front of her and said:

"Not so fast, my lord. My daughter and the heiress of the Vaudreuil is not won as lightly as you would think. You have boasted of your strength and how well you can support her. Let us see now how you can do it. Take her in your arms, carry her to the top of that hill without pausing or resting, and she and all else that I shall leave when I die are yours. Stop, if only for a moment, and I will hang you from the highest turret of the castle as a felon who steals into another man's house by stealth. Come, take your choice. Here is Arline, yonder is the hill, and beyond the turret.

"Do not try, Norrys!" cried Arline, with a terrified look at the steep hillside. "You are brave and strong, but that is impossible for any man to do. Father, you shall let him go free, or by all the Saints I shall slay myself."

"He must choose," said de Vauray coldly and with an ugly smile on his lips. "One of two ways he must go—up the hill with you or to the turret with the warden."

"There is no choice," cried de Breval, "save one which a true knight could take. Come, my sweet one, and may the Saints give me strength!"

Brushing past de Vauray, he clasped the slight graceful form of his love in his arms, raised her from the ground, and then, as her arms folded lovingly about his neck, he turned, and before all of them, kissed her full on the lips, and Gaston Pommeraye ground his teeth in sullen anger, for he was standing near, and saw that the kiss was returned as warmly as it was given.

Then de Breval turned again, and set himself to such a task as man had never faced before.

"Thou art light as a feather, sweet one!" he whispered in his dear burden's ear.

"I would that I were lighter, for thy sake, dearest," she murmured in reply. "And now, save thy breath, for thou wilt want it."

Those below watched him with eager, curious eyes as he climbed up foot after foot, slowly and steadily, and yet never resting, towards the summit which he dare not look at. Half the way he went with seemingly little effort, and then Gaston said:

"Ah, he slackens. He will not climb much further."

"By the Saints, young sir, you would have fallen dead yourself ere you had got so far on such a journey," snapped de Vauray somewhat angrily, for, like all his race, he held courage and strength the highest of all the virtues, and he already half repented him of what he had done.

Another quarter of the upward way was won, and they could see Arline holding her lover's hair back from his forehead with one hand and with her kerchief in the other wiping the sweat from his face. No doubt, too, she was whispering sweet words of encouragement in his ear, and this thought made her father's rebuke none the less bitter to Gaston.

"By the Saints he will do it!" roared de Vauray, when they seemed to him to be within but a few yards of the top. Then he put his hands to his mouth and shouted up the hillside:

"Stop, de Breval, stop! Put her down ere thy heart breaks. By the Mass, thou art thy mother's son, and thou shalt have her."

But there was a wind blowing across the side of the mountain, and moreover the blood was roaring and singing so in de Breval's brain that he could hear nothing but that. Yet somehow he did hear a soft voice whisper in his ear:

"Courage, dearest, only a few feet more, and thou hast won the top and me."

He raised his head and dimly saw a dozen feet above him, the straight edge which marked the top of the hill. His steps were slow and stumbling now, his brain was swimming and his eyes were dim, but all the life left in him was still devoted to the fulfilment of his task. Inch by inch and foot by foot they rose, and at last Arline, looking over the ridge, saw the castle clear before her.

"At last, thank God, and all His holy saints! The top, dear love, the top. Quick, put me down! Surely thou hast borne me far enough. Alas, how heavy a love-burden have I been!"

He stopped with both feet on the ridge and murmured something which sounded to her ears like: "Dear love!" Then she felt herself flung forward to the ground out of his arms and when she rose, half dazed to her feet, she saw him lying prone, face downwards on the grass, with a thick stream of blood trickling from between his lips. With a low, choking scream she flung herself upon him and kissed him, unheeding the blood, then she raised one of his arms but it was heavy and lifeless, and when she let it go it dropped back on to the ground and laid there nerveless and still.

"By the Holy Virgin, they have killed thee, my gallant love!" she cried, springing to her feet in a frenzy of sorrow. "But what maiden having been blessed by love like thine would give herself to another? I am my father's daughter but I am not base enough for that."

So saying, she stooped and snatched her lover's dagger from its sheath. Her father was already more than half way up the hill, supported on both sides by a stalwart man-at-arms and thrust up from behind by another. She stood motionless with the dagger behind her till he gained the summit. Then with her left hand she pointed to de Breval's body and the blood on the grass, and said in a voice of horrid calmness:

"See, my father, how gallant a man thou hast sent to death for love of me. Now what can I, who love him still, do but this?"

The Lord of Vaudreuil, breathless already, stumbled forward shouting incoherent words to the men-at-arms, but before any of them reached her, her right hand went up above her head and fell with a swift, true stroke, the dagger blade sank deep into her heart, and without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

Her father stared at her in dazed silence for a full minute, or perhaps two. Then, with a low, savage cry, such as a sorely-wounded wild beast might utter, he turned to the three men-at-arms, and as soon as he could shape coherent words he shouted:

"By the Holy Rood, those who put this evil into my mind shall pay for it, even though it bring the army of the Duke under the castle walls. Two of you go down and fetch that fat shopkeeper and his son up here. You, Rolf, go to the Castle and bid the carpenter set about making two gibbets instantly."

The men departed with all haste, for when the Lord of Vaudreuil was in such a mood as this it was not safe to dally in the execution of his commands.

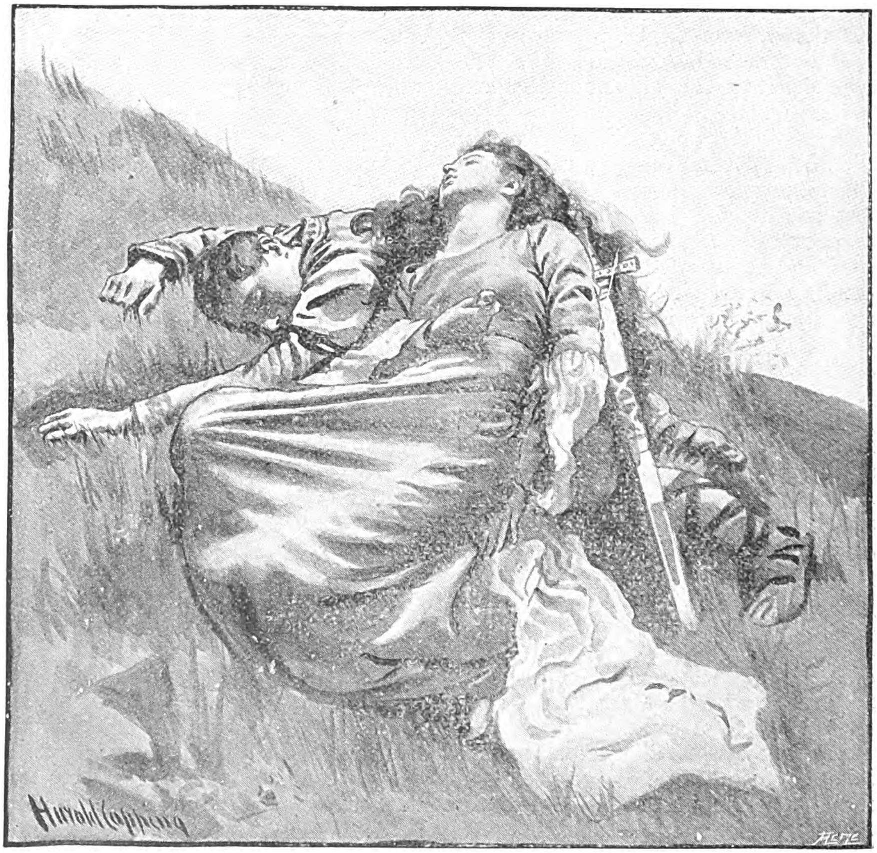
The Sieur de Pommeraye and his son were laid hold of and dragged and pushed with little ceremony up the hill, up which they had so lately seen Norrys de Breval climbing under his love-burden, until breathless, and with knees shaking under them, they faced de Vaudreuil.

He pointed to the two bodies, still lying as they had fallen, and said:

"Here is the work you have made me do by your vile cunning. To my life's end I shall pay in sorrow and penance for listening to the words of a base-born huckster and for thinking of polluting my own blood by mingling it with his. But, moreover, there are two lives here to be paid for, and so far as yours can discharge the debt they shall do it. Your gibbets are even now being made, and the priest shall shrive you within this hour."

Then, leaving them both on their knees praying for mercy, he walked in silent and bitter sorrow back to the Castle.

So it came about that before noon a gibbet was put up on either side of the spot on which the two lovers still lay, and from them the Sieur de Pommeraye and his son looked their last upon the work which, but for the mean cunning of their counsel, would never have been done.



Without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

Photo by E. T. Sheaf.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photographing Noises.

The notion of photographing sound seems unique. Nevertheless, Professor Webster, of Clark University, has succeeded in recording and measuring by photography all sorts of noises, from the roar of an explosion to sounds so low that the ear of the human body finds it impossible to detect them. This device has proved that there is no such thing as absolute silence in the ordinary acceptance of the term. What men are pleased to call silence includes all manner of noises below the limit at which the human ear will register sound. Silence, in fact, is really full of sounds that pass unnoticed except for a delicate perception such as that possessed by Professor Webster's apparatus. In other words, silence is comparative and not positive. There are probably few sounds that can escape this new invention, for its maker has proved that with it he can detect and photograph the noise made by a draught of air passing through a room.

The mechanism by which Professor Webster's machine records sound, ready for measurement, is very simple. It consists of a box containing a globe-shaped resonator, inside of which is a diaphragm which is extremely sensitive, being made of very thin glass. The slightest sound will cause this diaphragm to vibrate. The phenomena arising between this diaphragm and another reflecting surface are recorded photographically or can be projected on a screen, and in this manner some surprising results were shown. Thus the vibrations produced by a tuning fork were shown in the form of very regular waves across a screen. Some vowel sounds projected into a receiver were depicted in a very irregular waving line, showing that it is impossible for any person to hold the voice evenly whilst pronouncing a letter or word. This is a point for musicians and singers generally to ponder over.

A draught in the room produced an effect which resulted in a series of rather irregular curves, having a downward trend. Silence manifested itself in a series of very fine waving lines. Ability to hear or see silence might occasion, as I have suggested, some surprise, but the record proved that there were sounds in the atmosphere which the human ear could not detect. Lord Rayleigh determined experimentally that we are capable of hearing sounds of an intensity of less than one millionth of an atmosphere. Some idea of the capabilities of the new instrument may be gained from the fact that the little mirror mentioned above will move backwards and forwards, over even so slight a disturbance as the millionth of an inch. The machine will no doubt prove of great scientific value. The sound of a whistling buoy one and a quarter miles away was easily recorded. The pitch of this sound and the distance away were determined by the instrument, which suggests the question of its utility on vessels. If the sounds made on a vessel could be recorded on other vessels carrying such an apparatus, the probability of collisions would be greatly lessened.

Revolutionised by Photography.

Some little while ago I made a reference to the marvellous achievements likely to be demonstrated at the Paris Exhibition by a new weaving machine. This machine is to be constructed on the principle of a coin-in-the-slot affair, and will be more of a toy or curiosity than a commercial apparatus, so far, at any rate, as the slot phase of it is concerned.

The improvements it contains in that portion of weaving which is included in preparing the pattern or design are of course applicable on a commercial scale to all weaving. The revolution in the weaving industry which will result may be judged by the marvellous exhibition recently given by the inventor before the Emperor of Austria at Vienna.

Herr Jan Szcrepanik, who is quite a young man, presented the Emperor with the first web produced by means of his new photographic process. The silk-woven Gobelin is made from a picture by Henryk Rauchinger. It is about two square mètres in size, and gives an allegorical representation of homage to the Emperor. The work contains 200,000,000 crossings, 120 silk threads filling one centimètre. Two hundred square métres of pasteboard cards would have been necessary to produce this web according to the present method, and designers would have required many *years* to carry out the work. Now the designer is abolished, and the work was done in five *hours*.

Photo by Lafayette.

A Maid of Rome.

I am not surprised to learn that the Emperor was struck not only by the marvellous plasticity and delicacy of the picture, which nobody would believe to be woven, but by the extraordinary improvement in weaving which the machine seemed unquestionably to effect. There can be little doubt but that an invention which substitutes hours for years in a process must become universal in the industry it deals with unless or until it is still further improved upon.

Sir John Herschel.

Photography owes a vast deal more to Sir John Herschel than is popularly supposed. As a matter of fact it may be said that the familiar terms of "positive" and "negative" as applied to photography originated with him. As far back as 1840 he contributed a paper to the Royal Society wherein are to be found the most important of the researches he made on the subject of photography.

I read not long ago a decidedly interesting anecdote of this great scientist and astronomer, the son of an even more famous man. He was by no means devoid of humour, and on one occasion, whilst in the drawing room, he suddenly asked the assembled company the following question:—

"If one human pair, living in the time of Cheops, had doubled, and their descendants likewise, once every thirty years, had done

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

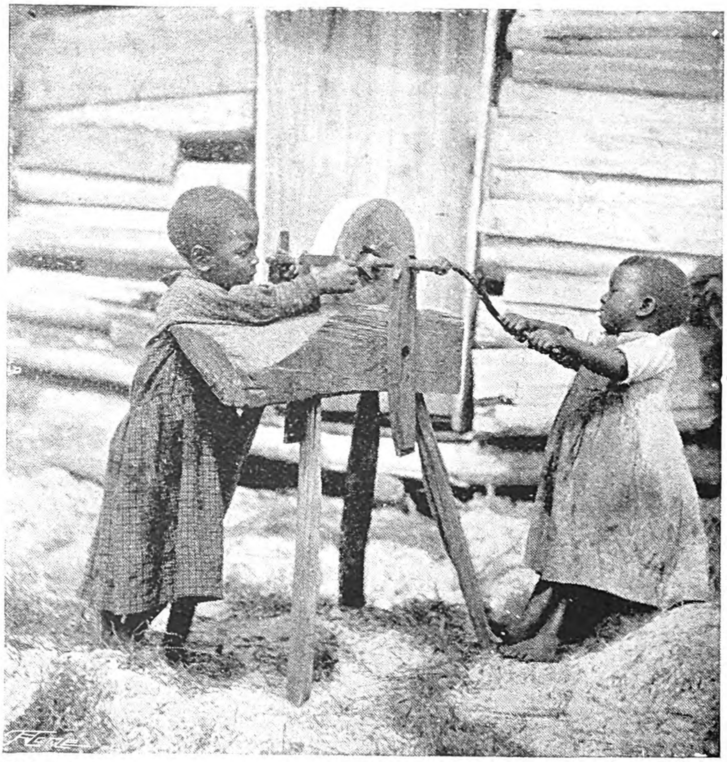


Photo by C. and B. Moore.

In Mischief.

the same could the resulting population find room on the earth?" The company generally thought not. "But if they stood side by side packed closely, and others stood on their shoulders, men, women, and children how many layers would there be?" asked Sir John. "Perhaps three," said Miss Mitchell. "How many feet of men would there be? How far from the earth's surface would they stretch?" he insisted. "Possibly thirty," ventured Miss Mitchell. "Enough to reach to the moon," guessed his daughter. "To the sun," exclaimed another. "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in the general astonishment. "To Neptune," was the next bid. "Now, you burn," he allowed. "Take one hundred times the distance of Neptune and it is very near. That," he added, "is my way of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine."

State-Aided Photography.

We are constantly hearing that in almost every path of science and commerce the Germans are outpacing the English. Unfortunately there is considerable truth in this, and it is not difficult to discover the reason.

The great manufacturing industries of Germany owe such excellency as they possess to the splendid opportunities which are afforded the young German for acquiring a thorough technical knowledge of the business to which he intends to devote his life. The same, in an even higher degree, applies also to science. In the German universities every encouragement is given, every effort is made towards the development of the young investigator. Later on in life, as men, these scientists are urged on in their path of successful investigation by the reward of being acknowledged as amongst the most intellectual in the nation. So much so is this, that sometimes people are apt to sneer at the Germans as being a race of professors.

It may be. But whether or no, the fact remains that, as a result of such wise policy, Germany leads the world in the value of the contributions to human knowledge which her students make. What applies to science

generally is equally true of photography in particular. Here in England it is carried on as an amusement, or as a profession in an individualistic and desultory way. In Germany, and even in Austria, the State has founded great establishments where photography is treated as a science, and where the most profound researches may be carried out. Every facility is offered for carrying on photography scientifically and systematically. In England there is nothing of the sort; and until there is, Englishmen will have to content themselves with looking abroad for new developments and new discoveries in the science and art of photography.

Photographing the Heavens. I have been reading a distinctly interesting account of some remarks made at the last congress of learned societies by Lieut.-Colonel Moessard upon the application of photography to the study of the apparent movements and relative positions of the stars. A simple photographic apparatus enables one to make, in a very few days, a collection of most interesting observations.

The principle of the method is most simple. The camera is focussed for very distant objects, and pointed at a definite part of the heavens. The stars which fill this region impress the representation of their path upon the plate.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charle

Faces in the Firelight.

The method is equally applicable to the moon, planets, stars, and sun. As regards the moon, any objective can be used, or even a simple pinhole; the use of this latter presents the advantage of including a very extensive field of observation, and gives a result which is in correct projection. The track given by the moon is a ribbon, more or less wide, according to the length of the

camera and the moon's apparent diameter and phase. If at regular intervals, every hour, or every two hours, we interrupt the action by covering the lens for one or two minutes, the curve obtained will present corresponding interruptions, which will allow of its graduation according to time. In operating thus, we make the camera a simple register. These periodical closings can be produced automatically by a clockwork movement suitably arranged. There is, of course, no necessity to elaborate the apparatus to this extent.

The camera may be left for several nights in succession, by taking care to cover the lens during the daytime. Different tracks will thus be obtained according to the position of the moon in relation to the equator. By interrupting the experiment each night at midnight, for about three minutes, uncovering the lens for one or two seconds, and again covering it for about three minutes, we get an image giving the phase of the moon. The line joining these images is no other than the graphic representation of the apparent movement of the body.

As regards the stars, they will each show a narrow line, naturally the brighter the star the clearer and more definite will be the mark.

If we have been careful to set the camera in such a manner that its axis is directed towards the pole, the plate is parallel to the equator, and the paths of the stars are concentric circles, having for their centres the position of the pole. The path of the polar star, whose speed is slow, will be marked by a very brilliant circle.

On leaving the apparatus for several succeeding nights, we shall find upon the plate traces of bodies which would not have been able to impress themselves during a single night. The paths of the planets register themselves at the same time as the moon and stars. Venus and Jupiter lend themselves exceedingly well to these observations.

For the sun it is better to replace the lens by a tiny opening furnished in a very light shutter. In order to inscribe its track, it is necessary to make several successive exposures.

Photo by T. Lee Syms.

The New Pets.

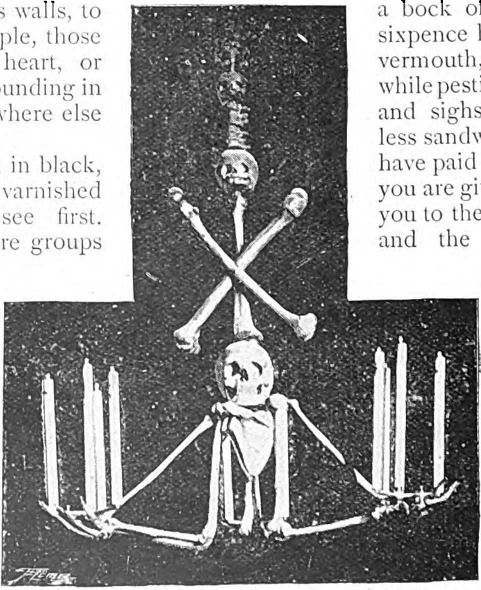
JESTING WITH DEATH.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Photographs by Lancelot Bayly.

“Welcome, O weary wanderer, to the realm of death! Enter! Choose your coffin, and be seated beside it!”

If you are seeing the night sights of Paris, sooner or later you will be taken to a certain cabaret, and the moment you pass its black portals you will hear these startling exclamations. And woe to the visitor who is touchy, thin-skinned, or squeamish, who holds death in awe, or who understands French too well! The proprietor (who may be seen in a monk's robe) has taken the trouble, by means of public notices on his walls, to beg impressionable people, those with affections of the heart, or having an insufficient grounding in philosophy, to go somewhere else to drink.



A Chandelier of Skulls and Bones.

A low room, shrouded in black, and filled with tarnished, varnished coffins, is what you see first. Gathered about these are groups of Parisian triflers and curious travellers, drinking their *consommations* from the coffin-tops. You must find a seat by one, and you must order some refreshment, whether you consume it or not. You must also be willing to pass over the jokes and gibes of the proprietor, his attendants, and your neighbours, which they are sure to crack at your expense. If you are asked to fill the glass of the grinning skeleton next to you do it cheerfully, and you may even offer him a light for the cigarette which he has in his other hand, or a bit of tobacco to fill the bowl of the clay pipe he holds between his gibbering teeth!

Before you have been seated long, a waiter, robed and cowled in black, comes to ask you in lugubrious tones whether you will have arsenic, cholera, the pestilence, or merely some fresh sighs-of-the-dying! When in doubt, order strychnine. And if you are thirsty, drink it! People have been known to take it with pleasure and survive it, for that term is merely local slang for a bock of lager, which costs but sixpence ha'penny. If you prefer vermouth, you order cholera; while pestilence stands for absinthe, and sighs-of-the-dying are harmless sandwiches! As soon as you have paid for a malady or a poison, you are given a ticket which admits you to the Room of Disintegration and the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms. The whole may be seen on a strychnine diet for 65 centimes.

An attendant has now mounted a stool to call the attention of the company to the queer pictures on the walls of this room. They are all innocent enough to begin with, but the figures have a queer way of dying before your eyes. The first represents Pierrot on a house-top in a serenade to the moon. Young, handsome and gay he is, but by a sudden illumination of electric lights behind the canvas, the

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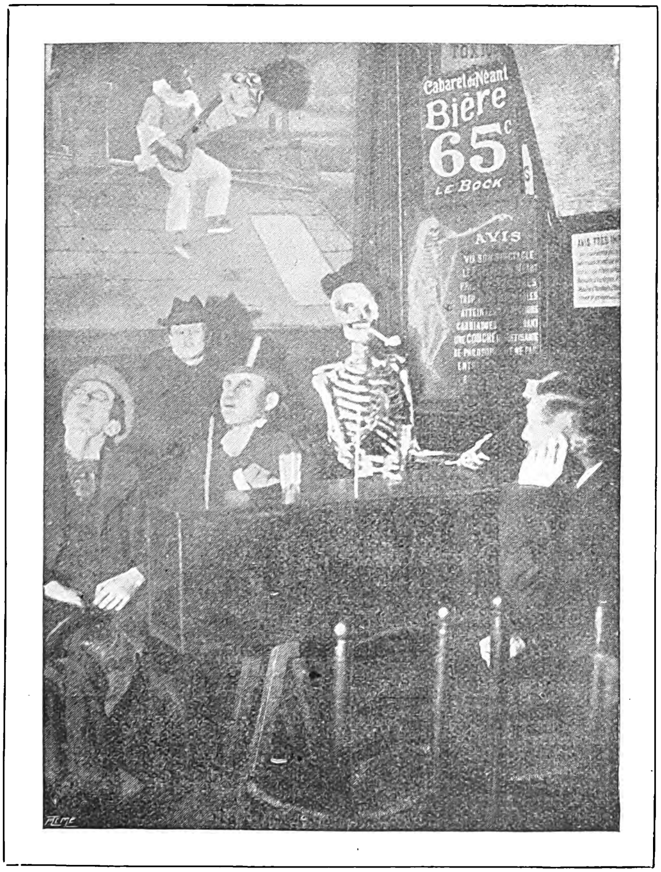
colouring laid on thinnest is no longer seen and it has become a Serenade to Death. The hatch in the roof has turned to a tombstone and the chimney-tops beyond, to crosses.

The next picture shows the Heights of Montmartre, with the new cathedral in dim outline. In the foreground are editors, bankers, actors, theatre-directors, all in a heated argument of some sort. Then the lights behind melt out all the life from the picture, and leave a group of wildly gesticulating skeletons, while Montmartre has turned to fairies, and we see that old Father Time himself is dead. This picture reminds one of Carlyle's conceit in "Sartor Resartus," where he sees pontiffs in their resplendent robes, dignitaries in their stately trappings, ill-clad underlings, judges in wig and gown, pompous bailiffs, and ragged criminals, and points out how clothes make the man. Then suddenly he sees the clothes fall from them, and behold they are all like one another! These pictures have a Rontgen-ray way about them, which melts not only the clothing but also the flesh out of sight.



The First Room You Enter.

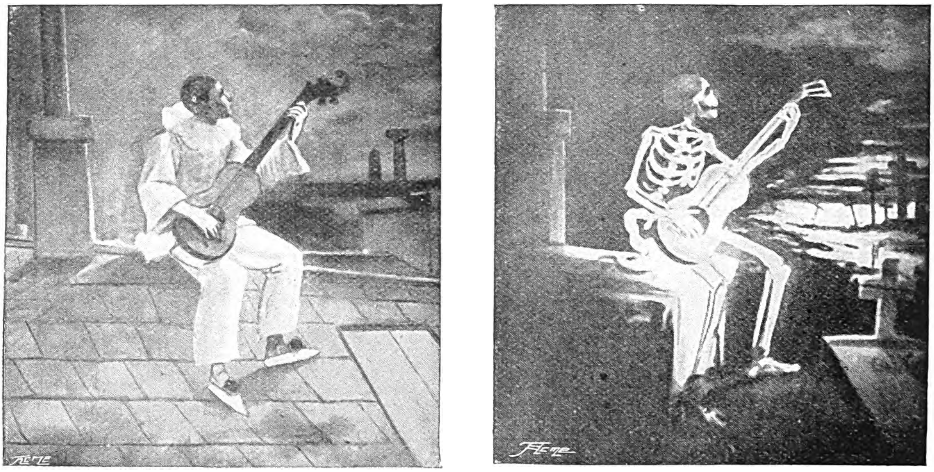
It is a low room, shrouded in black, and filled with varnished coffins, on which are served the drinks you may order. Each drink is given an extraordinary name, such as strychnine for lager beer, cholera for vermouth, pestilence for absinthe, whilst sighs-of-the-dying stands for sandwiches.

Whether the designer of the pictures had Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in mind or not, he has at least called upon two great writers to lend their support to the fundamental idea of this *café*. On one wall is Shakespeare's celebrated query; "To be, or not to be?" whilst on another is Schopenhauer's dictum: "Life is a folly which death repairs!" Even Death itself is called upon to give light on the subject, for in the middle of the room is a chandelier made wholly of human bones and skulls, as shown in our photograph.

But there is another picture yet to be seen. It represents the gay frivolity of a hall in Montmartre. The acme of contrast is reached when the orchestra, the dancing students, the frolicking girls, and everything in the rowdy picture turns to grinning, capering skeletons. The rosettes around the orchestra stand changed to gaping skulls, and the huge arms of the old mill itself turn to a counterfeit of the human framework.

Enough of this sort! Having consumed your strychnine, you are now ready to push through the subterranean passages to the Room of Disintegration, where, if you wish, you may test how it feels to have your flesh melt and your bones dry and wither to a skeleton, and then to have your very elementary framework crumble to dust and disappear entirely. If you do not care to undergo this experience personally, you will, at least, see it happen to some one else and before your very eyes.

You have been ushered through a narrow, black passage to a second sombre room,

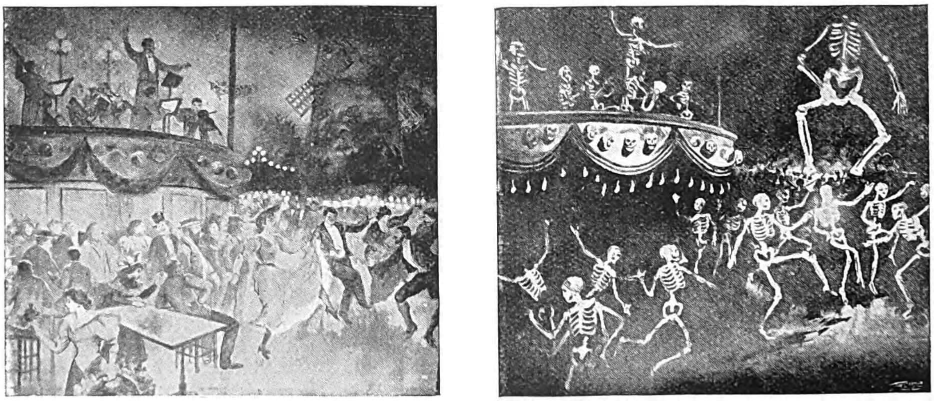


Pierrot's Serenade.

Pierrot is seen seated on a roof-top singing in the moonlight. The sudden lighting of lamps behind the picture converts it at once into Death seated on a tombstone chanting a dirge.

where you find a seat on one of the benches. If you wish to see the ghastly illusion at its best, find a seat as near the middle as possible; but if you would avoid it, take the end of a bench and turn your gaze to the side walls. A monk sits in front of a wheezy little organ and commands the attendant, who is dressed as an executioner, to take the top off the 'domino-box.' Obeying he uncovers a coffin which stands on end inside a little niche in the wall. Then the monk addresses us:—

"Beloved Macabres, you have at last arrived at that point in your careers where you are to leave your souls behind you. While we must require this, yet we are willing that you should be a witness to the process. Is there anyone in this company so sick of existence that he will take his place in the domino-box and undergo immediate disintegration? Have no fear! It is not only perfectly painless, but it is the only real state of happiness."



The Dance.

The gaiety of a dance at Montmartre is transformed in an instant to a dance of death with an orchestra of skeletons.

Thus exhorted, a young man rises from the benches to try the experiment, and the monk cries out to him:

"Bid your friends an eternal farewell! Compose yourself and think on higher things. Now step into the wooden overcoat, please. It could not fit you better had it been made to measure! Now the shroud, please! Cover him with it, all but the face. Are you prepared? Die then!"

The creaky organ begins a creepy funeral march; the light in the room is faint but is strongest on the man in the coffin. It pales a little and his face turns a sickly green.

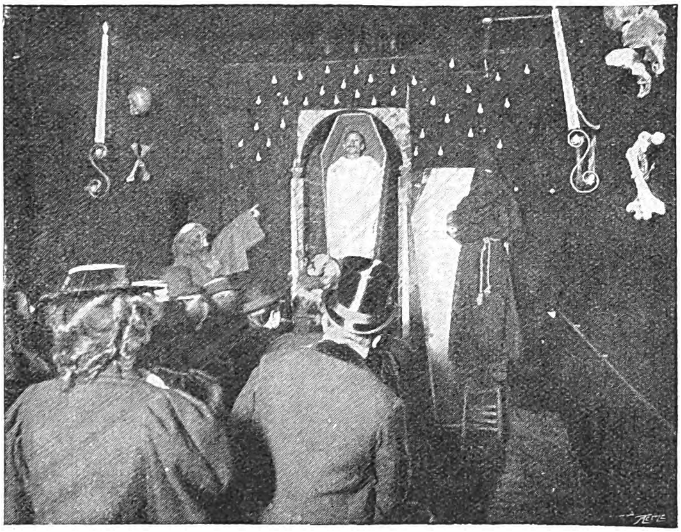
"He perishes! May he rest in peace!" cries the monk, and the organ groans louder. Some women look away when the man's teeth begin to show through his lips. Then his jaw bones show through his drawn cheeks and finally his whole skeleton is seen through the white shroud. Little by little the process goes on, as the lights upon him grow dimmer, until finally he has melted away before our eyes and only the grim skeleton remains in the box.

But it does not end there. The skeleton itself seems gradually to fade, its gaunt outlines melt and it becomes a mere shadowy suggestion of the human framework; and presently the last vestige of it vanishes, and the coffin, which has been all the time in our full view, is now perfectly empty!

"Behold annihilation! Weep not. He is in another world," exclaims the monk, which is the cue for the young man to walk out from the hazy darkness in the rear of the room and resume his seat by his friends.

"They've turned him out!" is the monk's exclamation. "Would some one else like to try?"

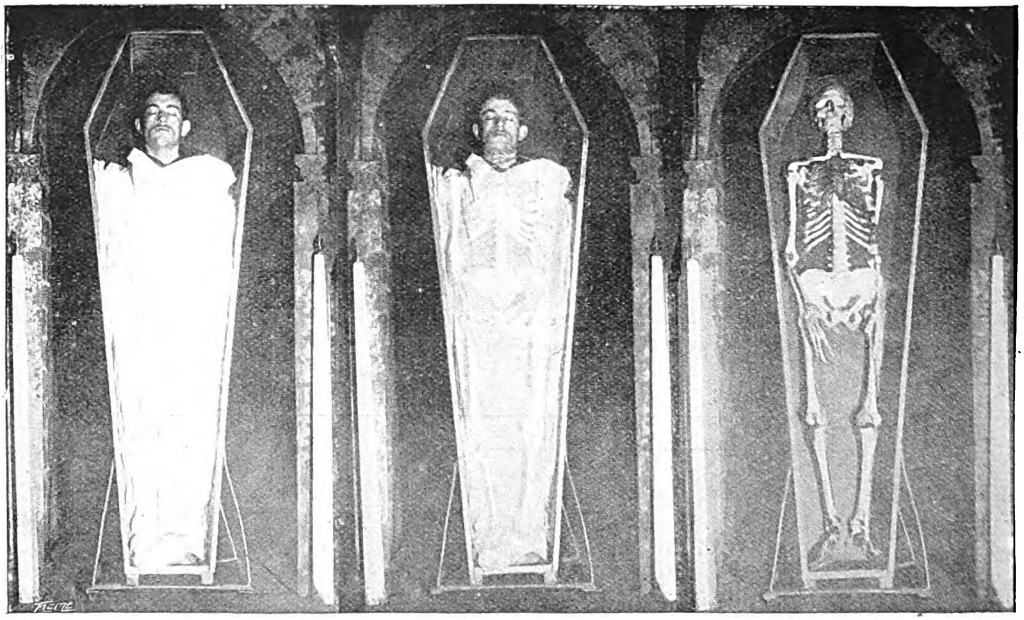
The Cabaret takes its name from this illusion of melting into nothing. The trick, for, of course, it is only a mere trick, is cleverly done, and depends on a gradual dimming of the direct light on the man in the coffin and the gradual strengthening of the light by which a reflection of a skeleton is thrown into the same place. As the reflection grows stronger, the image of the skeleton mixes with that of the man, and finally replaces it altogether. So well are the lights managed that the man can be taken out of the back of the coffin without the operation being detected. He is held in the darkest corner of the room until the skeleton has faded away, and then the coffin is seen this time untenanted by the man or the reflection. As all such illusions depend upon the deft use of faint lights, they are very difficult to photograph, yet the three pictures we are able to give suggest some idea of how this decidedly nerve-trying spectacle is done.



The Room of Disintegration.

It is here the illusion is shown of a man placing himself in a coffin and turning into a skeleton and then disappearing.

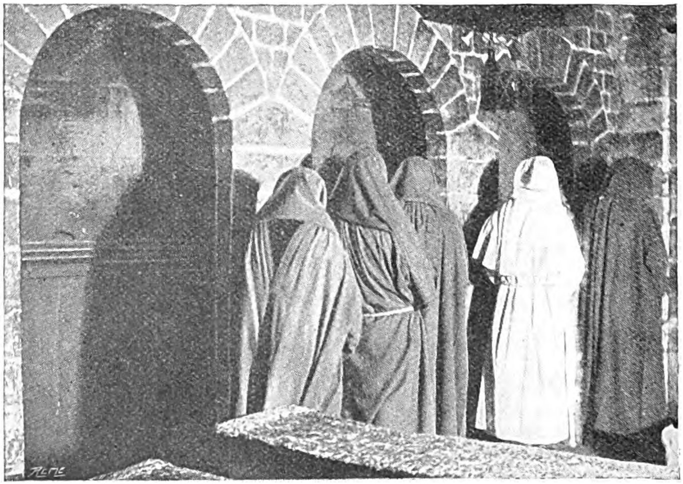
When it is over, a procession of attendants, dressed as monks and mourners, files into the room, and we are told that they will conduct us into the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms. By a narrow, circuitous way we are led farther back into the building to a room which represents a funeral vault with the roof taken off. A good photograph of



The Illusion.

A man is placed in the coffin and covered, with the exception of his face, with a white shroud. By means of skilfully contrived lights a skeleton gradually appears over and in place of the man. Finally, when the skeleton disappears, it is found that the man has vanished, or, rather, that he has resumed his seat amidst the audience.

the procession of mourners is seen in the illustration. In the Hall of Spectres we find seats on benches to witness a number of illusions.



Procession of Mourners.

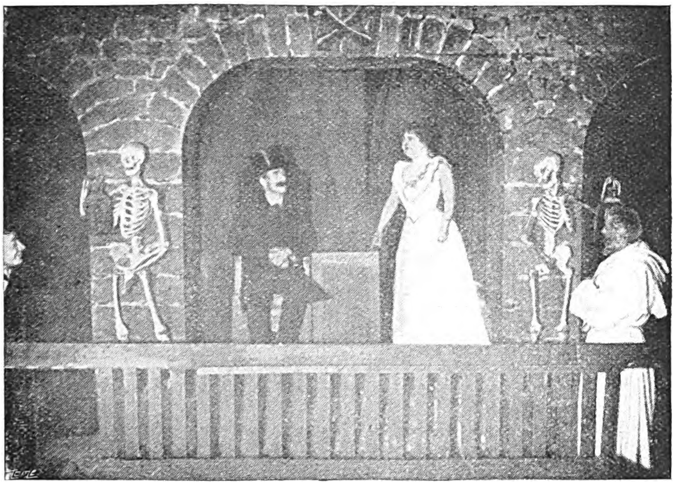
A procession of monks and mourners leads the way to the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms.

A little grotto in the wall of the tomb in front affords an opening for the miniature stage. At either side of the opening are lanterns held by skeletons, as may be seen in our last illustration. A man from the audience is asked to take a seat on the stage. If you wish to be made the butt of all manner of jokes going, accept the invitation. You are placed a little to the left of the middle of the opening, and everything which appears in the other half of the opening is a mirror-reflection from some hidden quarter. The grinning girl with her finger on the table in the last illustration is not really there, but is merely a reflection. That is where the joke on you comes in. You see nothing in the vacant space, whilst the audience sees a girl grinning at you, ogling you, and trying to flirt with you. The spectators laugh uproariously, while you shift uneasily in your chair and wonder what it is all about.

Then a bouquet appears on a table beside you, and you are invited to drink in its perfume. You see no bouquet, but you bend your head as if to smell it, and keep on doing so, determined to act your part well. The crowd roars with laughter, for the bouquet has changed in a flash to a dead rabbit, which you seem to enjoy equally well. But you have earned your release, and you are no wiser as to what was done or how it was accomplished.

Next a lady from the audience is asked to come up on the stage. A girl has been placed in front by the management to accept the challenge, and, after a due amount of hesitation, she steps up on to the stage. As she takes the chair, the attendant addresses her after this fashion:

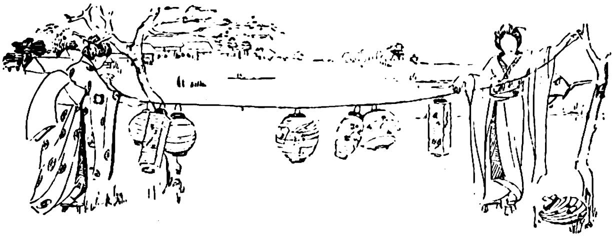
"Now, my daughter, what do you desire above everything else? Do not be shy, tell me. How would a fine new dress do? That one you are wearing seems rather plain and shabby, doesn't it? In fact, I am surprised that you should take such a prominent position as this before the public in such an unbecoming dress. Come, shall I change it for you? Don't be shy, it can all be done for you in a twinkling. Shall I order a fine new silk or satin wholly at our expense? There you are!" With a flash of the light he has thrown the reflection of a light satin evening dress over her plain black, so that she appears suddenly clothed quite differently. With this the entire performance usually comes to a close.



The Phantom Girl.

The amusing part of this portion of the entertainment is that the man is quite unaware of the presence of the woman. She is, of course, merely a reflection.

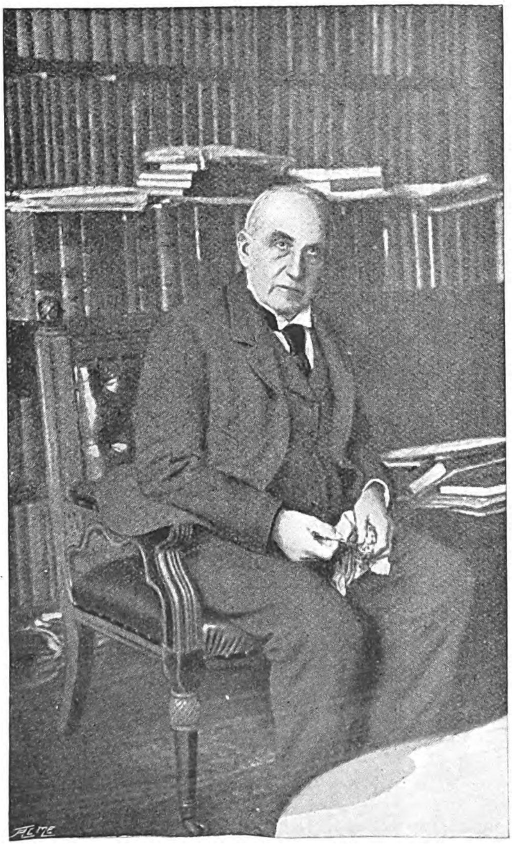
On the whole the place is essentially Parisian, and must not be taken too seriously. The proprietor does not seem to care so much for making money out of his customers as for making fun of them. What he delights in is joking at, and even shocking, his visitors. This he generally succeeds in doing, at all events in the case of the unforwarned stranger.



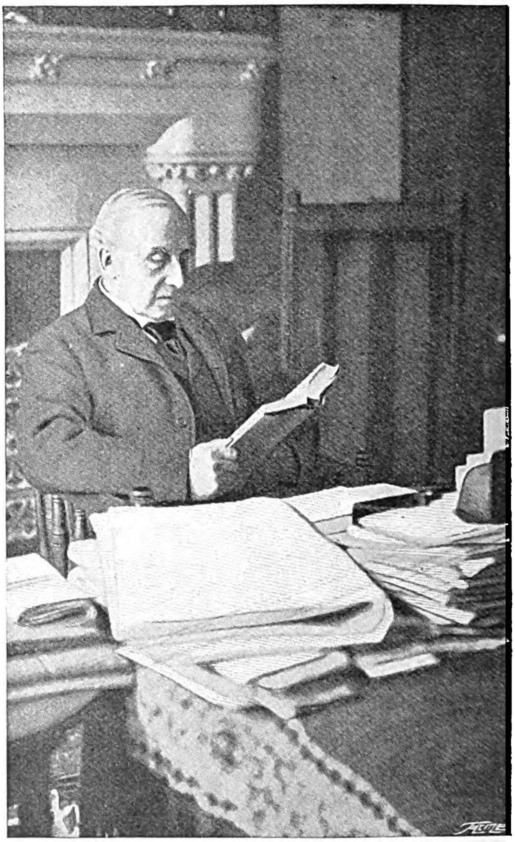
SNAP SHOT
INTERVIEWS
NUMBER VI.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILOWEN.

(LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND)

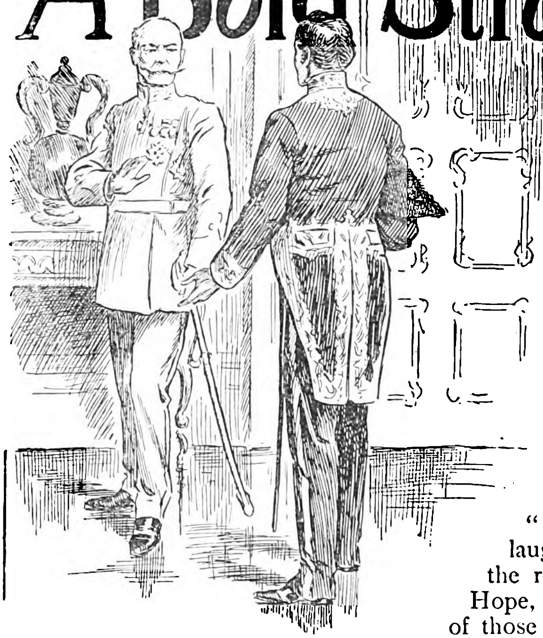


Well, what can I do for you?



You must excuse my reading. I have an important judgment to deliver this morning.

A Bold Stroke in Diplomacy



By Athol Forbes.

"I always regard diplomatists as the great whist players of the world, and, therefore, as the men who get the greatest pleasure out of life. It must add a zest to one's existence, too, the thought that one is playing with living cards, real men and women, real kings and queens."

"You must not forget the real knaves," laughingly responded the ex-ambassador to the remarks of our worthy host, Sir Charles Hope, "you can always reckon on a fair number of those cards in your hand."

"What do you regard as trumps in the game?" I put in.

"Import duties were once regarded as good trumps, they still are good in the hands of our adversaries, but since the advent of Free Trade we have nothing left but ultimatums."

There was a loud cough and "A'hem!" from a Radical M.P. who formed one of the house party, and Sir Charles was about to turn the drift of the conversation; but I saw that the ex-ambassador was inclined to be talkative, so I put in my oar again.

"The life of a diplomatist must be very exciting, sir," I ventured.

"It is, indeed. Only men of the strongest mental and physical constitutions can stand it. There is always the horrible nightmare of losing the odd trick, and the consequent disgrace. Then, too, when a Radical Government——"

"Try one of these," interrupted our host, handing over a box of cigars, while the Radical M.P. muttered something about diplomatists being the Hebrews of statecraft.

"And the one who holds the most trump cards wins I suppose," was my next venture to help Sir Charles, who feared an explosion from the ex-ambassador in reply to the Radical M.P.

"Not necessarily, my young friend. There is in most games such a thing as bluff, and bluff is carried to a fine art in diplomacy. The greatest statesmen are always said to be those whose foreign policy has been a bold one, and as far as my experience goes, boldness pays. No country is really anxious for war, and only England can afford, or dare go to war; therefore England can play the game of bluff now in a way she never could before. I always found that, acting on this, one was seldom far out."

At this part of the conversation, the Radical M.P. manifestly softened, and seemed inclined to agree with the speaker.

"Of course, your opponents never know how far your game is really supported by your home Government, thank heavens, or when the Radical party is at the head of things——"

"If you find that cigar rather strong for you, I can give you a milder one," said Sir Charles at this turn in the conversation.

"I thank you. This is just right for me—excellent condition. Ah! now, where was I?" mused the old statesman.

"You were saying that a bold front often wins the game."

"Yes, yes. Sometimes you give away a small point in order to win a more important one. You will allow yourself to be beaten on a minor question, so that you can represent that your nation is so roused at your defeat, that you must insist upon something, which perhaps in all fairness, is not due to you. The country roused, is as good almost as a mobilization of the Flying Squadron."

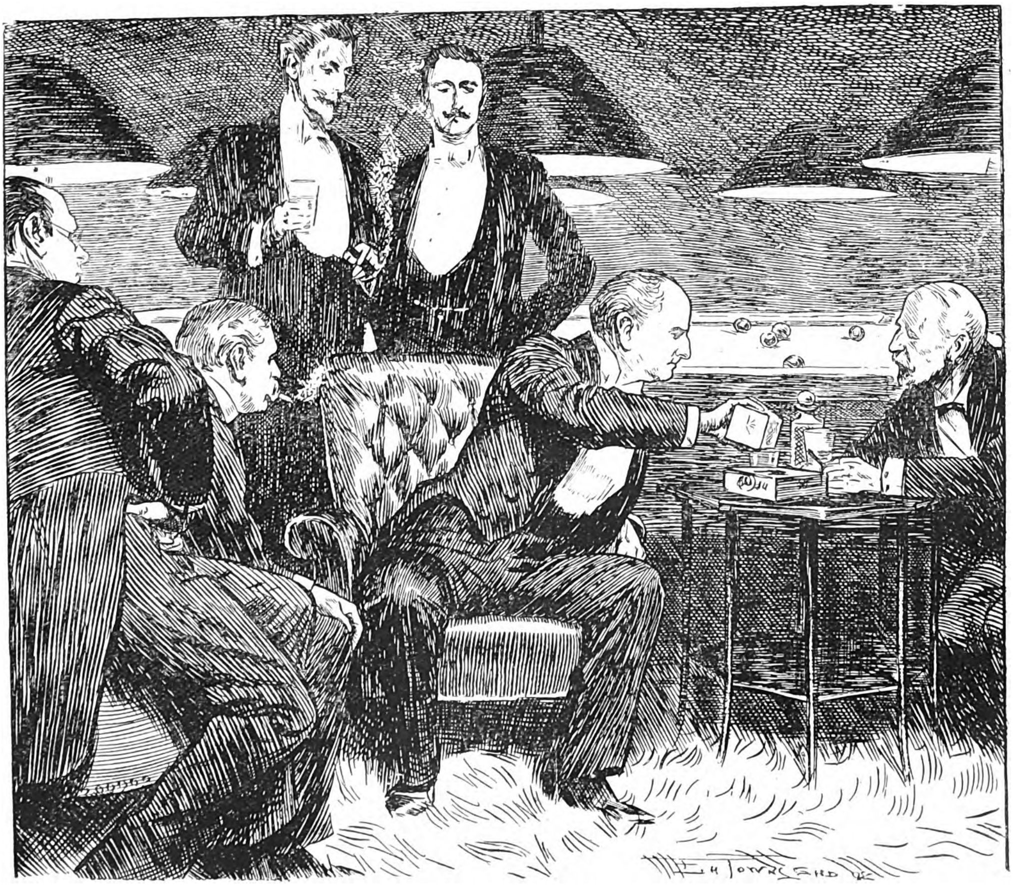
This called forth so hearty a laugh, that the Radical M.P. was constrained to join in it.

"I remember scoring at the very beginning of my career. The actual question at issue was unimportant, and did not affect the interests of my country in the remotest degree. The real cause of satisfaction to me was that I accomplished what all the representatives of all the Great Powers combined could not bring about, and it was all for a lady, whom I had never in my life seen or heard of before."

At this, there was a general gravitation of chairs towards that of His Excellency, and two men of the party came and stood behind him, as there was no more space for seats.

"First of all, permit me," said the ex-ambassador, as he bent over and helped himself.

"It was in Madrid," commenced His Excellency, "about the middle of the century, and Spain was in a very unsettled condition. I had just taken up my residence at the Embassy, when I was informed that two regiments had mutinied, and in the quelling of the small revolt consequent, for the Spaniards never lose an opportunity of rioting, General Fulgosio, Governor of Madrid, and several officers, had been killed. They have a curious way of doing things in this country, which seems to be on the principle, that when a mutiny occurs, someone must be punished, whether deserving of punishment or no. I never could understand, and I soon gave up trying. According to custom, after the insurrection was



"First of all, permit me," said the ex-ambassador, as he bent over and helped himself.

quelled, the authorities assembled a court-martial, and the question had to be solved: Who are we to punish? Without any sense or reason, the commander of the revolted regiments, General Moreno de las Peñas, with several officers belonging to some of the leading families, were tried and condemned to death."

"Shocking," said the Radical M.P., and we all agreed.

"This was the state of things put before me on my arrival by one of the secretaries to the Legation. Of course England had nothing to do with it, and therefore the matter was no concern of mine. You see," added His Excellency drily, "the lady had not then appeared on the scene; but I was not kept waiting very long. That same night, just as I was about to turn in, a carriage drove up to the residence; there was a violent ringing of bells, and I was informed that the wife of General Moreno de las Peñas, with another lady, desired to see me on a very important and pressing matter.

"I immediately descended, and after the usual courtesies, I begged the General's wife to command me. She was thickly veiled, and in endeavouring to tell me what she wanted, she completely broke down. Thereupon the young lady soothed her with comforting words. Never did the Spanish language appear to me so musical as when I heard it from the lips of my young visitor.

"'Your Excellency, we come to implore your aid. My brother and General Moreno are condemned to die. They have been denounced by some rascally sergeant of their regiment, and for no fault, for they are men of honour, they must die, unless you can save them, unless the Prime Minister can be prevailed upon to pardon them. England is a great country. Have mercy Your Excellency.'

"I cannot recall all her words, for she spoke quickly, and I was not perfect in my Spanish. However, in the best Spanish I could muster, I assured her of my sympathy, and I promised to do my best."

"'But is there hope?' asked the elder lady.

"I said I felt sure there was."

"'We have seen the ambassadors of France, Russia, and ——' Here she broke down, and the young lady rather dumbfounded me by adding, 'But they can do nothing.'

"This gave a graver aspect to the case. If those crafty old diplomatists could do nothing, what was the use of my trying? Before me, was the sweet pleading face of an angel, who, in spite of my protests, would kneel, and kept on repeating, 'But England is great! But England is great!'

"After some time, they took their departure, and I rang for the chief secretary, who had to bundle out of bed. I told him of what had taken place."

"'I know all about it,' was his reply. 'The Queen signs the death warrant tomorrow morning. They will be shot tomorrow afternoon at sunset, as sure as there will be a sunset. The other Ministers have done their best, but Narvaez is determined to punish someone, and the lives of these poor devils are not worth twenty hours' purchase.'

"'I did not sleep that night. A face haunted me.'

"'Not two faces?' remarked one of the company.

"Only one," said the ambassador solemnly, "and I was up much earlier than my wont. Ordering my carriage, I drove straight to the residence of the Prime Minister. He had just left. There was, I knew, no time to be lost, so I gave my man orders to drive me to the Palace, where I knew he had an audience with the Queen Isabella. I found that he had not arrived, so I took my place in a gallery leading to the audience room, where the Ministers congregated previous to their business with the Sovereign. I also instructed one of the ushers to tell the Prime Minister that I wished to speak to him.

"'About an hour of waiting, and then he entered the gallery. I apologised for my informal visit, and then without delay, put before him my request for the pardon of General Moreno de las Peñas and his fellow prisoners. His manner at once was frigid, and he began to tell me the history of the insurrection, and the spread of revolutionary ideas, finishing up by expressing his fixed determination to shoot those for whom I pleaded. On my questioning his action on the score of common humanity, he gave me a curt bow, and informed me that the interview was at an end. I was about to make a hasty reply, when someone exclaimed 'The Queen,' and I was bowing with the rest. I seized the French Ambassador, and begged him to present me at once to Her Majesty."

"'Is it poor Moreno?' he whispered, as he led me forward, and he shook his head as much as to say 'no hope.'

"Queen Isabella received me graciously, with all the natural charm of her race, and listened with deep attention, while I pleaded for the condemned. My appeal, I could see, moved the Queen deeply, for tears suffused her eyes. She paused for a moment, and my

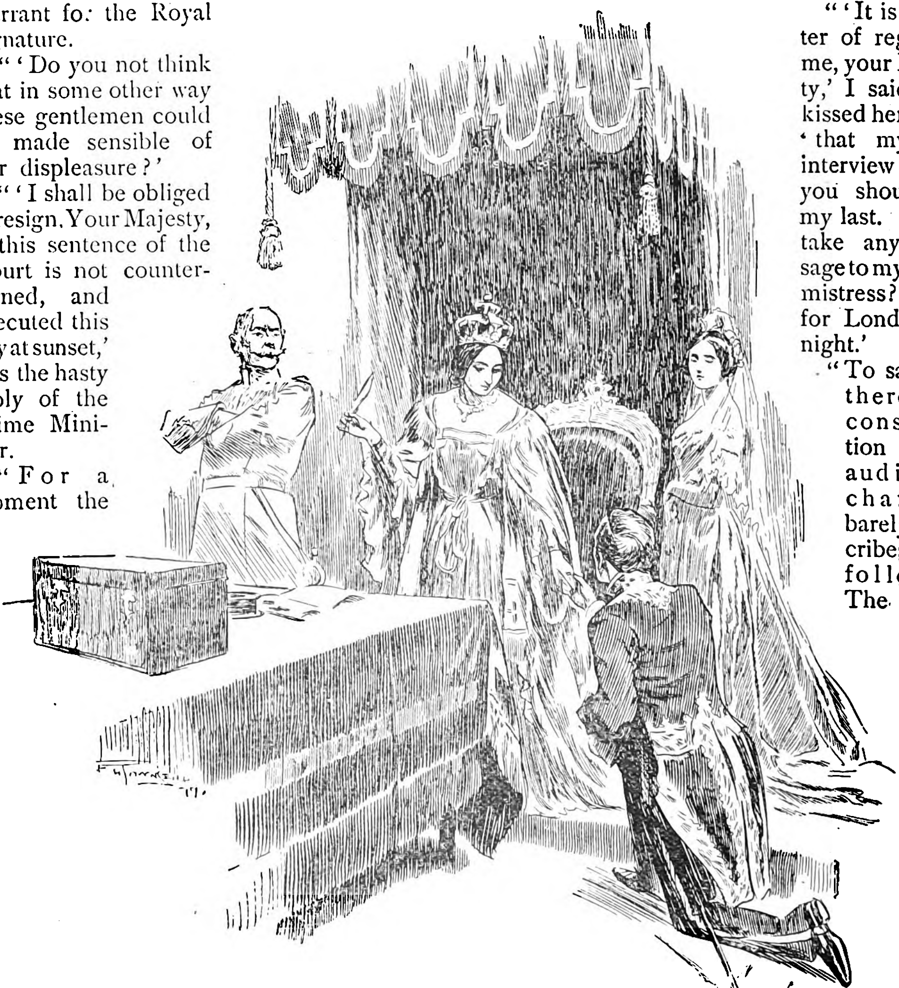
heart beat violently, as I thought that I had succeeded. She smiled sweetly, and I was thinking of the supreme pleasure of telling my fair visitant that her brother was pardoned, when Narvaez, to whom she turned, came up to the throne.

"'It is impossible, Your Majesty,' was his reply to some question she whispered, and he unfolded the death warrant for the Royal signature.

"'Do you not think that in some other way these gentlemen could be made sensible of our displeasure?'

"'I shall be obliged to resign, Your Majesty, if this sentence of the Court is not countersigned, and executed this day at sunset,' was the hasty reply of the Prime Minister.

"For a moment the Queen was undecided. She glanced at the foreign representatives, but none of them were willing to risk the snub which Narvaez could give, and the spectacle of Great Britain suing in vain was not without a certain satisfaction to them, I could see. There was a most awkward pause, which was broken by the brutal remark of the Spanish Minister.



Before I quite realised what I was doing I had grasped the hand of the Queen and was kneeling.

"'The Royal signature, or my resignation,' and he folded his arms resolutely, as if the matter were finally settled as far as he was concerned. A shudder passed over the handsome face of the Queen, and she took up the pen. The situation was desperate. Before I quite realised what I was doing, I had grasped the hand of the Queen, and was kneeling.

"'It is a matter of regret to me, your Majesty,' I said, as I kissed her hand, 'that my first interview with you should be my last. Can I take any message to my Royal mistress? I leave for London to-night.'

"To say that there was consternation in the audience-chamber barely describes what followed. The Queen was dumbfounded, and turned to her Minister.

"'Will you explain yourself, Mr. Ambassador,' said Narvaez to me in French.

"'I came here as the representative of Great Britain, and, if I may say so, as the friend of Spain. It will not strengthen my position with my own Government when they learn that my first request, and that a simple one, has been peremptorily refused, nor do I feel that I can fairly represent Spain's position to my Sovereign after witnessing so barbarous an injustice as the case in which I am interested. It is, therefore, better that I retire at once. I now simply have to ask for my passport.'

"Narvaez looked me straight in the face, and I looked straight at him. The Queen stood a silent spectator. For a few seconds the silence was oppressive. None seemed to breathe. 'My passport, please,' I said quietly. You see, I had to play every trump card at this juncture.

"For answer, Narvaez tore up the death warrant into a score of pieces, and I had won my first diplomatic victory in the game of bluff."

"And the lady?" interrogated the Radical M.P.

"Ah, yes. There was another, not a brother, among those officers for whom I pleaded. Had it not been for him, I might have been a married man," and His Excellency coughed, and poured some more whisky into his glass.

THE LAST OF ENGLAND'S QUINTAINS.

A CURIOUS clause, taking one back to the Middle Ages, appears in the title-deeds of a house in the village of Offham, in Kent. Scheduled as part of the messuages, land, hereditaments, and premises, is the village quintain, which still swings on its stout oaken post before the house, and the purchaser must covenant to keep the relic of a bygone pastime in good repair.

This quintain is the last remaining specimen in England. It consists, as can be seen in the illustration, of a stout pillar or post, with a swinging crossbar, one end of which is flat and square and pierced with a number of holes.

The quintain, or tilt, and the ancient sport of tilting, is described by an authority, who says: "It is an upright post, on the top of which is a cross-post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross-post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand bag. The play was to ride against the board end with a lance, and pass by before the sand bag, coming round, should strike the tilter to the ground."

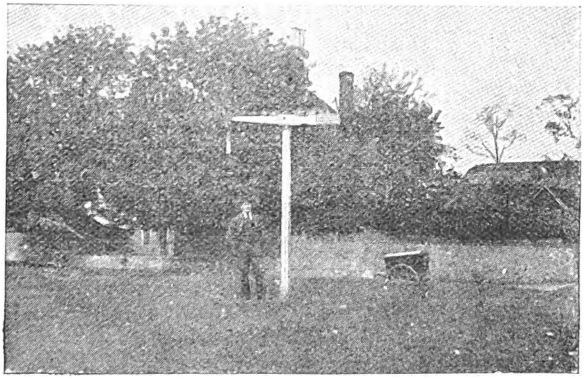


Photo by E. V. Ward.

A Quintain, standing in Offham, Kent.

An ancient tilting ground, but minus the quintain, is to be seen at Gawsworth, near Macclesfield, in close proximitity to the old Hall. This is said to be the only one in England remaining entire.

Within a space some 200 yards wide, surrounded by raised mounds or embankments, the lists were arranged. The spectators stood on the higher ground, whilst the Queen of Beauty, surrounded by her attendants, occupied an elevation at the end of the ground.

A noteworthy attempt to revive this ancient sport, which was popular long before the days of the third Henry, was made in 1827 by Viscount and Viscountess Gage, at Firle Place, in Sussex.

HEROES OF THE RAIL

By G. A. Binnie.

In considering the heroism of railway servants, one's mind turns almost instinctively, to the engine-driver, as the man who occupies the position of greatest danger. There is every justification. The records of the railway world show some of the most splendid feats of heroism on the part of engine drivers that the world might ever wish to see. Over and over again it has happened that an engine driver, and with him we must include his comrade the fireman, has seen with absolute certainty that a collision was inevitable, and that death or horrible maiming was surely in store for him. Perchance he has done all that can be done. Steam has been shut off. The brakes have been applied. He has only to step off the foot-board and, as a result of practice, he could probably land from the rushing train without much injury. Yet, a sense of duty holds him, and that humble hero goes to his death, a dreadful and terrible death, with as calm a courage as the bravest soldier.

It is a sad fact, that having confined myself in my selection to individuals who are still living, I have experienced a great difficulty in obtaining photographs of heroic engine drivers or firemen, who have survived not a mere collision, but a catastrophe they might themselves have escaped by leaping from the engine.

The man who quietly jumps off a platform and faces destruction in front of an onrushing express in order that he may endeavour to drag some fellow creature out of peril, is not one wit less of a hero than the engine drivers or firemen I have been referring to. If comparisons were justifiable, one might almost admire such deeds, the more, because to drag a drunken stranger from a danger which he has incurred

W. Westley

Photo by C. Cross

W Stephenson

Photo by J. Logan

PHOTO BY C DENNISON GLOVER

A.E DAY

PHOTO BY KŒNIG

PHOTO BY JOHN PEAREY J CUTTRISS

THOMAS KIY

PHOTO BY C.H.LUCAS

through his own folly, cannot be said exactly to form a part of a railway servant's duty.

With respect to most dangers which one may brave, there is a sort of halfway house between escaping scathless and total destruction. On the railway it seems different. It is neck or nothing. The great iron monster, tearing past with terrific speed, has a merciless touch, a touch that spells death. No one knows that better than a railway man.

William Westley, a guard of the North London Railway, holds the certificate of honour of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, for having on the 4th November, 1893, saved the life of a woman at Dalston Station. In this instance, neither carelessness nor stupidity had brought the individual into danger. In a moment of temporary insanity the woman had thrown herself from the platform in front of an approaching train, with the intention of committing suicide. Westley saw her, and perceiving that she must inevitably be killed unless rescued, jumped on to the line, and at the risk of his own life, dragged the woman away. As a matter of fact, the engine, as it passed him, almost touched him.

On a wet, windy day, one is apt to charge all sorts and conditions of obstacles when attempting to keep oneself dry behind an umbrella. Generally speaking, the recipient of the charge gets the worst of it. On the 26th June, 1895, however, a woman came very near to experiencing a somewhat different result. During a thunder storm, she was walking along the railway line with an opened umbrella. Approaching her from an opposite direction on the same line was an express goods train. William Stephenson, the station-master at Carlton Station, on the North Eastern Railway, fortunately happened to see her, and, realising the terrible danger she was in, went to her rescue, and succeeded in pulling her down on to the six foot way just as the express passed. For this act of gallantry he holds the Certificate of Honour of St. John.

The circumstance under which Christopher Dennison won the medal and diploma of the Order, displayed most remarkable gallantry. Outside Dundrum Station, there is a gradient down which the express travels at from fifty to fifty-five miles an hour. On the 17th May, 1896, Dennison was on night duty. The express, train due to pass at 9.55 p.m., was in sight and rapidly approaching, when a man attempted to cross the line from the up platform and got immediately in front of the onrushing express. The man was intoxicated, and was obviously unable to reach the platform. Without a moment's hesitation, Dennison leapt off the platform, and, grasping the man round the neck, threw him backwards on to the six foot way just as the train passed. So narrow was the escape, that the young fellow's cap was blown off by the wind caused by the train, whilst the drunken man, whose life he had saved, struggled so violently, that his rescuer for a moment thought that the engine had run over his feet.

Arthur Edward Day, a porter in the employ of the Metropolitan Railway, is the proud possessor of the Certificate of Honour of the Order awarded for courageous conduct and great presence of mind displayed on the 23rd January, 1897, in rescuing a passenger who, at Baker Street, Station accidentally fell off the platform on to the line just as a train was approaching. Day, recognising the man's dangerous position, immediately jumped on to the permanent way and promptly dragged him under the platform, just in time to escape being cut to pieces by the engine.

Among other holders of the silver medal of the Order of St. John, is John Pearcy, a railway porter of Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham. The act of gallantry for which he gained this, was in saving on the 15th October, 1885, at great personal risk, a child who had strayed upon the line and was in eminent danger of being run over by the Scotch Express.

Another holder of the bronze medal is Thomas Kiy, then railway porter of Wexborne Station, near Canterbury. In this case a man braved the double danger of a train on the up line and of another on the down. On Boxing Day 1890, a woman was endeavouring to cross the line just as a train was leaving the station and and an express train was about to pass through on the other side. Altogether it was as inopportune a moment as she could have selected with any regard to her personal safety. Kiy saw her danger, and, jumping in front of the moving train, seized the woman, who must otherwise have been killed, and held her between the metals, whilst the trains swept rapidly by on either side. So close did they pass, that the man's clothes were actually torn by one of the engines.

On the 29th January 1897, a woman attempted to cross the line at Yeovil Junction just as the down express was rapidly approaching. It so happened, that owing to a curve of the line at this point, some waggons which were standing on the sidings, shut out all sight of the train. James Richard William Maynard, a railway inspector, who was standing on the platform, perceived the dangerous position of the woman. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped off the platform, and only just succeeded in dragging her on to the six-foot way when the express dashed by. A number of witnesses of the occurrence testified that had Maynard been a moment later, both himself and the woman would have been killed. For his gallantry Maynard was awarded the silver medal of the Order of the Hospital of St. John.

On September 9th, 1897, a man was seen staggering across the down main-line platform in front of an advancing train which was rapidly approaching Westbourne Park Station. Sydney Vockings, a porter in the employ of the Great Western Railway, perceived the dangerous position of the man, and at the eminent risk of being killed himself, jumped on to the line and only just managed to pull the man clear when the engine was within a few feet of him.

An act of great bravery was performed one evening at Shortlands Station by a porter named Lewis. A gentleman, arriving by a loop line train, alighted and walked across to the down platform from whence he fell across the rails just as the Gravesend through train was approaching. With great presence of mind, Lewis, who had seen the mishap, jumped to his assistance, and at immense personal risk, for the passenger was a tall, heavy man, succeeded in lifting him off the rails, just in time to save him from being cut to pieces.

At Portadown Station of the Great Northern Railway Company, there are two platforms with five running lines of rails between them. The ticket office is on the up platform. There is an underground passage from one side to the other. On July 25th, 1892, a little girl got her ticket and then instead of proceeding from one platform to the other by the underground passage jumped on to the rails in order to cross to the down platform. A down train was coming in, and a number of passengers were awaiting its arrival. Everybody quickly perceived the danger into which the little girl was running. One and all, including a porter named Stoops, shouted to her to go back, but this only caused her to increase her exertions to reach the down platform. Stoops, on seeing this, immediately leapt off the down platform in front of the incoming train and caught her just in time to save her from certain death. His conduct was brought before the notice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and in due course he was sent for to London and presented with the certificate of honour by the Prince of Wales. On his return from London he was promoted to the position of passenger guard, which position he retains to-day.

It must not be supposed that the few instances I have given of heroic railway servants exhausts the list. Far from it. The difficulty I have had to contend with is in making a selection. Doing this possibly invites comparison between those whose names and photos I have given and those of whose bravery I have been silent. The exigencies of space have necessitated the making of some choice, but of this I have become more than ever convinced, that in no walk of life are there to be found finer instances of heroic self-sacrifice than in that of the British railway world.

J.R.W. MAYNARD

PHOTO BY F.G. CHRISTOPHER

PHOTO BY H. VANDYCK

SYDNEY VOCKINGS

PHOTO BY STOOPS H.H JAGOE.

PHOTO BY T. LEWIS HE SHEEPWASH

A MAN AND MANSION OF MANY MARVELS.

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

The Observatory and Water-tower.

By Hector Maclean.

The man referred to is Sir David Salomons, Bart.; the mansion is his residence known as Broomhill.

Although a *persona gratissima* amongst those who are of the highest in the land—although, whether driving his four-in-hand at a meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park or Hurlingham, whether carrying off first prizes at the Islington Horse shows, or illuminating the dark places of London with the fairy light of chained lightning, or harnessing thunderbolts to the wheels of his park phaeton, or astonishing the Fellows of the Royal Society with "the long results of time," and the strange evolutions of science—although, in such and other instances Sir David is a prominent figure amongst the throng of notables who rejoice in the possession of great intellect, rank, wealth, and breeding, yet will he, nevertheless — and that not seldom—bestow some of his scarce hours on folk who are humble alike in circumstances and in intellect.

All said and done, the residential part of Broomhill is the least noteworthy. It is amongst what may be termed its annexes that the chief centres of wonderment are to be found. Of these a lofty erection which serves as observatory, beacon and water-tower, and the engine-house, with its puissant machineries for pouring power into every nook and cranny of the surrounding buildings, are remarkable enough in their way, and are worthy of the most careful inspection; but less ordinary sights await us elsewhere. And firstly let us make an imaginary visit to "The Grand Theatre of Science." Perchance, as on the occasion of a visit recently paid by the writer in the company of the members of the Croydon Camera Club, Sir David is able to show off some of the possibilities, and of the marvels, which are to be found in the building.

Photo by G. Glanville.

Sir David Salomons.

A blinding August sunshine is almost at its full intensity; the afternoon heat is terrific; nevertheless — although the sun has been playing upon the skylights, the moment we step into the theatre we pass from torrid heat to temperate coolness. How this delicious temperature is obtained we will not now stop to consider, but, choosing the most comfortable of some two hundred seats, proceed to enjoy a scientific performance all to ourselves; a performance which is, moreover, from beginning to end carried out by the unassisted aid of one man—*i.e.*, our host—much as follows:

Sir David steps on to the platform, explains his programme, and begins a series of Marvellous Button Pressing, from which follow many striking results. Button the first causes immense shutters to noiselessly glide over the windows and skylights, and thus shut off the dazzling sunlight; another button lights glow lamps. With a third pressure there is heard, from whence is not apparent, a wonderfully harmonious concord of sound—and presently it is realised that the dulcet voices of De Reske and Melba are carolling an operatic aria. Anon we listen to Irving and Ellen Terry declaiming a scene from Shakespeare. After a while the light melts into gloom, and the big hall is once more in complete darkness; then immediately there flash out upon the twenty-five feet square white screen a succession of naturalistic photographs in colours produced by the Ives' method; and yet others by Professor Joly's ingenious device, in both of which no pigments are used to imitate the very tone and tint of nature.

Following these come the choicest examples of cinematographic tableaux, which, unlike those generally seen, have been most carefully hand-painted. And as these various scenes, full of colour and of movement, live before our eyes another magic button causes a powerful orchestra, which numbers perhaps forty or more instrumentalists, to strike up, and perform suitable selections of music, the fiddlers, trumpeters, flautists, &c., being, however, nothing more tangible than creatures of electricity.

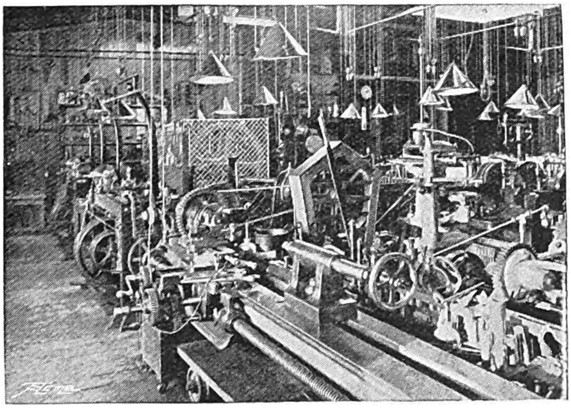


Photo by W. H. Rogers.

One of the Workshops.

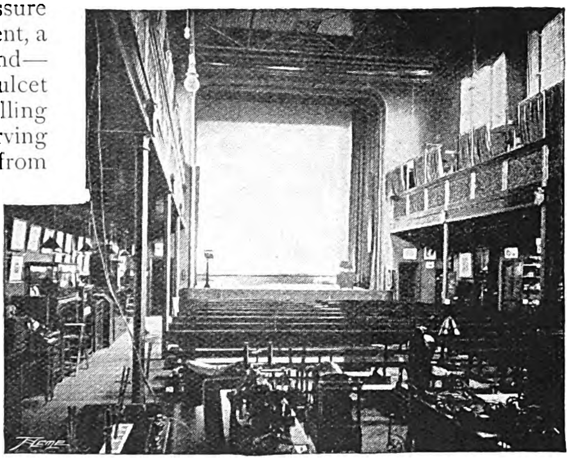


Photo by G. Glanville.

The Science Theatre.

Apart from the marvels of light or sound which are from time to time displayed in this notable theatre, it contains an engrossing collection of wonderful instruments and exhibits, of which not even a tithe may be mentioned. A very few samples must suffice. Most recent of all is an instrument which receives and makes audible electric messages sent from a distance through the air without the instrumentality of direct communication by wire or otherwise. This is based on the investigations of Messrs. Preece and Marconi. By means of a powerful coil, placed at one end of the hall, a perfectly disconnected receiver is made to ring out a more or less coherent message at a distance of a hundred feet; which distance by no means marks the limits of this marvellous machine, for on at least one occasion the electricity generated at the Tunbridge Wells Electric Light Works situated about four miles away—has, quite without anyone's intention, been able to set the bell a-ringing at the receiver. How this comes about is, to use Sir David's own words, as follows: "We live in a universe which is filled by many kinds of waves—big, little, and of very diverse characters. These are ceaselessly beating against us, and on all other objects—on all forms of matter. The above instrument is merely a device which is capable of taking note of the electric waves of a particular intensity and kind." How this is done a peep at the instrument and two minutes' talk with Sir David make clear. To translate the explanation into type and picture would, however, fail to make the non-technical

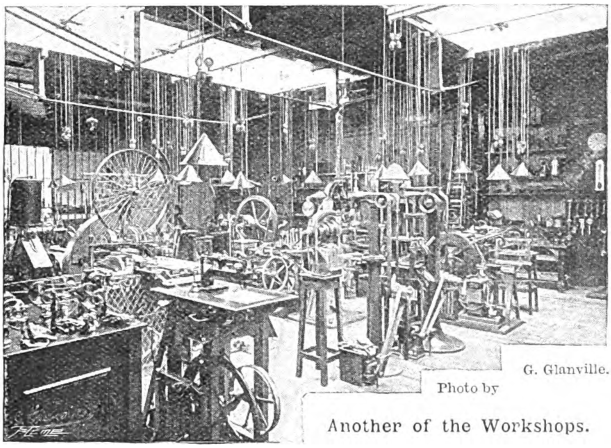


Photo by G. Glanville.

Another of the Workshops.

reader understand the construction and working of this ingenious device for registering the electric vibrations which are travelling through the ether. A not less notable instrument to be seen here is the celebrated Broomhill magnet, by the aid of which many previously inscrutable magnetic phenomena have been made clear. How it overcomes difficulties, once found insuperable, we must not stop to consider, for there are a crowd more of hardly less renowned examples of Sir David's inventive genius to note.

Take as example the machine which, amongst other uses, measures the speed or duration of light, which it effects by means of a hexagonal steel mirror that is made to rotate up to the astonishing speed of 50,000 revolutions per minute.

An ingenious method of recognising at what rate the mirror is moving at any moment is by means of the pitch of a whistle that is produced by a piece of wood, fastened to the spindle which holds the mirror, striking against a strip of paper. On first starting the machine a low note is set up, which, as the speed increases, becomes shriller and shriller. Thus when the eye can no longer distinguish speed the ear does instead.

Of all the other generally erudite and complex, philosophical instruments no more must be said except to glance at a prodigiously intricate magic lantern.

This is a magnificent looking "three decker," which is one out of perhaps a dozen other optical lanterns, most of which are to be seen in the lantern gallery, and is capable of exhibiting, with ideal perfection, every phenomenon in physics, and otherwise, of which a projection lantern is capable. Some little intellects may rather naturally ask, "Why fuss over a mere magic lantern?" To explain how such an instrument is capable of spreading and of gaining knowledge, and thus bring home to readers that is by no means a mere plaything is not very easy. Perhaps most non-scientific people will be able to grasp the importance attachable to this elaborate instrument by a money standard of measurement. Well then, in order to perfect and construct, this magic lantern cost £6,000.

A stroll around the theatre in Sir David's company is to take a succession of concentrated drams of scientific stimulants, which are apt to intoxicate. Hereabout I came upon a large, but very strange mirror, in which I saw a person whom I had never yet clapped eyes on—that is myself *as others see me*. In looking at our reflection as seen in an ordinary mirror we never behold our face as it is seen by our fellow creatures, because that which should be right is left, and *vice versâ*. It is notorious that the two vertical halves of a face are very dissimilar, hence when, by means of a subtle device, the magic mirror of Broomhill transposes the normal reflection, the beholder obtains a very different view of himself to that which he ever did before, and begins to realise how likely it is that Oliver Wendell Holmes' assertion is correct, viz., that it is never two people

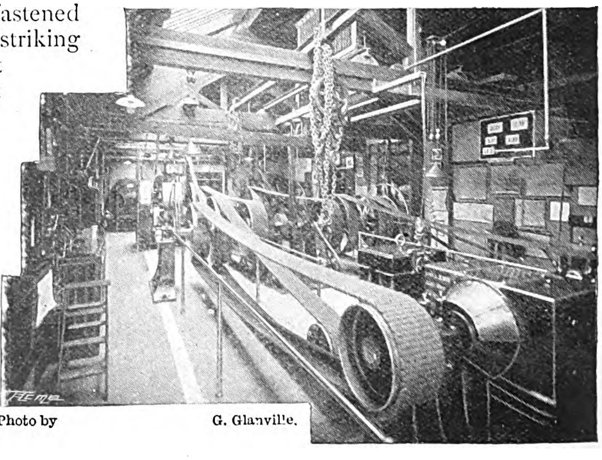


Photo by G. Glanville.

A Glimpse of the Engine House.

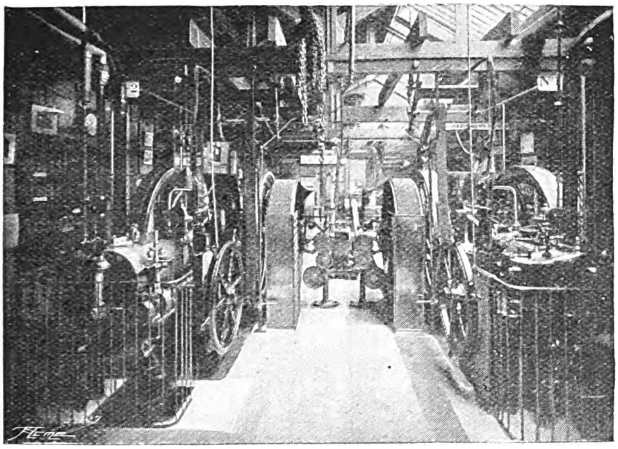


Photo by G. Glanville.

Another View of the Engine House.

who hold a conversation but, at the very least, six.

Leaving the theatre with many an unnoted treasure, a fresh series of surprising objects are met with in what are known as the workshops.

In these are gathered together what is generally considered to be the most complete installation of mechanical tools, and machines devised for the making of all kinds of philosophical instruments in the world. Here, at any moment's notice, either of the machines may be set to work turning, drilling, twisting, slotting, cutting, and otherwise shaping almost any wooden or metal object that the heart of man can desire, or his head invent. Whilst on the one hand the most delicate of hair springs, or almost microscopically small escapements cannot come amiss, on the other hand, thick sheets or bars of hardened iron are cut and planed with the greatest ease.

In fact, nothing seems impossible to this splendid display of harnessed force, the most impressive point of which is, as already indicated, that at any moment, day or night, any of these thirty or more ingenious and powerful machines can be set to work by the mere pressure of a button, or by an equivalently simple operation. What that work comprises may be figured to the mind when it is stated that no less than 60,000 tools are available for use. The secret of this ever ready potency is, of course, electricity, the supply of which at Broomhill is sufficient, at all times, to place at Sir David's disposal what is equal to a hundred horse power.

To say more about this matchless workshop would be to open a chapter far too long to finish, suffice it that its contents possess never ending attraction to every mechanician. And let us proceed to glance at the chemical and physical laboratories, the photographic studio, the three developing rooms, the writing rooms with its typewriters, &c. When these have been seen, most people—as did the writer—will want to know what work is performed in the establishment which is not accomplished by means of the electric current. To this Sir David will answer, "But little," and proceed to explain that "lighting, talking, ventilating, heating, and cooling, and every kind of motor work are performed by power distributed in the form of electricity."

"Besides what has already been mentioned, or seen in the house," he will add, "they make butter, iron linen, and do their sewing by means of the convenient current. Not only are the machines in the workshops electrically driven, but some of the tools also—such as the electric hammer."

He will further tell how that "by a strange inversion the obedient and versatile current is made to imitate its parents, Thunder and Lightning."

For attached to the stage of the theatre are electrically controlled contrivances whereby, not only the thundering of the heavens, which assures us that Jove still reigns, is simulated, but, by means of a special arrangement, a real flash of lightning is formed by a powerful coil which, at the pressure of a little finger, discharges a long and

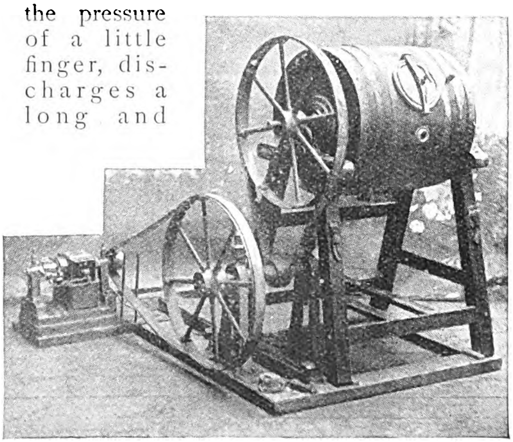


Photo by W. H. Rogers.

An Electric Churn.

vivid succession of electric sparks. With similar ease, by means of coloured glow lamps and coloured search lights, a long range of captivating and gorgeous colour phantasies are made to illuminate any actor or tableaux which may be arranged on the stage.

It is not to be thought that the magnificent theatre and the scientific collections are given over to solitude, or to one-man shows, in which Sir David does all the display and the audience is a unit. Far otherwise, for the theatre is the constant rendezvous of scientific and similar societies, which, on the invitation of Sir David, from time to time foregather. On such occasions they have described to them all that is noteworthy in the new discoveries and evolutions. Moreover two or three times in each year such a big total of all the talent assembles, that their united and stupendous stock of scientific lore is enough to make the ordinary mind quail with its astounding ignorance. But Sir David floats easily enough upon this empyrean atmosphere composed of abstract thought and abstruse experiment. And though the units have been such mighty atoms as Kelvin, Whitworth, Bessemer, Dewar (so fond of liquifying air), Ramsey (the discoverer of new elements), Rontgen (of eerie X. ray fame), and the like, they have sat in this unique theatre, whilst their gifted host illustrated and expounded problems and results which were new, impressive, and far reaching.

Photo by G. Glanville.

The Accumulator House.

Stepping out of the theatre we find that the whole prospect is filled with tranquil charms that paint the meadows with delight and make the long stretches of undulating ground in this sandstone district a perpetual feast for the eyes. So engaging is the view that in order to see yet more of it—which, however, would argue some greed—there is close at hand a sky-piercing beacon tower from which by day there floats our dearly-loved flag, whilst by night a powerful arc lamp acts as a guide to all who, wandering abroad in the darkness, need a guiding star by which to shape their course, in this district of devious roads, and lonesome wastes.

A few yards from the beacon tower stands that which, in the eyes of many will be regarded as the greatest glory—if not marvel—of all that Broomhill has to show, I mean the Equine Palace which Sir David has designed and built that his much-treasured horses should be housed as befits their worthiness.

The noble pile of buildings—which no photographic reproduction can do full justice to, partly because of the site on which it stands, and partly because of the colour effects upon which much of the attractiveness of the design depends—is a flawless model, for those who count not price nor pains, to copy.

Apart from the fineness of workmanship everywhere apparent, there are a number of special devices to be seen whereby the health and comfort of the horses are cared for. Take, as an example, the automatic feeder; this, controlled from the harness room, is so arranged that, by means of a lever, a feed of corn is not only accurately measured out, but also delivered to any particular horse.

These stables, which took about three years to build and fit up, cost over a hundred thousand pounds, which, although a pretty big sum, is not particularly excessive, when it is remembered how valuable are the horses they shelter.

Not only are there hunters, hacks, and ponies, all of high degree and distinguished descent, but also many driving horses of particular value, including Sir David's famous brown-black coaching four, and his "steed of steeds," Empress, which carried off the first prize at the Great Islington Horse Show in the roadster class. Perhaps, however, the casual visitor will consider that the handsomest of all is a half bred Arab, which certainly exhibits a combination of fine form, grace, fire, and action, not often met with.

One of the piquant paradoxes which Sir David embodies—for we will leave the mansion and return to the man—is that he, who possesses such a splendid company of horses, and so palatial a range of stabling, who is, moreover, so fond and so proud of both, he, of all men, should happen to be the one, more than anyone in England, who has pushed forward the motor car development.

He it was who first — or well amongst the first —aroused a general desire for Liberty of Locomotion. Amongst the earliest means adopted to awaken public interest was the organisation of a great exhibition of motor cars, &c., which was held in 1895 at Tunbridge Wells.

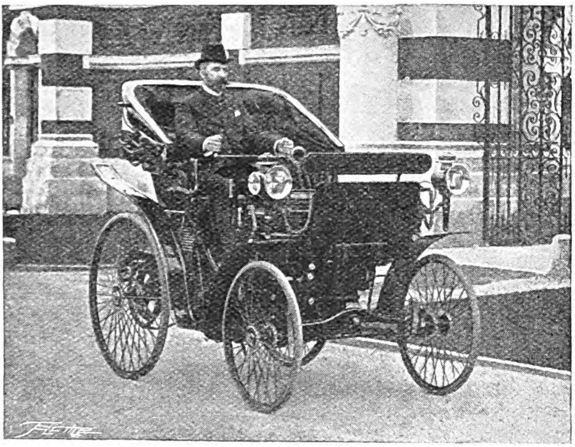


Photo by W. H. Rogers.

A Motor Phaeton.

Sir David drives all kinds of motor cars, including both bicycles and ordinary carriages. Of these, while some are electrically propelled, others work by oil, and yet others by steam. What will, however, possibly astonish the cursory reader is Sir David's opinion of the comparative inutility of electric motors. Time was, when the world at large dreamed of travelling uphill, down dale, anywhere and everywhere by electrically propelled cars, each one carrying its own supply of current, and able to run its fifty to one hundred miles without replenishment.

A minute's talk with Sir David was enough to dispel the vision. Electric motor cars require to carry such a relatively enormous extra weight, in the shape of storage batteries, that most of the propelling power is used up in the haulage of a heavy dead weight. It is as if one should go for a fast drive and expect the horses to gallop along with a load of passengers as well as a dozen sacks of coal.

Although Broomhill is no palace it none the less contains full many a rarity and curio of which any palace would be proud. Thus the picture gallery displays many a pictorial gem, amongst which may be mentioned pictures by Leighton, Vicat Cole, Stansfield and others, to the number of 150, of like importance. Nor are the masterpieces confined to this gallery, as the walls of the different apartments are all embellished by graphic witnesses of "sweetness and light," with colour added. Of these the visitor may expect to be most particularly captivated by a soul-haunting portrait by Greuze. Finally, there is a sculpture gallery, in which are effectively displayed many notable and world-renowned creations.

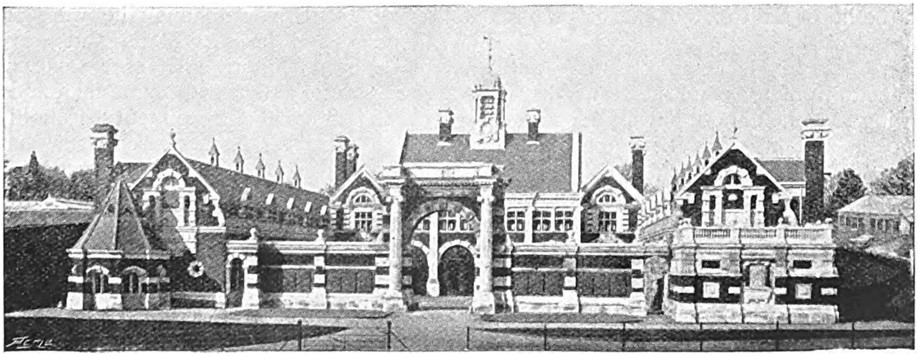
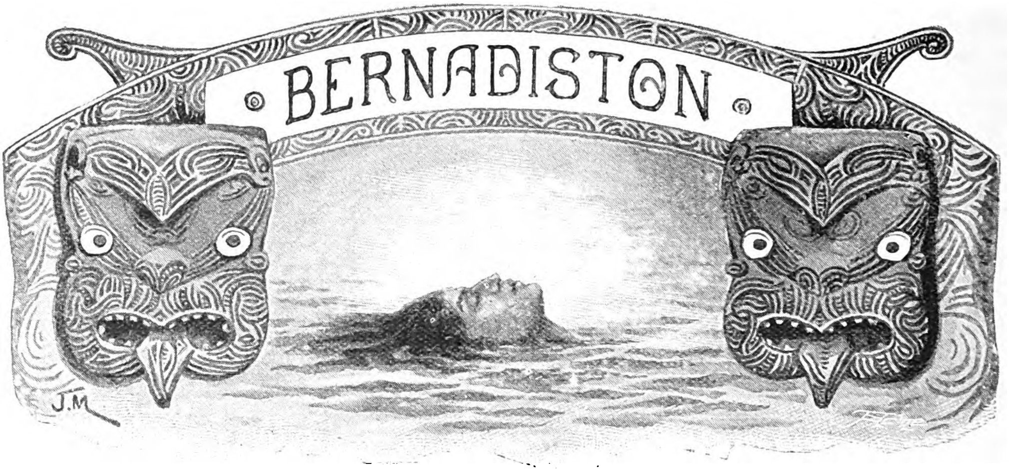


Photo by W. H. Rogers.

The Great Stables.



BERNADISTON

By H. B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

Maori women are different to white women. Outwardly, ot course they are; but the difference is also in their hearts and in the doing of what they do.

Bernadiston somehow always thought it was so until the great line was drawn across his life which divided one half of it into "Before" and the other half into "Ever since." Then he ceased merely to think, and knew it was so.

The difference is not to be wondered at, for a pakeha, or white girl, is civilised. The other is only a Maori, who, as a baby, is carried on her mother's back in a big shawl, and looks like a lump of brown putty, and never cries, and is never washed. In due time she learns to walk and to tumble over puppies and to set the dogs on to the pigs. She eats everything she can pick up, and smokes whatever she can find that is capable of being smoked.

Presently she learns to scrape potatoes—with the lid of a tin matchbox for preference—and to cook.

Her education is completed then, and all she has to do is to spend the rest of her time growing to womanhood, having her lower lip tattooed, and washing her petticoats and cotton skirts.

She seldom has romances. When a Maori girl and a Maori man fall in love, they get married and are husband and wife. They do not worry about clergymen or lawyers or settlements.

Maoris say this custom is better than that of the pakeha. For if a man and a woman, being husband and wife, love each other, they are true to each other for life. That is marriage. If they are unhappy and learn to hate each other they separate, and probably choose afresh. Wherefore a Maori girl's life is generally happy, for she finds her lover in course of time, and becomes a mother and has her own whare or hut.

A pakeha man can fall in love with a Maori girl. Bernadiston did and married her—Maori fashion—which is without the aid of priest or parson.

Nobody in Wellington, where his people lived, knew of it. Not that it much mattered, for there were only three whom it would have greatly concerned. They were his mother—a grey-haired lady, gentle and very fragile, a widow and very poor—his sister, and Lucy Fairbairn.

Bernadiston was a surveyor, and for years had been away up inland surveying great blocks of Native country and living amongst the Maoris until he knew them and could speak to them as though he were one of them. Then he met Mare, and the dark, bright-eyed Maori girl grew exceedingly dear to him, and they became man and wife. He took a small Government leasehold in a rough spot, where he grazed a few hundred sheep and some cattle. He used to go to Wellington two or three times a year, but never with Mare. He once offered. She refused.

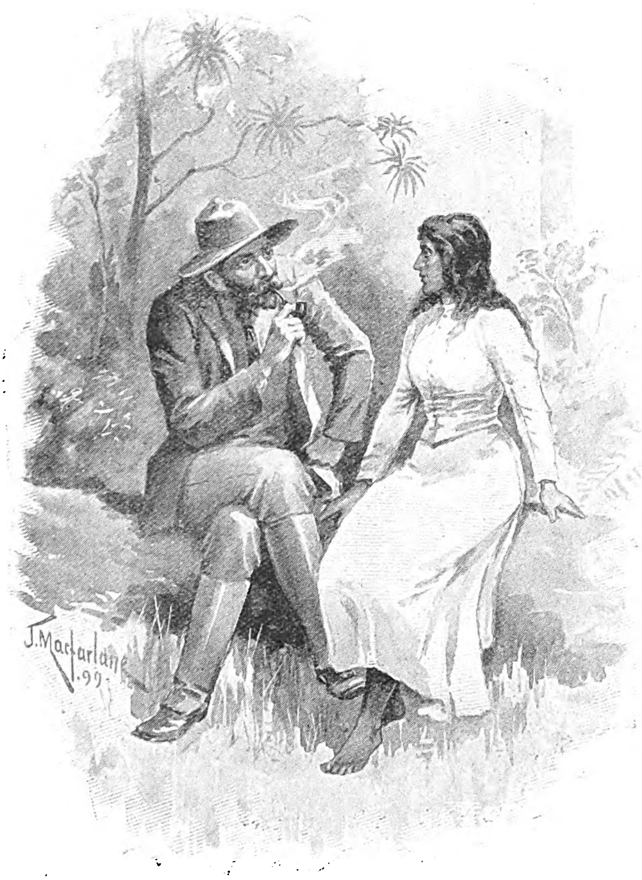
"I do not want to go. You would be ashamed of a Maori in the big city. The hearts of your people would grow dark if I went. I will mind the kainga (which is the Maori way of expressing "home)" until you come back. Only be quick, for I shall be very lonely."

So he went alone.

Now heiresses, in the sense of women of much worldly wealth, are rareties in a small city like Wellington. Lucy Fairbairn was one, but then she was a Wellington heiress only in so far as she had come to live in the place.

She was born and bred in Australia, and had remained there until at the death of her father she became an orphan. Then she came to live with an uncle and aunt in a big house in Fitzherbert Terrace.

Of course, she was made much of, and could have had any young lady in the place for her dearest friend — just as the Governor's wife can always have any old one — and any young man — almost — for her husband. Had she been poor she would have been popular, for she was jolly, light-hearted and pretty. Ethel Bernadiston became her chief friend. Lucy liked the girl for herself and partly, perhaps, if the truth were confessed, because she was the sister of Bernadiston. He happened to visit his home shortly after Miss Fairbairn had arrived in Wellington, and they met several times. And because she was a friend of Ethel's he took more notice of her than he would otherwise have done.



Then he met Mare.

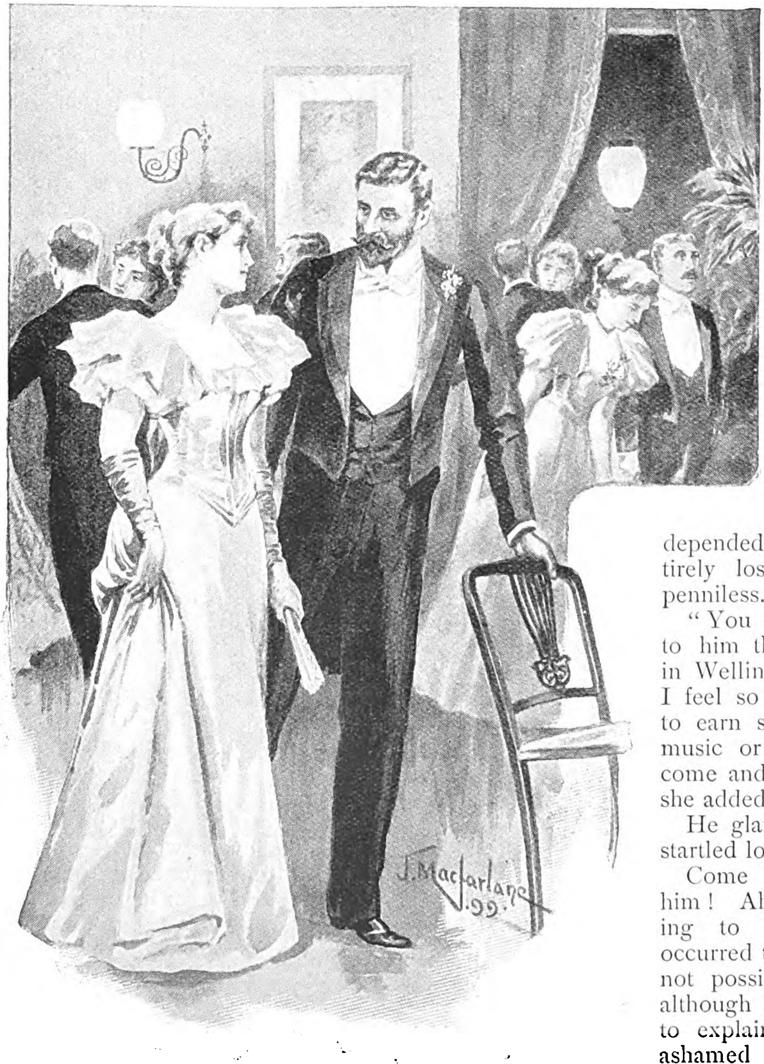
For many months after her arrival in Wellington Lucy Fairbairn was in mourning and was never seen at the dances or entertainments of the session. When she did go Bernardiston found her an admirable dancer and a pleasant partner. Not unnaturally her name figured frequently on his programme, and, if he had been asked, he would have readily admitted that he liked her as well as any girl he had met "except only," he would have added to himself "one."

He was selfish or thoughtless, or both in his kindness and attention to the girl. The dancing, and talking, and tennis playing during that visit and others which he made from time to time, were mere phases of amusement and good nature with him. With her they were a delight—a dangerously entrancing delight.

The sport, if sport it really was to him, was unfair, for she was innocent and ignorant of everything, and knew of no reason against loving him; whilst he — well, he knew the impossible. He loved a woman—true she was only a Maori—but nevertheless he loved a woman as he would never love any other. There was no risk of his falling in love with the white girl; indeed he was often fain, for very homesickness and thought of Mare's loneliness, to hark back to the little Government run and slab whare even sooner than he had intended.

If he had told Lucy Fairbairn all this it would have been better—or worse. But he never realised that it mattered a scrap to her or that it would even interest her. Conceit formed an insignificant phase of his character. He had no particular idea of his power to please. He had no realisation of the influence he could exert over a woman. He was polite and gentle because—well, because he was the son of his mother. No child of so sweet an old lady could be anything but kind and sympathetic.

To Lucy he seemed an ideal. She attributed the undercurrent of indifference which she noticed in him to the honesty of a man who scorned to admire a woman for her money, and it stimulated her admiration. Other men crowded upon her and proposed to her, chiefly, as it seemed to her, because she was rich. But this man was different, and it was not a little through his apparent disregard of her money that he first won her affection. Gradually that affection became a worship, the worship of one who seemed to her to be a splendid man—a man whom nature had moulded in a generous mood; a man who was above everything honest; a man who, if only she could kindle the love-light in his eyes, would woo her for herself, and not for her wealth.



Her name figured frequently on his programme.

That was her faith in him. That was the glory of her love for him. That was the keystone of her respect for him.

He made no effort to analyse the girl's feelings towards him, and innocent of her worship, he sped back with a light heart to his remote up-country home. There, one day, a letter reached him that was the beginning of the second half of his life. It was from Ethel, and it told him that the income upon which the mother and she depended had been almost entirely lost. They were nearly penniless.

"You see Jack," Ethel said to him the evening he arrived in Wellington, "it's for mother I feel so much. I can manage to earn something by teaching music or painting, or I could come and keep house for you," she added.

He glanced up with a quick, startled look.

Come and keep house for him! Ah, the idea of her wishing to do that had never occurred to him. No, no it was not possible for her to come, although it did not seem easy to explain why. He was not ashamed of Mare; on the contrary he loved her, but his mother and Ethel would fail to understand.

Yet, what was to be done?

"There must be something we can do," he murmured.

"Perhaps. But what?" was the girl's despairing answer.

Plan after plan they discussed, and all things seemed impossible. He had put every farthing he had possessed and all he could borrow into the farm, and he knew he could render but small assistance.

In his helplessness and agony of mind the strong man clutched his hands.

"Oh, Jack, I wish ——" began the girl.

Then there was a pause. Raising his head he said:—

"Eh? What do you wish? What do you wish?"

She hesitated and flushed and then answered:—

"That you liked Lucy as much as she likes you."

"Lucy! Like me! But——"

"She—you must never tell her I told you—she loves you, Jack; and—and—if you cared for her—Oh, you know what I mean."

"She's rich and——

"But you do not care for her, perhaps."

He did not answer, and then after a little he left the house.

Bernadiston took a far tramp that afternoon, and strode along as though he were trying to escape from the shame of an idea that had come to him, and from the ring of the few words that Ethel had spoken.

He was playing with his life and the lives of three others. His mother would die unless he could find for her that which would become easy and was now utterly impossible—die, and almost of hunger and want. The grey-haired mother who had never spared a moment from toil for him when he was young, who had denied herself that he might prosper, who was now frail and weak, would have comfort and luxury and peace and rest if he married.

Marriage with Lucy Fairbairn was, in fact, the price of his mother's life, though scarcely a price most men would have quarrelled at.

Yet it was understandable in his case. The white girl was pretty and gentle, but he was bitterly loth to cut adrift from the other life.

It was a rough existence, away in the wild up-country run. The whare, with its walls of split slabs and a thatch of totara bark, its clay floor and huge fireplace and great blazing back-log was poor and humble. But he had been very happy, and Mare held the love of his whole soul.

He knew he could never care for the pakeha girl as he cared for the Maori. The latter was not his wife by the strict formalities of the law; but morally, and in his affection for her, she undoubtedly was. To leave her was to step from the quiet of comparatively perfect contentment and joy into the glare of civilisation and pleasure and—pain.

Not for an instant would he have hesitated had the choice been a free one; but, rightly or wrongly, he considered it was not. His wife—his illegal wife—or his mother; one or other of them must be sacrificed. And he chose.

"Yes, I—I always cared for her, but I—I never knew she cared for me until you told me," he said to Ethel.

They had been talking of his engagement with Lucy—or, rather, Ethel had—of which secret Wellington was now in possession and duly criticising.

"I used to think, Jack, that you would never care for me," Lucy whispered one day to him, "and that I should die an old maid. You do care for me, Jack, better than anyone in the whole world, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Not another girl you care for half as much as you do for me?"

"No, you know there is not, I've said it lots of times," he said, and he kissed her, and in the breath of his kisses added to himself, "Half as much—no; but a thousand times as much—one, always one."

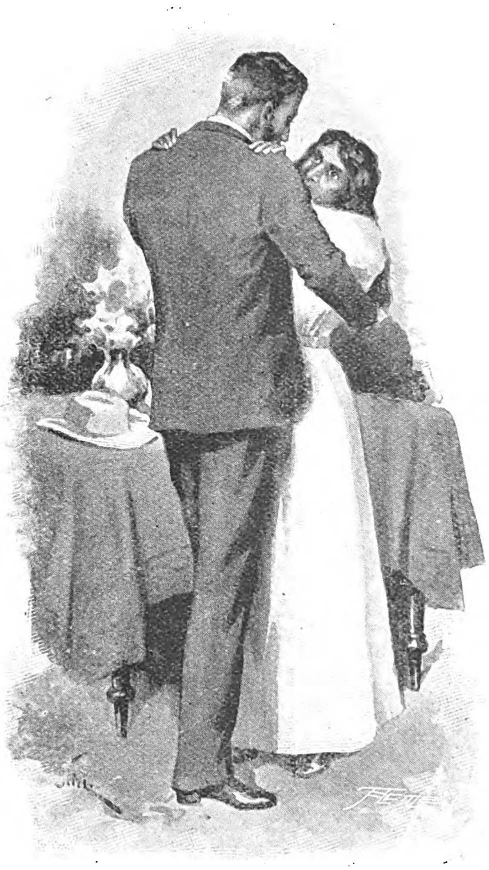
Then he went back to his run, and lived every hour of those last few weeks.

He was saving, perhaps, his mother's life. But the cost was his happiness, and his sole consolation the thought that it was his duty. Over and over again he told himself that, until he had drilled himself to believe it. His duty was to sacrifice himself—and Mare, which did not exactly count—for his mother.

Not but what he was determined to make the girl who became his wife happy to the utmost of his power. That was more than a mere matter of duty—it was but what was just; what any man, worth calling a man, would do.

He reached Wellington a fortnight before the wedding and wrote to Mare. He had not had the courage to tell her before, and he had postponed and postponed until at last in the cold remorselessness of black and white the truth was broken to her.

She found her way somehow or another to an hotel in Wellington, and on his wedding morning a rough, ill-scrawled letter told him



He went; and he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

where she was and that she wished to see him.

For a while he sat pondering. He was frightened to face the Maori. It had come home to him, the wrong he was doing her. It had come home to him the wrong he was doing himself. Lucy for the moment was forgotten.

Then a call came from his mother. She was better for that day. The excitement of the wedding, the happiness of a wish fulfilled, her pride in her "big, brave boy," all tended to brighten and cheer her.

It was only some small excuse for a gentle caress that had prompted her to summon him. But as he saw her intense delight, as he noticed her pride in him, and realised the shock a disappointment would cause, he grew stronger in his purpose and felt capable of facing any ordeal with Mare for the sake of "the mother."

So he went to the hotel, and in the little antimacassared parlour he met her. She was seated over by the sofa as he entered, but she ran to him, and before he had half traversed the room she had placed her hands on his shoulders and felt him clasp her to him. He stooped and kissed her passionately again and again.

In the supreme moment of meeting he had failed to notice her manner. Presently it struck him and he wondered. He had looked for tears and appeals, and instead she only asked him to tell her everything, the whole of his trouble—she seemed to have none of her own to consider.

He told her. He told her as kindly and as gently as he could. At first he was conscious that underlying his story was an appeal to her to sympathise with and help him. Before he had finished he had grown once more weak of purpose and strong in his love. He told her he was ready to go back with her, back to the old life, back to the whare and the dogs and the pigs and the fowls and—his love.

She drew a deep breath as he finished. Her eyes lit. The woman in her was for the instant triumphant. Her jealousy had vanished in the knowledge that he loved her beyond, far, far beyond the white woman.

"It's been a mistake, Mare, my mistake. I'll not add this to it," he said.

"You will come, Tiaki? You will come back to me?" she asked.

"Yes, yes."

"It is well. I am happy," she murmured.

For a moment there was silence.

"But you are not coming back," she added presently, "for you cannot."

"I have spoken," he answered.

"Nay, it is for me to speak, not you. I see. I understand. It is not for you to think of yourself; it is not for me to think of myself. It is your mother, Tiaki. She would not love me for her son's wife. Tell me; it would—kill her?"

"No, no, don't ask that!"

"It would kill her?" she repeated. "You must answer," she added.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it would kill her."

"*Kati.* It is sufficient," she murmured.

"But——"

"Sh—sh. Tell me this. It would kill the white girl too if she knew the story of me? It would make her heart dark to you?"

"She must never know."

"I think, my Tiaki," the girl said slowly, "that the days of happiness are ended for you and me. It—it is easy for me. Ah yes quite easy for me. I see how it must be—I see my path. But you. Oh, Tiaki, it will be hard for you; for you must smile on your white wife and play what you do not feel. You must be strong for her sake and for the mother's sake, and you must laugh in your sadness."

"Mare, I can't do it, I can't. It's not for myself, it's—— Oh, was ever man put to such a choice—my mother or my love!"

For answer the Maori kissed him, and then as though the matter were finished laughed and jested and cheered him until presently she sent him away rejoicing that after all he himself was the greatest sufferer.

And as he strode homewards to slip into his wedding clothes Mare sat by the sofa rocking to and fro and crying the Maori wail of distress.

* * * *

The wedding, one of the grandest functions of its kind during that session, was over. Amidst showers of rice and old shoes and congratulations the happy pair had left for the little seaside hotel at Porirua. They had dinner, and in their private sitting-room the day of their wedding drew to its close.

He was seated in a low armchair before the fire, gazing and gazing far into the glowing embers and away and away beyond. Lucy was on a stool by his knees leaning against him. One of his arms she had drawn round her neck, and she clasped his great brown hand in hers. As beautiful a bride she was as ever man could wish. Love, tender, passionate love, dwelt in the full, bright glance of those fair eyes. She was his and he was hers, and she knew her happiness and she thought she knew his.

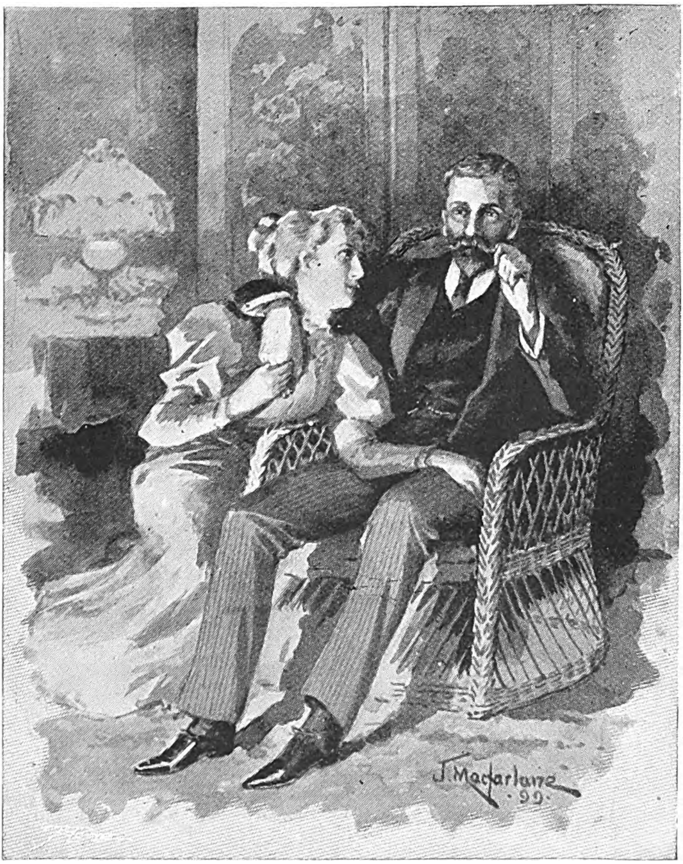
Poor empty thought. In his pocket was a letter that Mare must have posted soon after he had left her, which had arrived at the hotel even before he had. It was an ill-written note, and had Lucy seen it she would never have understood. It was in Maori, and it read, phrase for phrase, thus:—

"To Tiaki,

"Friend, salutations. This will reach you at the place where you and your wahine are stopping. I have thought over the things you told me. They are good. I have thought over your marrying the rich woman, and it is well. Your mother wants money. I have thought over this, and your marrying is right. It is right to leave your Maori wife who has no money.

"Friend, this is my word to you. It is not well to have two wives. If the pakeha woman learnt that your other wife was alive her heart would grow dark and you would be unhappy. Therefore it is right that you should have only one wife, and not be made unhappy.

"Friend, my word to you is that it is right for you to have one wife, therefore,



He was seated in an armchair before the fire, with Lucy on a stool by his knees.

because of the trouble that I am to you I will die.

"This is my word. Enough.

"God bless you. MARE."

The waiter had brought him the letter as he stood in the sitting-room. As fortune would have it Lucy was in the adjoining room taking off her hat and cloak.

As Bernardiston saw the handwriting on the envelope he was sensible of an impending catastrophe. He recognised the rudely formed lettering, and knew that Mare must have written immediately after he had left her. The thought—an unworthy thought—flashed across him that the Maori in her jealousy, had written threateningly. He was conscious, as he tore open the envelope, of a feeling of anger which quickly faded as he read the epistle.

For a few moments he stood staring at the signature, and then slowly, and with a sigh that was almost a sob, his hand fell to his side.

Mare dead! Mare dead!

Once again he read the blurred, smudged lines. He passed his hand across his brow, he pressed his eyes as though to shut out the horror that had come upon him.

Mare dead! His Mare! His love—ah no. What right had he to think of her as his love now that he was married?

Yet Mare de——!

"Oh, my God," he murmured, "surely I had been punished sufficiently without this."

In his mind's eye he could see it all. He could picture the girl's belief in the good she would be doing him. He remembered now her remark that her path was easy. He could understand now her gaiety. He realised to the full the truth of her reflection that his lot was likely to be a harder one than hers.

She had killed herself—killed herself that he might be relieved of the shadow of her existence. Probably she had drowned herself. Probably at that very moment she was floating on the waters of Wellington harbour.

He heard the rustle of a woman's skirt on the far side of the bedroom door. Then came a rattle of the handle, and as Lucy entered the room he crushed the letter in his fist and thrust it into his pocket.

With a stupendous effort he was himself as the girl came up to him. She laid her hand on his arm. He stooped and kissed her.

And now they sat by the fire—he wrestling in the supreme crisis of his life; she, his wife, peacefully and gently nestling by his side.

Long and long was the silence. Then the logs of the fire fell with a miniature crash and a shower of sparks shot up the wide chimney. It shattered the spell of silence, and Lucy spoke softly and slowly.

"Jack, were there many Maoris up at the little place where you used to live?"

"Not many."

"I'm so glad."

"Indeed! Why?"

"I don't like the Maoris, I think they're horrid creatures; don't you?"

"Horrid, horrid! Great Heavens! Yes, yes, I suppose they are," he said, and he laughed a laugh of intense bitterness.

It was the true dawn of the realisation of what had been and of what must be; and for an instant there was anger in his heart against the woman at his side. Then he remembered her innocence and her love and he stooped and kissed her.

"God help me," he prayed softly, "God help me to love her and to make her happy."

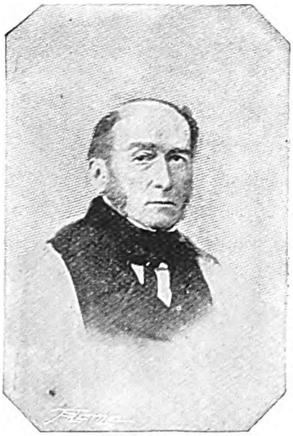
And she wondered at the shadow of sorrow across his face, and a fear came upon her lest he was regretting that he had wedded her.

"Yet not that, not that. For he loves me—better than anyone in the whole world he loves me. He has told me so, and when two hearts love there can't be regret, there can't be sorrow."

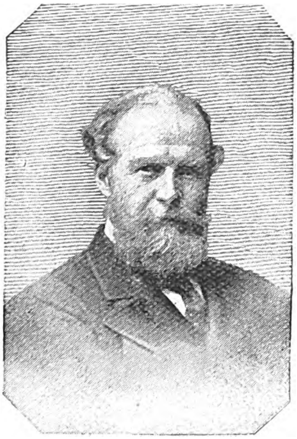
True, perhaps. But yet—it was not Mare's experience.

* * *

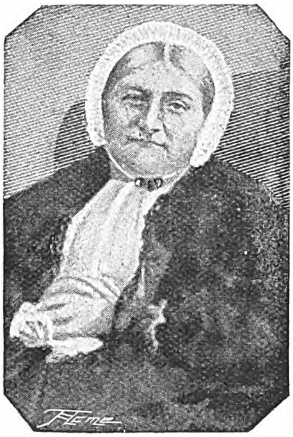
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS



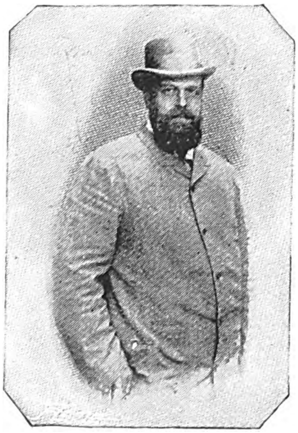
His Father.



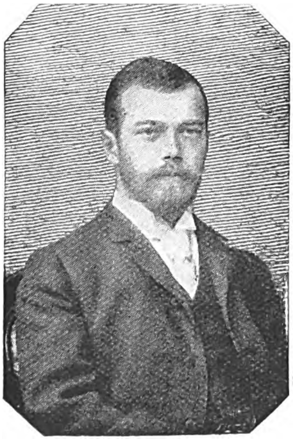
Sir John Lubbock.



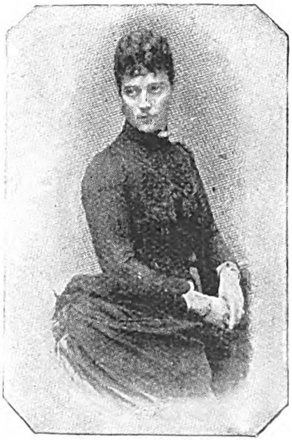
His Mother.



His Father.



The Czar of Russia.



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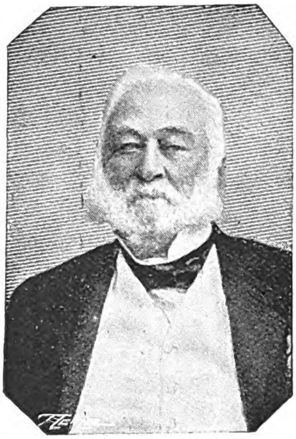
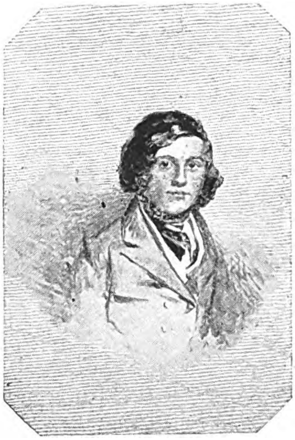


His Father.

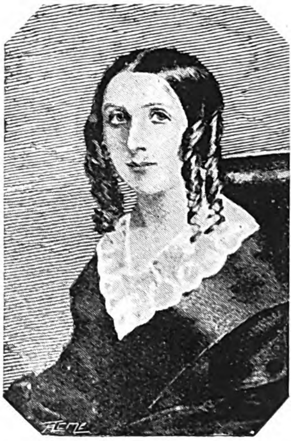
Sir J. Blundell Maple.

His Mother.

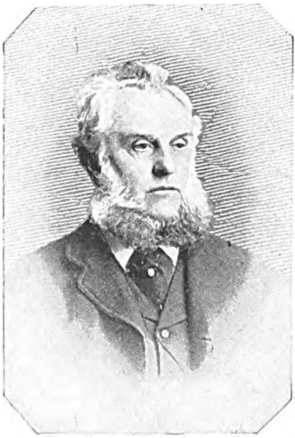


Her Father.

Mrs. Besant.



Her Mother.



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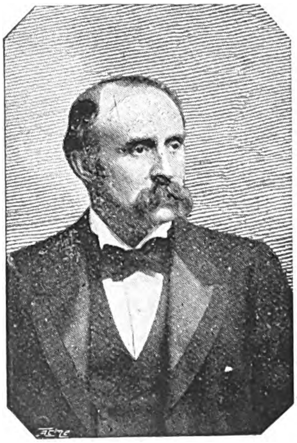
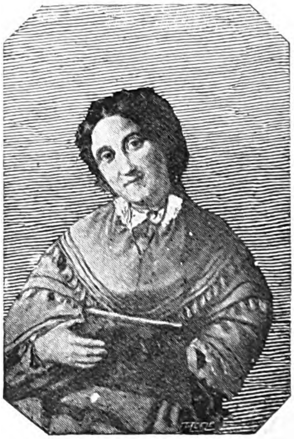


Douglas Sladen.



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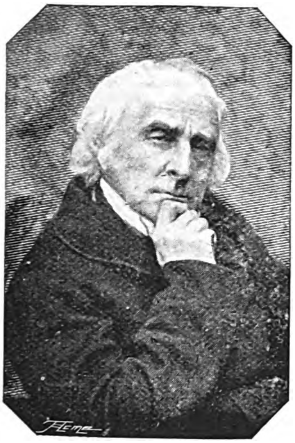

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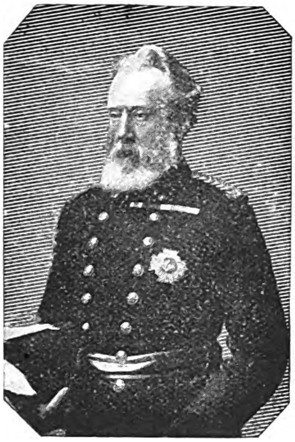
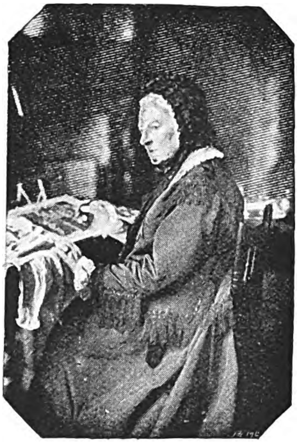
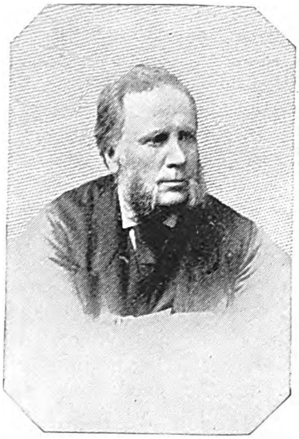


Lord Wantage, V.C.



His Mother.



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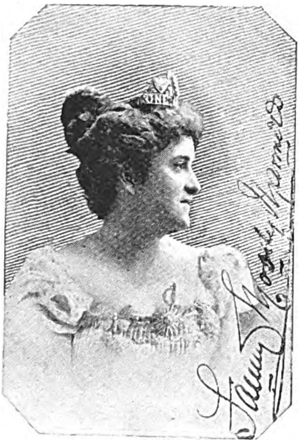
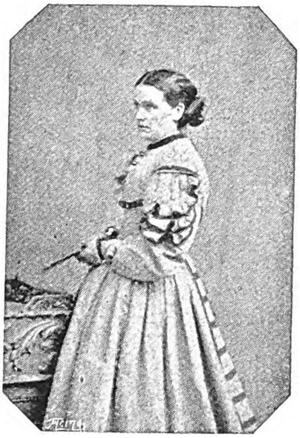
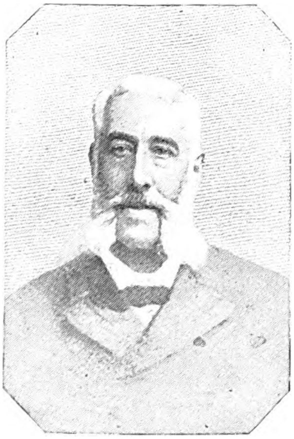


Miss Fanny Moody.



Her Mother.



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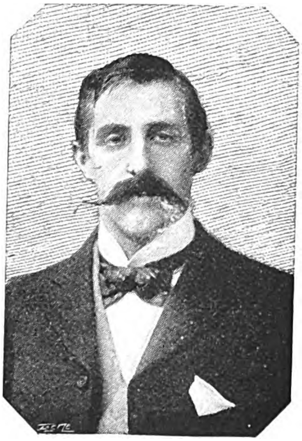
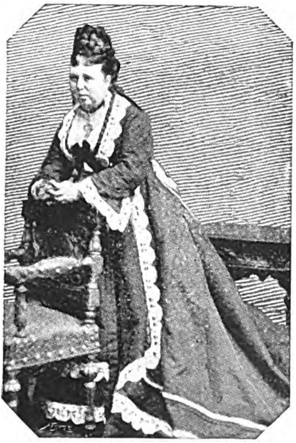


Max Pemberton.



His Mother.

Photographs by Elliott & Fry, Thomas Fall, R. W. Thrupp, Moody, Warwick Brookes, R. Boning, George Hansen, W. & D. Downey, Russell & Sons, W. & A. H. Fry, H. Van de Weyde, D. Wilkie Wynfield, and C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

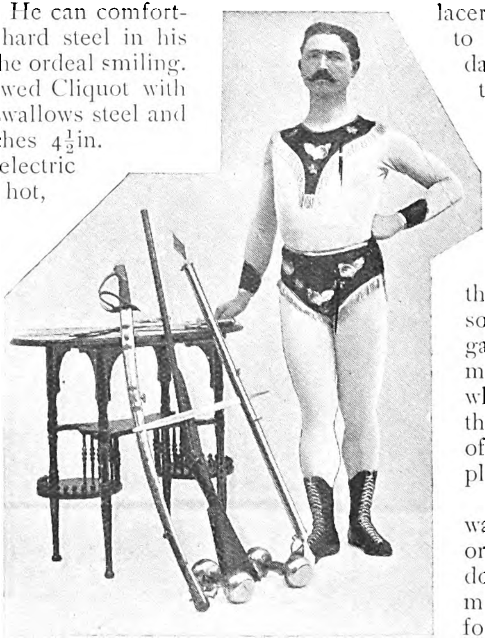
CLIQUOT THE SWORD-SWALLOWER.

BY H. J. HOLMES.

MOST people are under the impression that a man who has had nine inches of cold steel through his body is of no earthly use to anybody.

Chevalier Cliquot, however, is a very substantial contradiction to the popular belief. For twenty-one years he has had the almost daily experience of having considerably more than the usual allowance of 9ins. of steel through his body, and, far from being of no earthly use, he apparently thrives upon his remarkable performance. He can comfortably stow 22ins. of fine hard steel in his interior, and come out of the ordeal smiling.

None of us have swallowed Cliquot with as much gusto as Cliquot swallows steel and other trifles, such as watches 4½in. in circumference, and electric lamps, which are certainly hot, but scarcely savoury.

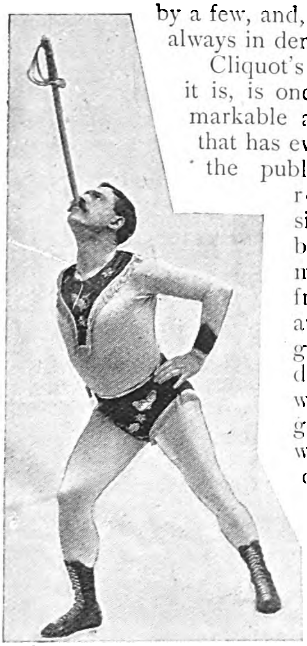

Cliquot and some of his apparatus.

Twenty-one years ago Cliquot — he was not Cliquot then, merely plain Fred McLane — had as much difficulty in swallowing a hot potato as any other lad of his age. Just about that time, however, he became circus mad, and ran away from a comfortable home in Chicago to join a circus *en route* for South America.

Cliquot may have aspired to become a King of the Ring as a bareback rider, or mayhap he might have risen to the glorious height of a tumbling clown with bad jokes and worse attire. But in Buenos Ayres his future was settled, for there he met a very respectable sword-swallower, and was so struck with the startling way in which that gentleman disposed of feet of steel, that he there and then determined to become a disciple of the gentle art. He boldly asked the receptacle of articles of war if he would take him on as an apprentice, but, owing to the fact that Cliquot had not the wherewithal to meet a demand for fees, the indentures were never signed.

Nothing daunted, however, the young enthusiast set to work with a long piece of thick silver wire, and succeeded in the course of a few hours' training in lacerating his æsophagus to an extent that a few days' rest was imperative. He soon commenced again and presently threw aside the wire for something more bulky in the shape of a bayonet. He started experiments in throat hardening, and soon found the correct gargle, a mysterious mixture which includes whisky and glycerine, that made the progress of the weapon he employed less painful.

In nine months he was able to get an ordinary sword 14in. down his throat, but much yet remained before he could reasonably expect an engagement as a professional. Cliquot informed the writer that it was only after five years' hard and consistent training and experiments that he felt thoroughly satisfied with his own performance. Of course, in the meantime he had appeared in public, and with success, for then, as now, the art of genuine sword swallowing was only followed



Cliquot with 22ins. of a cavalry sword inside of him.

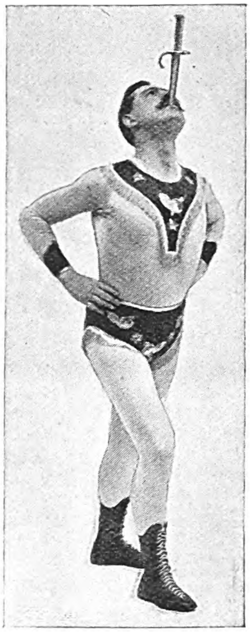
by a few, and, as a novelty, was always in demand.

Cliquot's performance, as it is, is one of the most remarkable and extraordinary that has ever been given to the public. The writer recently "assisted" as a member of a committee, formed from amongst the audience as a guarantee that the different facts were thoroughly genuine. Seated within a few feet of the artist, the committee could not fail to notice if anything of a "faked" character was introduced. There is not the slightest doubt that the "act" was conducted throughout in a perfectly *bonâ fide* manner.

Medical authorities allow that the passage of the throat will admit, upon demand, and with the aid of a little gentle persuasion at the hands of an experienced person, the introduction of an instrument fourteen inches long, and three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Such a feat to Cliquot is as nought. It is not the smallest inconvenience to him to introduce a sword twenty-two inches long, and he can very comfortably swallow a watch no less than five inches in circumference. That is why the medical profession regard him as a phenomenon of the age, and why its members are always eager to persuade Cliquot to undergo examinations.

A rifle attached to a bayonet.

Cliquot takes much humorous satisfaction out of a remark once passed by an astonished physician: "You are outraging Nature, sir; she is probably biding her time; and, sir, mark my words," he continued darkly, "her revenge will be all the more terrible when it comes!" Cliquot appears to think that, after a period of twenty-one years, it is not unreasonable to suspect that Nature feels she has been conquered for once!

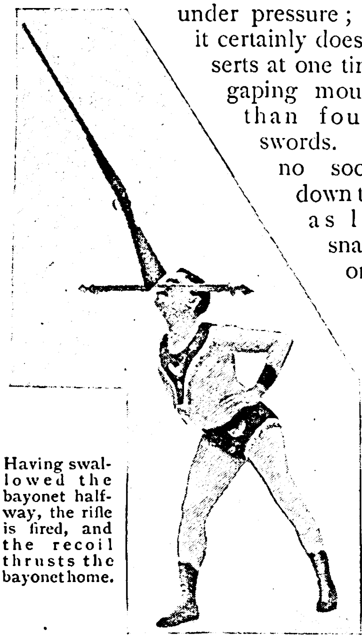


Digesting a sword bayonet.

Amongst the many remarkable features of Cliquot's performance is the swallowing of a bayonet-sword, 19in. long. When this has reached its destination a rifle is fixed to the hilt, pointing upwards, and fired. The performer sometimes allows the sword to remain about half-way down until the rifle is fired, when the recoil of the weapon on being fired promptly sends the sword upon the remainder of its journey. Being curious to know what sensation this little "extra" created I was informed by the Chevalier that he felt no pain whatever.

Another striking effect is produced by the performer swallowing a 22in. sword, across the hilt of which a bar extends. Upon the ends of this bar are hung a couple of dumb-bells, the entire weight being 76lb. Cliquot bears this burden as cheerfully as possible, and seems rather sorry when, after the space of several minutes, the weights are removed.

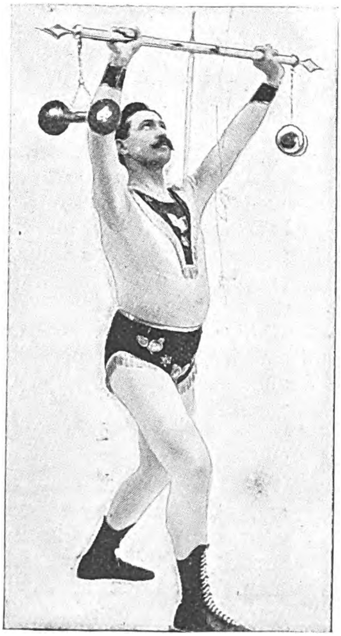
But one sword is apparently not considered good enough for the swallowing capacity of this remarkable man. He must needs do something to convince his audience of the extent to which his throat can expand



Having swallowed the bayonet halfway, the rifle is fired, and the recoil thrusts the bayonet home.

under pressure; and expand it certainly does when he inserts at one time through a gaping mouth no fewer than four 19-inch swords. These are no sooner settled down than he, quick as lightning, snatches them, one by one, and with no tender wrench, from his throat, showering them about the stage in a bewildering fashion.

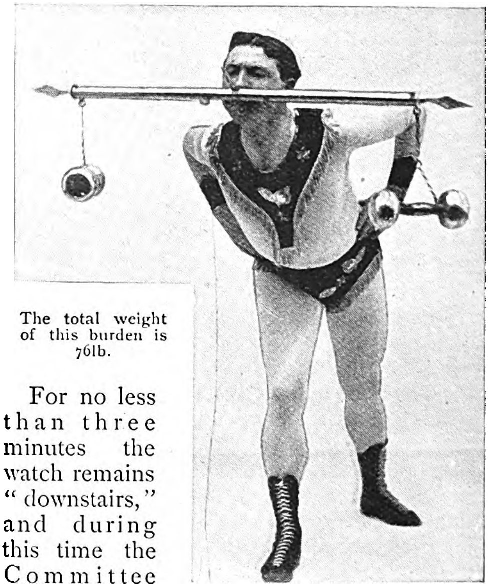
The strangest thing about these feats is that Cliquot, with nineteen inches of stiff steel run like a skewer through his body, can bend about in a most sinuous fashion. What happens inside during these genuflexions is more than most people care to imagine. For a moment Cliquot's interior must often feel intensely surprised at the liberties taken with it.



Two dumbbells of over 30lb. each are swung on a crowbar fixed to a bayonet.

In connection with this feat of becoming a sheath for four swords at once, Cliquot tells a story of a member of the medical profession who was present at a private "show." Evidently incredulous that the act was genuine the Didymusian medico dashed forward, seized the handles of the four blades and dragged them out in a bunch. Cliquot suffered very much in this unpleasant episode, and was so injured that he was compelled to retire for months; his life, in fact, hanging by a thread. Of course the doubting one apologised, but an apology is not soothing under such painful circumstances.

Another little item of the programme is the swallowing of a watch and chain. Cliquot swallows anybody's watch if it does not exceed five inches in circumference. At the word "Go" the watch disappears, together with most of a long chain.

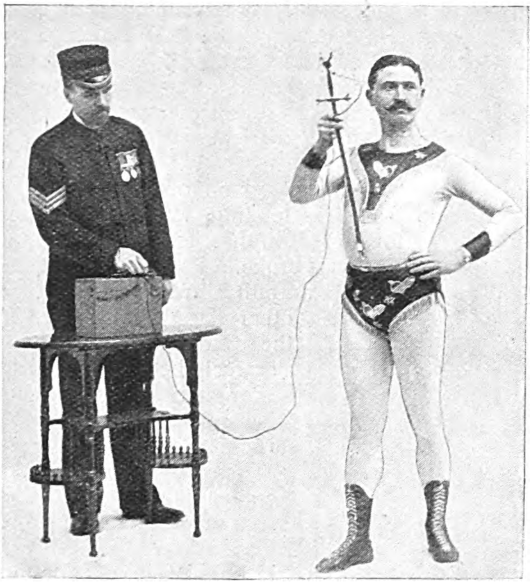


The total weight of this burden is 76lb.

For no less than three minutes the watch remains "downstairs," and during this time the Committee amuse themselves by putting their ears to Cliquot's chest to hear the ticking, and undoubtedly it is heard. Meantime, the performer, holding the end of the chain between his teeth, calmly puffs away at a cigarette.

The *bon bouche* of the programme, in every sense of the word, is the descent into Cliquot's interior of a sword, at the point of which is fitted a sixteen-candle power electric lamp. All the lights in the house are turned out to allow the audience to be edified by the glow of the lamp which penetrates through the throat and the upper part of tne chest. The lamp is worked by an 8-volt battery on the stage.

Cliquot offers to forfeit £500 if he fails to swallow any ordinary sword, and this



This sword has a 16 candle-power lamp at the end.

announcement made from the stage each evening does not fail to attract those who would grasp the good red gold. In Sunderland a man rose in the audience and defied Cliquot to swallow a sword which the stranger displayed. It was handed upon the stage, when the Committee soon discovered that the weapon, a cavalry sabre, had been sharpened especially for the occasion. Now, Cliquot makes it no part of the bargain to swallow a sword with a razor edge. The Committee promptly protested, and when it was pointed out to the audience that the gold-seeker had plainly sharpened the sword for "this occasion only," they were very indignant, and the stranger had a bad quarter of an hour in consequence. However, to put an end to the unpleasantness Cliquot got hold of the sword and it went on the usual journey of exploration. Needless to say the audience responded to a man.

Some years ago Cliquot was travelling from Denver, Colorado, to San Francisco, a straying cow got on the railway line. It "was bad for the coo," of course, but the train was derailed. Cliquot had to complete the journey in a relief car, and, having to open the same night, he found, to his horror that his baggage had been left behind. He was compelled to go on for his act in his ordinary clothes, while the implements of his profession had to be substituted by a collection of swords from a neighbouring military barracks.

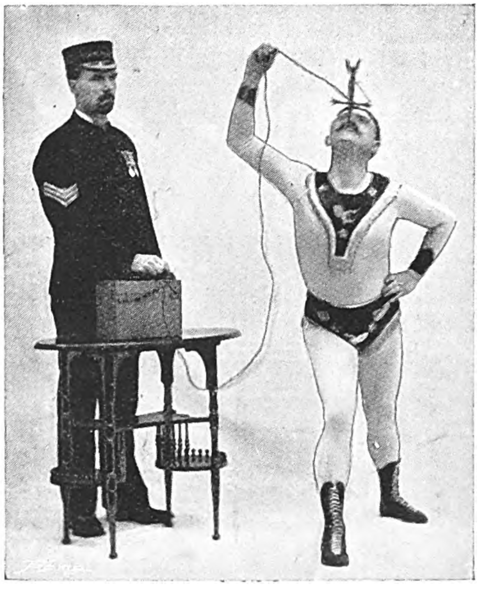
This was bad enough, but after all the weapons were in good condition, and, if a little strange in size and weight, nevertheless were capable of being easily swallowed.

Much more serious difficulties, however, have arisen, and more than once Cliquot has found himself within measureable distance of a serious mishap.

On one occasion the sword he was using proved to be a worthless piece of metal, little better than a bit of hoop iron. He had swallowed it pretty well up to the hilt, and, as is his wont, was moving about the while he acted as a sheath to the weapon.

In some unaccountable way, and owing to the inferior quality of the steel, the sword suddenly bent. The moment Cliquot proceeded to draw it out he realised the unfortunate position he was in. The slightest movement of the bent weapon caused the most intense suffering. But it had to come. Gradually, with infinite care, and in spite of terrible agony, the treacherous blade was withdrawn, and, although the pain was great, Cliquot was happy to discover that no really serious injury had been done to him.

Ostriches are credited with a marvellous capacity for stowing away within them all manner of curious and wonderful things.



Cliquot swallows it, and, all lights being lowered, the glow of the lamp is seen through his throat and the upper part of his chest.

Pebbles and stones of no small size are often found in their stomachs, and, without actually growing fat, they seem to thrive on such indigestible fare.

Cliquot will swallow anybody's watch, provided it does not exceed 5ins. in diameter.

Cliquot makes no pretence to emulate these big and somewhat foolish birds in the sense of swallowing, for the purpose of digestion or otherwise, such things as they might relish. Upon one occasion, however, he involuntarily came nigh to having a distinctly unwholesome morsel to digest in the shape of a watch. He had borrowed it in the usual way, and, after examining it, quickly popped it into his mouth, and, retaining a hold of it by the chain, he swallowed it. Presently he proceeded to draw it out from its strange resting place, when, in some extraordinary manner, it became detached from the chain, and was left sticking in Cliquot's æsophagus.

The position was distinctly critical, and the removal of the watch proved to be a very delicate operation. However, it was successfully accomplished, and fortunately the victim of the mishap proved to be in no way injured.

Watches have many queer tricks. Everyone is more or less acquainted with their vagaries in endeavouring to lose or gain upon the very slightest excuse. Cliquot had another adventure with a watch, and an even more unpleasant—although possibly not so dangerous—an experience as the one I have just related.

He had swallowed an ordinary peaceful and harmless looking watch. Suddenly, for no reason that he can explain, the glass broke. Possibly the sudden warmth shivered it. Yet no other glass had behaved in the same way. It need scarcely be said that whatever the cause was, Cliquot has no desire to go through such an experience again.

The other night Cliquot enjoyed the unique privilege of swallowing a sword that had done good service in the battle of Omdurman.

While fulfilling an engagement at Ronacher's in Vienna, Cliquot attended a special gathering of doctors and professors from all the hospitals in the Austrian capital. He went through his performance, and, needless to relate, he took more than ordinary pains to astonish his audiences. He was afterwards examined by the most eminent of Austria's medical specialists, who pronounced him a modern marvel.

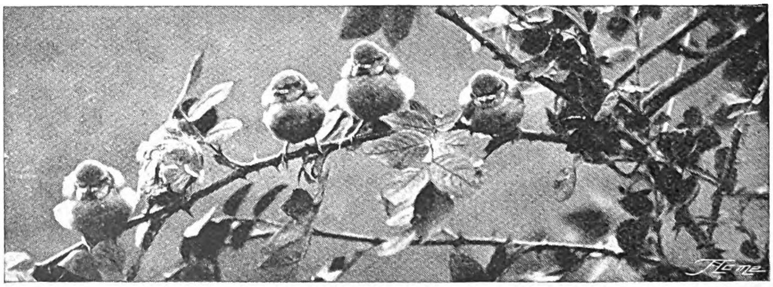


Photo by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

Five Little Blue Tits.

MARTYRS
to
SCIENCE
MAY BARTLETT

By J. Montgomery M'Govern.

To one of a scientific turn of mind—and even to many who are not—no place within the environs of New York is more interesting than the American branch of the Pasteur Institute, situated a few miles from the city. The most attractive place in the Institute, either to the scientific investigator or to the casual visitor, is the little menagerie, away up on the top floor, which rivals and in many respects surpasses in interest the big "Zoo" in Central Park.

The Pasteur "Zoo" is of course not one-third as large as the one in Central Park, and indeed, it is only when the physicians of the Institute are involuntarily resting from their scientific research that they allude to this little collection of domesticated animals as the "Zoological Gardens." However, no collection of animals, however large, will better repay a visit than this little group under the charge of Dr. Paul Gibier.

A prize bulldog pup under treatment.

Of course, all the animals at the Pasteur Institute are there in the interest of science, and the treatment undergone by them is more for the benefit of the human race than for their own good. They have been sent from all parts of the United States by men interested in the work of the Institute.

Some of the animals at the "Pasteur Institute" are obliged to undergo an exactly opposite course of treatment from that administered by Dr. Gibier, the Director of the Institute, and his assistants to the others. Fortunate are those animals which are considered sufficiently valuable to be treated by the Prophylactic method. This mode of treatment—certainly the most humane, as far as the animals are concerned—consists of injecting into their veins a minute portion of the hydrophobia virus, to prevent the possibility of their ever contracting rabies, even if they should at any time afterwards be bitten by a mad dog or other rabid animal.

This treatment is, in fact, a sort of hydrophobia vaccination, and many owners of valuable animals send the latter to the Pasteur Institute to be thus "vaccinated." At the time of writing this article, two valuable bull-pups are undergoing the "preventive" method of treatment at the Zoo. Neither of them is over four weeks old; one is valued at £200, the other at a sum almost as large. It is said by the physicians at the Institute that the younger a dog or other animal is when it is thus inoculated the better and more certain are the results.

Four valuable dogs in course of inoculation.

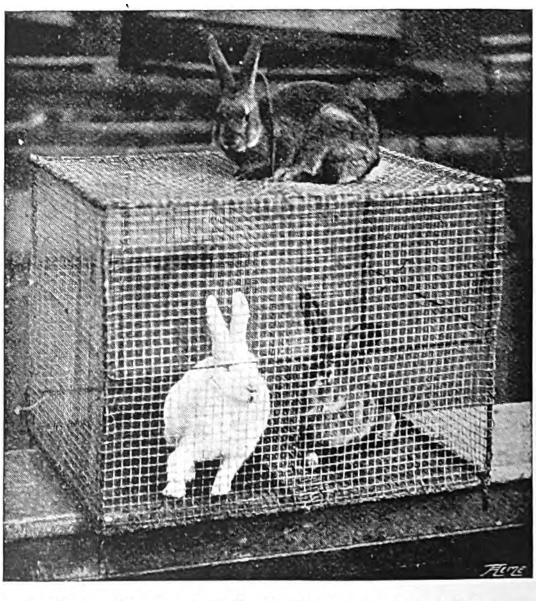
Two setters are among the canine colony—big fellows with dreamy eyes and soft, silky coats. They are both extremely musical in their tastes, and are occasionally allowed in the parlour of the Institute while singing and playing are being indulged in by the physicians and convalescent patients. This day is known to the doctors as "Campanini." There is also a prize white rabbit, valued at an enormous sum by its owner, which has been sent to this fashionable "animal hospital"—as this portion of the Pasteur Institute is sometimes termed—to be inoculated against the possibility of hydrophobia.

Several sheep add interest to the "Zoo." They are undergoing a course of treatment for lockjaw. This treatment, of course—like that undergone by the dogs—is for the prevention of disease, not for its cure, as all diseases of the character of lockjaw and hydrophobia are beyond cure within a few days after their inception. If danger of such a disease is suspected, its development can always be arrested by prompt inoculation, but if the disease is allowed to become well developed, treatment is of absolutely no avail.

None of the animals at the Pasteur Institute that have been inoculated for these diseases can ever contract them. It is the same with human beings. Inoculation in time saves the patient's life—whether human or animal. Only the lower animals are usually inoculated simply as a preventive measure (both in the interest of science and their own interest) before there is even a suspicion that they have been bitten by a rabid animal; while a man or woman seldom cares to undergo the disagreeable experience of hydrophobia inoculation unless he thinks there is a possibility of his having contracted the disease through the bite of some animal already afflicted with it. It must, however, be a wise precaution if people were as generally inoculated with the virus of rabies as a preventive of hydrophobia as they are with the vaccine virus as a safeguard against smallpox.

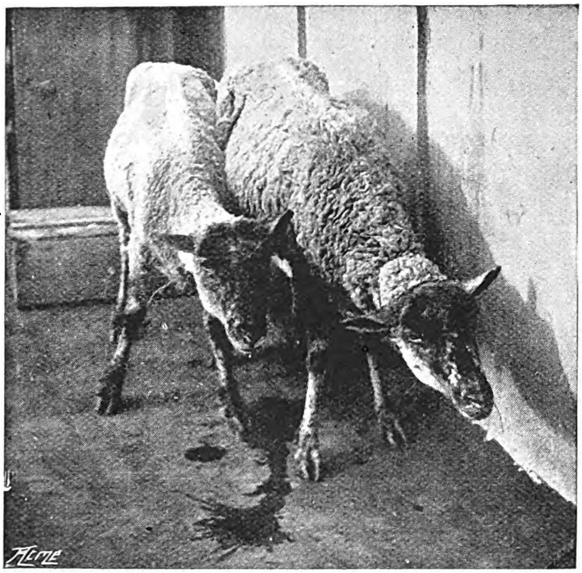
The physicians of the Pasteur Institute always prefer experimenting with new virus upon one of the lower animals in order to test its strength and efficacy before attempting to use it in the treatment of human patients.

The canine patients at the Institute, while undergoing the inoculative treatment for the prevention of hydrophobia, are usually quite sick—some, of course, being more seriously affected than others. After the virus has begun to take effect in their systems, they become irritable and "snappish." They lose



Prize rabbits sent to the Institute to be inoculated.

their appetite and their interest in canine sports, and in every way exhibit symptoms — more or less marked—of the disease itself—hydrophobia. The violence of these symptoms, however, abates within a few days, and by the time the dog is discharged from the Institute, he is none the worse for his experience there, and insured during the remainder of his life of immunity from hydrophobia.



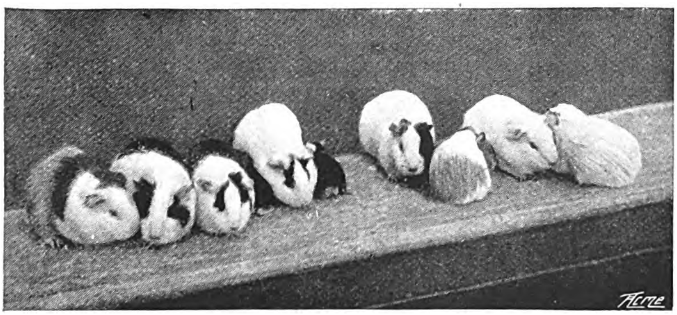
Valuable sheep under treatment for the prevention of lockjaw.

Doubtless the most interesting patients (from an interesting standpoint, at least) in the Pasteur Institute at present are the tiny dumb creatures which are being "treated" by a method very different from that undergone by the sheep and valuable dogs in the Institute, and with a different object in view by the physicians in charge. They are the rabbits and guinea-pigs which are inoculated with the virus of hydrophobia, not as a preventive of that dreaded disease, but in order that they may become infected and finally die of rabies. This, of course, is in the interest of science, but the tiny, helpless creatures are martyrs none the less, and the look of fear and suffering in their pathetic eyes goes straight to the heart of any visitor approaching their cage. One cannot help thinking that vivisection is, after all, not the most cruel form of torture to which animals can be subjected, for that, at least, is more quickly over than a lingering death of hydrophobia.

"Martyrs to Science," however, there must be, and these are the little creatures which furnish the serum that is used to inoculate human beings and valuable animals. This virus or serum is obtained by killing the rabbits and guinea-pigs with the disease for which a cure is wanted by man. The process is a comparatively simple one. When virus is needed for the treatment—or, rather, the prevention—of hydrophobia, the rabbit or the guinea-pig is inoculated in the head with virus taken from the brain or the spinal marrow of an animal that has died of hydrophobia. Within a few days the rabbit begins to show signs of the development of the disease, becomes restless and evidently nervous, and continues day by day to grow more so.

At the end of a week the little creature is running almost ceaselessly about its cage. Its eyes have lost their frightened, pleading expression, and have become ferocious in their unnatural glare. At this stage the rabbit, contrary to its instincts and former habits, will bite savagely at any person or other animal that comes near it, and will attempt (vainly, of course) to gnaw through the bars of its cage.

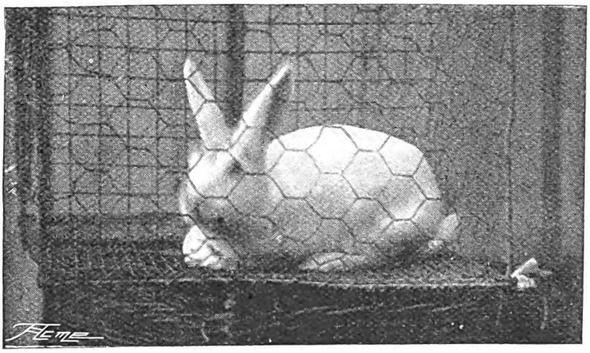
Hydrophobia is now well developed. The crazed agony of the little creature at this time is pitiful, and it is difficult for the spectator to resist the temptation of giving the poor creature one sharp blow with his walking-stick or umbrella, and thus putting a merciful end to its suffering. However, if the disease is allowed to run its cruel course, paralysis shows itself within a few days (two or three), after



Guinea pigs destined to be sacrificed as martyrs to science.

the violent stage has set in. Another day, and the poor little creature is dead.

Then the virus is taken from its brain and spinal cord, and, after various refining treatments, is used for the inoculation of human patients, its. strength being first tested upon dogs or sheep.



A white rabbit destined to die of hydrophobia.

That the Pasteur Institute for Hydrophobia has proved eminently successful is proved by the statistics of the last seven years. Of the 955 patients who have been inoculated, only five have died—a proportion of half of one per cent.

The course of treatment is not over rapid. Usually it extends over a period of two weeks. The virus employed is at the outset weak. Gradually it is strengthened until the cure is completed.

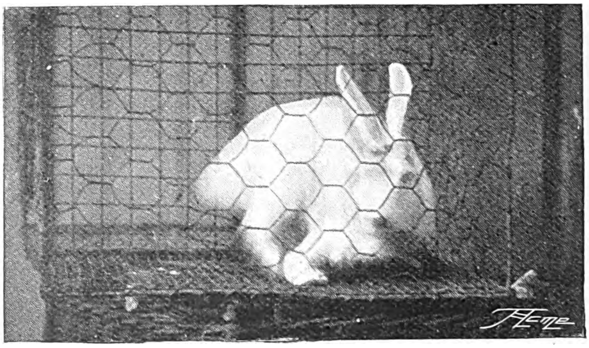
Such an institution as the Pasteur Institute does not, of course, confine its operations to the one problem of hydrophobia. Terrible as this disease is, it unhappily has an even worse rival in consumption. In its actual operation the latter complaint is less fearful to behold, less sudden, and less agonising. At the same time it is far more universal. The victims of consumption throughout the world are legion, and a cure for the malady would indeed be a boon to mankind.

Dr. Paul Gibier, the Director of the Pasteur Institute, is experimenting with a new cure which it is believed will revolutionise the treatment of the disease. Like the treatment for tetanus, diphtheria, hydrophobia, and other diseases of that character, a serum of the cultures of the disease will be used.

So wonderful in most cases have been the results attained by this method of attacking disease that very possibly Dr. Gibier may succeed in his endeavour. Time and profound research are necessary, and both will be given without stint.

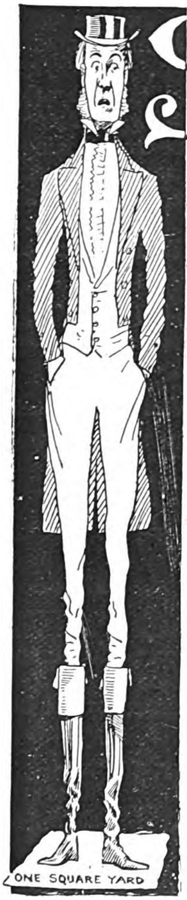
The laboratory of the New York Pasteur Institute is said to be the finest of its kind in the country. The most elaborate and costly apparatus is employed for the culture of disease germs.

To the uninformed, unscientific person there is something appalling in the knowledge that here millions upon millions of disease germs are cultivated every year—that "this bottle contains perhaps a million germs of lockjaw;" "this one as many again of consumption."



The same animal in the throes of hydrophobic madness.

Strangely enough the germ of hydrophobia — perhaps the disease principally treated at the Institute—has never been "cultivated."



No. 1.—"Standing-room only" for John Bull in the year 2836. If the population of the United Kindom continue to increase as it has during the present century there will be only one square yard of land for each person at the end of 937 years from now.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY.

By J. Holt Schooling.

If anyone had said at the beginning of the nineteenth century that our home population of under sixteen millions (for the whole of the United Kingdom) in the year 1801, was to grow into a home population of over forty millions before the end of the century, besides supplying all our colonies with fresh stock, and foreign countries with numerous residents, that "anyone" would then, I fancy, have been bluntly called a liar; especially as the long Anglo-French war of 1793—1815 did not look encouraging to a large increase of population. But our home population in this year 1899 is approximately forty and a half millions.

Before we look ahead to see when it will become a case of "Standing-room Only" for the future inhabitants of these islands, we will glance back into the past and make a short comparison of our past and present populations. Some of the information as to our earlier populations is, of course, only approximately correct, for prior to 1801 we did not count heads in our present systematic way.

I have chosen the following dates as regards our past population:

A.D.		Population of the Islands that are now the United Kingdom.	A.D.		Population of the Islands that are now the United Kingdom.
1066	The Norman Conquest...	3½ mills.	1625	„ „ Charles I. ...	7 mills.
1272	Accession of Edward I. ...	3¼ „	1714	„ „ George I. ...	9½ „
1509	„ „ Henry VIII.	5½ „	1837	„ „ Victoria ...	25½ „

By this selection, which is illustrated in diagram No. 2, we cover the period from the Norman Conquest to our own times, and we represent Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Hanoverians, and Britons, including in the gaps all the other miscellaneous nationalities and races that have combined in past centuries to produce the great British public of A.D. 1899.

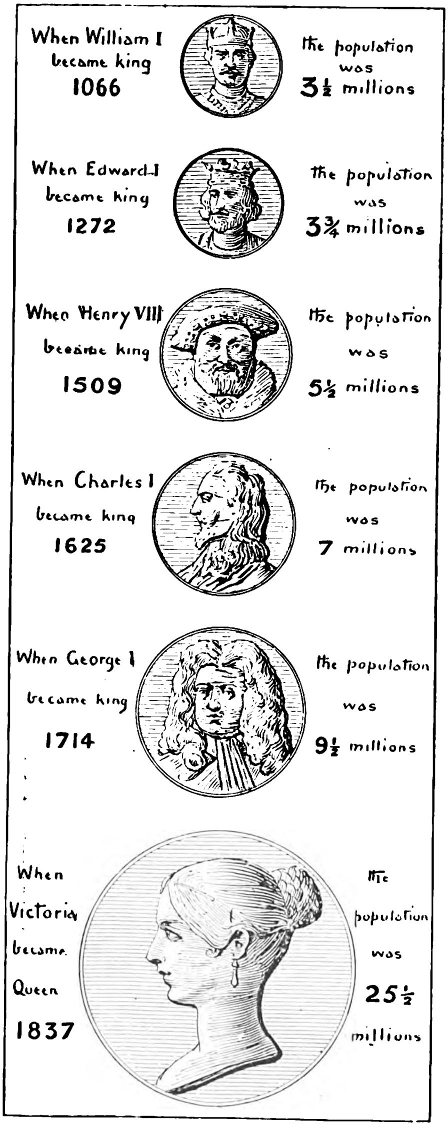
The increase of our population in past times which has just been set out in figures, is rather forcibly put before your eyes in diagram No. 2, where we specially notice the big increase that occurred during the 123 years that passed between the accession of the Hanoverian King George I., and the accession of the British Queen Victoria. In this diagram the area of the circle which surrounds the head of each of the sovereigns named is in proportion to the size of the population at the various dates stated.

Looking at Diagram No. 3, we see a similar suggestion of the great increase in our population that has occurred during the Queen's reign, and the actual figures upon which No. 3 has been drawn, are:—

A.D.		Population of the United Kingdom.
1837	Accession of Queen Victoria	25½ millions
1899	Present time...	40½ „

This increase of population has, of course, been accompanied by an increase in the *density* of population, there is less space for each of us—for these islands are practically the same size now as in the year of the Norman Conquest. This feature of increase in the density of population is illustrated in Diagrams Nos. 4 and 5, which are based on the following figures:—

A.D.		Number of persons to one square mile of land in the United Kingdom.
1066	The Norman Conquest ...	29
1272	Accession of Edward I. ...	31
1509	,, ,, Henry VIII. ...	45
1625	,, ,, Charles I. ...	58
1714	,, ,, George I. ...	79
1837	,, ,, Victoria ...	211
	and [*see No.* 5],	
1899	Present time	335


When William I became king 1066
the population was 3½ millions
When Edward I became king 1272
the population was 3¾ millions
When Henry VIII became king 1509
the population was 5½ millions
When Charles I became king 1625
the population was 7 millions
When George I became king 1714
the population was 9½ millions
When Victoria became Queen 1837
the population was 25½ millions

No. 2.—A glance at the Past Population of the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Queen Victoria.

The gradual filling up of these islands from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1837, is plainly seen by inspection of diagram No. 4, and the great increase in the density of our home population during the Queen's reign is shown in diagram No. 5. It is rather startling to observe this plain fact that there are now 335 of us to each square mile of land in the United Kingdom, as compared with only 211 persons to the square mile when Queen Victoria came to the throne.

Putting these facts into a different form, we get the following results:—

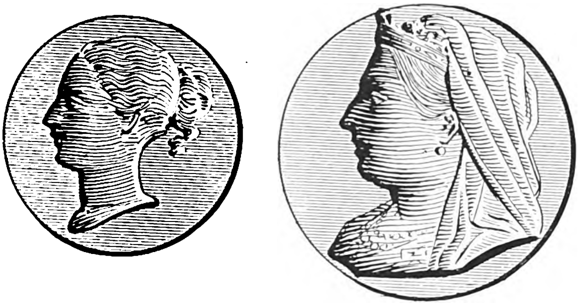
For every 100 *persons to one square mile of land in the United Kingdom in the present year there were:*

A.D.		
1066	At the Norman Conquest, only	8½ persons
1272	At the accession of Edward I., ,,	9 ,,
1509	,, ,, Henry VIII., ,,	13½ ,,
1625	,, ,, Charles I., ,,	17½ ,,
1714	,, ,, George I., ,,	23½ ,,
1837	,, ,, Victoria ,,	63 ,,
	As compared with:	
A.D.		
1899	Present time	100 persons

We see from the above statement that the British Public is, approximately, twelve times more numerous now than that conquered by the Norman William I.; from seven to eight times as numerous now as at the time when blustering Henry VIII. began to bully it; that the "Bridish Publig" of German George I. was less than one-quarter of its present size; and that the forceful British Public of 1899—that great WE who will be obeyed—is greater by more than one-half of that more docile British Public which welcomed Queen Victoria to her throne.

We see in No. 6, an illustration of the decrease in "standing room" that has been going on since our first starting-point. The Britons who sulked when William the Conqueror came here, had an average sulking-estate of twenty-two acres apiece; an estate that had diminished to twenty-one acres in the year 1272 when Edward I. became King. In the year 1509 there was an average allowance of fourteen acres of land for each member of the British Public, but they didn't get it—King Henry VIII. saw to that.

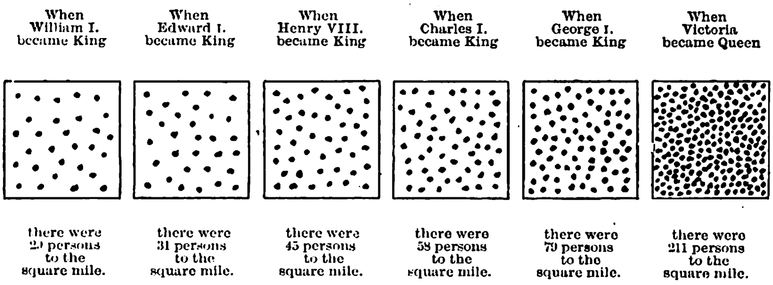
Having glanced over the past and present amount of space available in these islands for each member of the population, we come to the question of the future, when the increase of our population may bring about a literal condition of "Standing-room only." The condition for the present year, illustrated in No. 6, of two acres for each person is, of



No. 3.—Showing the Present Population of the United Kingdom compared with the population in 1837.

course, far removed from the possible condition of the future, when, in place of our present ample allowance of two acres, there may be only One Square Yard for each member of the future British Public.

In forecasting the future growth of our population one has as a guide only the records of the past growth, and thus any forecast as to the future must necessarily be only speculative, although as regards the near future such forecasts often prove very near the mark. For example, the method employed prior to the censuses of 1851, 1861, 1671, 1881, and 1891, in order to forecast the results of these censuses, did, in none of these five instances, result in an error greater than from two to three per 100 persons, while in four of the five forecasts the error was only from one to two persons per 100 persons. But these relatively small errors occurred in forecasts that related only to short terms of years, and in the long projected forecast we have now to make, we cannot expect to attain so close a degree of approximation to the truth.


When William I. became King
When Edward I. became King
When Henry VIII. became King
When Charles I. became King
When George I. became King
When Victoria became Queen
there were 20 persons to the square mile.
there were 31 persons to the square mile.
there were 45 persons to the square mile.
there were 58 persons to the square mile.
there were 79 persons to the square mile.
there were 211 persons to the square mile.

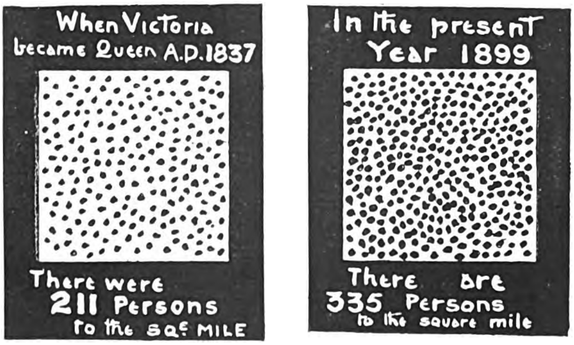
No. 4.—Showing gradual filling up of the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Queen Victoria.

However, I will state the facts upon which our present forecast is based, and give the results so obtained.

Average Yearly Rate of growth of population per 1000 persons during the following periods :—

A.D.	A.D.		
1066 to	1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	3 per 1000
1801 to	1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	10 " "
1841 to	1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	7 " "

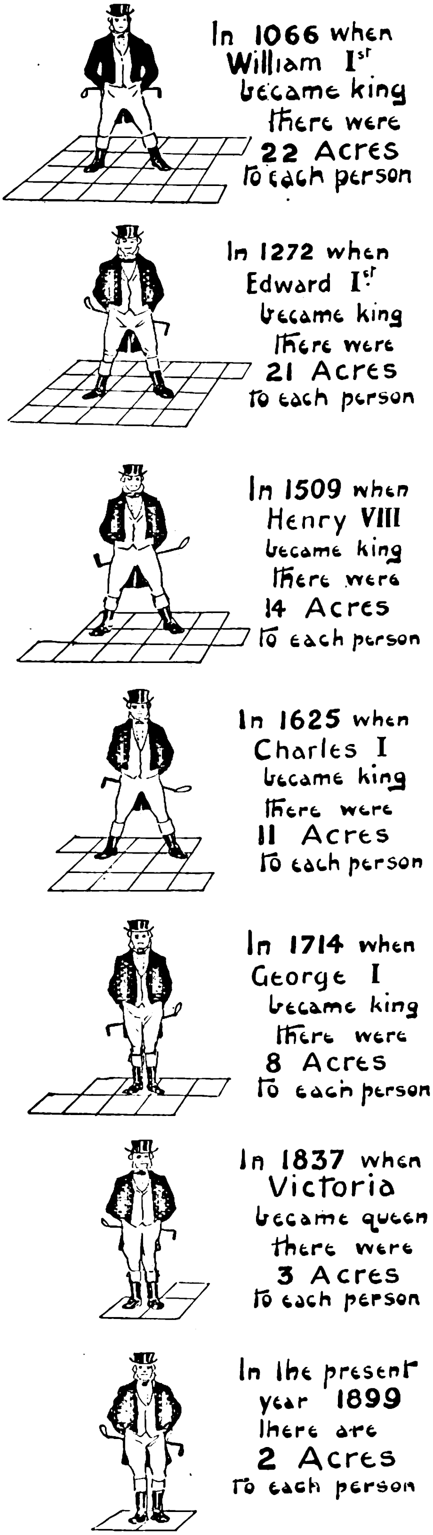
The preceding statement means that a yearly rate of growth of three per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British Public at the time of the Norman Conquest ($3\frac{1}{2}$ millions), would cause that B.P. to grow to its size of (nearly) 38 millions at the last census of 1891.


When Victoria became Queen A.D. 1837
There were 211 Persons to the sq. MILE
In the present Year 1899
There are 335 Persons to the square mile

When Victoria became Queen there were 211 persons to the square mile.

At the present time there are 335 persons to the square mile.

No. 5.—Showing the filling up of the United Kingdom during the Queen's reign.


In 1066 when
William Ist
became king
there were
22 Acres
to each person
In 1272 when
Edward Ist
became king
there were
21 Acres
to each person
In 1509 when
Henry VIII
became king
there were
14 Acres
to each person
In 1625 when
Charles I
became king
there were
11 Acres
to each person
In 1714 when
George I
became king
there were
8 Acres
to each person
In 1837 when
Victoria
became queen
there were
3 Acres
to each person
In the present
year 1899
there are
2 Acres
to each person

No. 6.—Showing the gradual lessening in "standing-room" that has occurred in the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the present year.

Similarly, that a yearly rate of growth of ten per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British Public of 1801 (nearly 16 millions), would cause that population to grow to the number (38 millions) counted at the census of 1891.

Also, that a yearly rate of growth of seven per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British public of A.D. 1841 (nearly 27 millions), the year 1841 being the first census year of the Queen's reign, would cause that population to grow to the 38 millions of the 1891 census.

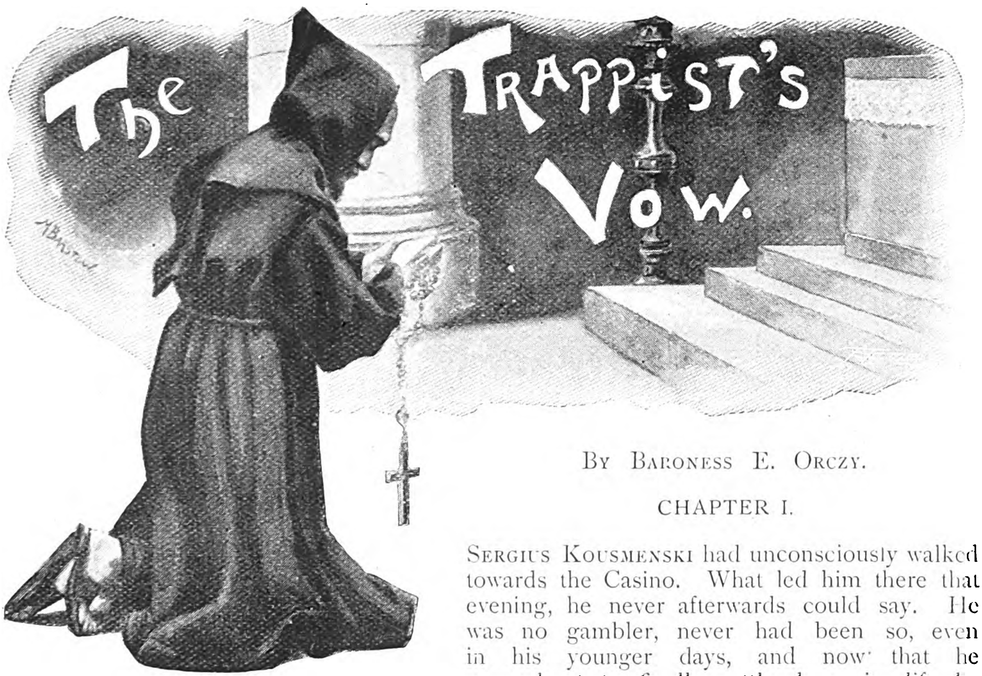
Thus, we have now before us the past rates of growth of our population, and we can now apply each of these three rates of growth to the future, and state the results so obtained.

The first rate of growth, based on the long period between A.D. 1066 and A.D. 1891, would, if applied to the British public of the present year 1899, cause that B.P. to become so numerous in A.D. 5084 that there will be only one square yard of land in these islands for each person. Thus, on this basis, "Standing-room only" will be attained in 3185 years from now.

The second rate of growth, based on the census records for the nineteenth century (1801 to 1891), would, if applied to our present population, cause that population to grow so numerous by A.D. 2836, that there will be then only one square yard for each person. Thus, on this second basis, viz.: the basis of the nineteenth century, "Standing-room only" will be reached in only 937 years from now. This term of years is, somewhat curiously, not much in excess of the term of years which separates us from the British Public at the time of the Norman Conquest. Illustration No. 1 shows the doleful John Bull of A.D. 2836 standing on his one square yard of land—all the space which will then be left for him.

Finally, if we base our forecast upon the growth of population during the Queen's reign (the censuses of 1841-1891, a growth of seven persons per 1000 per year), we shall find that the one square yard of standing-room becomes operative in A.D. 3222, that is to say, in 2323 years from now.

In neither case are any of us likely to be present. If we were it is questionable if we should suffer any real inconvenience. The increase of our population would mean, probably, that our great cities would have become greater and our smaller towns would have become big cities. What London itself would have become is another matter—an interesting problem in itself



The Trappist's Vow.

By Baroness E. Orczy.

CHAPTER I.

Sergius Kousmenski had unconsciously walked towards the Casino. What led him there that evening, he never afterwards could say. He was no gambler, never had been so, even in his younger days, and now that he was about to finally settle down in life he certainly felt no inclination for the card-table.

He was so happy to-night! Olga Kriwenko had at last definitely allowed him to fix their wedding day. Yes, he was going to marry Olga, the beautiful Pole, he, Sergius Kousmenski, governor of Warsaw, whose severe rigour against the conquered race had been so much commented upon and so highly commended in St. Petersburg. No doubt, when his intending marriage would become known, he would be asked to resign the governorship. But what of that? Olga loved him; she was young, and would transform his gloomy castle, far out there beyond the steppes, into an enchanted palace of love and beauty.

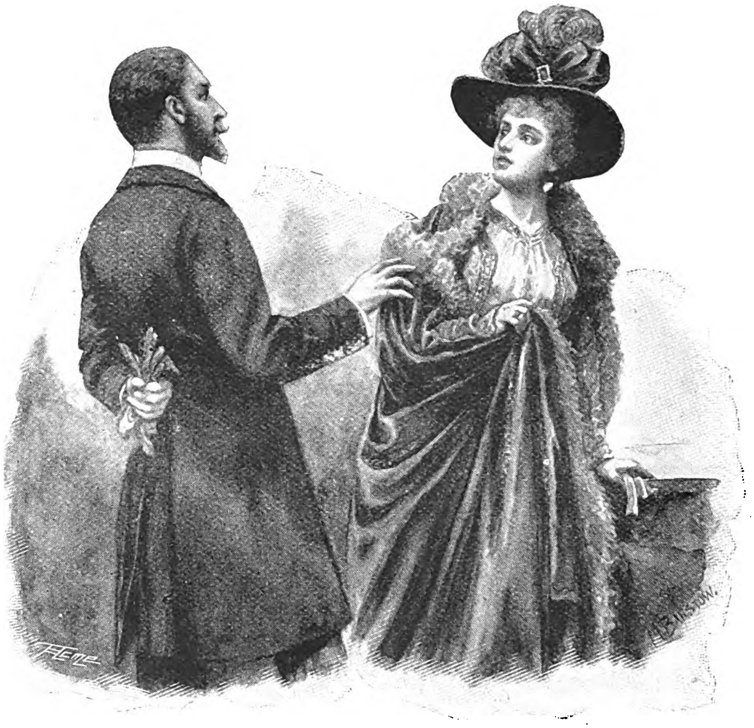
It was thus, dreaming, that his Excellency had wandered through the streets of Warsaw towards the gaily lighted Casino. The brilliancy of the place, mingled with lively music, heard faintly from within, seemed to harmonise with his pleasant frame of mind. Somebody, he forgot who, had advised him in the morning to have a look at the gamblers, male and female, who nightly filled the rooms. Sergius Kousmenski went in. The porters and attendants bowed respectfully to His Excellency, and a good many astonished looks followed the dreaded governor, as he ascended the wide, carpetted stairs.

In the gaming room at first all seemed noise, bustle, and agitation. A confusion of tongues greeted Sergius's ears as he entered, while a military band stationed at one end was playing Russian patriotic songs. Men and women alike were crowding around the tables, where every description of games of chance were being carried on.

Sergius Kousmenski watched the players nearest to him for some little time, then his attention was drawn towards the further end of the room where "va banque" was being played.

"Va banque" is the simplest means of parting with money, and is much favoured in Russia. The banquier merely deals to each player and to himself a card. Each player then stakes; the cards are turned up, and those whose cards are of lesser value than the banquier's lose their stakes to him, while he in his turn pays those whose cards turn out to be of greater value than his own.

A flat-faced Russian was holding the bank. He seemed excited and anxious. Probably he was losing heavily, Sergius thought, for a lady, whose face he could not see (her back was turned towards him) had a large heap of gold and notes by her side, while the banquier's pile seemed sadly diminished. Sergius caught himself wondering who the lucky winner was. He saw very little of her, only an exquisitely gloved hand from time to time.



Then she turned and faced him, and their eyes met.

The banquier had started a fresh deal, while Sergius full of curiosity endeavoured to get a closer view of the lady.

"Six hundred roubles," she said in a melodious voice that made Sergius Kousmenski start, and set his pulses throbbing violently.

It was Olga's voice! His Olga! What was she doing here in this gambling den? His *fiancée*, his would-be wife!

He had turned very pale, and made strenuous efforts to get a nearer view of the woman over there, who was a gambler and yet had Olga's voice. He stood close behind her now, so close he might have touched her shoulder, and he could distinctly see the card she was holding, and the pile of gold, 600 roubles, lying in front of her.

It all seemed like a dream that the beautiful girl he loved, the one, whose rigid devotions so often had caused him to smile, should be sitting in the Casino, gambling among the *roués* and *demi-mondaines* of Warsaw.

The dealer now turned up an ace, the highest card possible; the players had lost, and all the piles of gold, Olga's included, were swept away in favour of the banquier. Sergius could not see her face, but the hand that once more put up the stake, a heavier one this time, trembled slightly. Everyone had been very astonished when the unknown lady lost: "She always wins," was whispered among the crowd.

"Always!" she often came here then, and her presence at the tables was a familiar one to this rabble!

The game proceeded—Olga lost again. Sergius could not help being glad; perhaps if she lost all she would go away, and he would beg of her never to return again. Her manner had become a little more excited, and her hand was now trembling visibly as she again and again put up sum after sum of money, only to see it each time gathered up by the dealer's indiscriminating rake.

Her luck had obviously turned—she was losing hard.

The crowd was becoming deeply interested, and many a comment, not wholly sympathetic, was passed upon Olga's ill-luck. Sergius heard them, and it made his heart ache and his cheeks flush with shame.

"Some luck in love," said one of the bystanders, laughingly, "that's why the cards are playing her false."

Olga had now only a pile of bank notes in front of her. Most of the other players had stopped, some were leaving the table, and she remained for the time almost isolated. One man—her immediate neighbour—had just risen, and as he did so, Sergius, whose very soul was in his eyes, caught sight of a card—the ace of hearts—lying just underneath her chair; it had dropped there, probably by accident. Sergius wondered that nobody else saw it; he wondered if Olga did. No! for she apparently did not, either, notice her handkerchief, which also at that moment dropped on to the floor. She was evidently too excited and too much intent upon the game. She seemed to have resolved to place all the remnant of her wealth upon this last chance; after she had staked, she stood to lose or win some 90,000 roubles. Sergius did not take his eyes off her. She was very pale and her eyes looked hard and set. He had noticed the card that had been dealt to her; it was a "seven," a comparatively low one, and the chances of her winning seemed to Sergius very remote.

The bystanders had transferred their attention to the dealer, only Sergius was looking with a certain amount of sympathy at Olga's hand which was twitching nervously. She looked for her handkerchief, noticed she had dropped it, and stooped slightly to pick it up. The next moment the banquier turned up his card: it was a queen.

"I pay king or ace," he said.

"You pay me?" said Olga quietly, as she turned up her card—the ace of hearts.

Sergius looked at her; she seemed ready to faint as the dealer, with a muttered curse, counted out 90,000 roubles to her. He did not at first understand it all, for he had distinctly seen that she held a "seven;" till presently he chanced to look upon the floor—the card from there had disappeared.

When he looked up again, Olga had collected her money, her gloves, her handkerchief and had risen to go. Then she turned and faced him, and their eyes met.

She knew he had seen all, he met her look of terror with one of such unutterable contempt, that she closed her eyes to shut out the fearful vision.

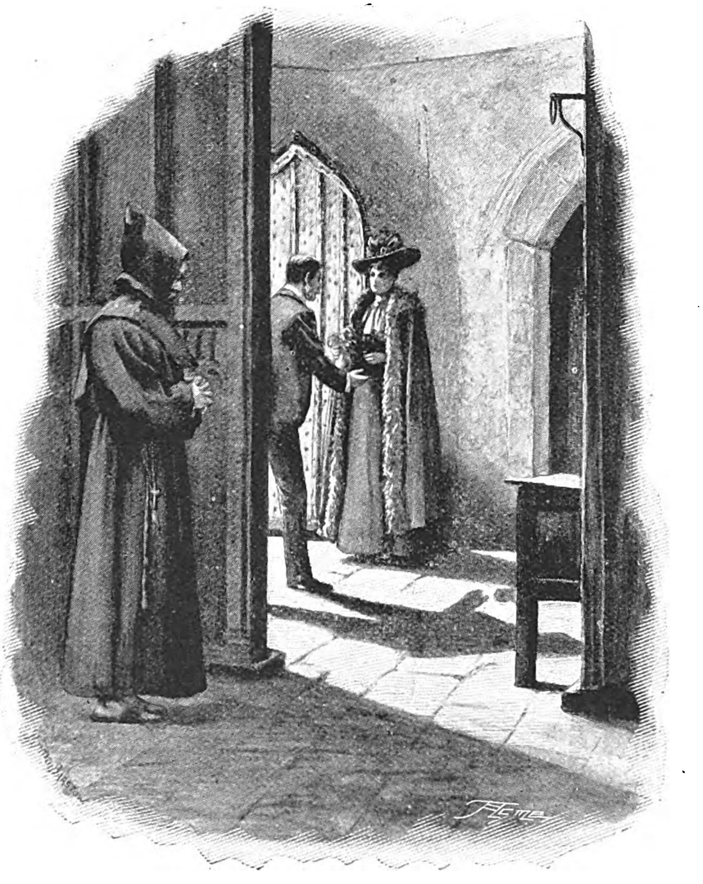
When she opened them again he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

Yes! he had gone, fled he knew not whither, to hide his desolation and shame even from those who knew it not. Instinctively he had directed his steps towards the outer gates of the city, and having passed them, he was walking through the fields that led to the Trappist monastery, yonder by the hillside. The small cemetery belonging to the convent was lying peaceably in the moonlight, and the little chapel stood quite close with its stained glass windows illumined from within by the perpetual lamp that is for ever kept burning before the high altar.

As Sergius looked before him, he suddenly saw Olga at the further end of the field. She was walking very briskly, and a few moments afterwards had disappeared into the chapel.

Sergius hesitated a moment. Should he follow her? Ah! yes! and speak to her, and perhaps dispel this horrid dream, and wake



The newcomer appeared to be a young man.

up to find reality, to find her once more pure, true, and honourable.

He ran across the field and pushed open the heavy, panelled oak door. All within the chapel seemed love and peace. A monk, in his quaint pointed hood and gown, was absorbed in devotions before the high altar, and another figure—a woman's—was there, on her knees, laying bare her soul before God and sobbing bitterly. Ah! how Sergius' heart went out to her then! How he longed the next moment to take her in his arms, but she rose, and touched the kneeling monk on the shoulder.

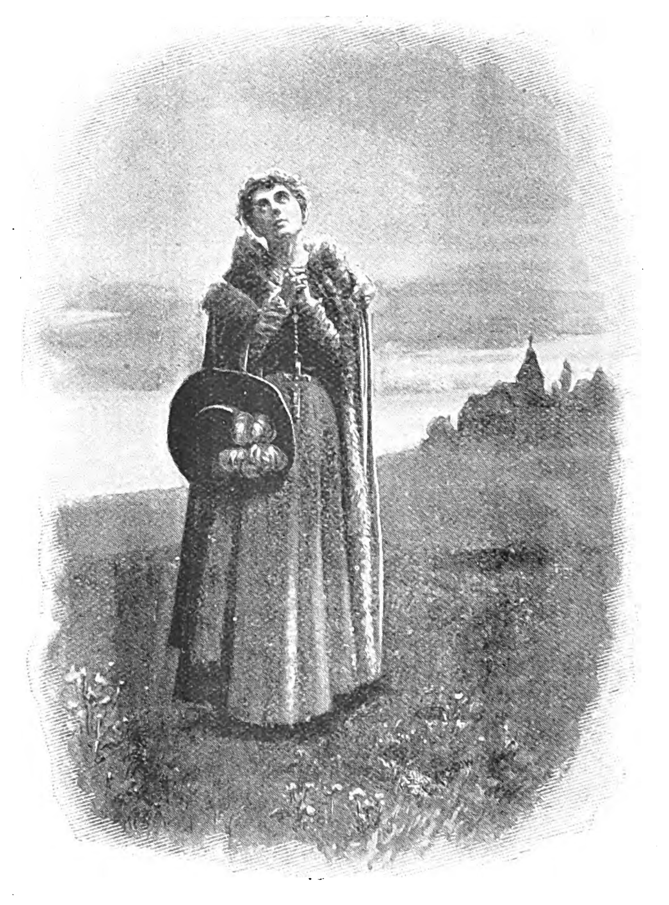
He walked up to the small sacristy door, and beckoned to an unknown person within, who then stepped out, while the monk, waiting, stood like one of the statues carved in stone upon the altar.

The newcomer appeared to be a young man. He held out both his hands to Olga, who took them in both hers.

Forgotten seemed her grief, her remorse. She talked excitedly to him for a few moments, then she poured into his hand the bag of gold and notes she had won at the gaming table.

The young man kissed her affectionately, whilst the monk's hand was placed on her head in token of a blessing.

Sergius saw it all. He tottered as if intoxicated. He would have rushed forward and killed them all on the spot, but his feet refused to move and red clouds rolled before his eyes.



She stood with her hands clasped, her rosary between her fingers.

The next moment all three had disappeared within the sacristy, and he found his way out and across the fields towards the city—the city Warsaw, of which he was governor. His Excellency Sergius Kousmenski!—bah! what a mockery—he, a broken-hearted man who had given his life to a wanton and a cheat.

He waited about in the fields. Was it in the hope of seeing her again? If so, what would he say to her—what questions would he ask?

She came out of the chapel some two or three hours later, the hooded monk closing the heavy doors after her, and walked rapidly in the direction of the city.

It was almost broad daylight, and presently from the monastery chapel a soft toned bell began to toll the Angelus.

Olga paused; like all Poles she was a devout Catholic, and she stood in the middle of the field to say her morning prayer to the Virgin Mary, while, from within the chapel now distant, came faintly the monotonous chant of the monks.

"Hail Mary. Full of grace."

"Olga," said Sergius Kousmenski. He had walked rapidly up to her. He would speak to her just this once, find out the truth, and then, if she be unworthy, strive to blot out her image from his memory.

She did not move, perhaps she had not heard his heart-breaking appeal, she stood with her hands clasped, a rosary between her fingers.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," she murmured devoutly; he might have been miles away for aught she heeded, her superstitious devotions seemed of so much greater moment to her, than this heart-broken man, who only longed to forgive.

"Olga," he begged once more, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Her face was hard and set, she would not look at him, she would have fled only he held her hands tightly, so tightly, that the beads of the rosary made deep impressions into her flesh.

One moment he almost hoped she would speak, and a look of entreaty—an entreaty for faith and trust—for an instant softened the set expression in her eyes. She seemed to listen in the distance to the monks still chanting and praying, to her, who never sinned.

"I have nothing to say," she said, "it would be best if you would leave me now."

Then Sergius let go her hand and walked away.

But she, now left alone, for a while watched his retreating figure. It almost seemed as if she *could* not let go.

She had forgotten her devotions; the rosary had dropped from between her fingers. Far away in the convent chapel the monks were chanting the last "Ave Maria." "Pray for us sinners," they sang, and the little bell had ceased tolling, the sound of the organ was dying away—a look of unutterable, hopeless despair softened the lonely woman's face. "Now and at the hour of death," she prayed, and, falling on her knees, she sobbed bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

How Sergius Kousmenski spent the remainder of that day he scarcely knew. He found his servants anxious about him, wondering where his Excellency could thus have spent a whole night.

His harsh severity against the inhabitants had rendered him an object of fear and almost hatred in the Polish city, and it was a very likely thing, if he chanced to be out alone at night, that some desperate patriot might succeed in ridding Poland of her dreaded governor.

But, even with an aching heart and a throbbing brain, duty must be gone through, and Sergius lived through that weary day—and waited for the night. The Trappist monastery lay two or three miles distant from the governor's palace, and yet in Sergius' ears, during that long day, there incessantly tolled the soft-toned bell of the Angelus.

When all was dark and quiet again within the city walls, Sergius Kousmenski went out—out, through the gates, across the fields, beyond which lay that convent chapel bathed in the moonlight.

The night was far advanced, and it was with a thrill of satisfaction that Sergius saw that the stained glass windows were lighted up from within.

He pushed open the heavy panelled door, which was never closed on those who wished to enter for rest, meditation, or prayer. The little chapel at first seemed quite deserted, and Sergius paused, wondering, till presently at the foot of the altar to the Virgin he spied the Trappist kneeling.

He was a middle aged man, his face worn, thin, and pale from long fasts and vigils. Sergius looked at him long; at him who must know all. Would he speak?

The convent rules are rigid, Sergius knew. From the day that the final vows are taken, the Trappists monks' lips are sealed for ever; complete silence shuts them out from all intercourse with mankind, and that silence may only be broken in order to give the prescribed greeting to each other as they pass. "Memento mori." All other words may only be addressed to God, or his saints, in prayer.

Sergius knew this, and yet he crossed the chapel aisle, and touching the kneeling monk on the shoulder he said:

"Father, I would speak with you."

The monk looked towards him, and for an instant a look of wonder crossed his impassive features, but it was a mere flash, he turned his eyes again Heavenward, and continued counting his beads.

"Father, a broken-hearted man seeks comfort at your hands, won't you speak to him?"

"Memento mori," muttered the monk half audibly.

"Aye! I remember!" said Sergius, drearily. "But before I die I will know the truth. Is it wrong to seek for truth?"

The monk seemed to have forgotten his presence; he was saying his beads devoutly, all absorbed.

"Father," again said Sergius, "I wish to speak about Olga Kriwenko. What was she doing in this chapel here last night?"

The monk once more turned towards Sergius. There was a wistful tenderness in his sunken eyes, but he was still fingering his beads, and his lips still murmered endless Ave Marias.

"Monk, whoever thou art," said Sergi

"if thou art a man, answer me, what dost thou know of Olga?"

He might as well have been talking to one of the stone images round the chapel walls. The monk remained silent and prayed.

Then the untamed Tartar blood rushed wildly to Sergius' head. He looked with eyes of hatred at the fanatic monk, and, drawing a short dagger from his belt, he let it glimmer in the low lamp light.

"What did Olga do in this chapel last night?" he hissed in the monk's ear. "Remember, man, thy life is in my hands."

The monk looked at the knife with contempt, at Sergius with pity:

"Memento mori," was his sole answer.

He made no attempt to defend his life, but, when he felt the stab and felt his blood beginning to flow, with his hands and his robe he tried to staunch the wound, so that he should not pollute the Virgin's altar. But his lips remained sealed to the end. To the end the Trappist had kept his vow.

Sergius took him up in his arms, horror-struck at what he had done, and carried him out of the chapel to the little cemetery beyond. He laid the monk in one of the graves, and, being a devout Catholic, he knelt by its side and recited some prayers for the dead. Then he left him, and walked away across the fields.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a cruel time that now followed. A fresh Polish conspiracy had been discovered, and His Excellency Sergius Kousmenski the governor was more pitiless than ever towards those that fell into the clutches of the Russian police.

A woman, one Olga Kriwenko by name, was implicated in the plot. The governor heard that she was young and beautiful, and that she even succeeded in softening the heart of her jailers. Many an influential person pleaded for her life, but the governor refused to listen, and ordered that she should be shot the next morning, along with the others; and he also ordered that the Angelus should be rung from the Trappist convent chapel at the hour of their death.

People heard this curious decision, and wondered if His Excellency was really sane. He hardly knew himself, but he thought that if he once heard the Angelus sound together with that volley of musketry it would cease to haunt him as it had done for all these long days.

And when night came he wandered once more towards the convent chapel. Nothing seemed altered in the peaceful little house of God. A monk—was it the same?—was kneeling before the altar. Sergius sat in the chapel he knew not how long. The hours seemed so wearying. Would dawn never come? Dawn, when she should die. She who had broken his heart while quietly telling her beads.

The chapel seemed oppressive. He wandered out and into the little cemetery towards the spot where that open grave had been that night, which now held the body of the Trappist who would not speak.

Sergius had some difficulty in finding the exact spot; it had been levelled in this short while, and no crosses or stones mark the graves of the Trappists. Suddenly he paused; at his feet, over some newly trodden earth, something white was gleaming; it was a piece of paper pinned to the earth by a dagger.

Sergius stooped to look. He could read the words, stained by mud and rain though they were:

"To His Excellency the Governor of Warsaw, if he should chance to pass this way."

Feverishly Sergius pulled out the knife and unfolded the paper. It contained a few scribbled lines written by a feeble hand:

"Sergius Kousmenski, I could not speak to thee in life, let me speak in death. My moments are numbered, thy dagger did its work well, but not quite so well as thou hadst thought. I forgive thee my death. Forgive Olga Kriwenko, her sins were not against *thee*. Poland needed money. She undertook to find it. She alone knows *how* she succeeded. The man she saw here was her brother. To him she gave the money. Go thou, and on thy knees ask her pardon for having suspected her purity."

The paper dropped from Sergius' hand. A look of joy and hope illumined his face. All was not yet lost. Thank God! Thank God! She still lived.

At that moment the first sound of the Angelus came from within the convent chapel, and the monks once more began to chant "Ave Maria!"

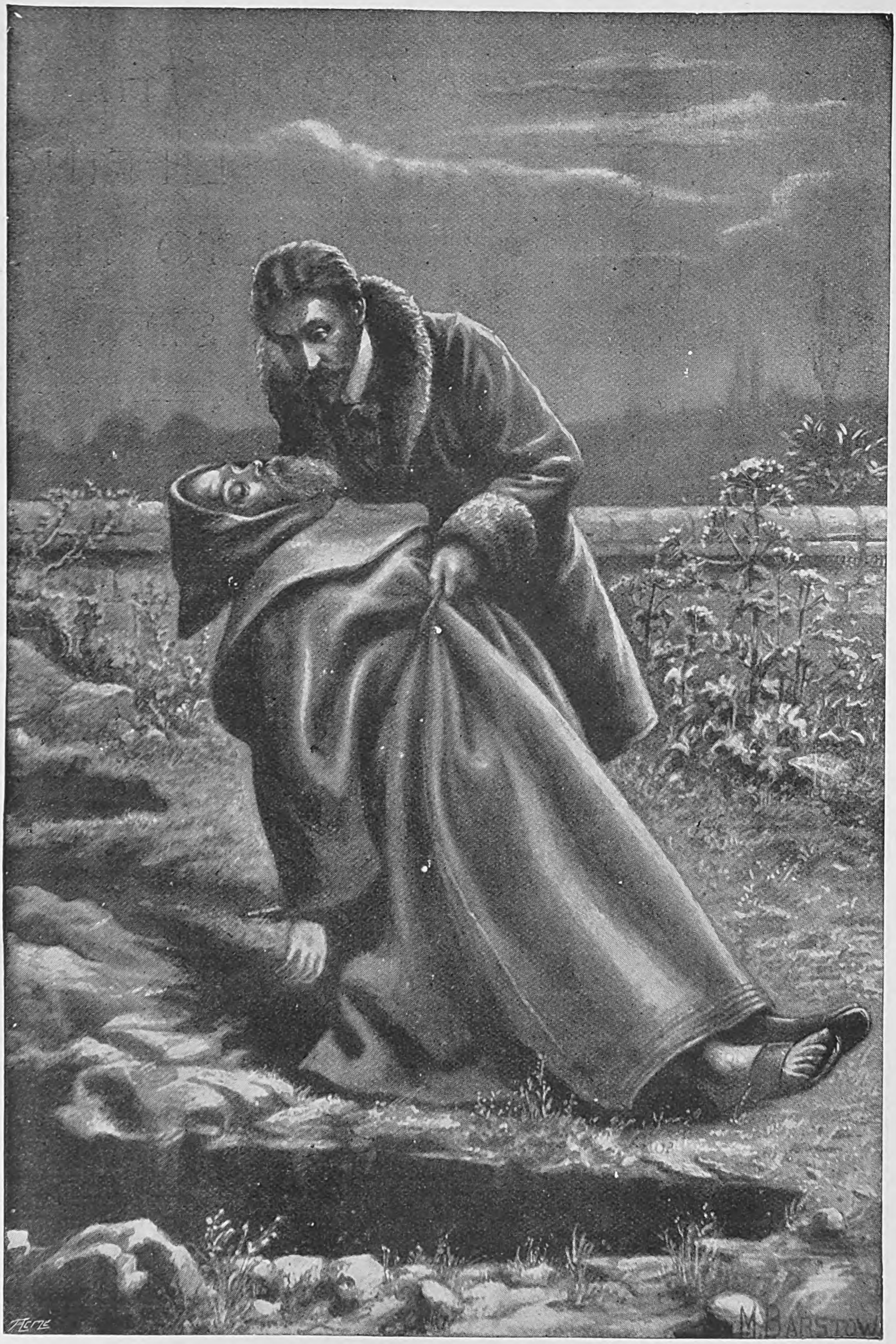
No! no! stop! stop! in the name of God! wait!

Wait? Who should wait? Time or eternity?

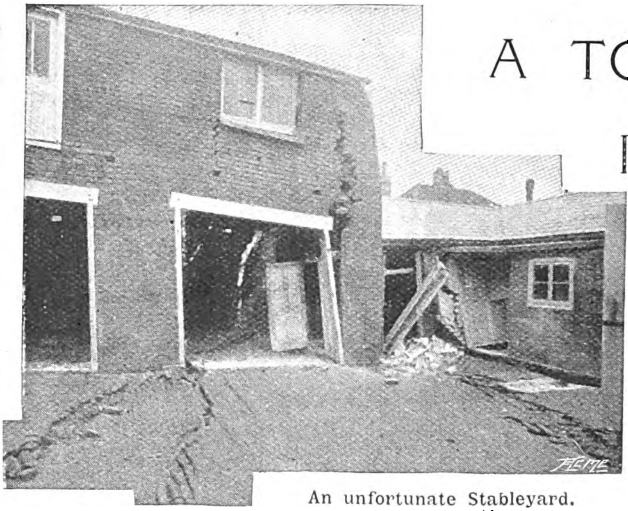
"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

And a distant volley of musketry rent the still night air.

Sergius Kousmenski fell forward on his face, and buried his head in the dust.


Acme
M. BARSTOW

He laid the monk in one of the graves.


An unfortunate Stableyard.

A TOWN THAT IS SLIPPING INTO THE SEA.

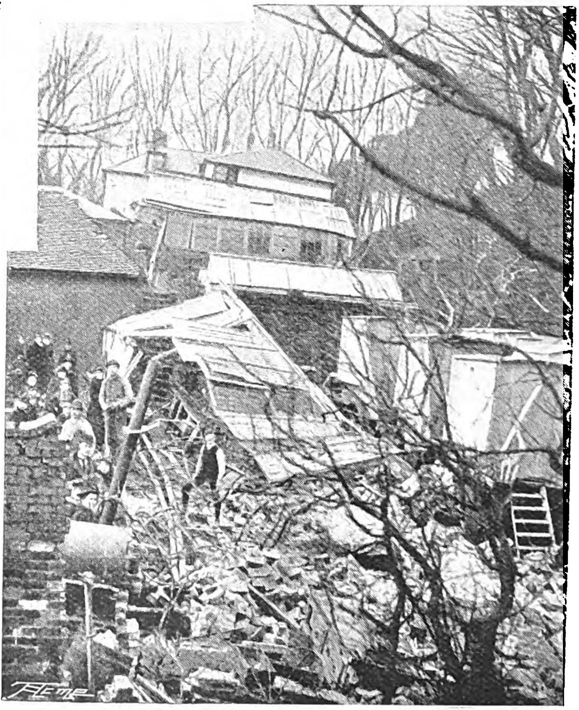
By Frederick A. Talbot.

The inhabitants of the picturesque little seaside resort of Sandgate, situated on the Kentish coast a few miles south of Dover were thrown into a frantic state of terror and excitement on March 4th, 1893, when a portion of that town began to slide and slip about in all directions, as if constructed upon an ice foundation. The ground vibrated violently to the accompaniment of ominous rumblings; several houses collapsed about the ears of their unfortunate tenants as if built of cards, while others rolled and staggered to and fro in an alarming manner, eventually assuming the most extraordinary positions.

When finally the subsidences ceased, the district appeared as if it had suffered a severe bombardment at the hands of an invading foe so complete and widespread was the devastation and desolation.

Of course, several hypotheses were immediately advanced by seismologists and geological *savants*, to explain this most egregious phenomenon, but only two remain tenable. One contention is that the heavy rains which had prevailed for some time previously, had caused the subsoil to move, while others opined that the scouring action of the sea had washed away the land, causing the highlands, by sheer top-heaviness, to gradually slide downwards, until they once more settled upon a solid foundation.

In view of the fact that the sea has made considerable incursions upon this part of the coast, the latter explanation of the catastrophe appears the more probable, but whether this be the case, or otherwise, the district evinced unmistakable signs of slipping into the sea, and the profound fears of such of the inhabitants as dwelt within the affected area regarding the safety of their goods and chattels, were not allayed until the

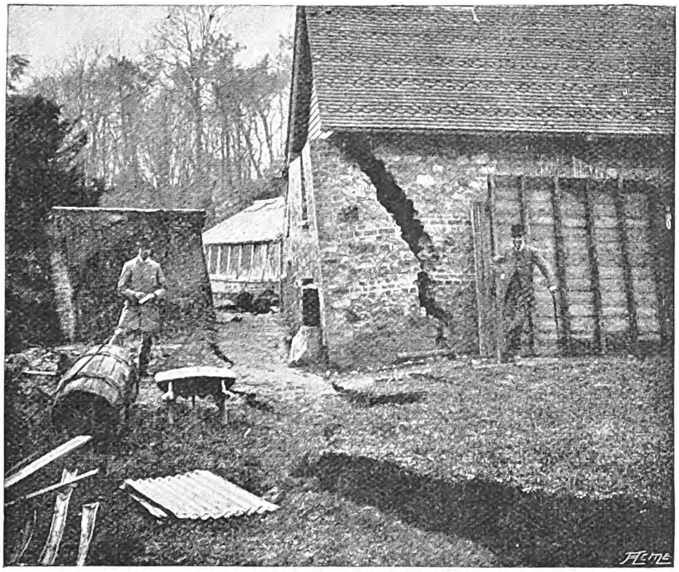

In this particular case the house suffered little damage beyond that of being tilted to an angle. The conservatory was entirely demolished, curiously enough with scarcely a pane of glass being broken.

landslip ceased. But during the forty-eight hours which it lasted many houses were shattered, and families rendered homeless, while the damage inflicted to property was about £5000.

As is generally the case in such eccentricities of Dame Nature, some of the results of the catastrophe were most peculiar. Our first illustration is of a gentleman's private residence and grounds which, as may be seen from the bathing machines, were almost situated on the seashore. The house itself, beyond assuming a list to one side of several degrees, appears to have suffered very little, but the same cannot be said regarding the conservatory abutting the building. The glass roof has almost a switchback resemblance, though strange to relate, notwithstanding these curious contortions, scarcely a pane of glass was broken. Then look at the ruins in the foreground. This heterogeneous mass of bricks, mortar, and glass is the remains of a glass-house built against a brick wall, which not being sufficiently stable to resist such untoward freaks of Nature, simply collapsed, bringing the glass-house down with it.

Buildings and walls so carefully erected by the builder were thrown out of the perpendicular to such a dangerous extent that they threatened to fall and bury all beneath them at any unexpected moment.

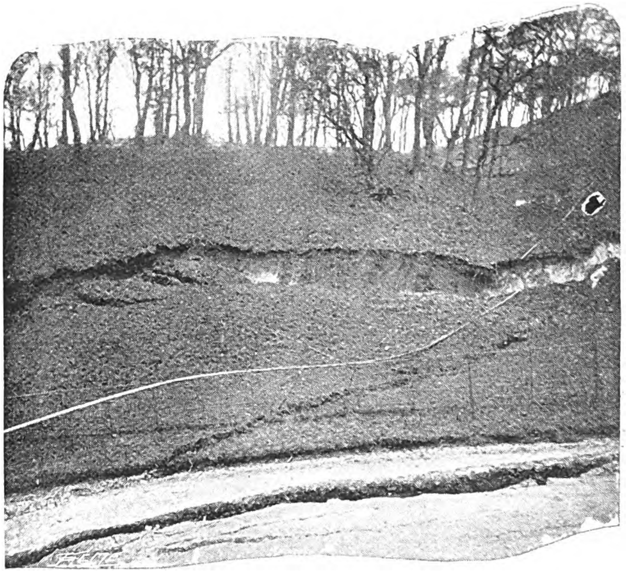
Most extraordinary is the effect of the slip represented in our fourth illustration. Along the road is seen a yawning crack where one part has slipped away from the other. That the landslip only occurred at intervals, and with fluctuating severity, is shown by the fact that the lower part of this land continued to move a long time after the upper part had come to a standstill. The long sinuous object stretching diagonally across the picture is the iron water-pipe. This was originally buried about 2ft. below the surface of the earth, but when the land began to subside the pipe refused to sink with it, and was consequently forced up through the earth. When it reached the surface, however, its further progress was barred by a stout iron hurdle. As the pipe could not very well break through this obstacle, it tore it up, bending the buried legs of the hurdle in so doing. The pipe finally broke in two where a bank was created through one part of the land falling away from the other. The bed in which the iron waterpipe originally reposed is plainly distinguished.



A Corner that suffered severely.

One stable yard with accompanying buildings was completely shaken to pieces by the catastrophe. The window was detached from the surrounding brickwork which was cracked in all directions; the lintels and doorposts of the entrances were twisted in the most fantastic manner, while the outer wall, of which the upper portion had collapsed tearing away the flooring in its descent, was bent like a bow. The line of the disturbance in this case can be easily traced in our illustration. There are the sunken and disarranged bricks extending across the stable yard and through the building, which it shattered so violently as to cause a yawning gap in the rear wall. This building, of course, like many others, had to be entirely demolished before rebuilding, being absolutely beyond repair.

Observe the two houses of which we give an illustration. Surely herculean strength has been applied in the effort to push the houses over. In this instance a scarcely more apposite appellation could be bestowed upon the buildings. Spring House appears as if it had been constructed upon springs, which, being suddenly released, had thrown the building into most extraordinary convulsions. And the ground floor has suffered extremely as a result, while the outer wall has been completely torn away by the force of the concussion. Had it not been for the next door habitation "Spring Cottage," nothing could have prevented the building from toppling completely over. There is no doubt but that the brunt of the subsidence in this case was concentrated under the foundations of Spring House while it scarcely affected Spring Cottage.

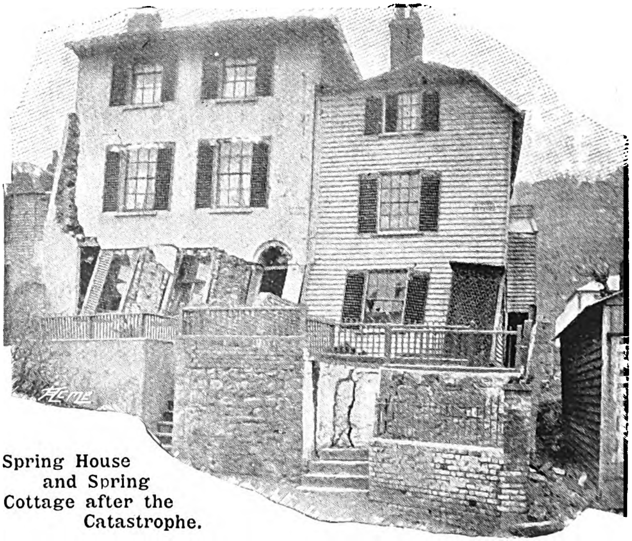

Two extraordinary Effects of the Landslide.
The gap in the front is along a road. The pipe was originally buried two feet below the surface.

It is a wonder that the residence did not collapse in its entirety after having its equilibrium so extensively disarranged.

We give an interior illustration of the entrance hall of this *undesirable* residence, which presents a most bizarre appearance. The door has a tremendous list to the left, while the archway in the front of the picture is leaning in the reverse direction. The walls are cracked and the ceiling has succumbed to the potency of the landslip by precipitating the plaster upon the floor. At the time of the disaster the house was tenanted, and it is remarkable that the householders were not overwhelmed and killed. Strange to relate not a single life was lost in any part of Sandgate through the landslip, although the damage to property was considerable.

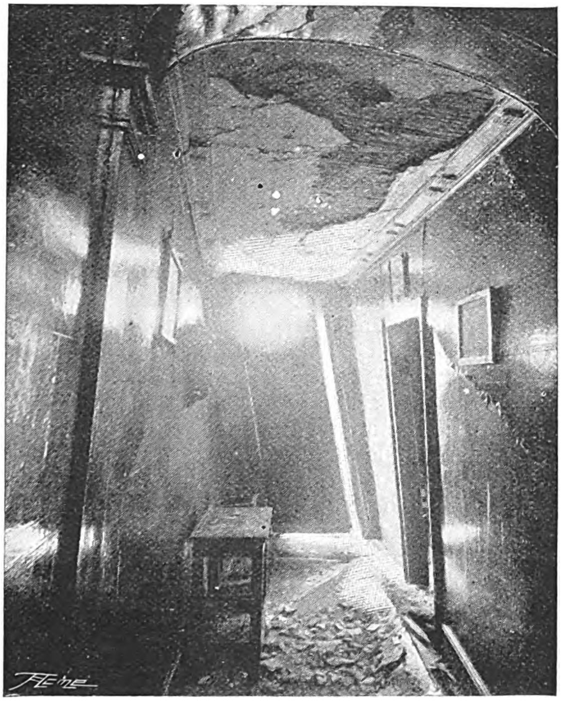
Much of the distress occasioned through the catastrophe fell upon the poorer classes, and as no recompense could be obtained from any insurance company to cover the damage inflicted, a public subscription was opened to alleviate them from suffering, and so great was the sympathy extended towards the unfortunate sufferers, that in less than three weeks £6,000 had been subscribed.

Only such as have experienced a severe earthquake can adequately realise the feelings of those who were in their houses during this landslip. Likewise, it may safely be asserted, that the individuals unfortunate enough to have been in their dwellings during this catastrophe have now a thorough knowledge of what a genuine "land-shake" is like.


Spring House and Spring Cottage after the Catastrophe.

It is an uncanny and horrible sensation—once felt never forgotten. England, fortunately, is not often visited by earthquakes. The motion of a train is understood, we expect it; and the start of a train from a platform produces sensations we are so accustomed to that we totally disregard them. The same may, perhaps, be said of a vessel, except that the motion by no means always disregards us. Still, we are prepared for it, and the rocking and swaying of the carriage floor or the lift and rise of the deck we stand on are understandable, and in themselves harmless, if unpleasant.

To feel the earth heave and shiver is, however, utterly different. The ground beneath us is the one solid immovable thing we know of—at least we are accustomed to regard it as such. The train may be brought to a standstill—the vessel will in due course reach its destination. But when the earth shakes under us there is a terrible helplessness—a horrible uncertainty. An overwhelming awe possesses even those who are used to earthquakes. Gentle and minute as the vibration really is, the fact that it is beyond the control of man impresses him with a feeling of its vastness and his smallness.


The front Hall of Spring House.

This is not a photographic freak, but an effect of the foundations of the building slippling from under.

Naturally enough the initial idea of the inhabitants of Sandgate was that they were experiencing a terrific earthquake. One of the first to give the alarm was a woman living at the Coastguard Station. Between seven and eight in the evening she burst out of her cottage, crying that there was an earthquake.

More than one person had noticed strange happenings even on the previous day. One gentleman heard a peculiar rumbling or rushing, as of slipping sand, and a few minutes later noticed in a corner of one of the rooms of his house a distinct crack down the outside walls.

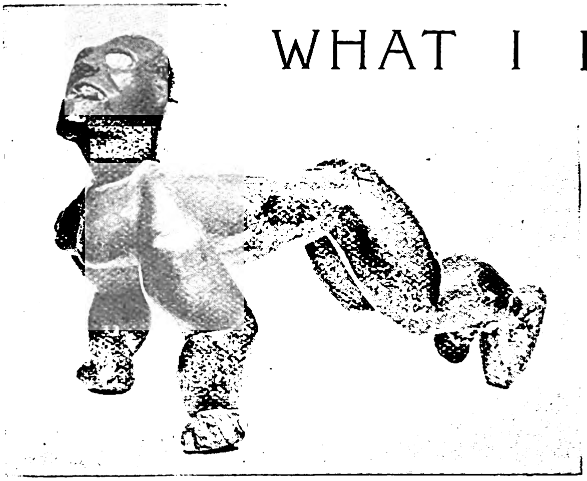
A lady had a decidedly peculiar experience. She and her sister occupied a house. The sister chanced to be out, as also the servant. Suddenly the solitary occupant heard an unexpected tapping and creaking. She listened attentively, and quickly jumped to the obvious cause—burglars! She crept to the room whence she traced the sounds, and, boldly trying the door, found she could not open it. It was apparently locked!

She promptly slipped out of the house, and quickly made her way to her neighbour's, and, having obtained the assistance of an officer who chanced to be visiting there, returned. They made a systematic search, but of course failed to find the miscreants. Moreover, they noticed that the door which was supposed to be locked was, in some unaccountable way, merely jammed.

The sounds continued to such an extent that the servant refused to sleep in the dwelling, and the two sisters sat up alone. Next morning they discovered that the entire building had sunk 5ins.

The Coastguard Station experienced, perhaps, the worst of the slip. Generally along the sea face the full effects were evident. Some huge groynes had been put up by the Local Board to protect the sea-wall. One of these was split, whilst the other was so forced out of shape that it presented a decidedly zig-zag appearance. Drain pipes, water pipes, and gas pipes suffered severely, and, being broken, added not a little to the general misery.

The Photographs of this article are by Jacob, Sandgate.



A native seat, originally an idol, representing a woman in one of the positions of the *hula* dance.

WHAT I PICKED UP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By

FLORENCE E. BURNLEY.

THESE curiosities from Hawaii will help us to realise the great gulf that a rapid civilisation has fixed between the prosperous inhabitants of the city of Honolulu at the present day and the old pagan Hawaiian with his superstitions, his human sacrifices, and his queer customs.

Although this sprawling wooden figure makes a very good seat, and has actually been used as such, it was originally an idol representing a woman in one of the positions of the *hula* dance. The mouth is set with human teeth, and the crown of the head was formerly covered with tufts of human hair, taken from the head of some enemy, most of which has long fallen a prey to the mischievous fingers of a generation without reverence.

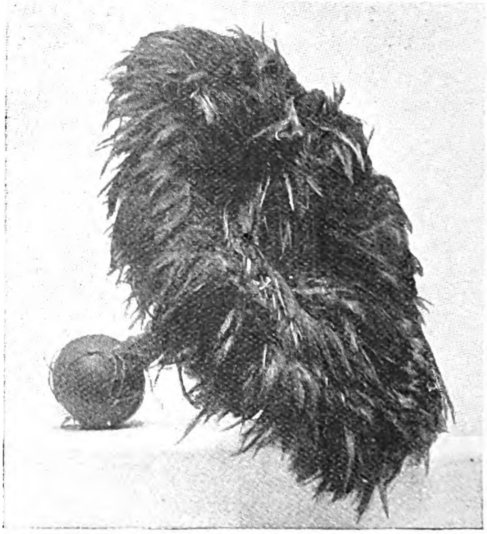
The Hula-hula were rather acted songs than dances. A Hula was danced probably for the last time recently on the occasion of a royal birthday, and as it is by no means a graceful or edifying performance this relic of barbarism will be well consigned to oblivion.

The dancers were usually women who wore wreaths of the gorgeous flowers for which Hawaii is so justly famed, dog's teeth buskins on their ankles, hog's teeth bracelets, and the whale's tooth ornament on the breast. The songs were sung to the accompaniment of drums — generally the small kind here shown—rattles and sticks struck together.

The rattle, "uliuli hula," consisted of a small gourd, in which were a few seeds, the stalk end forming the handle to which the large ornament, in the shape of a bouquet, was fastened. This latter is made of cock's feathers, with two rows of the royal red feathers of the *iiwi*.

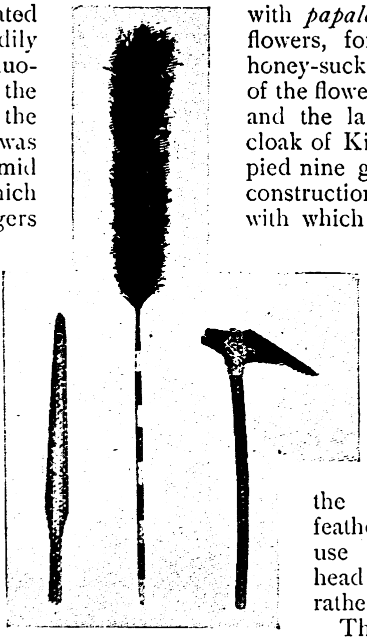
The drum consists of half a cocoanut resting on a cylinder of palm wood, the membrane being strained over the head by means of sinnet cords.

The bringing down of a new idol from the forest was a most imposing and gruesome ceremony. A hog and a human being were sacrificed in front of the chosen tree, which



A *hula* rattle made from a gourd containing a few seeds, with a bunch of cocks' feathers tied to the other end o the stalk.

was then felled with a consecrated adze axe (here shown), and speedily converted into a long idol, "hakuohia." No one not taking part in the procession was allowed to see the image, on pain of death, as it was being carried to the new temple amid yells and the beating of drums, which acted as a warning to the villagers not to look.


At the left and right are sacred axes for cutting down trees to be made into idols. In the centre is a feather sceptre of State.

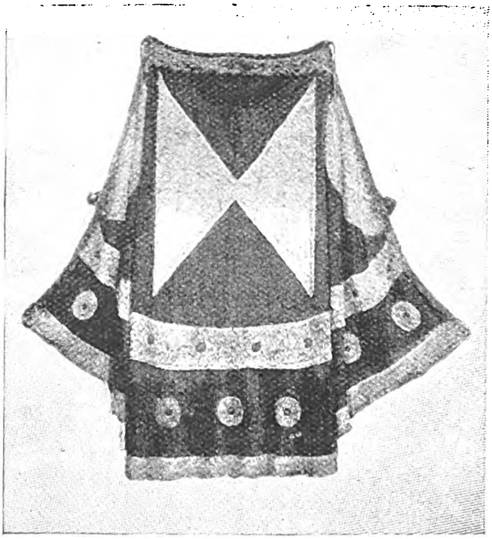
Until the reign of King Kamehameha I. Hawaii was governed by independent chiefs, who were considered sacred and received almost divine honours. When they took their walks abroad the chiefs were preceded by outrunners, who gave the warning cry of "*E moe o!*" on hearing which the people prostrated themselves with their faces on the ground. Death was the penalty of the slightest breach of etiquette, such as to remain standing at the mention of the king's name in song, or when the king's food, drink or clothing was being carried past; to put on any article of dress belonging to him, or even to cross his shadow or that of his house. It will be readily understood that nothing was considered too costly for the use of such a revered monarch, and the cloaks like the one here given, belonging to a king who alone was privileged to wear one, were priceless. These robes of state are called *mamo* from the bird of the same name whose feathers are used for it; the groundwork is a fine netting of hemp, to which small delicate feathers of a bright canary yellow are attached so as to overlap each other, forming a velvety surface.

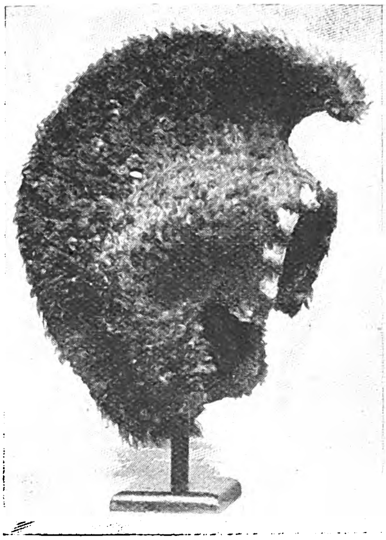
A drum beaten especially during such events as the bringing in of a new idol.

The birds from which these feathers are obtained in phenomenally small quantities—one small tuft only from under each wing—are snared by means of branches smeared with *papala* gum and baited with flowers, for these small birds are honey-suckers, and live on the nectar of the flowers of the ohia, the banana, and the large lobelia. The feather cloak of King Kamehameha I. occupied nine generations of kings in its construction. The scarlet feathers with which the pattern is marked on the cloak are also royal—none but a chief or king was allowed to wear them; they were obtained from the *iiwi*, a song-bird of gorgeous plumage.

The helmet is made of wickerwork, covered in the same manner as the cloaks with the royal feathers; it is not of much use as a protection for the head in time of war, but is rather an insignia of rank.

The chiefs loved to be surrounded by a throng of attendants noble on the father's side. The most important, however, and indispensable of these many retainers were the *kahili*-bearers, of which there were several kinds, some being merely deputed to brush the flies from the royal person, while the others bore the variously-coloured sceptres of state called *kahili*, or feathered staffs, from 10 to 30ft.


A *mamo* or robe of state, the groundwork of which is fine hemp covered entirely with feathers.

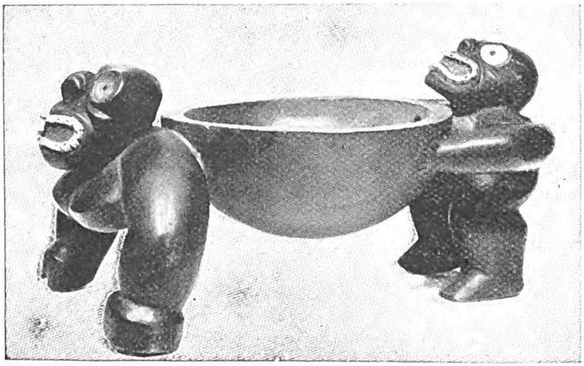


A royal helmet, made of wicker work, and covered with feathers.

high composed of feathers arranged on little branches attached to the staff so as to give the correct cylindrical appearance. These were of the greatest importance in all royal functions; the handles were covered with rings of tortoiseshell and pearl.

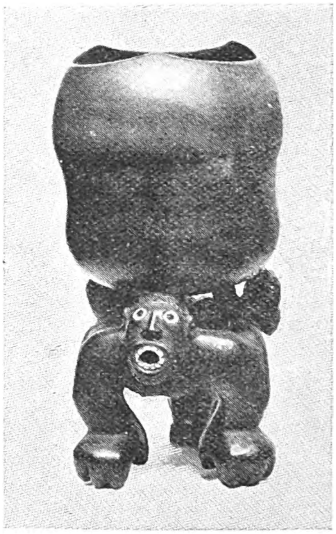
All kinds of fish, molluscs, fruit and sea-weed, are eaten in profusion by the natives, flesh being considered a luxury. But *poi* is the national dish without which no repast is complete. It is prepared from the Taro root which is baked in an underground oven and then laboriously pounded with pestles on a large flat stone, water being mixed with it until it is of the consistency of starch; it is then put away in calabashes to ferment, after which it keeps for months.

Several *poi*-bowls, some made of calabashes, others of polished wood, ornamented in the style of our illustrations, appear on every Hawaiian table, that is to say, on the ground covered with fern and palm leaves for a table-cloth; no spoons or forks are used, each person dipping either his fingers or the piece of broiled fish or flesh he is eating into the nearest *poi*-bowl. The teeth and hair of the hideous figures supporting these bowls are of human origin and their eyes of mother-of-pearl.



A *poi* bowl. *Poi* is a preparation of the Taro root, eaten in a fermented condition.

The Hawaiians are distinguished from the Polynesians by the fact that they distilled salt from sea-water and used it with their food, before the introduction of civilisation; and the double bowl here shown, with a grotesque figure for a handle, is a cruet for holding on one side salt or brine — whichever was the most convenient for dipping the food into — and on the other side a condiment composed of salt and baked *kukni* nuts pounded up together.



Another *poi* bowl. The teeth and hair are of human origin, the eyes being mother-of-pearl.

Rare ingenuity, such as would have delighted the soul of Isaac Walton, was displayed by the ancient Hawaiians in their methods of fishing and in the appliances they used long before the white man had had a chance of teaching them his crafts and arts.

The fisherman had first of all an intimate knowledge of all the different kinds of fish frequenting the seas, and of their habits and feeding grounds. The chief modes of fishing were by spearing—a sport sometimes indulged in by torchlight — by baskets, by hook and line, and with nets.

The hooks were made of bone, mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, in

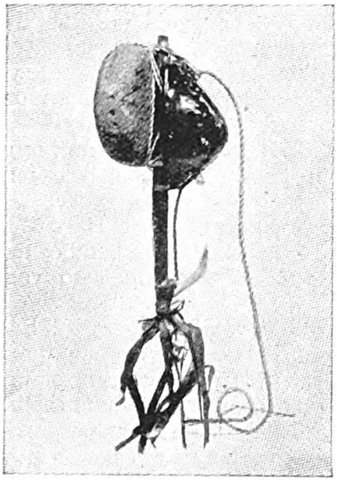
A native cruet for holding salt on one side and on the other a mixture of salt and baked *kukni* nuts.

different styles adapted to the fish they were intended to catch. A showy large variety of cowrie is used to attract the squid; it will be observed resting on the round stone which helps to balance the hook in the water.

The fishermen had many "tabus" (prohibitions) peculiar to themselves; their small temples might have been observed on every promontory, and they never used a new net or fishing-hook without making a sacrifice or repeating a prayer to their patron god Ku-ula his wife Hina-hele, or the shark god Mokuhalii; the latter especially must be propitiated.

On the fourth night of the great Kuili ceremonies, during which feasting on hogs by priests and people was intermixed with religious rites, a great *aha* or service was performed by the king and the chief priest, while another priest with a large company of fishermen put to sea to fish for *ulua*.

The new idols were during the night invested with white kapa cloth, and received their names; a great sacrifice then took place. Several human victims, together with hogs, bananas, cocoanuts, and fish, &c., being offered upon the altar.

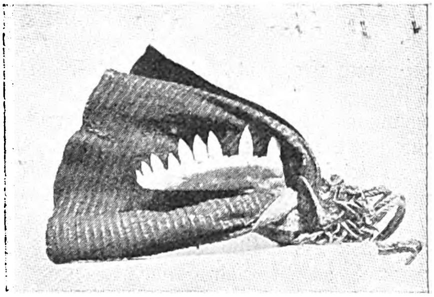


A fish hook. On one side is tied a stone, on the other a cowrie.

If the fishing proved unsuccessful, the men killed a man in the village, and, dragging him along to the temple with a fish-hook in his mouth, sacrificed him as a substitute. When the *ulua* priest approached chanting his prayers and carrying his hook and line, all the villagers fled in fear of their lives, and the other priests retreated within the drumhouse. As soon as the incantation was finished the priest reported to the king what manner of omens he had observed before offering up the fish; if his rod or line were broken, or if the fish had devoured all the bait, the omen was bad.

This is but one of the many ceremonies connected with fish, one of the great natural articles of diet abounding in the island.

The ceremonies at the death of a chief were just as curious as the rest of the customs of this interesting people.



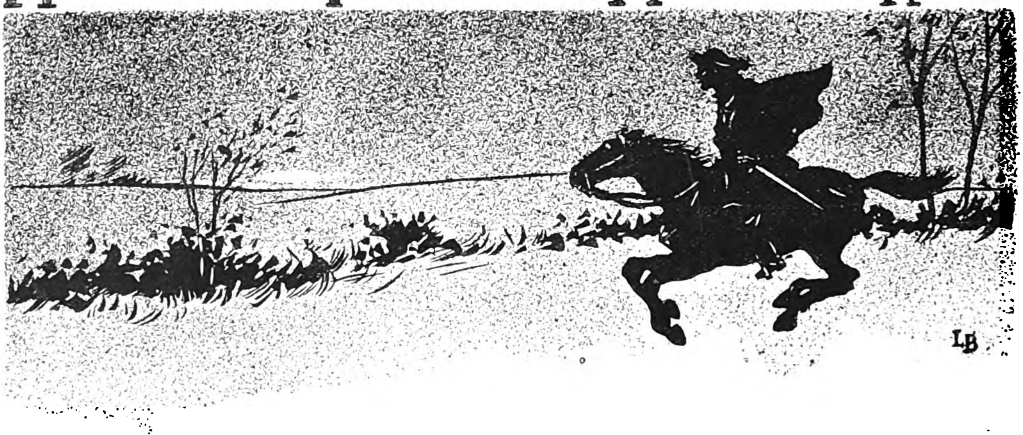
A flesh scarifier, used by the natives to lacerate themselves in times of great grief.

The natives were first of all tabooed from going on to the water, and they all appeared very much affected, whether by the tabu or grief one could not say, and they knocked out some of their teeth, cut off their hair, burned their flesh, the women scarifying their hands and faces with whales' teeth or jagged bones.

One of these scarifiers, with the little bag in which it was kept, is here illustrated. The priests then appeared on the scene and fenced in the house with wands and white flags, and a large fire was kindled inside the inclosure. The body of the chief was then cut up and his heart burned, prayers being recited the while; the ashes were then collected in a calabash.

The next day the bones of the chief, divested of every particle of flesh, were carefully wrapped up and borne in a large double canoe to a secret place in the island.

MARMADUKE PARDIGAM'S MIDNIGHT RIDE



A STORY OF THE OLD HARBORO' ROAD.

By Edward Tebbutt.

For some moments I stood by Sir Harry's writing-desk before he took notice of my presence; then, to attract his attention, I tapped the side of my boot with the riding whip I carried. He laid down his quill pen, and stared at me with angry frown.

"So," said he, "you have been treading your old paths again, I hear. 'Tis time some pressure, some stringent pressure, were brought to bear upon your conduct. Such habits as yours, young gentleman, must be nipped in their infancy."

As for me I made no reply, knowing well that if my uncle were but allowed to speak his full, his anger would be of short duration. He was not a man of many words, nor of threats, but interruption and rudeness he would never brook. So I assumed an air of sorry repentance, and turned my eyes to the carpet.

"Well, boy," he exclaimed sharply, "have you naught to say for yourself?"

"'Twas but a joke," I answered in sullen mood, for he addressed me as he might a groom or a lad from his stables. Besides in the face of his sneer and obvious contempt, the joke did not appear so pretty as on the night before, when naught there was to hinder and everything to encourage.

"A joke!" he repeated, "a joke that is likely to cost you dearly. The stocks or the whipping-post are fitting results for jokes such as yours."

"You forget, sir," I replied haughtily, drawing myself up to my six feet of height, "'tis no boy whom you address."

"I' faith," quoth he, with elaborate sarcasm, "that is a fact it would be impossible to forget."

He smiled beneath his rugged eyebrows, and perhaps liked me none the less for my show of spirit. Yet as the smile died away it seemed to leave the frown cut even deeper in his forehead than usual. And his hands were shaking like any leaf, a sign of weakness I had never noticed before. Evidently weightier matters than my shortcomings were harassing the mind of Sir Harry Denison.

"Your mother would be grieved to hear of your escapades, Marmaduke," he said gravely, after a further pause. "Do you never intend to develop into anything more than a mere roystering hobbledoy?"

He looked at me in a careworn sort of fashion from eyes that seemed to remind me of the mother of whom he spoke.

"I'm very sorry, Uncle Harry," I blurted out, like the overgrown schoolboy that I was. "I'll be more of a credit to you in the future."

"First be a credit to yourself," he replied, "then talk of becoming a credit to me. However, if you will try and amend your ways, even a little, your conduct this time shall be overlooked. Now sit down, nephew, and we'll say no more about it. I have a mission for you to-night, if you care to undertake it."

I sat gingerly on the edge of a little fancy chair that seemed more suited to Dorothy, my cousin, and fell to wondering what this mission of his might be. For his part he did not enlighten me, but continued busily with his work, till sheet after sheet of paper was covered with his peculiar handwriting. At length he came to a halt, and carefully folding the sheets one upon another, he sealed them with a huge red seal, and placed the packet before him on the table.

"Now, Marmaduke," he began more genially, "the mission of which I spoke. But first, I suppose you have heard that civil war is imminent between Charles and the Parliament?"

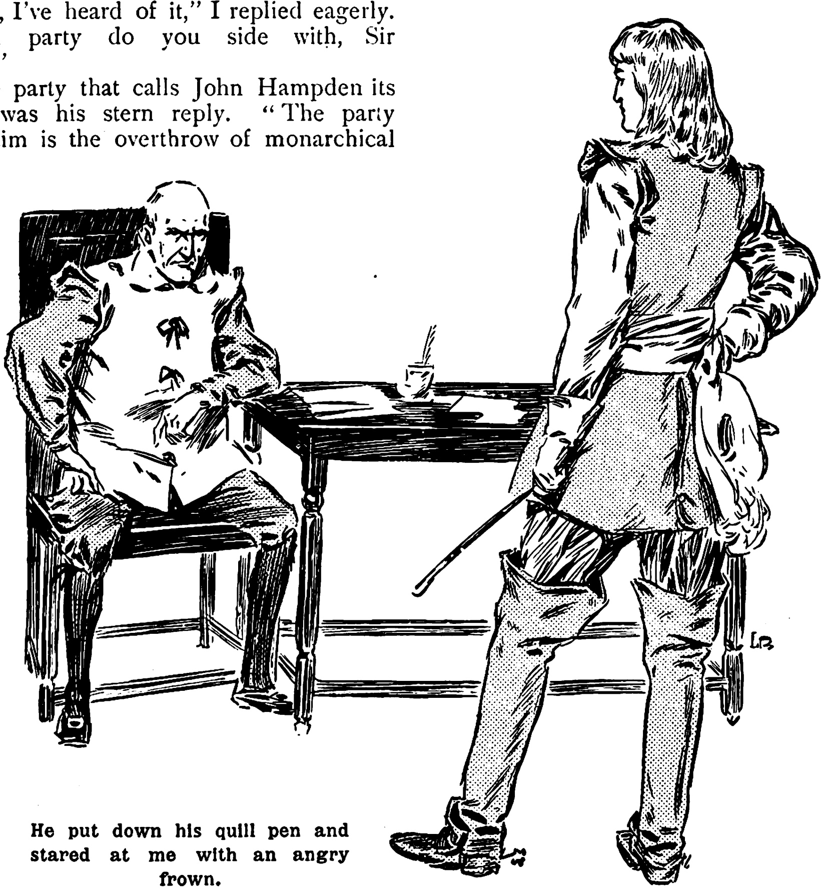
Indeed, had I; for the whole country-side was ringing with the tidings, and men were searching in cob-webbed corners for the old swords and pistols that had served either them or their fathers in bygone days. Nor did I intend to remain idle, when vast fields of enterprise were open to soldiers of spirit, and a great name and fame but waiting for such as sought to win them.

"Yes, I've heard of it," I replied eagerly. "Which party do you side with, Sir Harry?"

"The party that calls John Hampden its chief," was his stern reply. "The party whose aim is the overthrow of monarchical despotism, the levelling of arrogant pride and deceit."

I was somewhat disappointed at this, for I gathered from his long words that his sympathies were cast in with the Parliament, and I had imagined that it was more befitting the English gentleman to stand by his King and Dynasty, in the hour of trial and danger. Of the rights of either side I cared nothing, but, from what I had seen of the crop-eared Puritans, who ranted so long and loudly of Charles's misdeeds, I did not feel inclined to have aught to do with them. However, I had my uncle to consider at present, being entirely dependent upon him for my future. So I appeared to agree with all he said. Perhaps he noticed that my heart was absent from my words, for he suddenly cut me short.

"You may not believe in what I tell you at present," he said, "but to-morrow my friend Mr. Hampden journeys to Haselbeech Hall, and he will convince you more speedily than ever could I. No side that upheld the wrong could call him its chief."



He put down his quill pen and stared at me with an angry frown.

I took little notice of his words at the time. Later, when I met John Hampden, I recalled them only too distinctly.

"The mission that I have for you to-night," said Sir Harry abruptly, "is on the side of the Parliament. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I am," replied I, reconciled by the prospect of immediate action.

It is needless to dwell at length upon the information and instructions I received. The gist of what my uncle told me was simply this. Living at Northampton was one Sir Edward Montfiore, a Royalist adherent devoted to King Charles, who, to save his great wealth from the hands of the Parliament, and being himself at death's door, had secretly buried his jewels and silver, drawing up a plan to show plainly where they were concealed.

This plan was to be sent to-night to Prince Rupert, who lay at Harboro', and my errand was to circumvent the messenger, and relieve him of the documents he carried. How Sir Harry had managed to obtain his information I am at a loss to determine. Yet there it was, complete to the veriest detail, even to the starting-time of the courier. He would leave Northampton as the clock struck twelve, and, save for accident, should reach Harboro' in two hours.

All the afternoon I pondered upon my mission, and the more I gave it my consideration, the braver the aspect it bore. About six miles from Northampton was I to await my foeman, to settle my business without loss of time, and return immediately to Haselbeech Hall. It was well-nigh eleven o'clock, when, armed with sword and pistols, I rode from the courtyard into the night beyond. Some six miles of by-road I had to cover and one or two fields to cross before the Harboro' turnpike was reached. The air was thick and heavy, not impenetrably black but dulled with a misty darkness, and a faint, soft rain swept along at the whim of the changing breeze. Yet I felt gay and light-hearted as I set out on my midnight mission—the first acknowledged tribute to my manhood—and shook my rein and jingled sword and stirrup, till I remembered my uncle's warning that it were better for all concerned if none questioned whither young Marmaduke Pardigam had ridden in the dead of the night.

The road I had known from my boyhood, and I think Dagmar, my horse, could have followed it with closed eyes. So not much time had elapsed ere the fields were left in our rear and the turnpike itself was gained. The drizzle had changed to a steady pour, the wind blew in fitful gasps and shrieked and whispered through the leafless trees, bending and swaying them on either hand. Soft and sodden was the road, and every step that Dagmar took shot up a spray of mud and water to his hocks. Evidently my work was not to be marred by too great a sense of ease and comfort.

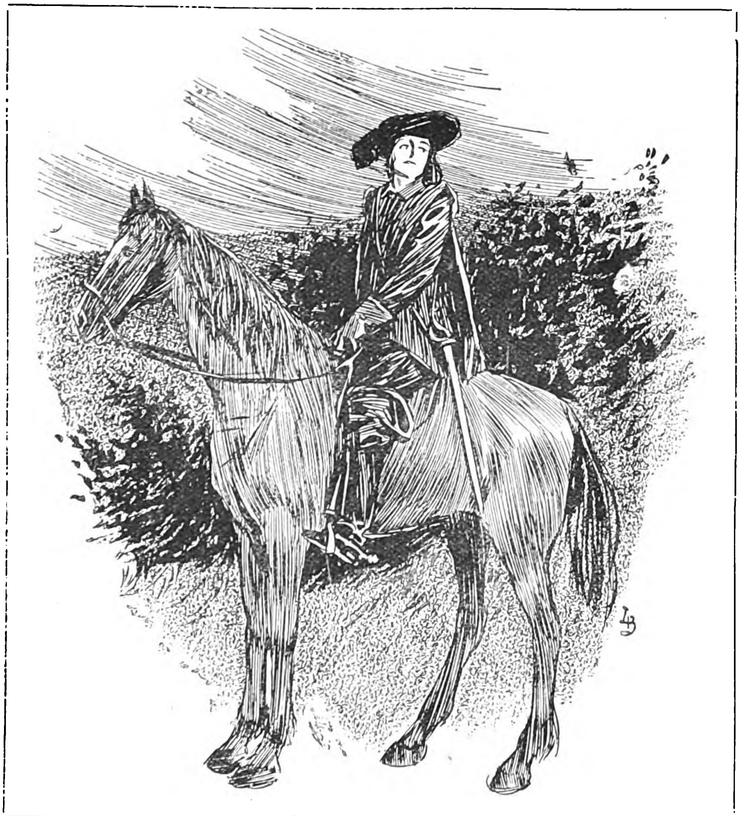
For some half-mile I rode on towards Northampton; then, at the crest of a steep hill, I halted, and pulling Dagmar into the shadow of the hedge, waited for my unknown adversary to gallop out of the blackness and the silence of the night. Weighted with lead seemed the passing moments. An eerie feeling crept over me, a feeling bred by the stillness, the mystery, the vigil, and with every sound or cracking of twig, Dagmar tossed his head with but ill-concealed impatience. Down slashed the rain in ceaseless torrent, hissing and swirling over the road and grass-side. Then—— Hark! What is that? For out of the silence ahead breaks the shock and patter of a galloping horse, sounds that grow clearer and more defined till it seems that they must be upon the very top of us. Nearer and nearer they come, almost drowned at times by the impatient oath of the rider as he urges on his steed to yet greater exertion.

With a slight pressure of my heel I drew Dagmar a little away from the hedge side, the while pondering upon the best method of dealing with my unknown horseman. Shoot him down in cold blood, and without warning, I could not, even for the sake of Montfiore's treasure. He was abreast of me before I could decide, a big fellow it seemed, mounted upon a powerful, mudsplattered horse.

"Your errand?" cried I, upon the spur of the moment. Foolish words, maybe, but yet sufficient to warn him of my presence. And then an honourable fight, man to man, and to earth with the weakest.

"To the devil with you," roared he, "and my errand also, for all that you may learn of it."

He turned in his saddle and raised his pistol in the air; a blinding flash of light illumined his coarse, ill-formed features, and a bullet whizzed by my ear in dangerous proximity. Involuntarily I ducked my head, nor did I raise it till the black night had enveloped his figure once more. Almost regretting the chance I had afforded him, I spurred recklessly in his wake. Fresher than his winded beast was Dagmar, and soon I was close upon him again. With a feeling of repugnance I raised my pistol and deliberately covered his broad back. Maybe he instinctively felt my action, that I cannot say, anyway, he suddenly swung his arm across his breast and hurled his empty weapon with all his force in my direction. The butt end caught me fair and square across the forehead, sending me reeling and rocking from side to side. Yet was that only for a moment. I dashed the blood from over my eyes, and with a savage yell fired point-blank at the dark mass that rode, blurred and indistinct, before me.



In the shadow of the hedge I waited for my unknown adversary.

It is not easy to fire a pistol from the saddle of a galloping horse and on a dark night. Moreover, the blow I had received had dazed me to an extent, and I dare swear that, apart from all other things, my hand shook in my fierce excitement.

It was a quick aim I took, and as the tongue of flame spat out and the pistol kicked in my hand I seemed to know I had missed my mark.

A hoarse laugh came from the Cavalier, and a jest for the poorness of my aim, yet the sudden swaying of his horse seemed to tell that my bullet had not been wasted. At length I reached his side, and struck at him with all the might of my sword. The blow, but barely escaped his skull. Had it fallen true it must have split it in twain; as it was it fell with a dull thud upon the hindquarters of his steed. There was a great gasping sob, the clatter and rattle of slipping hoofs—and alone I galloped towards the town of Harboro'. With an effort I pulled Dagmar's mouth well-nigh to his neck, and turned to where, with legs extended across the body of his dying horse, my foeman awaited my coming. Bridle between my teeth, pistol and sword in either hand, I charged ruthlessly at his huge figure. I had no longer any thought or consideration for my foe. The heat and fury of fight were upon me and I felt no compunction in making the best use of my advantageous position.

He quickly awoke me to other thoughts. Nay, he came nigh to vanquishing me through my impetuousness. I bore down upon him and slashed at him with my sword. All to no purpose. He slipped aside as I reached him, and managed to prick my leg, though but lightly.

"To foot," cried he, "and fight me man to man."

I slipped from off my horse and turned to where he stood, warily, cautiously. In the gloom I could but see his outline, though his blade flashed white from side to side.

I quickly drew near to him.

I extended my arm and our steels met; his eyes I could see now, eyes protruding with fear, or lust for my blood. Suddenly he lunged at my breast, and, unskilled though I was, I managed to turn his point aside. Then a gust of wind carried a very shower of water to my eyes, half blinding me with rain and blood. Impotent I stood for one moment, and in that moment my sword went flying over the hedgerows, leaving me with naught but my arms and strength to match his weapon and skill. With a roar I rushed upon him. Taken by surprise, he could neither defend himself nor keep me at bay. He slipped his sword into his left hand and struck blindly at me with his fist. I seized him by the wrists and forced his hands to his shoulders. Despite his size he was but as a child in my grasp. With barely an effort I flung him on his back and placed my knee upon his chest.

"The papers," I shouted. "The papers."

Eagerly I felt in his wallet and his doublet. Both were empty, no papers were there.

"Where are they, I say," I hissed, pressing my knuckles into his throat.

He writhed and struggled in his helplessness beneath my grasp.

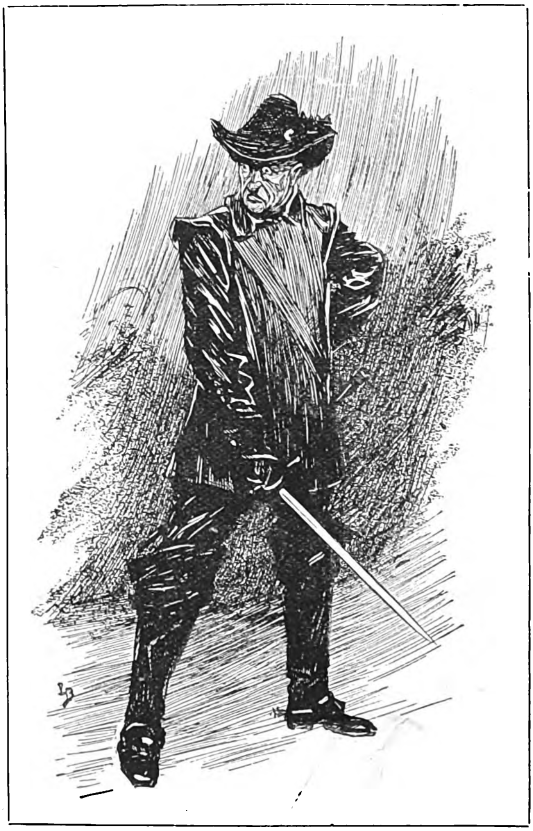
"The horse," he gasped. "For God's sake loose me."

The horse. I had forgotten that. It lay some yards down the road, dead as any carrion. Yet I could not leave my conquered foe to reach its side. So to settle the matter I seized him by either ankle and dragged him through the mud and the filth to where it lay. Truly a doughty warrior this to send upon such an errand. With a hoarse warning I bade him have a care of what he would attempt, then plunged my hand into the holster that lay uppermost. My fingers closed upon something thick and bulky, I drew it from its hiding place. It was a packet of papers, taped and carefully sealed.

With a roar of laughter at my own success, I brutally kicked my adversary's head till he lay stunned and quiet. When he no longer moved I crept quietly back to where Dagmar stood waiting, and painfully clambered into the saddle. A wonderful feeling of hush and mystery seemed to have fallen upon the night. A long silver streak tinged the eastern horizon, radiating into beams of misty light upon the sky and cloud edge. The dawn had come, and with it had brought me victory. But to him who lay bruised and bleeding upon the sodden road, robbed alike of honour and all that the future had to offer. With what feelings would he view the breaking of another day?

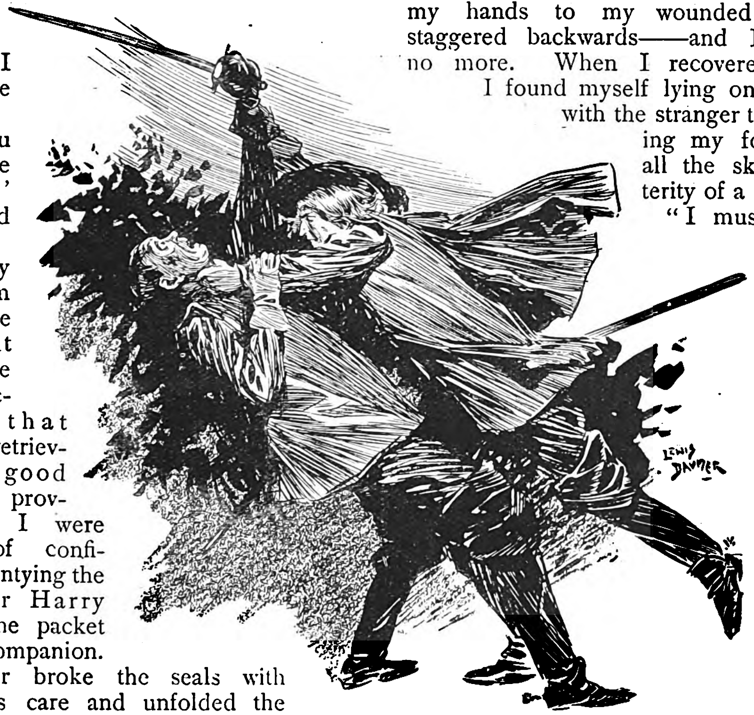
In spite of the lateness of the hour there was still a light in Sir Harry's study when I reached Haselbeech, so it was here, armed with my precious documents, that I made my way. To my surprise my uncle was not alone. Seated by his side and engaging him in earnest conversation was a man whom, once seen, it would be impossible to forget. He was slightly above the average height with a countenance upon which power and intellectuality were stamped on every line; with a massive forehead shadowing a pair of deep grey eyes and the mouth and chin of a deity from ancient Greece. He looked up as I entered and Sir Harry gave a gasp of horror.

"You are wounded, boy," he exclaimed, rising to his feet.



I could but see his outline though his blade flashed white.

"Tis nothing, sir," I replied bravely, though my head was whirling in weakness and agony. "But a mere scratch, I assure you."



With a roar I rushed upon him.

"You have the papers?" He asked anxiously.

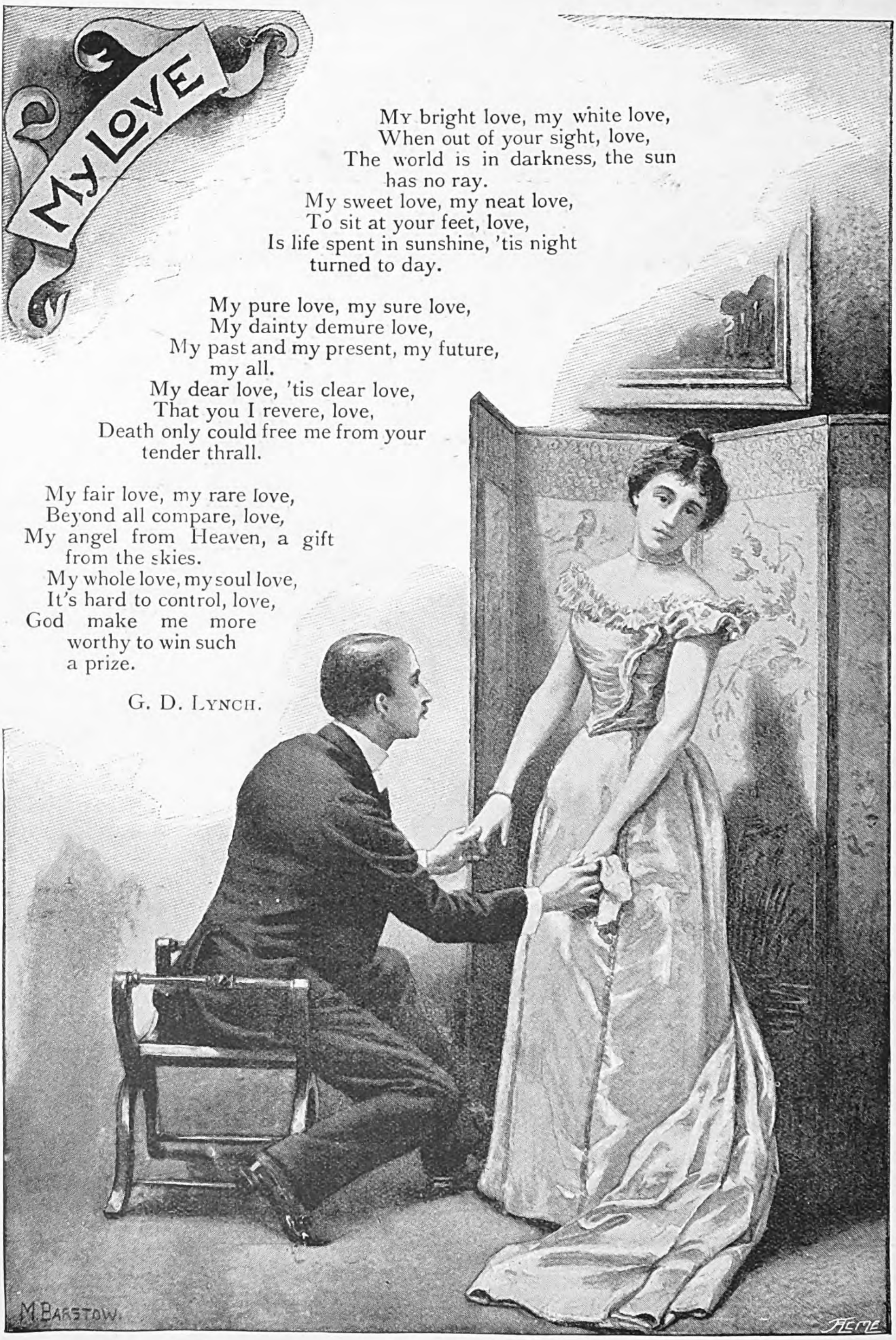
Proudly I laid them upon the table. At any rate I had succeeded that night in retrieving my good name and proving that I were worthy of confidence. Untying the tape, Sir Harry handed the packet to his companion. The latter broke the seals with scrupulous care and unfolded the papers one by one, my uncle watching his face the while. Suddenly it clouded as the heavens 'neath a summer storm and with an exclamation of anger he flung the packet on the table and turned to me, his eyes ablaze with fury.

"What means this, young master?" he demanded in short, crisp tones.

Mechanically I stepped to the desk and turned the papers over. They were blank from beginning to end. Then the room seemed to spin round and round; I raised my hands to my wounded head and staggered backwards——and I remember no more. When I recovered somewhat I found myself lying on the couch, with the stranger tenderly bathing my forehead with all the skill and dexterity of a woman.

"I must ask your pardon," he said softly, "for my rude behaviour. You are a brave lad, and this night have succeeded to the heritage of your manhood. It is I who am to blame for this unfortunate blunder, for I should have guessed that Montfiore would send on a decoy to precede his real messenger. If we had all acted with the judgment you have displayed, Parliament would have had cause to be thankful to-day. As it is—if ever I need a trusty soldier I shall not have far to look."

Thus I first met John Hampden! .



My Love

My bright love, my white love,
When out of your sight, love,
The world is in darkness, the sun
has no ray.
My sweet love, my neat love,
To sit at your feet, love,
Is life spent in sunshine, 'tis night
turned to day.

My pure love, my sure love,
My dainty demure love,
My past and my present, my future,
my all.
My dear love, 'tis clear love,
That you I revere, love,
Death only could free me from your
tender thrall.

My fair love, my rare love,
Beyond all compare, love,
My angel from Heaven, a gift
from the skies.
My whole love, my soul love,
It's hard to control, love,
God make me more
worthy to win such
a prize.

G. D. Lynch.

Photo by Aylwarde, Basingstoke.

Hackwood House.

The apparition of a grey lady appeared here. She is young, and is said to have been murdered in the house.

WHERE GHOSTS WALK.

By Edmund F. Ball.

Scattered all over "Our Happy Isles" may be seen many mansions and ghostly looking ruins, where tradition tells us spirits frequent and goblins hold their midnight revels.

Many churchyards—especially those in the country—still retain their "ghost." Of these perhaps the most noted legend is that in connection with Kelvedon, Essex. It appears that a poor miller, who, though honest, found it impossible to make both ends meet, and hanged himself from the branches of an old tree. Tradition states him to have been the "only honest miller in Essex," and that his spirit may sometimes be seen wandering around the churchyard, with a halter around its neck and its tongue lolling out—certainly not a very pleasant sight.

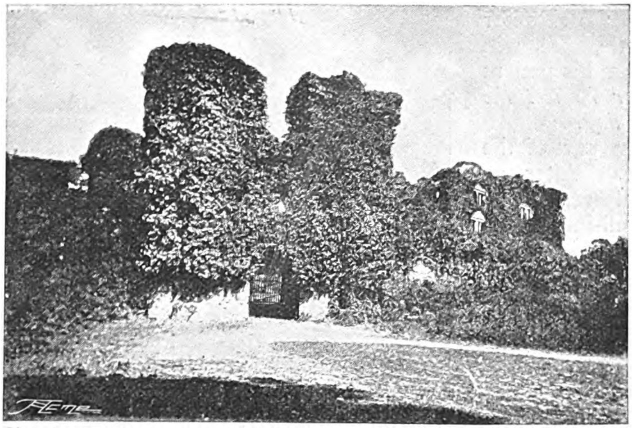


Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, Devonshire.

Where Sir Walter Farquhar, the famous physician, saw the ghost of a young woman.

The remarkable story of the apparition at Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, appears to be authentic, and is well-known in the West of England.

The legend runs that in the latter part of the last century Dr. Walter Farquhar, who was then at Torquay, was called to the Castle to attend the steward's wife. On his arrival he was shown into a room on the ground floor and asked to wait a moment. After some minutes had elapsed he grew impatient, and arose to question a female who had opened a side door and was walking across the room. His surprise, however, was great when he noticed her manner and garb. She was dressed in rich attire, but in an absolutely out-of-date costume, and wrung her hands in a pitiful manner—her face evincing signs of great distress. She walked to the flight of oak stairs and, quickening her pace, disappeared.

At that moment the steward entered the room, and announced that his wife was ready to see him. Dr. Farquhar found his patient dangerously ill, and he was so much engrossed with the case that he forgot, ere he left the building, to question the steward as to the young lady in the curious dress he had seen.

On the

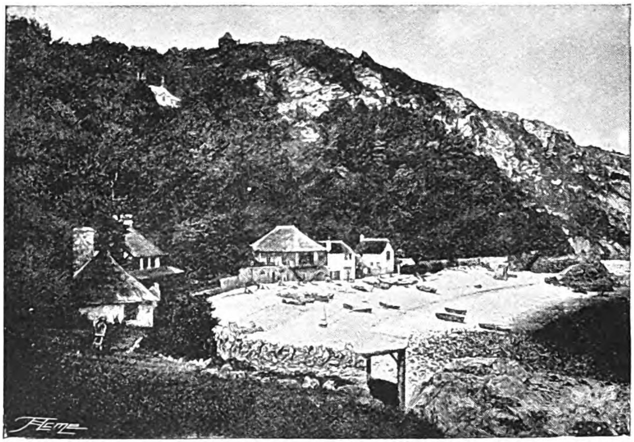


Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Babbicombe Beach.

Reported to be haunted by the ghost of Miss Keyse, who was murdered by her butler.

following day he found his patient much improved, and remembered to ask the steward about the mysterious young lady. As the Doctor recounted his experience the poor fellow showed unmistakable signs of fear and trembling, and told the Doctor that now he was sure his wife would soon die, as the spectre was the spirit of the daughter of an early owner of the Castle who had murdered her child, and had since appeared as an omen foretelling the death of an inmate.

Dr. Farquhar quickly gave the steward every assurance of his wife's turn for the better, and that he thought she would continue to improve, but the credulous old steward would not hear of it.

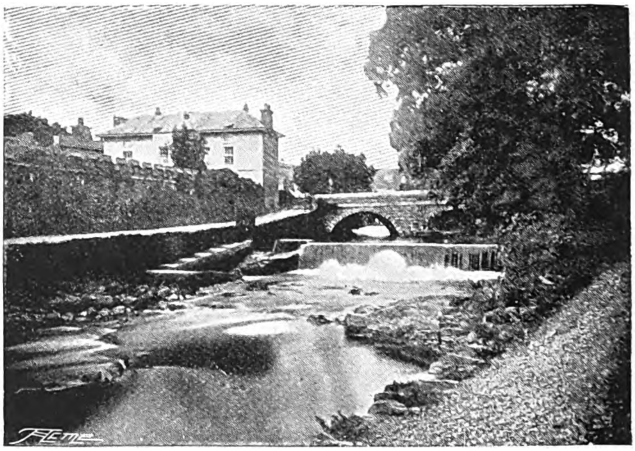


Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Abbey Bridge, Tavistock.

Lady Howard's ghost is said to ride over this bridge at midnight in a carriage of bones drawn by a headless horse.

The next day the Doctor called at the Castle, and was astounded to find that his patient *had died soon after he left the place the preceding day.*

The most strange part of the story is to come. After an interval of several years, Dr. Farquhar was well-known in London as Sir Walter Farquhar (1796), and could count among his clients and friends certain members of nobility and Royalty.

One day a lady came to him in great distress, saying her sister was ill, and appeared to be wasting away, and that on being questioned, she was most emphatic in saying she saw a ghost when visiting in Devonshire some weeks before, which had left such an impression upon her, that do what she would she could not shake it off. The lady further said that the spectre appeared at Berry Pomeroy Castle, at which Sir Walter started, told his experiences, and requested to see the young lady immediately, whom he found suffering as described. The poor girl appeared greatly relieved to be speaking to someone who shared her uncomfortable experience, and, it may be added, soon regained her usual health.

Sykes Lumb Farm, near Blackburn, Lancashire, has a well-known reputation for being haunted.

The house itself is a very primitive dwelling, built of large, roughly-hewn blocks of coarse limestone, having a lonely situation in a secluded dell by the banks of the Meller Brook.

Several parties have asserted that they have seen an old wrinkled woman pass along the road which led to the Lumb, but were so afraid that they never dared to question her.

It came to pass that a young farmer occupied the premises, and on seeing the "ghost" one night beneath an old apple-tree in the orchard he accosted her, when she pointed to the ground. The young man dug and soon came upon a number of earthenware jars containing ancient gold and silver coins of hundreds of pounds value. After this night it is said the old dame has not troubled the country folk so much.

Heath Old Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, also has its ghost. This mansion is a splendid pile of the Elizabethan period, and the windows were formerly emblazoned with the arms of some of the chief of England's nobility.

In 1593 William Witham, who was in possession, was suddenly taken ill and died. A later owner of the Hall was a sister of Witham's—Lady Mary Bolles—a strong-minded woman, who was locally known as "Old Mother Hubbard," and who, it is recorded, died in 1662 at the age of eighty-three. Tradition says this lady's spirit still haunt's the place. Her favourite spot seems to be the old banqueting hall, where she has been seen to glide along in a most mysterious fashion. This ghost is also reported to have walked in Heath Grove; but was afterwards conjured down into a hole of the river, which is even to this day known as "Bolles' Pit."

There is a strange story of the supernatural in connection with Hackwood House, an old mansion near Basingstoke, in the shape of the ghost of a young lady, said to have been murdered there. She was seen soon after the house was purchased by Lord Bolton, by Lord Bolton himself and two of his friends.

The ghost of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, is said to haunt Walpole House, Chiswick Mall, and her spirit appears at short intervals at a bedroom window in the upper part of the house, wringing its hands and beseeching some unknown person to "Give her back her lost beauty."

Away in the north the old mansion of Denton Hall, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is haunted by a spectre rejoicing in the name of "Silky," whereby hangs a love story.

In the time of the Stuarts a gallant cavalier was paying attentions to an elder sister but he afterwards incontinently transferred his affections to a younger sister—an extremely beautiful girl. The discarded sister, mad with jealous passion, sought the favoured girl's bed and strangled her. The restless spirit of the murderess has been frequently seen dressed in white silk of out of date design, silently moving along the passages and up the great staircase of the house to the room where the tragedy was committed. As late as 1884 the mysterious form appeared and was seemingly dragging "something" across the floors of two rooms to an open window.

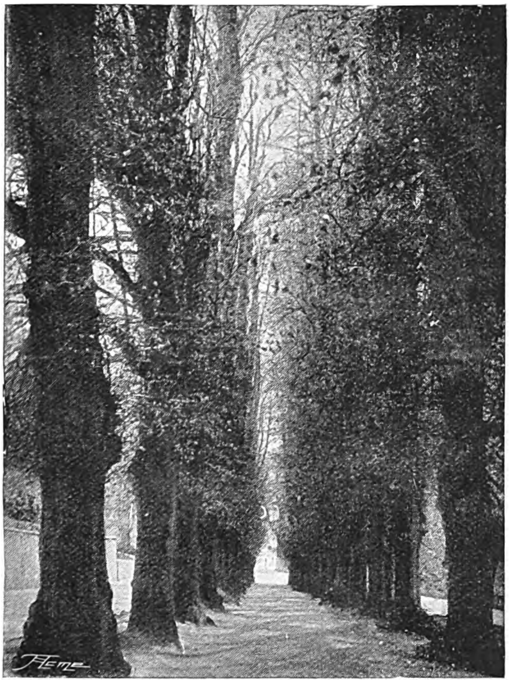


Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Lime Avenue, Torquay.

The ghost of a Spanish officer's wife, dressed in flowing white robes and riding a white horse, frequents this avenue.

Her sudden appearance has been known to act as a warning of death to certain of the inmates, and several instances are reported to have come true. In one case the spectre appeared to a young lady who happened to be staying at Denton Hall, and warned her against a young man who had been paying her attentions. It is said that sometime afterwards some facts became known which showed the young fellow to be a very undesirable character as a suitor for the hand of the young lady. This girl, it should be mentioned, had not heard of Silky and her warning propensities, and was under the impression that her visitor was some cranky old lady who was staying in the house, as the apparition, in addition to her white dress, wore jewellery, and even wrinkles were plainly discernable upon the face. The incident leaked out by the girl telling a friend in confidence of "the interfering old woman," as she put it. Several instances can be quoted of visitors, who had either encountered or heard "something," and refused to stay in the house.

Of the once magnificent Palace of Richmond, built on Richmond Green by Henry VII., the old gate is the chief ornament, and this is said to be haunted by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, who died here in 1603.

The spirit of another Queen, that of Catherine, is reputed to haunt the gallery of the great staircase of Hampton Court Palace.

It appears she had been confined to her room, and, escaping, ran screaming along the staircase to speak with King Henry VIII., who was at his devotions (?) in the chapel. The guards, however, bore her back to her chamber still screaming, and she afterwards met her doom on Tower Hill. The ghost still screams, and is said to wear a look of utter despair as it rushes along the passages.

Coming again west we find that Tavistock also has its traditions, and the credulous townsmen will tell you that the notorious Lady Howard — in the usual ghost form—can be frequently seen riding in a carriage of bones drawn by a headless horse over the bridge at the witching hour of midnight.

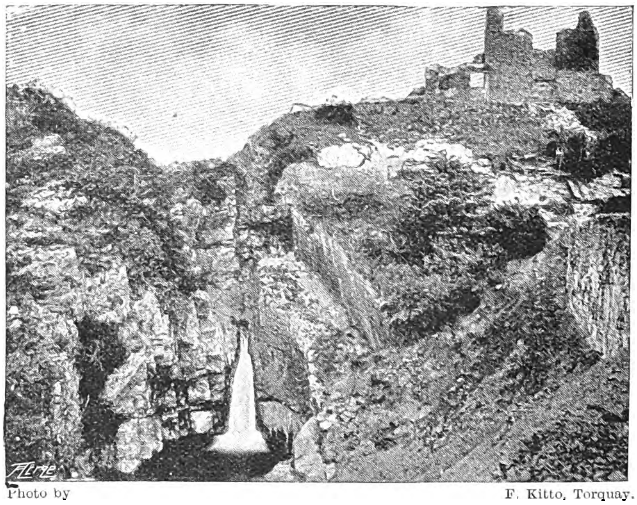


Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Kitty's Fall, Lydford.

Haunted by the ghost of a young girl who was drowned when trying to ford the river.

Torquay, besides its beautiful scenery is famous as having had a prison during the Spanish Armada. At that time the old barn in the grounds of Tor Abbey was used as a place of confinement for Spanish prisoners, and tradition states that numbers of these Spaniards were starved to death there, and that their hungry ghosts still haunt the place.

One legend in particular runs that a woman —the wife of a Spanish officer (who had somehow joined the service to be near her husband)—rides a white headless horse, and when seen by those qualified to see such sights, wears white flowing robes and frequents the leafy Lime and Chestnut Avenues near the Spanish Barn.

We will conclude this article with a recount of the remarkable ghost story of No. 50, Berkeley Square, London, which will bear repeating. This house is situated on the west side of the square, and shows nothing extraordinary from an outside inspection.

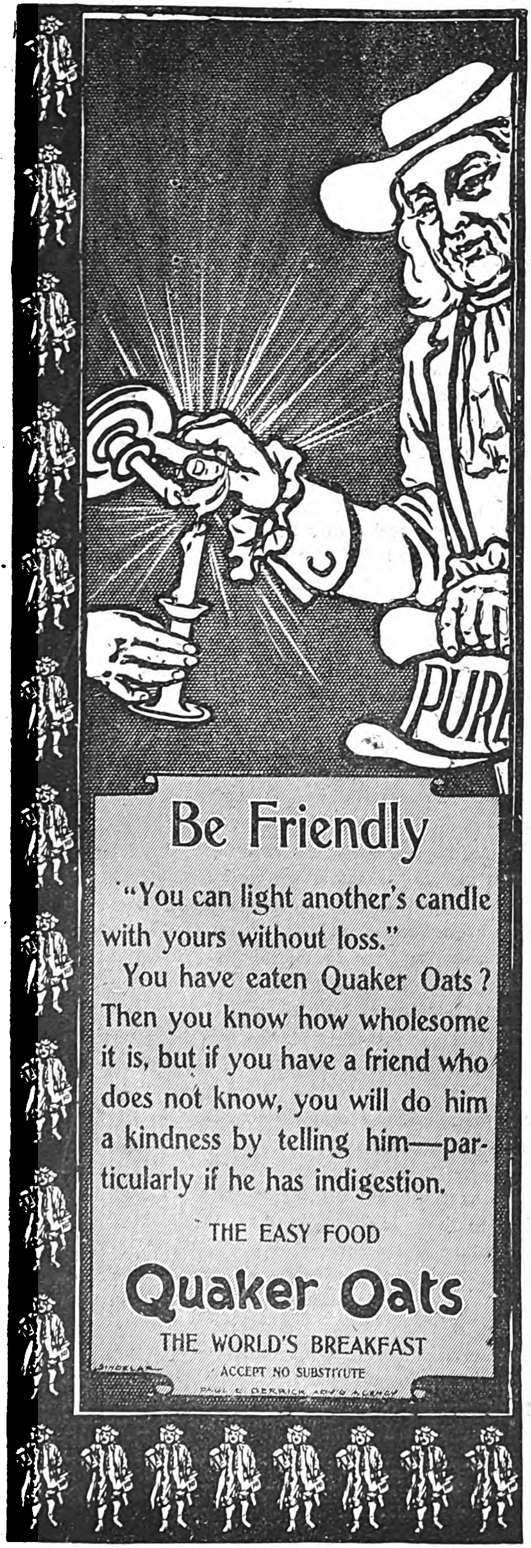
Its history records that a bedroom on the second floor is visited by night by "something" so terrible, that those who see it are nearly "frightened to death." In support of this one instance is put forward of a servant being found on the floor in convulsions after a sight of this horrible apparition.

Another instance is related where the inmates were sorely troubled by uncanny noises, and a young man—engaged to one of the daughters—volunteered to stay a night in the room and so discover the origin of the mysterious sounds. He was to have a bell on the table, and it was arranged that should he ring *once*, it signified that he had seen something, but no one was to enter the room. If he rang *twice*, some one must come to his aid.

During the night the bell was heard to ring once, and as was agreed, no one responded.

After a short interval the bell was rung again—this time furiously—and upon his friends rushing in the ghost-scoffer was discovered on the floor dead.

This is but one of the many strange stories connected with the "Haunted House" in Berkeley Square.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An Inspiring Story.

Frail as the human body seems to be it is a hard thing to kill. Men have lived with iron rods driven through the brain; they have lived with musket balls in various parts of their anatomy; they have been caught up by tornadoes and landed safe miles away; they have passed through almost incredible hardships and privations and come out with lots of vitality left; they have been pronounced dead by doctors and undertakers and emerged from their coffins to work and laugh for many a year afterwards; they have (but not often) been hustled through the terrible Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara, and survived to tell of it; and as for diseases, they will outweather nearly anything named in the medical dictionaries, if they have the ghost of a show. I read of a man who successfully defended his log cabin against a whole band of savages. Only he had the women of his family to load his guns and hand them to him.

That's where it is. Nature will make no end of a plucky fight for life if she only gets a bit of help when she is short-handed and rather too hard pushed. But the help must be of the proper sort and intelligently rendered. And, sorry and sad to say! that is the kind of help so rare in the world, and generally so slow to turn up when we are laying on for all we are worth, with our back against a tree.

For instance, when our good friend, Mr. Francis Craig, had got so weak he couldn't put on his clothes, and so thin you could place an egg in each of the hollows behind his ears, it was high time for some friendly forces to rally to his aid.

"In March, 1879," he says, "whilst living at Ballinacourty, Dungarvan, I began to lose strength. I was weak, weary, and dejected, having no life or energy. My appetite was poor, and food gave me no nourishment, but on the other hand tended to irritate my stomach. My breathing was difficult, and often I had to fairly fight for my breath. My skin was very sallow, and often the whites of my eyes were yellow, as in jaundice. I was soon exhausted and dreadfully weak; but I kept up as well as I could for a time.

"I expectorated a great deal, straining to bring up the phlegm, which was frequently streaked with blood. I was constantly spitting up a frothy fluid, and a short cough troubled me night and day. Cold, clammy sweats broke over my body, leaving me prostrate. The breathing got worse every month, and at length I could not lie in bed, but had to be propped up; *and for two years I sat up in bed.*

"Gradually I wore away to a skeleton, and shrank so much you could have placed an egg in the hollows behind my ears. I was now assisted up and down stairs; and *for three years I was unable to dress myself.* I took only light nourishment and liquid food, and gained no strength from it.

"For four years I went on like this, now better, now worse; and many times was so reduced *I thought my end had come.* I had six doctors attending me, but derived no real benefit from their treatment from first to last.

"In April, 1883, I met a friend who urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I merely smiled at the suggestion, as I had no faith in its doing me any good. My wife, however, persuaded me to take it, and got a bottle from Messrs. Brenan & Co., Grattan Square. After taking half a bottle I could eat well, and my breathing was easier. I continued with it, and gained strength every day.

"In a few weeks, to the surprise of all my friends, *I was walking about strong and hearty.* I was soon strong as ever I was in my life, and have since been well. You can publish this statement, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) **Francis Craig**, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, County Waterford, Ireland, September 15th, 1897."

This is an inspiring story; the very thing to cheer and hearten all who have suffered long and much, and are on the verge of giving up the fight. It is nearly enough to make one fancy nobody dies save through ignorance, or non-use of this great remedy. While that is, of course, not the fact, we see how tremendous a victory may be won, even close to the churchyard gate, when the exhausted combatant is reinforced by a medicine of such potency as this one. The disease, although it nearly resembles consumption, was of the digestive organs alone. From it arose the asthma and other functional disturbances described. Mr. Craig is a retired officer of Coastguards, and is now local Hon. Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution, and he will pardon me for intimating that Mother Seigel's Syrup was virtually a rescuing lifeboat to him in the struggle he was unavailingly making against wind and sea.

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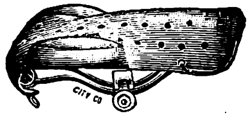

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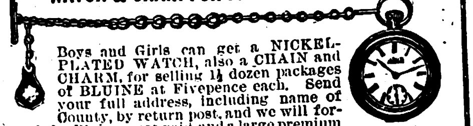

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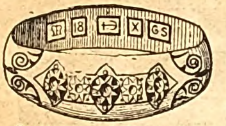

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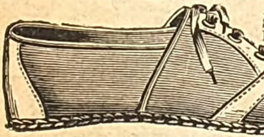

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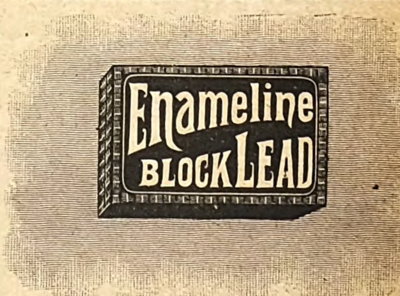

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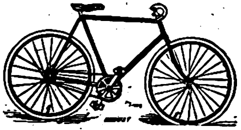

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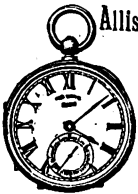

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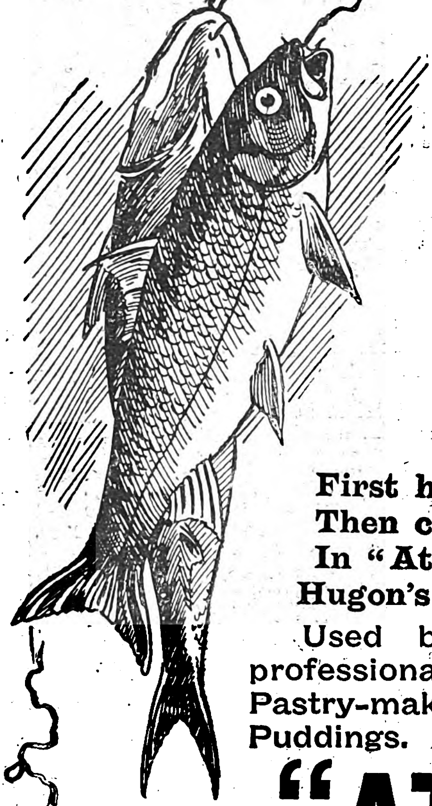

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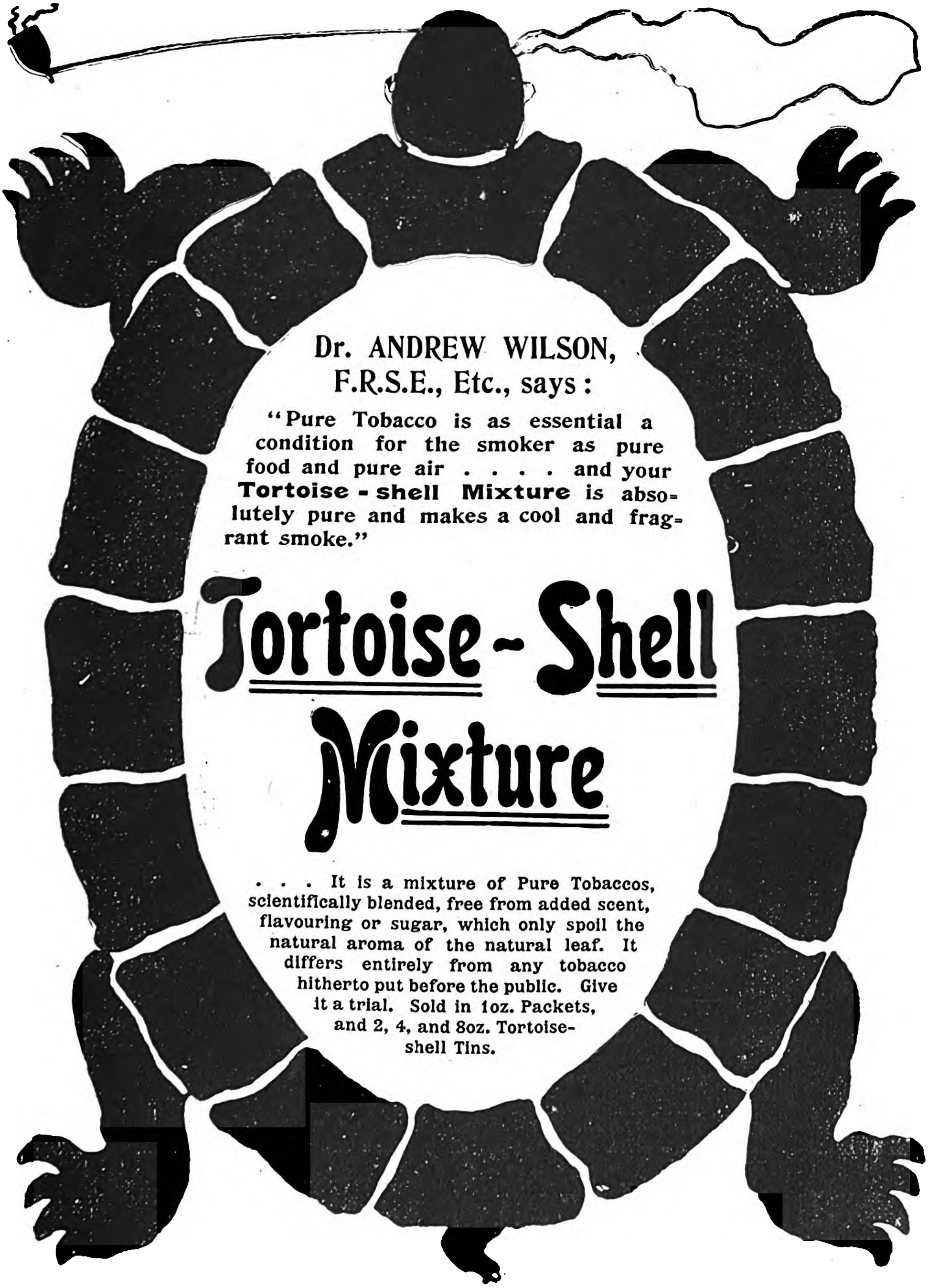

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